

Frontispiece.



*Notaries to Wisdom, making their Offerings
at the Altar of Minerva.*

THE

Lady's Magazine;
OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

for the

FAIR SEX,

Appropriated solely to their

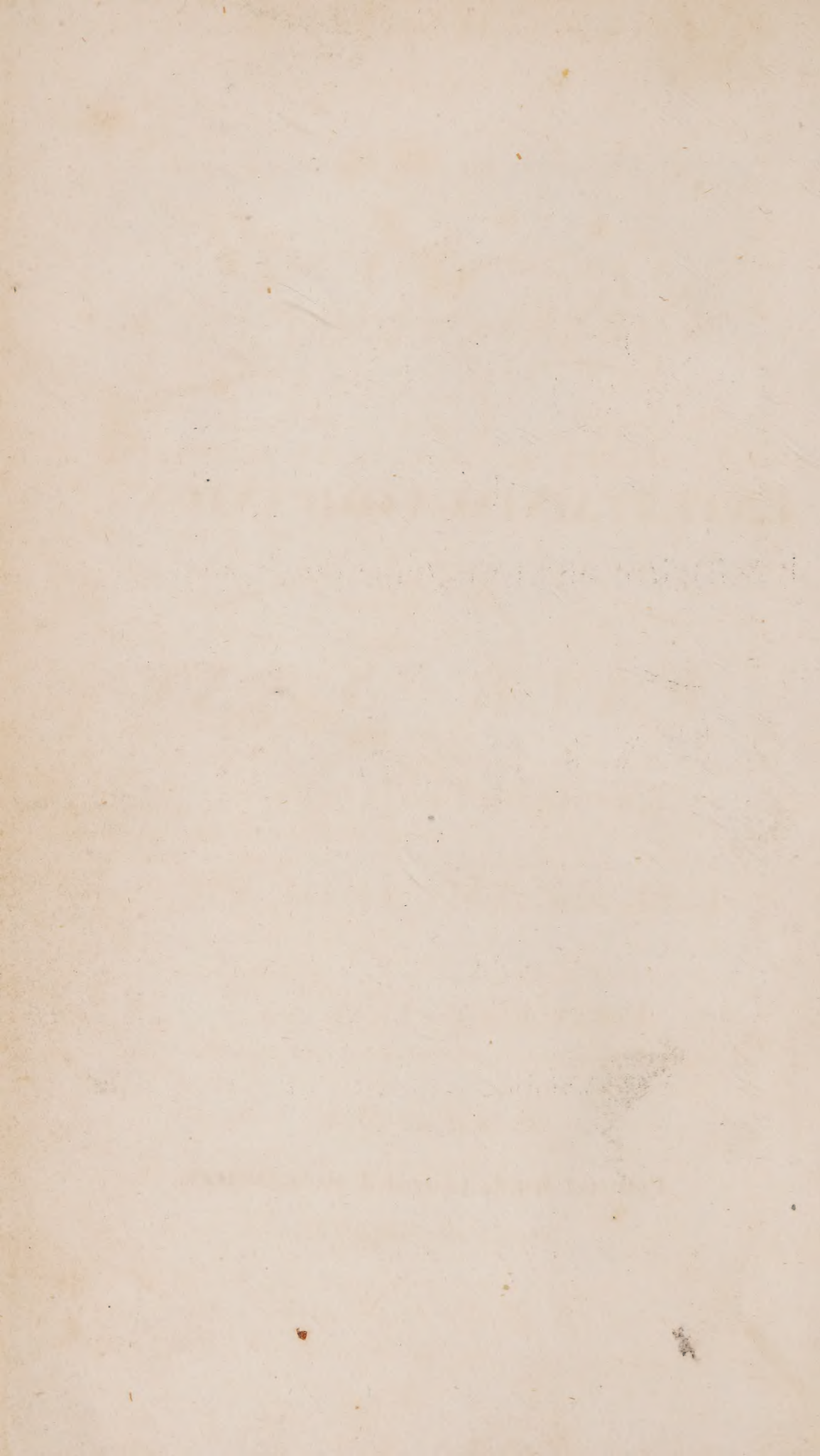
USE and AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XXXII for the YEAR 1801.

LONDON,

Printed for G. G. and J. ROBINSON,

Nº 25, Paternoster Row.



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
 OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
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 SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For JANUARY, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 An elegant FRONTISPIECE.
- 2 An engraved TITLE-PAGE.
- 3 The HERMIT of the CLIFF.
- 4 The newest Fashionable PARIS DRESS, elegantly coloured.
- 5 A new PATTERN for an APRON, &c.
- 6 MUSIC—CELADON's Bower, a Song composed by the late Mrs. BROOKE; and set to Music by Mr. SHIELD. Never before published.

LONDON:

Printed for G. G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE *First Navigator of Gesner* is unavoidably deferred, but shall certainly appear in our next.

We are obliged to Laura for her communication and her hints.

C. R.'s Essay is very defective in several respects.

A. A. V. C. is referred to our Address to the Public.

The continuation of the Monks and Robbers in our next.

Alonzo's Enigmas, if they were received, have been mislaid: we fear the drawing and description of the *curious Madagascar animal* will be of little use to us.

The Italian and French Verses communicated by S. are received; as are also Lines addressed to the shrine of the once beauteous Miss E. C.—Invocation to the Morning—the Lover's Hymn—Cupid's Frolic—and R. F.'s Acrostic.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE renewal of the year again calls upon us to renew our expressions of gratitude to a liberal and candid Public, by which we have so long been favoured with the most flattering patronage. We have exerted our utmost attention and assiduity to contribute to the amusement and information of our Readers; and we perceive with pleasure that our exertions still meet with undiminished encouragement.

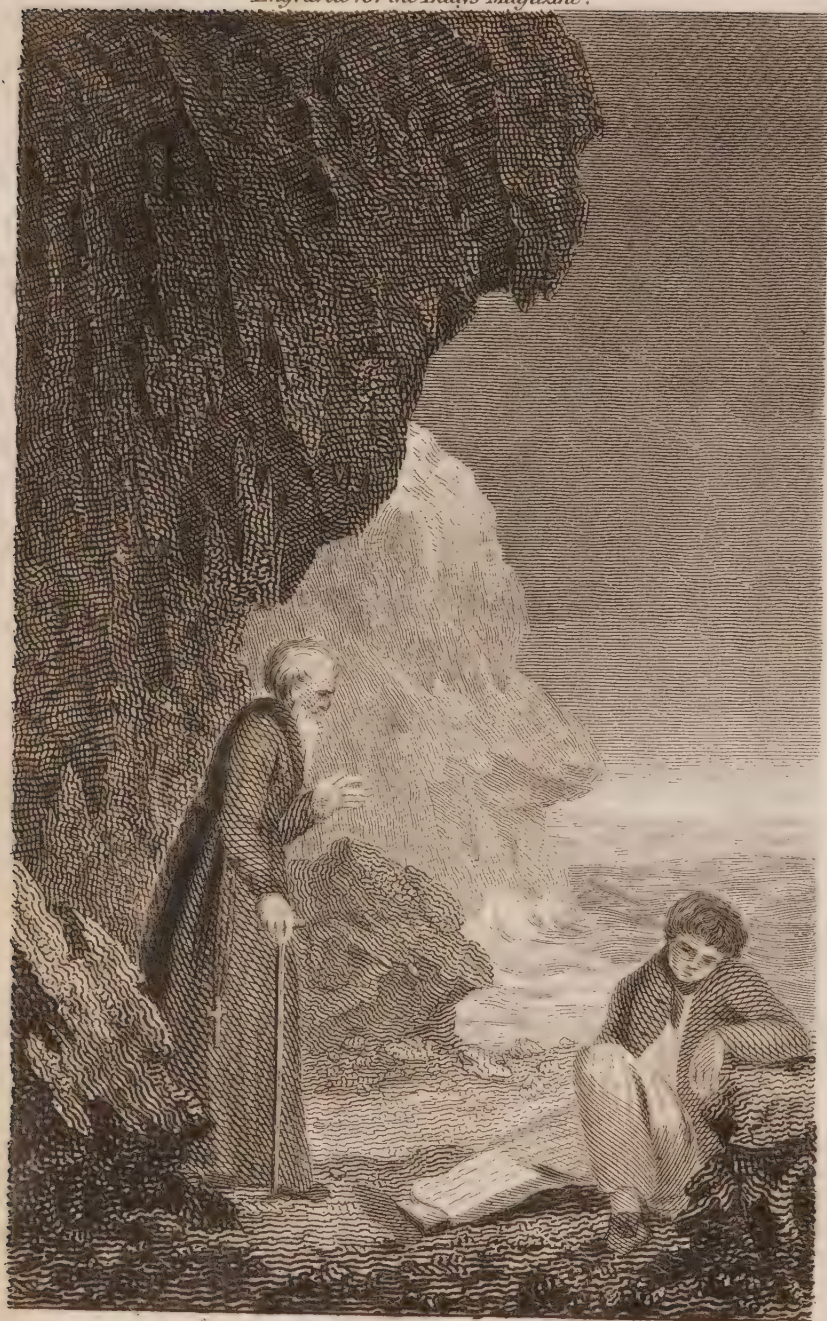
It is with peculiar satisfaction we find that the improvements we adopted at the commencement of our last volume have in general been received with approbation. In this respect likewise we shall not relax in our exertions: what has been approved we shall endeavour to render still more worthy of commendation. With this view we have added an elegantly coloured plate of the newest Parisian fashions, which it is our intention to continue regularly every month.

To our correspondents who have favoured us with so many valuable contributions we return our most grateful acknowledgments. We have at all times been desirous to encourage the early efforts of genius, and many of these are the ornament of our Miscellany.

cellany. If some have experienced disappointment, whose contributions, principally through inattention, were less correct, they at least receive our sincere thanks, to which many are certainly entitled from the real merit, notwithstanding some deficiencies, of the pieces they have transmitted to us.

The THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME of the LADY'S MAGAZINE, on which we now enter, commences, as our Fair Readers will perceive, with several new articles, for the completion of all of which, within the year, we can with confidence vouch; an intimation which appears the more necessary, as complaints have occasionally been made that pieces have sometimes been begun and left unfinished. The justice of such complaints we cannot but admit, and are very desirous to guard against the occasion of them; but entirely to prevent it is, perhaps, impossible, unless we were too hastily to reject many very valuable communications.—We have only to add, that the original plan of this Miscellany, which was to unite entertainment with instruction, and scrupulously to reject whatever has in any degree an irreligious or immoral tendency, shall be carefully adhered to, and that the most unremitting assiduity shall still be exerted to render it worthy the attention and patronage of the more amiable sex, to whose use and amusement it is peculiarly dedicated.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Hermit of the Cliff.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
JANUARY, 1801.

THE HERMIT OF THE CLIFF,

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE attainment, by perfidy and violence, of the object sought by avarice and ambition, is seldom followed by the satisfaction expected, and never by true happiness: a consciousness of injustice committed will still corrode the mind; and happy are those whose self-reproach leads to remorse and true repentance; and still more happy, if they find and embrace an opportunity to repair the wrongs they have done to others, and, as much as in their power, make atonement for the crimes of which they have been guilty.

Don Diego de Arrojo was a Spanish nobleman of great property and considerable estates in the province of Estremadura in Spain. He married a lady, young, beautiful, and most affectionately devoted to him, who brought him a son, and about two years after died. Grief, for the loss of a wife he tenderly loved, made such an impression on the heart of Don Diego, that he sunk into a slow decline, and at length died, leaving a considerable portion of his wealth to his brother

Henriquez, to whom he committed the care of his son, the young Diego, then about five years old, earnestly conjuring him, when on his death-bed, by all the fraternal affection he had ever felt or professed for him, to protect, and carefully to attend to the interests and education of his nephew.

The dying Diego reposed the fullest confidence in the integrity and generosity of his brother; and, though he knew that he would succeed to the whole of his large estates on the death of his son, did not think it necessary to join any other person with him in the office of guardianship; for on every occasion the two brothers had constantly manifested the most inviolable attachment to each other; nor had any circumstance at any time occurred which could cast the slightest imputation on the honour and disinterested virtue of Don Henriquez.

For some time he discharged his duty towards his nephew with fidelity and tenderness; but at length the dæmon entered his heart, and
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he began to permit himself to dwell with pleasure on the idea of the vast accession which would be made to his estate by the death of his brother's son. From contemplating this alluring prospect, he soon proceeded to wish for the event which would put him in possession of so much wealth, and, from wishing, to consider whether means might not be devised to procure it with sufficient secrecy to prevent any suspicion of the real cause. But his heart, unused to guilt so enormous and aggravated, shuddered and revolted at the idea of murder, and especially of murder to be committed on an innocent child, to protect and preserve whom he was bound by the dearest ties of consanguinity, as well as by every bond of gratitude and honour.

The temptation, however, to remove by some means the young heir out of the way, he could not entirely surmount; and at length concerted a scheme to send him to the Spanish West-Indies, where, reduced to the lowest condition of servility, there might be no danger of his returning to Europe to disturb his uncle in the possession which he had usurped of his estates. This scheme, by the aid of a large bribe to a captain of a ship, he carried into execution, and then circulated a report that his nephew had died suddenly, pretending to bury him with great magnificence, and taking his measures with so much art, that no suspicions, or none that admitted of any proof, were entertained of the atrocious act of which he had been guilty.

For some time he enjoyed a false and deceitful pleasure in the wealth and splendor to which he had attained by his crime; but at length his conscience began incessantly to reproach him with his perfidy and cruelty, till at length his troubled

mind could find no repose by day nor by night. So powerfully did the sense of his guilt act on his imagination, that he frequently started from his sleep with a kind of horror, thinking that he heard his nephew weeping piteously, and bitterly reproaching him with his baseness and barbarity. Frequently he fancied that he saw him, with a pale and haggard countenance, threatening him with dreadful vengeance. Unable longer to endure the torments of conscious guilt and remorse, he determined to endeavour to discover his nephew, if he were yet living, and to restore him to the property which was his right. But all his attempts to obtain intelligence of him, or of the captain who had carried him to America, were in vain. Resolved to make every exertion in his power to find him, he made a voyage himself to Mexico, and travelled through nearly the whole of the Spanish colonies in that part of the world, but still without success. He returned to Europe, but his distress of mind still continuing, he soon after made a second voyage to America, but without being able to gain any information which could enable him to discover the object of his search. He this time, indeed, met with several sailors who had been on board the ship which carried out his nephew, and who told him, that it had been wrecked on its return, and that the captain and many of the crew had perished in the waves. One of these recollected the boy he inquired after, but had no knowledge of what became of him.

Disappointed a second time, and overwhelmed with grief and remorse, Don Henriquez sailed again for Europe. The ship which carried him touched in her passage home at one of the Azores, where, observing the romantic appearance
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of some rocks near the shore, and the gloomy recesses of their cliffs, his mind, now disposed to seek refuge from the tortures of conscious guilt, in the consolations offered by enthusiasm and superstition, became strongly impressed with the idea that he could never hope to recover any peace of mind unless he resigned all his estates to the church, and came to live as a hermit in this dreary and almost desolate place. He accordingly, on his return to Spain, applied to the superior of a rich monastery in the vicinity of his country seat, made a full confession of the crime he had committed, and avowed his resolution to retire from the world as an expiation of it, and to bestow on the monastery his estates, on the condition, that, if the young Diego should ever be discovered, or return, the greater part of them, which was his right by inheritance, should be restored to him. The conditional grant, as may be expected, was accepted; and, after having received absolution from the reverend father, Don Henriquez, having made a legal cession of his wealth to the monastery, set out for Lisbon, and taking his passage in a ship bound for Tercera, the residence of the Portuguese governor-general of the Azores, at length reached the island where he had resolved to end his days in solitude and those pious exercises which became his unfeigned penitence.

The place he had chosen for his retirement was at the foot of a dark overhanging cliff, having in front the vast ocean. There was no cultivated land or dwelling within several miles; and it was from that distance that the hermit was obliged to fetch the few necessaries he wanted, besides the roots and fruits he found in the woods, and on which he principally subsisted. A

stream of fresh water, supplied by a spring in some neighbouring hills, that found its way among the rocks to the sea, afforded him his only drink, and his bed was formed by a few rushes strewed on the rough stone of his cell.

Here Don Henriquez resided several years, and attracted the attention of the rustic inhabitants of the island, among whom *the hermit of the cliff*, as he was styled, was esteemed to be endowed with such wisdom and sanctity as have rarely been bestowed on mortals. His fame spread through all the islands, and many curious and many devout persons visited him, and by the latter even the power of working miracles was attributed to him.

One morning, as the hermit came out of his cell to take his accustomed walk in the woods, and seek a fresh supply of provisions for the day, he perceived a poor sailor, who seemed to have just gained the shore from some wreck, sitting, exhausted with fatigue, and as if sunk in despair, on a fragment of the rock. He went up to him to inquire by what accident he came there; and to endeavour, if it might be in his power, to relieve him in his distress. The astonished seaman gazed with great surprise, and even some mixture of fear, on the venerable figure he saw before him; but finding that he spoke his own language, and uttered words of comfort in a mild and encouraging tone of voice, informed him, that, on the preceding night, the ship in which he sailed tacking in a heavy gale to avoid the rocky shore on which he was now cast, he had been washed over-board by a violent wave, and after long struggling with the impetuous surges had at length clung to and climbed up the point of a rock. He had rambled about for some time, and

and at last sat down where he then was, half dead with cold and fatigue. The hermit found something in the countenance of the youth by which he was peculiarly interested. He inquired his name and his country, and received for answer 'that he was by birth a Spaniard, and that his name was Juan. Though he was so young (he added) he had suffered many hardships. The ship in which he was, when he was washed over-board, had come from the Philippines in the East Indies, and was bound for Spain. He had gone from America to the Philippines, and suffered much in the voyage. The world (said he) I find is full of suffering, and men are very wicked.'—"Men are very wicked," said Henriquez with a sigh, "and the world is full of suffering; but there is a suffering to which, from your youth and your situation, I should hope that you are a stranger—and that is the agony of a wounded conscience. I have suffered that, and am tortured by it still."—"My sufferings," said the youth, 'should rather pain the consciences of others than my own. I have lived several years in a state of the most abject servitude with a cruel master in New Spain, to whom I was sold, after being treacherously carried away from my native country. I at length found means to make my escape, and got on board a ship which carried me to Lima, and from Lima to the Philippines. I was now on my way to revisit once more the country where I was born, and from which I was, at an early age, carried away when this accident befel me, which had nearly terminated at once my misfortunes and my life. I but imperfectly remember my situation in my infant years, but I can recollect that I had an uncle, a rich man, who lived in a splendid mansion, attended by a

numerous train of servants. I perfectly remember, likewise, that two ill-looking fellows seized me one day while I was in a field running after butterflies, and hurried me away to a ship, which soon after sailed, and I never more——'

"What!" said Henriquez, eagerly, "your name then is not Juan. Can you recollect that you ever had another name?"

'The name my uncle called me by was Diego, but my master in New Spain changed it to Juan. — If I recollect rightly too I have heard the name of Arrojo——'

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed Henriquez, falling on his knees; "my nephew is restored to me, and peace of mind may again be mine."

Such an explanation now followed as left Henriquez no room to doubt that the poor sailor boy was his nephew whom he had so basely treated. He soon after found means to procure a conveyance for him to Spain, whither he accompanied him, and put him in possession of the estates to which he was entitled by birth, and which were restored by the superior of the monastery, according to the agreement he had entered into. Having performed this act of justice, Henriquez returned to his hermitage, where he passed the remainder of his days.

ANECDOTE.

M. DE LA FARRE had for a long time professed a tender passion for Madame de la Sablière. Visiting her one day, on approaching her, he suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens! dear madam, what is the matter with your eye?"—"Ah! La Farre," replied she, 'you no longer love me I am certain: I have had this defect ever since I was born, and you never perceived it till now.'

strings of a harp, and produce some harmonious and lengthened tones, the whole audience were inspired with a kind of religious enthusiasm, similar to that which animated the ancient Gauls at hearing the same sounds. Like them they were inclined to believe, that the warriors slain in battle, and the ancestors of families, came to revive their memory in the minds of their kindred and friends, by invisibly touching their harmonious harps.

To this instrument the beautiful Azelais would frequently sing the stanzas of the unfortunate youth, whose story we have above related; and while, with agile fingers, she swept the speaking strings, her soul dissolved in gentle sensibility at the remembrance of his fate.

The magnificence and generosity of the counts of L**** rendered the employments in their household extremely advantageous, and they became the source of considerable wealth to those who obtained them. The count, sedulously following the example of his ancestors, secured the attachment of his vassals by benefactions; and, notwithstanding the air of superiority from which he never descended, he appeared in the midst of his family rather as a father beloved and respected than a master to whom all owed obedience.

The count, though generous to all, had always honoured with a particular favour the father of the young vassal whom he had caused to be brought up with his son. This was not on his part a blind preference, but a duty imposed by gratitude, which it gave him pleasure to discharge.

In a bloody conflict, the count, having had his horse killed under him, must inevitably have been slain, had not Robert, who, among his attendants in arms, had always

most distinguished himself, rushed between him and the enemy, and fought with such obstinate bravery as gave time for succour to arrive, and for the count to disengage himself. Sensibly affected with the important service rendered him, the count manifested the warmest attachment to his generous and courageous vassal; he gave him the command of a chosen body of troops which surrounded him in the day of battle, and never marched against the enemy without having him near his person.

A number of brilliant and perilous actions proved the undaunted valour of Robert, and continually increased the esteem and friendship with which his lord honoured him. Desirous to merit these, he was ever eager to encounter danger, till he at length became the victim of his ardent courage; but, before he fell, he a second time saved the life of his master.

The count of L****, who was brave to imprudence, after having long fought against a knight who at length fled, wishing to gain a complete triumph over an antagonist from whom he had experienced so long a resistance, pursued him into the midst of the enemy's troops. His own soldiers were unable to come up till he was entirely surrounded. After having defended himself like a hero, he was on the point of being overpowered by numbers, when Robert, rushing into the midst of the enemy, levelled the foremost to the ground, and opened a way for those that followed him. The combat was then renewed with more equality. The valour of the count and of Robert decided the victory; and the enemy were already beginning to turn their backs, when Robert received a terrible blow which stretched him on the
D ground,

ground, expiring in view of his master. The first emotion was to revenge him; but, in the mean time, his blood flowed in streams, and when the count returned to raise and succour his deliverer, he found him ready to breathe forth his last sigh, and with scarcely sufficient strength left to recommend to his generous bounty the son and daughter whom he left orphans.

The count shed tears of gratitude, and promised to be a father to the children. But it was in vain that he attempted to give aid to Robert: he presently expired in his arms. The count could not suffer the body of so brave a man to be left on the field, confounded with the common dead: he ordered that it should be carried to the castle, and caused it to be deposited in the vaults which were the burying-place of his family. The broken arms of Robert were placed in one of the galleries by the side of those which were already suspended there, and the name of that warrior was written under them, with a device in his honour.

After having fulfilled these first duties, the count, faithful to his promise, caused the son of Robert to be called, and told him that he would be to him a father. The son of the count, the amiable Roger, testified the most lively joy, when his father, presenting to him his young companion, commanded him to love him, and told him that thenceforth they should share the same manner of living, the same exercises, and the same sports.

The countess wishing to add her gratitude to that of her husband, took under her protection the young Elvize, the sister of Robert; and, though she was not ignorant how much her illustrious birth raised her above such a guardianship, she applied herself to form the manners

and the mind of an amiable girl of twelve years of age, whose innocent and open countenance already announced that she would one day possess all the charms that can attract and delight.

Roger and Robert, precisely of the same age, had now completed their fifteenth year. From their earliest infancy they had been accustomed to play together. Too young to distinguish the inequality of conditions, they only sought mutually to amuse and please each other, and imagined themselves destined to live continually in a similar union. The tenderest sympathy united their hearts. Equally expert in their exercises, and conquerors by turns, no jealousy occasioned division between them. Both possessed the same strength, the same activity; their stature was alike, and both were alike handsome, and perfectly well-made, leaving those who would judge between them always in doubt to which to give the preference. They might have been taken for brothers; and they loved each other as if they had been such in reality.

The count and countess soon perceiving all the advantages of such a connection, were careful not to interrupt it; and the two affectionate rivals equally received praises, caresses, and rewards.

According to the custom of those warlike times, attention was principally given to bodily exercises, and recourse had to every means adapted to increase the strength and agility bestowed by nature. Arms were given the youths proportioned to their age, which were exchanged for others stronger and heavier, as they became able to use them with facility. The ditches they leaped were gradually widened, the distances they ran lengthened,

ened, and the weight of the armour they wore on horseback increased. By attentively observing these gradations, they acquired all that art and exercise can add to strength. Two years had scarcely elapsed when they might have already entered the lists with the most famous knights, and perhaps have come off conquerors.

In the mean time Elvize, under the inspection of the countess, improved daily in personal charms and feminine accomplishments. Her extreme youth prevented the reflection that her beauty might one day become dangerous. She was permitted to share in the more tranquil amusements of Roger and Robert; and it was even observed with pleasure, that the two youths, animated with respect and esteem for her, redoubled their emulation when an opportunity presented of asking and obtaining her preference.

In the lessons they were taught, it was continually repeated that gallant knights should incessantly employ their utmost efforts to merit the admiration and esteem of the ladies. To inspire them with the desire of pleasing, and add more value to the rewards bestowed on them, the prizes were almost always adjudged by the countess, who sometimes resigned that office to Elvize, who constantly entwined the crowns of flowers, and formed the elegant designs which were presented to the victor. Roger, filled with generous ardour, exerted all his strength and all his address to merit the prize, and his heart palpitated with joy when he obtained success; but it was the love of glory alone which animated him; he did not yet feel how much the hand which bestowed the reward could add to its value and its charms.

(To be continued.)

*The HISTORY of PEROUROU ;
or, the BELLOWS-MENDER.*

Written by Himself.

*(From Miss Williams's Sketches of the
State of Manners and Opinions in
the French Republic.)*

MY history is composed of the most singular circumstances. Condemned by my birth to vegetate among beings of the most abject class, my elevation was the work of human malice. That vice of society which ruins so many fortunes laid the solid foundation of mine. I am married rich, and happy, from having been the docile instrument of an extraordinary act of mischievousness.

I was born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighbourhood of Montelimart. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of a bellows-mender. This, although not a very brilliant occupation, was the profession to which I was destined at that time of life when I was thought capable of earning my livelihood. Satisfied at first in following my business under the inspection of my father, nature had endowed me with dispositions for industry, and I soon rivalled and even excelled my masters. Ambition led me to imagine that my talents were fitted for a wider sphere, and some of my excursions as far as the gates of Montelimart succeeded beyond my wishes. After furnishing all I could spare for the support of my father's old age, I found means to amass a little sum of money, which enabled me to undertake a journey to Lyons. I made my appearance in that great city amply provided with such articles as belonged to my profession,

sion, and the public places and most crowded streets soon resounded with my cries. I was young, dexterous, and well-shaped; I sold my wares rapidly, and became a general favorite with the chamber-maids, which was the utmost limits of my ambition.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which served me for a warehouse, as well as a lodging, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who seemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the most solitary streets of the quarter of St. Clair. They threw out a few pleasantries on the lateness of the evening, accompanied by sarcasms on my profession of bellows-mender, which I answered in a style of raillery at which they appeared surprised. I saw them look at each other significantly, and immediately after heard them say "this is our man." I own that these words made me start; finding myself alone in the dark without any means of resistance, and at the mercy of four stout young men. What would become of me, was the reflection which occupied my mind; when one of them who guessed at the cause of my terror, soon dispelled it by accosting me in a tone of affability. "Perourou" (the name which the people of Lyons give their bellows-menders,) "Perourou," said he, "you probably have not supped, nor we either. Our supper is ready; will you go with us? Our intention is to do you more good than you have any idea of. Come and sup with us; and after supper we will talk with you. Do not be afraid: we are gentlemen: if you will not enter into our schemes we shall only require your promise of secrecy, which you will run no risk in keeping."

There was something in the voice of the person who spoke to me, as

well as in the proposition itself, so seducing, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me cross several streets, brought me into an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six other young men, who seemed to have been waiting for them impatiently. A short explanation took place concerning me, and we sat gaily down to supper. I had the honour of making the company laugh by some of my arch observations, and confirmed them in the good opinion with which it was necessary they should be impressed before they would come to a further explanation. The servants withdrew after placing the desert on the table, and during five minutes a profound silence prevailed throughout the assembly, which till then had been sufficiently noisy.

At length he who presided at the repast addressed me in the following words: "The ten persons with whom you have supped are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers: our joint profits, with what we obtain from our families, afford us an easy independence, and we also acquire by our talents a considerable share of reputation. The happiness we enjoyed has been lately disturbed by love on the one side and pride on the other. In the street of St. Dominic lives a picture merchant, who is himself an ordinary personage, but who has a daughter eminently beautiful. The city of Lyons, extensive as it is, contains not another master-piece worthy of being placed on a level with this charming creature. Possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, all her amiable qualities are shaded by one single defect, and that defect is insupportable pride. Vain of being the object of general admiration, she fondly imagines

gines that none ought to aspire to her hand under the rank of a prince. Her father, who is a tolerably good connoisseur in painting, but has a very limited understanding with respect to every thing else, has entirely spoiled her by adulation, amounting almost to idolatry. Novels, her looking-glass, and habitual incense from all around her, have raised self-love into vanity, and vanity into arrogance, and the most lofty disdain towards all who are not decorated with the marks of opulence or the distinctions of rank. I had the honour (for why speak in the third person, when it is my own history which I am relating,) I had the honour of engaging her notice from my connections in business with her father. Sometimes she accorded me the singular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball, or of attending her to the theatre. These slight favours turned my brain; I thought myself beloved because I was preferred to others, and ventured to unfold my pretensions to her father, who lent a favourable ear to my offers. Indeed my family, profession, fortune, and situation, gave me a right to presume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my surprise when, on the first overture respecting marriage, the insolent girl, in my presence, answered her father in a tone of the most haughty arrogance: "Do you think, Sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than an engraver?"

I confess that this insolent and imprudent remark extinguished every sentiment of love in my bosom, and love when fled is easily followed by a desire of revenge. "My friends," I exclaimed, to those who now surround us, "this disdainful girl has, in my person, committed a general outrage against us

all. Espouse my cause, and let us form such a plan as shall serve to show her that she has not indeed been born to the honour of becoming the wife of an engraver.

"Such is my history. Do you feel sufficient confidence, and think yourself endowed with sufficient discretion, to merit being raised above your present condition? Beneath the abject covering which now disguises you, it is easy to discern that you have some soul and no common share of understanding—Will you venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her pride mortified, and her vanity punished?"—"Yes," answered I, with firmness: "I perfectly comprehend the part which you would have me act, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The following day we conferred together, as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week I bathed two hours morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering skin and complexion. In the interval of bathing the most elegant hair-dresser of Lyons gave my long tresses the form most in fashion. My ten friends furnished me with assortments of the finest linen, and the most elegant dresses for the various seasons; and were soon so fond of their work, that we became inseparable. Almost their whole time was employed in giving me instructions. One taught me to read, another to write; another some notions of drawing, a few lessons in music, a little in short of every thing; so that during three months, my time, thoughts, and attention, were wholly absorbed in my studies, and I soon perceived that this kind of life suited perfectly my taste. I felt the utmost ardour to carry to perfection these first rudiments of
my

my new education, which had become my chief delight: nature had furnished me not only with a disposition for study, but with a memory so retentive that my young friends observed with some astonishment the rapid progress of their disciple.

At length they thought me sufficiently accomplished to carry their projects into full execution, and I was removed from my little closet to take possession of a spacious suite of apartments in one of the first hotels in Lyons. The bellows-mender disappeared altogether, to make way for the rich Marquis of Rouperou, principal proprietor of the mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture merchant, as a purchaser who paid little attention to a few louis, provided he met with pieces that were originals. A most perfect imitator of my experienced tutors, I had learnt to twirl my seals, display my repeating watch with an air of indifference, show the brilliant which I wore on my finger, or handle an elegant snuff-box on which was painted a fancy portrait which I modestly observed was the picture of a beloved sister.

I was desirous of pleasing, and easily succeeded; but it was not enough to impose on the father; in order to fulfil the views of my patrons, the daughter must also be deceived. While I was meditating on this point, the picture merchant gave me notice that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, requesting me to call the same morning, since he would not expose them to sale till I should have made my choice.

I hastened to his house, unconscious of the fate that awaited me. Instead of being received, as usual, by the father, it was the daughter whom till then I had in vain wished to see, or rather it was Beauty itself

which stood before my eyes, in the form of that lovely young woman.

My dear friend, a feeling heart often beats under an unpolished form. More susceptible at my age of passion than of libertinism, my palpitating heart felt all the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! all difficulties vanished before the new emotions which animated my bosom—a single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, in order that, possessed of the advantages of knowledge, I might be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some excuse for a visit to the picture merchant, every morning I had some new trinket to exhibit, or some object of taste on which to consult Aurora.

It was the season of flowers, and I presented her every day with a bouquet composed of such as were best adapted to her style of beauty; my friends often joined the sonnet, or madrigal, of which I obtained the credit, and I sometimes surprised the fine eyes of this charming young woman fixed on mine with an expression of tender approbation.

Six months passed in this manner, the engravers being too desirous of complete revenge to hazard losing it by precipitation. Every evening they required an exact account of my conduct, with which they were so well satisfied, that they furnished me with funds far beyond the wants

of the personage I represented. I received at length a formal invitation from the picture merchant to a fête which he gave in the country, and of which I was led to think myself the hero. The vain beauty behaved so respectfully towards me, loaded me with such distinguished attentions, was so lovely, so exalting, whether as mistress of the fête, or its brightest ornament, that the moment we were alone, impelled by an emotion which I was unable to suppress, I threw myself at her feet, and made her an offer of marriage. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only feeling which agitated her heart—yes, I discovered that I was beloved.

After having deceived the daughter with respect to the person, it was necessary to blind the father with respect to the fortune. This was not difficult. Possessed of little penetration, he gave full credit to the story I related of myself. My father, I told him, lived retired at his seat in the farthest part of Dauphiny. Old age and the gout deprived him of the hope of accompanying his son to the altar, but he gave his consent to the marriage, and so much the more willingly, as the fortune of his house had been considerably increased from the interest which his son had early taken in the mines of his province. I dwelt also with secret complacency on the words *without portion*, alleging that my fortune was too considerable to think of augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of this conversation we were perfectly agreed, for I left him absolute master of the conditions. All I required was the avoiding any expensive and unnecessary éclat, as both the family of Au-

rora and my own were at a distance from Lyons. The marriage, it was fixed, should take place on that day fortnight, and I undertook to arrange all the preliminary articles.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS on PAST TIMES.

Laudator temporis acti. HOR.

IN our times things went better! said old Cleon. Formerly, says the atrabilarious moralist, morals were less corrupt.

It is certain that the women have lost their first charm by throwing off the yoke of modesty, says a severe observer. The men too, cries an old coquet, have lost that flower of gallantry which distinguished them in my young days.

Thus the present times are always in the wrong.

This mania of praising the past at the expence of the present is not new. Horace complains of it, and according to all appearances it will outlive us whatever we may do.

But have not men always been what they are, with passions and vices? and, according to the times, their interest, temperament, government, and climate, have they not ever been good or bad, gallants or politicians, tradesmen or warriors. In all times their natural restlessness has quarrelled with the present, and their vanity has been soothed with the contemplation of the past.

It may be said; that the Greeks of the Morea do not resemble those of the Peloponnesus, nor the heroes of Homer those of the Pucelle. Re-establish the accidental causes which produced the events of Marathon and Salamis, and you will have a second Miltiades and Themistocles. The same causes produce the same effects

effects under the same circumstances: little men do none but little deeds; but those are bad governments who produce little men.

Nature has either not degenerated for 4000 years, or her degeneracy is not perceptible.—She produces now, as she did formerly, remedies and poisons, monsters and heroes.

Where has it been found that we are less than our ancestors? Not certainly in history. The first known writer treats his contemporaries as a degenerate race. From century to century man has successively experienced the reproach of having lost the trace of his virtuous ancestors.

Other errors may have distinguished other times, as well as other maladies; but the sum of good and evil has remained the same.

Our fathers have successively changed their laws, customs, modes, prejudices, and medicines; but nature is eternally the same. To think that she changes is an error; to say so is a folly.

It is not the first time that political or physical revolutions have changed the face of the globe. But has any revolution destroyed in dogs their tender attachment for man? has any revolution subdued the tyger's ferocity, ravished from the bees their nectar, from lovers their jealousy?

During the short continuance of the longest life nothing changes but our manner of seeing or feeling. Objects, men, and the universe, remain in the same state: we view them in another light; we decide upon them by the relations which they have with our present taste, without remembering our past affections.

We feel before we reflect, and we enjoy before we estimate. When we first get beyond the years of infancy every thing is new, admirable,

charming—admiration precedes inquiry—Nature seems to develope, to animate, to adorn herself solely for youth.

The attraction of pleasure, rising passions, active imagination, that superfluity of life which spreads over every object the inexpressible charm of sentiment, every thing multiplies our enjoyments in extending our desires—Oh how delightful is the world at that happy period! What pleasures it gives, what prosperity it promises.—Alas! the enchanting scene vanishes with the age that produced it. Illusions of vanity replace, how ill replace, those of the heart. Interest, ambition, jealousy, &c. succeed the warmth of friendship, and the fever of love. We wish and we fear; we hope for success, and we experience disappointment; we perceive a mixture of good and evil; the world is already changed; it is insupportable.

Old age arrives; and infirmities, cares, and regret, accompany it; every thing is changed in our eyes, yet in fact nothing is changed but ourselves.

“The first thing which happens to men, after having renounced pleasures through *bienséance* or lassitude,” says La Bruyère, “is to condemn them in others. They would that that which is no longer a happiness to them should be so to no other person.”

It is thus, that, by a calculation always relating to ourselves, we think that order or disorder reign around us, according as we are well or ill affected.

We decide upon the merit of men and things by a rule, almost always false, because we are always dupes of our senses or our vanity. If the sum of our disgusts prevails over the sum of our pleasures, the world is strangely perverted; if, on the contrary,

contrary, every thing succeeds according to our wishes, we fall into the dream of optimism.

Let us leave the old to complain of, and the young to enjoy events; let us not oppose a dyke to the stream, but say of what passes in the world, with the author of the *Coquet* corrected, but in another sense:

Le bruit est pour le fat; la plainte est pour
le sot;

L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne, et ne
dit mot.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of MANTACCINI.

THE FAMOUS CHARLATAN OF
PARIS.

(From a French Journal.)

A YOUNG man of good family having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to absolute want, felt that he must exercise his ingenuity, or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that *charlatanism* was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the town under the name, style, and title of "the celebrated doctor Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a simple touch, or a single look." This precious art was possessed by too many of his brethren to draw after him the whole town; he therefore undertook a country excursion, and modestly announced himself at Lyons, as the "celebrated doctor Mantac-

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cini, who revives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared, that, in fifteen days, he would go to the common church-yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years.

This declaration excited a general rumour and violent murmurs against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested he might be put under a guard, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult doctor Mantaccini, and purchase his *Baume de vie*. His consultations, always well paid, were so numerous, he had scarcely time to eat and drink. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to show signs of uneasiness.—"You know nothing of mankind," said the doctor to him, "be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen.

"The great operation, doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven, do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself."

In an instant after two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an event they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of

the doctor, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy;—in short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said: “Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive* the dead and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power.”

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and doctor Mantacini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A lady, who was a downright *charlatan* in love, assisted in reducing him to want; but he set out again on a provincial tour, and returned with a new fortune.

THE CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

Nº I.

On the STUDY of HISTORY.

FROM the proper reading of history he most beneficial advantages

may be derived; and from thence, perhaps, as useful instruction may be inculcated as can by any other means be possibly conveyed.—The perusal of the characters which the faithful historian has delineated improves the understanding; and by tracing the multifarious actions of mankind to their original source, we become familiar with the secret windings of the human mind. However, of very little benefit is the present superficial mode of reading history productive. Can it be supposed the mind will be improved by the mere *glancing* over a number of volumes? The memory, it is certain, may be burthened by a number of events, yet unaccompanied by a just conception of their *origin* and *nature*; and moral reflections on the *effects* they produce become as unimportant in themselves as they are unproductive of pleasure and real profit to the reader. Doubtless, though the repetition of numerous *names*, the precise *dates* of their great achievements, and the identical *places* in which they were performed, may interest the attention, and probably raise a high opinion of knowledge in many auditors, yet, to the man of real discrimination, when unattended by appropriate reflections, they appear but trifling and imperfect.

Youth, in the study of history, should be instructed in the consideration of the *moral* to be drawn from each circumstance of moment therein described, otherwise they will heedlessly wander through the most important relations with uncertainty, and without deriving either advantage or improvement. It is an opinion as illiberal as it is unjust to advance that young minds are incompetent of reflection, as in a very early period of life the powers of reason are particularly distinguishable; so that it is essentially incumbent in the preceptors

of youth to guide them in a study so important;—first, leading them properly to contemplate the objects presented to their view with caution, and divested of prejudice; and hence their own judgments will infer the morals they inculcate. This procedure in the study of history can alone produce real knowledge, and ensure credit and applause.

Reading without meditation is inefficient of edification, and, contrary to what it should effect, is wholly unproductive of moral improvement; while, on the other hand, to reflect upon what we read, lays open to our view the secret designs of mankind, the arts and dissimulation practised to accomplish them; and thus are we inclined to guard against the like fallacies in our general as well as social intercourse with the world, to discover our own failings and imperfections, and to endeavour to correct them; and surely

Happy the man who, taught by others' woe,
Avoids the rocks from whence their sorrows flow.

This is the wisdom the proper study of history affords; all other is superficial and undeserving.

Jan. 1801. H. FRANCES.

ACCOUNT of the CHARACTER and DRESS of the WOMEN of CHIO, an Island in the Archipelago.

(From Dallaway's Tour in the Levant.)

WHILE recounting the bounties of nature to this island, the singular beauty of the female inhabitants must not be omitted*. As we

* P. de la Valle recounts their gaiety with great delight. "Non si fa mai altro

walked through the town, on a Sunday evening, the streets were filled with women dancing, or sitting in groupes at their doors, dressed in the fashion of the island, which is scrupulously confined to the natives. The girls have most brilliant complexions, with features regular and delicate; but one style

che cantare, ballare, e stare in conversazione con le donné, e non solo il giorno ma la notte ancora." *Viaggio*, p. 32. "They continually sing and dance, and converse together, not only by day, but likewise through the night."

Sandys says quaintly, "The women, celebrated of old for their beauty, yet carry that fame, I will not say undeservedly," p. 11. La Mottraye has more of the gallantry of his nation: "Les femmes de Scio tiennent le premier rang pour la beauté aussi bien que la gaieté, et, selon quelques uns, pour la complaisance, entre toutes celles de l'Archipel." T. i. p. 195. "The women of Scio claim the first rank for beauty as well as for gaiety, and, according to some, for complaisance among all the women of the Archipelago."—Sandys, when he saw them, was a young man, though an old traveller; Dr. Chandler was not so insensible. See *Travels in Asia Minor*, ch. xvi.

As a more ancient testimony, Belon gives a sketch in the curious language of the sixteenth century. "Il n'est autre ville ou les gens soyent plus courtois qu'ils sont à Chio. Aussi est ce le lieu de la meilleure demeure que scachions a nostre gré, et ou les femmes sont plus courtoises et belles. Elles rendent un infallible témoignage de leur antique beauté." L. 2. ch. viii. "There is no town where the people are more courteous than they are at Chio; wherefore it is the place of residence we should especially choose, as the women are extremely courteous and handsome. They render an infallible testimony to the ancient beauty." Count Choiseul Gouffier observes: "On pourroit les soupçonner d'abord de pousser un peu loin leur affabilité, mais on auroit tout: nulle part les femmes ne sont si libres et si sage." *Voyage Pittoresque*, p. 93. "We might, at first, suspect that they carried their complaisance a little too far; but we should be wrong: no where are women so free, yet so prudent."

of countenance prevails ; when, without a veil, the head is covered with a close coif, confining the hair, except a few locks round the face, which are bathed in perfumed oil, and curled likewise, as in Vandyke's or Lely's portraits. Some have veils of muslin tied *à l'antique*, and flowing gracefully behind. The shift sleeves are exposed, of thin gauze, full and open, and the outer vest does not reach far below the knees, with an apron of coloured tiffany, worn as high as the bosom. It is always of gaudy silk, thickly plaited in narrow folds, stiffened with whalebone, like a hoop, and fastened under the chin, being quite flat upon the breasts. It appears much as if one of the most fanciful of our English ladies of fashion should wear her petticoat tied round her neck, and poke her arms through the sides ; or by a more grotesque comparison, a tortoise walking upright. The slippers are loose, and sometimes embroidered, with stockings of white silk or cotton, extremely neat. The ringlets which are so elegantly disposed round the sweet countenances of these fair Chiotess are such as Milton describes by "hyacinthine locks," crisped and curled like the blossoms of that flower. No dress more unbecoming than that which envelopes their shapes could have been imagined ; but their faces make ample amends, with eyes varying with infinite expression from softness to vivacity. All the arts of ancient Greece have declined in an extreme proportion ; nor should we wonder that, if the superiority of beauty be unimpaired, the art of adorning the person be almost lost. Yet the air of the veil, the *ceinture*, and the sandals, afford us occasionally some slight glimpse of that exquisite grace which pervades the drapery of ancient sculpture.

Even in the Turkish women an air of greater freedom than of those in the capital may be observed. The face is not so closely enveloped in a mahramah, which discovers the eyes only, but gracefully obscured by a flowing veil.

We visited the English consul at his country-house among the mountains. It was about mid-day, and we were served with the customary compliment. The lady of the house had been one of the most beautiful of the Chiotess, nor had her daughter inferior pretensions. More native politeness and gay complacency could scarcely have been shown than in their reception of us. According to the universal custom among the Greeks, soon after our arrival, a servant appeared, bearing a silver salver, upon which were placed several spoons filled with preserves, which the young lady presented to us, severally, with a grace and attitude worthy the antique. Small glasses of water succeeded ; and, lastly, coffee prepared in the eastern manner. In every visit that may be made during the day, this compliment is repeated. Should the mistress of the house be young, she shows her respect to her guests by this ceremony ; if otherwise, her eldest daughter, or some other lady present, takes her place.

*IDDA of TOKENBURG ; or,
the FORCE of JEALOUSY.*

A TALE.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine.)

"YOU have been weeping, Julia ?"

"No, dear mother, not that I know ! — the cold air —"

"May perhaps make the eyes
red,

red, but cannot fill them with tears; and here in every dimple of your cheeks hangs a tear. Dear Julia, may I not ask——?”

“Tears, mother, in the eyes of a young girl, have not always much meaning.”

“Not when the anxiety of love, and a heart ill-treated, forces them into the eyes?”

“Dear mother you are too severe. I have indeed shed tears on account of Grubenthal's love, or at least his jealousy. But must love always smile? Have you not yourself often said, that we maidens ought early to accustom ourselves to think that love, like every thing on earth, is a mixture of sorrow and joy? You see I am accustoming myself to think so.”

“You jest very unseasonably at your future fate; I look forward to it with an anxious heart—Yes, believe me, with a very anxious heart.” (At these words madam Erloch took the hand of her daughter and pressed it to her breast.)

“With an anxious heart, dear mother! You are too anxious.”

“Can I avoid feeling anxiety when I see that your love has no other effect than to fill with tears eyes once so cheerful, and extort sighs from so good a heart. A love which so early brings forth tears affords no good sign of its nature.—Tell me, dearest Julia, why you wept.”

“You know Grubenthal's jealousy. A trifle, a mere trifle. It certainly was not worth the tears which my heart, because it was full, shed about it. Man is vain, dear mother; an eye filled with tears is always an interesting subject to a lover; and who would not wish to be interesting.”

“Grubenthal has been gone this hour; and your eyes filled with tears are not to me an interesting

object; at least not one which has any connection with pleasure.—But tell me what this trifle was.”

“You will laugh, no doubt; but love extracts poison out of every thing it sees.”

“That is a property of love with which I was acquainted. I have indeed heard that love can make a heaven of a hell.”

“Yes, dear mother; but it sometimes makes the hell before it finds the heaven in it.”

“That is rather an extraordinary maxim. But let us hear what is this hell.”

“You know, dear mother, how much I have interested myself in the affairs of our gardener since the tender, persevering, and fearless love of Barbara procured his discharge of the soldiers. As often as I see him I make him relate to me how Barbara fell on her knees before the stern colonel, her eyes streaming with tears, and spoke as if an angel prompted her, till tears started likewise into the eyes of the colonel, the officers, and soldiers, and they could no longer refuse her petition. Nothing pleases me so much as to hear Anthony tell how he was sent for from the guard-house, little expecting any such thing, and how he fell on his knees by the side of Barbara, and took her in his arms, mingling his tears with her's; that when he was told he was at liberty, he fainted with surprise, and was revived by the embraces of Barbara. I was to-day along with Anthony and Barbara, and making them tell me their story. Barbara was called away, and I staid some time with the gardener alone, who told me how dearly he now loved Barbara. I heard this with great pleasure, and promised him that I would be godmother to their first child; for which Anthony, in gratitude, kissed my hand. At that moment

ment Grubenthal came up one of the alleys and saw me. I ran to meet him, and—you know how tenderly he loves me, and how jealous he is on that account.”

“On that account, Julia! because he tenderly loves you! That cannot be your real opinion; for why did you then shed tears if his jealousy is a proof of his love?—Shall I tell you why you shed them? Because you felt yourself hurt that he should suspect you were too familiar with a person of low rank.”

“Yes I own, dear mother, that hurt me a little. But a great deal must be forgiven to jealousy and love, and I am glad I can forgive it.”

“If love and jealousy, child, are estimated as they ought to be, according to the principles of sound reasoning, we shall find that there are several species of both. Of jealousy there is a legitimate and generous kind. A maiden is beloved, and loves in return. She attracts the attention of a man of understanding and merit who before was a stranger to her. Her lover is alarmed: he fears the amiable qualities of the stranger should make an impression on the heart of his mistress. This jealousy is the pledge of his modesty and delicacy, and the purity and ardour of his love. For this jealousy the gratitude of his mistress is due to him; for it is the triumph of her charms and accomplishments.”

“This, dear mother, has certainly not been the case in the present instance, otherwise Grubenthal would have——.”

“We will talk of Grubenthal presently.—This nobler species of jealousy is the offspring of refined love and modesty. But besides this there are two other kinds of jealousy, which may be called the jealousy of selfishness, and the jealousy of sensual inclination.

But what signify names? Let them be called what they may; it will be well, child, for you to be acquainted with their nature, that you may guard against them. You know there are florists who buy rare flowers at an extravagant price, and destroy great quantities of them, that they alone may possess them. There are thousands of envious persons who are jealous of every thing which others possess in common with them. Such envious, selfish, and mean hearts are there likewise in friendship and love. A selfish lover of this kind wishes to be the whole world to the object of his love; all whose wishes, hopes, pleasures, and whose very life, must centre in himself. A smile or friendly word bestowed on another, even pity expressed for the unfortunate, or a cheerful hour passed in the company of any other person, is with such the crime of high treason against love. Men of such a disposition are frequently as jealous of a fine piece of painting, or a rare flower or butterfly, as of the woman they love; for love with them is only a pretence to conceal their envy; and I should not have mentioned this frantic vanity, had not the name of jealousy been given to this selfish envy in love.”

“This kind of jealousy, however, mother, is certainly not that of Grubenthal.”

“That I am willing to grant.—There is a third kind of jealousy which is the offspring of suspicion, and a gross sensual inclination.—Julia, there are men who will not believe in any virtue in women, or that there is any such thing as innocence or unstained purity of manners in our sex, either because they have never met with an innocent heart, or because they are unworthy to meet with one. You are unacquainted

acquainted with the manners of what is called the great world, and judge of the innocence of the women who live in it by the pure and unblemished manners of the matrons and maidens who live here with us in the solitudes of the Swiss valleys, where innocence and constancy are the rich treasures of every cottage. You know not that there are elevated ranks of life in which innocence is a name of mockery, and conjugal fidelity an object of ridicule, where these two guardian angels of virtue are utterly contemned, and left to the lowest classes of the people. A man brought up in such society gradually loses all belief in female virtue, as he never met with an example of it, or because he judges of every heart by his own, which never yet had strength enough to withstand the slightest temptation to sensual gratification. Yet, though he may believe the corruption of manners to be general, and the existence of innocence and purity impossible, he will wish to find an exception to this in the woman he loves; for the pure moral feeling is never entirely annihilated in the most corrupted hearts. The suspicion, however, that there is no virtue, no constancy in women, is strongly rooted in him, and will still remain though the object of his affection should be innocent and sacredly pure as an incorporeal spirit. He mistrusts, he watches, he listens: the spotless heart, the guileless soul of his mistress is ever open to his view; yet still he suspects; for how many women appear innocent, yet are not so. A smile bestowed on another; a sign which he observes her make to her female attendant; a note which she receives and conceals, because it is a grateful acknowledgment for an alms which her benevolence has bestowed in secret; a rose-bud which she seems anxious to preserve from withering; a ribbon which she wears and did not receive from him, are sufficient to excite his ever-watchful distrust, and kindle his jealousy. Then his passion bursts forth, and he raves out, frantically, that he is deceived, abused, and swears that he will no longer endure such treachery. His mistress pacifies him, tells him why she made the sign to her attendant, shows him the acknowledgment for the alms she has bestowed, informs him that the rose-bud was given her by her father, and the ribbon by a female friend, with whom, from a child, she has had the strictest intimacy, and she shows the billets she received with both these presents. He is now astonished at his error, falls at her feet, kisses her hand, and vows never to be jealous again. She forgives him, though this is repeated a hundred times, because she thinks his jealousy a proof of his love, though it is much rather a proof that he considers her as capable of being easily corrupted, and naturally inclined to dissolute manners. It is likewise a very probable proof that he has himself strayed from the paths of innocence and virtue. But this is nothing; his mistress forgives because she loves him. At length she speaks to a common labouring man, her servant, whose education, manners, and station, render it impossible to suppose, unless her character be base and corrupt indeed, that she can have conceived any improper predilection for him. Yet the lover sees her, and raves. He accuses her of a disgraceful intimacy with this man; and still she forgives him, because even this jealousy, which is so gross

a re-

a reflection upon her, is in her eyes a sign of love!—You weep Julia—I have done.”

Julia rose from her seat, walked thoughtfully, without speaking a word, up and down the room; then came back to her mother, and, sitting down by her, said, in a sorrowful tone, “Dear mother, permit me to ask you what you think of Grubenthal’s love for me? Do you think it is merely that gross inclination of which you say this jealousy is the offspring?”

“Perhaps, Julia, it would be well for you that you should believe it to be so. But I will tell you truly what I think. His love for you, I am ready to grant, is more than merely such an inclination. He admires your understanding, esteems your talents, and loves your generous, tender, and feeling heart. What alone is wanting to him is confidence in you; but confidence, my Julia, is the fairest flower of love, from which love is again reproduced. Wherever a lively, firm, unshaken confidence is wanting, love is like a tall and beauteous tree, which has lost its main roots, and which the slightest blast may level with the ground.”

“And is it impossible to be happy without this confidence?”

“The tree deprived of its strongest roots may, by accident, be spared by the winds; but who would place his parterre of choicest flowers near such a tree, because it is possible that it may be thrown down by the storm? The slightest accident, a smile, a glance, a word, may excite suspicion and jealousy; and other accidents may strengthen it; and the tenderest love, the purest innocence, will afford no protection against the fury of such jealousy.—Have you not read the tragedy of the Moor of Venice?”

“The fiction of a poet, dear mother, however admirable, can prove nothing.”

“It is admirable, because it is true to nature, and what passes in real life. Can you say that similar accidents may not happen to you? Have you not had proof that much greater trifles may excite the jealousy of your lover——?”

“But when I give him indubitable proofs of the sincerity and tenderness of my affection?”

“The more furious will he be, when his suspicions are once aroused, at the thought of the artifice and hypocrisy employed to deceive him. Whole years of the tenderest love, the firmest fidelity, the most indubitable proofs of the purest innocence, disappear in a moment before relentless suspicion. Desdemona loved the Moor, and was innocent; could that protect her from the fury of his jealousy?”

Julia, with a thoughtful and serious air, kissed her mother’s hand, and left her without speaking a word. She could not deny that all her mother had said was true; but in her heart she heard a voice which pleaded against its intended application; and the first assurance she received from Grubenthal of the sincerity and ardour of his affection erased half the impression which the advice of her mother had made upon her mind.—“There cannot be so much danger,” said she to herself. “How can he whose expressions are now so tender, so fond, load me with reproaches, and even execration! No it is impossible!”

Some days afterwards Julia received a letter from her young friend Clara, who had lately taken the veil in the convent of Fischingen, requesting that she would come and stay with her a few days. The letter was so pathetically expressive

sive of melancholy and sadness, and so earnestly pressed her to visit her unfortunate friend, that Julia could not refuse to comply with the invitation. She solicited and obtained permission from her father, and hastened, without informing her lover of her journey, to Fischingen, to listen to the sorrows, and soothe the heart, of the unhappy Clara.

"Ah my dearest Julia!" exclaimed Clara, when she saw her, the tears rushing into her eyes, and sinking on her bosom, overpowered by her feelings, "are you at length come? Do my eyes again behold the countenance of her with whom I once was so happy in the cheerful times that are past? Do I again hear a gentle voice at which my heart has no cause to fear? Alas!" added she, in a lower tone, "I am very unhappy, my dear Julia."

Family connections and interests had torn Clara from the arms of a secret lover, and immured her in the solitary gloom of a convent.—This was the first time, when, alas! it was too late, that Julia heard of the love of her friend. She could now only bestow on her a fruitless pity; she could not show her hope, but only advise her to have recourse to the sad comfort—patience.

The two friends sat in a dark walk in the garden of the convent. Julia with a faltering voice, and looks that betrayed the melancholy feelings of her own heart, endeavoured to comfort her sad companion; but Clara shook her head, and said, "No, Julia! comfort me you cannot; I did not invite you hither with the hope of receiving comfort; I wished to see you, that in your company I might once more recollect the joys of my youth. Here our sorrows end only with death. I am not the only one who sighs in this dreary mansion. Hundreds have sighed here before me,

and hundreds more will sigh hereafter, when the grave shall long have closed both on me and my grief."

Clara and Julia thus sat together till the bell called the former to the choir. In the evening, Clara, with a kind of melancholy tenderness, took Julia into the little cell which was allotted to her: "Come, my friend," said she, "I must show you the place where I weep my most soothing tears." She opened the door of a cell, in which was a small altar, with a picture over it, and which was dimly lighted by a single lamp.

Clara with a kind of enthusiasm dropped on her knees before the altar, raised her blue tearful eyes to the picture, and stretched out her arms towards it. Julia looked at the painting, which was the object that received the most light from the lamp. A young and beautiful woman in the dress of a nun was represented as conveyed to the ground by angels from the summit of a steep rocky precipice on which stood a castle. Julia attentively gazed for some time on the expressively firm but innocent and lovely countenance of this female figure.

"Here," said Clara, stretching forth her hand to Julia, "here where that innocent and lovely woman," pointing to the picture, "wept for twenty years, here where the ground still contains her tears, and the walls her sighs, here, Julia, is my grief delicious. Every evening I fall on my knees before this altar, and implore heaven to bestow on me the resolution which this woman possessed. By contemplating this patient, lovely countenance, I find myself comforted and animated. Here I pass my evenings, and read the history of this noble-minded, heaven-supported woman, to teach

me what strength the female heart possesses; and then how much am I ashamed to think that I am so weak!"

"Who is this saint?" asked Julia, in a low voice, with her eyes still fixed on the picture.

"She was no saint, Julia; she was a woman weak and sinful like me and you. The altar is dedicated to all good angels who protect persecuted innocence."

"And do you know her history, Clara? Let me entreat you to relate it to me." The two friends sat down on one seat, and viewed the picture together.

"That firm and lovely woman," said Clara, "was named Idda, and was the daughter of the baron of Kirchberg. She lived several hundred years since, in those unhappy times when the barons of Switzerland were perpetually engaged in deadly feuds and wars with each other. Idda was the most lovely maiden of her time. Her irresistible beauty, but still more the propriety and decorum of her manners, and the spotless purity of her heart, rendered her worthy the affections of the most renowned knight—See, Julia, such was her countenance!—In her father's castle she employed herself in silence and retirement with her spindle and the care of household affairs. Her pleasures were the benefactions she bestowed among the poor, and her amusement was her harp. She never went, like the daughters of other knights, to Zurich or Berne to see the jousts and tournaments, nor did she ever dance at the carousals and banquets given at the castle of her father. Avoiding the crowd and tumult of such scenes, she remained in her chamber, attended by her maids. To the poor alone and the unfortunate was she personally known; the knights had only heard the fame of

her beauty, her beneficence, her modesty, and her discretion.

(To be continued.)

LADIES' DRESSES on her MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

HER MAJESTY. A petticoat of rich lace, ornamented with a drape of beautiful point, with wreaths of royal purple silk flowers fastened up with bows of pearl and diamonds, spangles, &c. The mantua of royal purple velvet, trimmed with point lace, to correspond with the petticoat. In addition to her majesty's rich and beautiful dress, she wore a plume of about five hundred of the most scarce and natural heron feathers, which was some time ago presented to her as a present by the Turkish ambassador; there hardly ever were seen such feathers in England before. Her head was beautifully ornamented with wreaths of diamonds.

The Princess of Wales. A white satin petticoat spangled with silver, and tastefully ornamented with rich silver laurel wreaths, and trimmed round the bottom with the same; a royal purple velvet train and drape, spangled with silver, and trimmed with rich silver laurel wreaths; the pocket-holes elegantly festooned with silver laurel and deep tassels. Her royal highness looked charmingly.

Princess Elizabeth. An elegant embroidered white satin petticoat, richly ornamented with silver, scarlet, and black velvet, silver tassel fringe, laurel cord and tassels; the body and train of scarlet and silver, with fancy sleeves intermixed with gold net tassels, &c.

Princess Augusta. A rich white satin petticoat, elegantly embroidered with scarlet, black velvet and

and gold draperies, superbly ornamented with rich tassels, fringe, laurel cord, tassels, &c.; the body and train of white and gold tissue, with fancy sleeves, gold knot and tassel.

The Princess Amelia displayed her usual elegance and taste in the choice of her dress; the body and train silver tissue, richly ornamented with silver and point lace, fastened on the top of the shoulder with diamonds; petticoat of white satin, embroidered with stripes of drooping sprigs, intermixed with naval blue velvet in diamonds, trimmed with silver bullion tasseled fringe.

Princess Mary. A rich white satin petticoat, with net work of gold, coloured beads, intermixed with gold stars, had a new and singular effect, with a puce velvet border, richly embroidered in gold, with gold tassel fringe; the draperies of puce velvet, superbly embroidered with gold foil, shells, decorated with gold spangled feathers, and drawn up with rich tassels and fringe; a rich puce velvet and gold train, trimmed with gold.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester wore a white satin petticoat, richly embroidered in silver checks, with raised spangled roses, bordered with beautiful rose-coloured velvet; embroidered bulrushes. White crape drapery superbly embroidered in shells, looped with rich embroidered white satin straps of rose bulrushes, and beautifully embroidered: feathers suspended with a knot of handsome spangled rose velvet; an elegant spangled sash, bordered with rich embroidered rose velvet, which formed a most brilliant appearance. The sash was ornamented with a spangled knot of rose velvet, and handsome silver tassels. The train rose silver tissue, striped and trimmed with silver;—rich silver embroidered sleeves, fastened

with straps of rose-spangled velvet to correspond with the petticoat. Her royal highness's head-dress was an elegant silver net, with feathers and diamonds. The whole had a most splendid, new, and elegant effect.

Princess of Orange. White satin petticoat trimmed with Brussels point, and royal purple velvet, ornamented with diamonds. Mantua of purple velvet, ornamented with diamonds.

Princess Castelicicali. A brown crape petticoat, richly ornamented with drops of poppy beads, and broad waves of gold spangles, with gold fringe and tassels; a brown crape drapery, with gold spangles, and a broad gold foil, scalloped border, with poppy beads.

Duchess of Dorset. White crape petticoat, superbly embroidered in silver; drapery of violet velvet, relieved with a rich embroidery of gold and silver crape, finishing with handsome gold tassels. Mantua of violet velvet. Cap purple velvet and gold, with three handsome ti-grée feathers.

Duchess of Leeds. A white crape petticoat beautifully embroidered in gold spangles, and purple velvet stripes with waves of gold spangles, and broad gold fringe, white crape drapery, ornamented with purple velvet, and gold spangled feathers, tied up with gold cord, tassels, and broad gold fringe.

The Marchioness de Pombeira's was one of the most sumptuous dresses that ever appeared at court. It would be a vain attempt to give a perfect idea of the whole effect and the gracefulness of her deportment. It consisted of a white satin petticoat with a deep border of gold foil, spangles waved; out of each rose a rich stripe; the right side a most superb gold net, decorated between every diamond with

a loose gold tassel, bordered in Vandyke with rich dead gold tassels hanging from each point, drawn up with most magnificent large tassels, the left side two points hanging, edged in Vandyke, and bordered with rich tassels; the mantle of a brilliant coquelicot velvet richly embroidered to correspond; the sleeves and bosom of rich gold crape; the head-dress consisted of a most magnificent diadem, decorated with a most brilliant set of diamonds and a plume of ostrich feathers; a brilliant cestus round the waist.

Countess of Sutherland. Superb petticoat of brown crape, richly embroidered with gold, elegant bordering of embroidery round the bottom; drapery of the same, festooned up with embroidery, and sleeves of gold; train of yellow satin, richly ornamented with gold, and an Elizabeth ruff; head-dress to correspond, of brown velvet, ostrich feathers, and diamonds; the *tout ensemble* strikingly elegant.

The Countess Spencer. A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold; tippet of white satin, ornamented with drapery in the German style; gold fringe and tassels, interwoven with wreaths of shamrocks, green and gold; her train brocaded satin, green and gold; sleeves white crape, richly embroidered with gold spangles; head-dress to correspond, richly ornamented with diamonds and feathers; on the whole, one of the richest ever beheld in court.

Countess of Kenmare. A white crape petticoat very tastefully embroidered with silver stars, sprigs, and white satin, over the right corner of which flowed a puce velvet drapery richly spangled and ornamented with real silver tassel and laurel, with festoons of laurel on the opposite corner, with a silver fringe

round the bottom; body and train of puce velvet trimmed with silver fringe, and spangled Circassian tops to sleeves.

The Countess of Chesterfield. A white crape petticoat richly embroidered with gold, pearl, and spangles, and white satin rings in imitation of trefoil; over the right corner of which flowed a gold embroidered drapery in horizontal stripes, and over the opposite corner of the coat flowed another crape drapery embroidered with gold spangles and perpendicular stripes of gold, foil rings and pearl on white satin; the whole richly ornamented with real gold Vandyke lace; trimming spangled tassels, and rich fringe round the bottom.

Countess of Mansfield. A white crape petticoat, very tastefully decorated with festoons of white beads, and brown satin stars between each bead; over the right corner of which flowed a crape drapery richly embroidered with gold spangles, white satin and brown velvet spots surmounted with orange-coloured foil stones, ornamented with a rich border of bulrushes, gold spangled leaves, embroidered white satin, brown velvet and crescent foil stones, edged with a wreath of gold laurel; the pocket-holes were ornamented with festoons of gold laurel, and gold laurel flounce round the bottom; body and train of brown velvet trimmed with gold fringe, and embroidered Circassian tops similar to the drapery of her ladyship's petticoat.

Countess of Cardigan. A brown crape body and train, the sleeves richly embroidered with diamonds, and trimmed with gold point, &c. fastened on the shoulder; petticoat of brown crape, embroidered with gold in form of shells, with gold laurel drawn across the petticoat as drapery, which terminated on the

the left with a sash; and nothing could have been better calculated to show so fine a figure to the best advantage.

Lady Huntingfield. A white crape petticoat richly embroidered with gold spangles, pearl, and white satin rings, with perpendicular stripes of gold, foil rings and pearl on white satin, over the right corner of which flowed a similar embroidered drapery, with a very rich border of black velvet, embroidered with three rows of gold spangles, edged with cord, and gold sprays darting from it; a similar border headed a very rich real gold fringe round the bottom, the drapery was additionally ornamented with real gold spangled tassels; body and train of mazarine blue velvet, richly ornamented with real gold Vandyke fringe.

Lady Lavington. White crape petticoat, richly embroidered with gold and silver; the border scarlet velvet, ornamented in a very new style, with gold and silver tassels; a gold embroidered pointed drapery; a silver spangled sash, bordered with scarlet velvet, and gold fringe; white satin train, bordered with scarlet velvet; spangled Spanish sleeves; head-dress beautiful gold net; silver bandeau feathers and diamonds.

Lady Lucas. Petticoat, white crape, fringed with silver, and ornamented with a festooned applique of velvet on the right side, and double drapery, drawn up with oak wreaths, and silver cord and tassels; the left, festooned with silver rollo, fastened with spangled tassels; train, scarlet velvet, fringed with silver, and fine blond suit; cap, white and silver; white ostrich feather and scarlet plume de coeq.

Lady Charlotte Townshend. White crape petticoat, embroidered with gold and purple velvet, elegantly

ornamented with gold fringe of tassels, and fine stone spangles; train white satin, purple velvet, and gold fringe; the body white crape, richly ornamented with gold spangles, gold frogs behind; the neck and sleeves trimmed with point lace—looked delightfully.

Lady Mary Bentinck. The elegance of this dress equals its richness; the petticoat is of white crape, strewed with shells, embroidered in silver; the draperies of wreaths of convolvulus, and artistly embroidered in foil, which have the most agreeable effect; but that which distinguishes the dress most, and renders it quite dissimilar to any thing yet made, are the borders, which are of lace and silver, imitating laurel leaves, and arranged in a peculiar manner.

Lady Henrietta Wallop. Crape petticoat, fringed with silver, and strewed with an applique of shamroc leaves, in velvet and silver spots; a drapery, festooned, with an union wreath of roses, thistle, and shamroc, and silver rollo looped up with rich silver tassels and rope; train, puce velvet, fringed with silver; the sleeves striped richly with silver net and spangles; head-dress, pearls and ostrich plume.

Mrs. Joseph Smith. A white crape petticoat richly embroidered with silver spangles and pearls, ornamented with a mazarine blue satin sash across, entwined with real silver laurel, festoons of laurel, satin ribbon to pocket-holes, and a silver fringe round the bottom, headed with mazarine blue velvet trimmed with silver.

General Observations.

Powder was universally out of use among the ladies, whose hair was chiefly dressed in braids or in curls,

curls, with bandeaux of gold or embroidery running cross in front, and diamond ornaments. These were principally in the form of tiaras, circles, diadems, wreaths of flowers and aigrettes. Feathers were universal, but of different lengths. They were the white ostrich, the bird of paradise, Argus, pheasant, and Macau plumes. The princess Augusta wore six short feathers, in various directions, falling different ways; the princess Elizabeth, three long ostrich, and three red feathers; and the princesses Mary and Sophia six short feathers, and bandeaux through their hair, profusely ornamented with jewellery. The union wreath was also much in vogue, consisting of roses, thistles, and shamrocks entwined. The Collet necklaces were most in fashion, and clasps for girdles and buckles of diamonds and topazes. The imperial handkerchiefs were also much worn. The clothes consisted, as usual, chiefly of rich embroideries, and rich tissue trains.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE present fashionable wig has the hair hanging loose over the forehead, so low as the eyebrow, and down the sides of the face, and upon the neck behind, nearly of the same length, all round in loose curls. It then attaches close to the top of the forehead by a braid, brought close behind the ears, and is combed smooth to the crown of the head, where it is confined by a second twisted braid. It then continues narrowing for a few inches, when it is bound by a third braid, parallel to the second, leaving the ends of the hair hanging out bushed.

This wig is very plain, never having any ornament except a rose, or some other single flower, on the front braid, a little behind the right temple.

The white bonnets are still of that shape which approaches the antique head-dresses. Almost all the *négligé* caps are in the *mob* or the *biggin* style. Black velvet hats, trimmed with black ribbon, are still in fashion, with the soft feathers called *pleureuses*.

The handkerchief is crossed upon the bosom, in a narrow stripe, running through a slider on the breast, leaving it equally exposed above and below, and the ends tucked down under the chemise. It is generally scarlet, or sky-blue.—Capucine and coquelicot are also prevailing colours. The robe is white, with a very short waist, and lozenges on the sleeves. The length of the trains has caused the mode of tucking up the robe in walking to be changed: that represented in the plate is almost generally adopted. A few *élégantes* have resumed the crosses.

Of the tea-table apparatus, the sugar-chest is the most curious: it is exactly in the shape of an urn, the sides of which form a case for the spoons, the bowls of them standing out, and forming a chain round the circumference.

MALE FASHIONS.

The pantaloons *à le marinier* are not in general use. Some fashionables wear the pantaloons close, others have resumed the breeches. As the waistcoat is extremely little and short, the former must reach very high. The coat is still short, and cut round at the skirt. The hair is worn close and smooth, except on the forehead, from which it hangs in loose curls.

The frocks of the young men are as *dégagée* and as short as last summer; but their riding-coats are very large and full. At the balls they wear a black coat, and white waistcoat, black breeches, white stockings, and a cocked hat. The ladies' head-dresses in hair are adorned with a diadem of leaves or diamonds. The most favourite *capotes* are white satin trimmed with white comet in silver pearl; and ornamented with an *esprit*. The shagged ribbons of the *ponceau* colour are still fashionable.

On the 24th of last month we remarked, at the opera, head-dresses in hair *à la Ceres*, having in front two sheaves of ears of corn, in silver or gold, united in a diadem. Nets *à la Circassienne*, of silver thread, large behind, and coming close round the forehead. Hive hats, of satin or crape, prepared by the milliners, to be moulded by the hair-dresser into the form of the antique head-dresses. Crosses diamonds, *aigrettes* of diamonds in several branches. Almost all the robes were cut *à la Turque*, and trimmed with tinsel. Some were of rose-coloured or white satin. A very great number of white or black crape. Some glittered in a shower of steel. The *capotes* were ornamented in front with three white feathers, or an *esprit*.

LONDON FASHIONS.

CAPS of white satin, with a round light knot of pink feathers in the front, and running up in sprays or small plumes, are much worn at theatres.

Caps wholly composed of white lace, with a crescent of pearl and a small pearl feather, are adopted by the votaries of simple elegance.

Hats are of brown chip, ornamented with corn flowers, generally scarlet.

Velvets on the head are disappearing; straw, in various shapes of motley hues, are in general substituted.

Dress hats turned up in front, of crape or satin, with single ostrich feathers, are very predominant. Scarlet feathers seem likely to assert their empire in female dress.

Large silk shawls, with deep fringes, are very general.

Velvet spencers, with jackets, have recently appeared.

Half pelisses, trimmed with lace and fur, are very usual.

Plaids are also general.

Slate-coloured muslins, trimmed with narrow fur of scarlet dye, have just been seen.

In full dress, white crapes, ornamented with scarlet, or orange-colour, are worn.

Purple crapes, or dresses of white silk, festooned up with wreaths of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, are fashionable.

Coloured muslins trimmed with swansdown have been recently introduced.

Artificial flowers highly scented are worn in the bosom; some of the fashionable male *Ephemera* are even seen with myrtle.

Military sashes of various colours are reviving; they are worn across the left shoulder, and tie loosely. Sashes of silver, or embroidered crapes, are worn in the same manner.

Silver nets are seen on the head, with tassels of spangles; also single high feathers. The union wreaths appear on the head; the hair is worn in simple ringlets.

Crosses of white cornelian, edged with gold, are universal, and bestow, even to modern belles, a certain nun-like air.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS the dramatic pieces I before sent you have met with so favourable a reception, I now transmit a translation of a Comedy in one Act, from the German of Kotzebue, on the plan of which is founded the popular French Comic Opera, entitled *Le Prisonnier, ou La Rassemblance*, which in the year 1798 was acted at Paris a hundred times successively, and has been read here, with great applause, at Le Texier's and Nugent's Rooms. I have again taken the liberty to alter the names of two or three of the characters, to avoid such harsh sounds as Mr. Schlichtmann, Klotz, &c.

Yours &c.

ELEANOR M****.

Twickenham, Dec. 28, 1800.

THE PRISONER.

A Comedy, in One Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Major HEILBRON, commandant of a fortress.

DORIMONT, prisoner in the fortress.

MONTFORT, uncle to Dorimont.

Mrs. STERNE, a rich widow.

LOUISA, daughter of Mrs. Sterne.

VOLUBLE, servant to Montfort.

A Corporal.

The scene lies in the house of Mrs. Sterne, which is adjoining to the fortress.

SCENE I.

Louisa alone, standing before a table under an open window, and ironing some fine linen. A guitar is heard, played at a distance ; Louisa listens attentively, and forgets her work.

WHAT a voice!—How moving!—Poor young man!—Time must be very tedious with him, no doubt!—I believe he is going to

sing again (*listens very attentively, and lets the iron stand on her work*).

SCENE II.

Louisa, Mrs. Sterne.

Mrs. Sterne (entering). Louisa!

Louisa (not hearing her). I wish I could understand all the words.

Mrs. Sterne (louder). Louisa!

Louisa (starting, and hastily shutting the window). Mamma!

Mrs. Sterne. Why do you shut the window in such a hurry?

Louisa (confused). Shut the window, mamma! I—I will open it again.

Mrs. Sterne. No, no; there is always a bleak wind blows from the court-yard of the castle (*comes to the table, and takes up the iron*). Why, child! What have you been doing?

Louisa. Ironing, mamma.

Mrs. Sterne. And letting the hot iron stand on my best Holland handkerchief! See here is a great hole burnt in it!

Louisa. Indeed! A hole!

Mrs. Sterne. How has this happened?

Louisa. I cannot conceive.

Mrs. Sterne (more seriously). I must know.

Louisa. I was not careful enough.

Mrs. Sterne. What was you thinking of?

Louisa. I was listening to music in the castle.

Mrs. Sterne. Music!—in the castle!—That cannot be. Since I have been in this house, I never heard any music there, but what the cats make.

Louisa. A guitar.

Mrs. Sterne. The commandant is a brave old officer, but has as great an aversion to music as a lion to the crowing of a cock.

Louisa. But, for some weeks past, there has been a young man in the dark tower which joins to our house.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sterne. A prisoner?

Louisa. I suppose so; the governor would not, I imagine, lodge a visitor there.

Mrs. Sterne. And this young man plays on the guitar?

Louisa. He sings too with such a pleasing and plaintive voice—

Mrs. Sterne. That my best handkerchief has had a hole burnt in it.

Louisa. He complains so piteously that he is forsaken by all the world.

Mrs. Sterne. It is his own fault; he has been at some slippery tricks I'll warrant for him.

Louisa. Perhaps so; but he is not guilty of any atrocious crime.

Mrs. Sterne. How do you know that?

Louisa. He has such a fine open countenance.

Mrs. Sterne. Indeed! I thought my innocent daughter had been employed at her work, and not studying physiognomy in the countenances of the prisoners.

Louisa. He often looks through the iron grating so mournfully and tenderly.

Mrs. Sterne. Very moving, no doubt!—And you?—

Louisa. I, generally, look down on the ground.

Mrs. Sterne. But not always?

Louisa. If I did not sometimes look at him, he would be still more melancholy.

Mrs. Sterne. Oh, certainly! And how long has this game been playing?

Louisa. For a fortnight past.

Mrs. Sterne. And this was the reason you removed the table you work at from the corner where it stood and placed it before the window?

Louisa. Perhaps it was one reason.

Mrs. Sterne. You told me it was for the sake of the light.

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Louisa. Yes, it is much lighter there.

Mrs. Sterne. Then be so good as to remove the table back to its former place.

Louisa. If you desire it, mamma (*she removes the table*).

Mrs. Sterne (*going*). Have you prepared the chamber I told you to get ready for our visitor? Is every thing in order?

Louisa. Yes, it is quite ready.

Mrs. Sterne. Your intended father-in-law will be here to-day or to-morrow morning.

Louisa. Did you not tell me this was to be his sitting room, and that his sleeping chamber (*pointing to two doors*).

Mrs. Sterne. I did.

Louisa. There will then be no occasion to fasten up the window.

Mrs. Sterne. Why not?

Louisa. Because the fresh air will be very agreeable.

Mrs. Sterne. Louisa, Louisa, I can forgive your burning my handkerchief; but beware how you suffer a flame to kindle in your heart.

[*Exit.*]

Louisa. My heart!—is warm, I own, very warm—but as to a flame—No, no, the window shall rather be fastened up for ever.—I will open it once more, however—(*opens the window*). *He is gone!*—He is neither singing nor playing—all is silence! (*listens*) Perhaps he is grieved and sad because I shut the window. I wish I could let him know how sorry I am.

SCENE III.

Louisa, Voluble.

Voluble (*entering with a portmanteau which he throws down on the ground*). Holloa! ho! Who is here?

Louisa (*starting, and hastily shutting the window*). Pray who are you, my friend!

G

Voluble,

Voluble. I? I am the estafette of Cupid, the chamberlain of Hymen, and, (*bowing affectedly*) an admirer of the Graces.

Louisa. What does all this mean?

Voluble. In plain prose, Mr. Montfort will be here to-day or to-morrow.

Louisa. My future father-in-law?

Voluble. Yes, miss, the very same.

Louisa. And where is he now?

Voluble. He turned a little out of the road to visit an old acquaintance, but he will not make a long stay.

Louisa. Very well; his apartment is quite ready: that is his sleeping chamber. I will now go and inform my mother (*Going—returns*).

A-propos! Does your master love fresh air?

Voluble. Fresh air? Yes, extremely.

Louisa. He does not mind a little draught of wind?

Voluble. Mind a little wind!—Heaven bless you! he was a sailor half his life.

Louisa. I would advise him then to have the window often open; there is a very pleasant warm breeze comes in.

Voluble. A warm breeze! in the month of November!

Louisa. O yes there is! and if my mamma should wish to have the window shut, you have only to say that your master can't bear it shut—You understand me. [*Exit.*]

Voluble. Hang me if I do understand you! The wind is so bleak that my fingers are half frozen, yet I must keep the window open!—But you are younger than I am, and I suppose your blood is warmer than mine. Let me see—this is the bed-chamber; our portmanteau must take up its quarters there.——

[*Rolls the portmanteau before him on the ground; but just as he is going to open the door Dorimont opens it on the other side. They stand and gaze on each other with great surprise.*]

SCENE IV.

Voluble, Dorimont.

Voluble. The deuce!

Dorimont. Am I in a dream?

Voluble. Dorimont!

Dorimont. Voluble!

Voluble. What devil——

Dorimont. Hush! For Heaven's sake do not betray me!

Voluble. What is there to betray?

Dorimont. Quick! Tell me where I am?

Voluble. Where you are?—A curious question!

Dorimont. Who does this house belong to?

Voluble. Don't you know?

Dorimont (impatiently). No; no.

Voluble. But how did you come hither?

Dorimont. Instead of answering me, you must ask questions.

Voluble. Do not be offended; you come so without ceremony, and in dishabille; you must surely be on a very familiar footing here.

Dorimont. No, indeed I am not: this is the first time in my life that I ever was in this house.

Voluble. How then did you get into your uncle's bed-chamber?

Dorimont. My uncle's bed-chamber!—Is my uncle here?

Voluble. Not yet, but he soon will be.

Dorimont. What does he come here for?

Voluble. To marry.

Dorimont. In his old age!

Voluble. On that very account he wishes to enjoy repose.

Dorimont. Marriage is an odd means of procuring repose.

Voluble. You are in the right. I am sorry for him. He leaps out of the frying-pan as they say, I doubt. You know what a tedious law-suit he has been engaged in for these fifteen years?

Dorimont. With a widow of the name of Sterne?

Voluble.

Voluble. The same. The law-suit is the frying-pan; and the widow Sterne, I am afraid, will prove the fire.

Dorimont. I understand you; they have at last come to an accommodation.

Voluble. Yes: they entered into a correspondence by letters; at first cold, and distantly polite—"I have the honour to be your humble servant;" then "your most obedient and respectful servant"—"your devoted"—"your most devoted"—and, at last, "your affectionate," and "most tenderly affectionate."

Dorimont. This house then—

Voluble. Belongs to the lady who is to be your aunt.

Dorimont. And the charming girl with the sparkling eyes, the coral lips, the ivory neck——

Voluble. Enough; I know who you mean already—Is miss Louisa.

Dorimont. Miss Louisa?

Voluble. The daughter of Mrs. Sterne, and the most lovely of all cousins.

Dorimont. Of all mortals.

Voluble. Granted.—But now be so obliging as to gratify my curiosity a little. I have heard strange things of you.

Dorimont. What have you heard?

Voluble. Why, indeed, nothing very extraordinary. They say you have spent more than you had; and that your good old father has been obliged to pay your debts.

Dorimont. Has he paid them?—I am glad of that!

Voluble. That you had a duel with a gamester, and dangerously wounded him, and that your father has had him cured at a great expense.

Dorimont. Is he cured? I am glad of that!

Voluble. That you are fond of Champagne, and in one of your drunken freaks had broke the super-intendant's windows, and that your

father has been obliged to have them mended.

Dorimont. Has he had them mended? I am glad of that!

Voluble. Yes—but they say your father was not so glad; but found it necessary to shut you up in a prison, that you might have time to sleep off the fumes of your debauch.

Dorimont. That is very true: he put me under the care of his friend here, major Heilbron.

Voluble. The governor of the castle?

Dorimont. Who provided me with a very commodious apartment.

Voluble. With iron bars before the windows.

Dorimont. Where I reside in perfect safety.

Voluble. Well secured with locks and bolts.

Dorimont. He likewise is very careful of my health.

Voluble. By regularity in diet.

Dorimont. In fact, my father is in the right. I know that he is still fond of me; though he has sent me here to do penance for a short time.

Voluble. But what penance do you do here? How came you in this house?

Dorimont. In the strangest manner in the world.—You know I am sometimes rather impatient and hasty.

Voluble. Sometimes—I know you are.

Dorimont. I had seen the charming girl you tell me is to be my cousin at the window. I soon grew rather uneasy at my confinement; and, just by way of passing the time, began to break in pieces every thing I could find in the room.

Voluble. Mighty well!—There's another pretty bill, I'll warrant, for papa to discharge.

Dorimont. There was an old table fastened, with a green curtain hanging before it. I was vexed at its firmness; and, exerting all my strength,

strength, crash it went, and lay at my feet.

Voluble. Bravo!

Dorimont. I directly perceived a trap-door in the place where it had stood, on which was nailed a small piece of paper. I tore it off, and read the following almost illegible words, written on it with a black-lead pencil—"To my unfortunate successor. Your freedom is in your power. Ten years I inhabited this prison, detained by honour; but love sweetened my sufferings.—You, if you are detained by no such bonds, may escape through this secret passage. It leads to the adjoining house."

Voluble. I think I understand the rest. You lifted the trap-door—

Dorimont. Went down, groped my way through a dark passage, touched a spring, open flew a door concealed by tapestry——

Voluble. And here you are in your uncle's bed-chamber.—I congratulate you. But now you must think about being gone, before the governor discovers that you have made your escape.

Dorimont. I shall not be missed immediately. It is past noon, and it will be late in the evening before any of the attendants go to my apartment.

Voluble. You will stay a while then.

Dorimont. I mean so to do. I know that my father cannot live without me; but in a few weeks will restore me to liberty, and till then—

Voluble. You mean to content yourself with the spare diet that is allotted you.

Dorimont. If I can but see and speak to the charming creature that engrosses all my thoughts!—

Voluble. Where would you speak to her?

Dorimont. Here, certainly.

Voluble. But in what character will you appear.

Dorimont. That I was considering. Advise me, *Voluble*. You are a clever fellow at these things.

Voluble. Oh, your most humble servant!

Dorimont. You must assist me?

Voluble. In what manner.

Dorimont. Will my uncle be here soon?

Voluble. Not before the evening; and perhaps not till to-morrow.

Dorimont. There is time enough then.—The widow and Mr. Montfort have no acquaintance with each other but by letters that have passed between them, have they?

Voluble. No.

Dorimont. They have never seen each other?

Voluble. Never.

Dorimont. So much the better—I have thought of a scheme—I will personate my uncle.

Voluble. You personate old Mr. Montfort?

Dorimont. He is not so very old: he is only about forty.

Voluble. And you are five and twenty.

Dorimont. What does that signify—It will be understood that I have taken care of myself.

Voluble. Indeed the widow will perhaps not be very scrupulous about your appearing too young.

Dorimont. So I think.

Voluble. But if she should propose to marry you immediately?

Dorimont. I shall have the utmost respect for the rights of my uncle. I only wish to see and converse with my unknown charmer.

Voluble. But recollect your appearance. Is that a fit dress to woo a lady in?

Dorimont. You are right; but I have an excuse for that—I have fallen among banditti who have

torn

torn my clothes off my back, and plundered me of all I had.

Voluble. But if your uncle should unexpectedly arrive?

Dorimont. Then I must vanish.

Voluble. But can I vanish.

Dorimont. You shall have ducats.

Voluble. Ducats? Where will you get them?

Dorimont. Oh, I shall see better times.

Voluble. Indeed, Sir, you assign me a part—

Dorimont. Act it well and you will do honour to your genius.

Voluble. My genius!—Yes, but my back—

Dorimont. Silence: some one is coming.

(*To be continued.*)

INSTANCE of the SAGACITY of a CAT.

MANKIND in general seem to agree in celebrating the courage and invincible fidelity of the dog, while the unfortunate cat is the general object of dislike, and is considered as being incapable of a permanent attachment. A French journal contains an account which at once proves the sagacity and faithful affection of a cat.

“A physician of Lyons, of the name of Martin, states, that he was required by a justice of peace to examine the body of a person who had recently been murdered. He accordingly went and found, in a small room, the body of a young pregnant woman bathed in blood. A spaniel sat at her feet, licked them from time to time, and howled in the most piteous manner. It did not bark when they entered, but

showed the most unequivocal signs of grief. A large white cat also attracted their attention: it was sitting on the top of a chest of drawers at the end of the room; it was immoveable, with its eyes fixed upon the body, and its looks at once denoted horror and fear. After a slight examination of the body, he told the justice of peace that he would return the next morning at ten o'clock, with some other medical persons, to open the body in the presence of the persons suspected of having committed the murder. He accordingly went there the next day; the first object that struck their attention was the cat in the same place, in the same attitude in which she had been the preceding evening, and her looks had acquired such a degree of horror and ferocity that some apprehensions were entertained that she was mad. The room was soon filled with officers of justice and others; there was a considerable noise from the rattling of their arms, and from the conversation which ensued, but it neither caused the cat to alter her position, or withdraw her attention from the corpse. He was proceeding to open the body, in order to extract the child from the womb, and the persons suspected of the murder were brought into the room: at that instant the eyes of the cat sparkled with fury, her hair rose up, she sprung into the middle of the room, stopped for an instant, and then laid down by the side of the dog, and seemed to partake in his indignation for the murder, and in his fidelity for his mistress. These mute but terrible witnesses did not escape the observations of the persons accused, they appeared greatly shocked, and all their boldness left them.”

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE for the NEW-YEAR, 1801.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.
POET-LAUREAT.

FROM delug'd Earth's usurp'd domain,

When Ocean sought his native bed,
Emerging from the shrinking main,
Rear'd many a mountain isle its head,
Encircled with a billowy zone,
Fair Freedom mark'd them for her own.

"Let the vast continent obey,
A ruthless master's iron sway,
Uncheck'd by aught from pole to pole,
Where swol'n Ambition's torrents roll;
Those seats to tyrants I resign,
Here be my blest abode, the island
reign be mine!"

Hating the fame where Freedom sat
enshrin'd,
Grasping at boundless empire o'er
mankind,
Behold, from Susa's distant towers,
The Eastern despot sends his mighty
powers:

Greece, thro' all her rocky coast,
Astonish'd views the Giant host;
Not the fam'd strait by bleeding he-
roes barr'd,

Nor Cecrops' walls her hallow'd al-
tars guard;

While each bold inmate of the isles
On Inroad's baffled effort smiles,
From ev'ry port, with cheering sound,
Swells the vindictive Paean round,
And Salamis, proud from her sea-girt
shore,

Sees o'er the hostile fleet th' indignant
surges roar.

Fiercer than Persia's sceptred lord,
More num'rous than th'embattled
train,

Whose thirsty swarms the sea-broad
rivers drain,

Lo! Gallia's plains disgorge their
madd'ning hoard;

Wide o'er Europa's trembling
lands

Victorious speed the murd'rous
bands;

Where'er they spread their
pow'rful sway

Fell Desolation marks their way!
Unhurt amid a warring world, alone
Britannia sits secure, firm on her
island throne.

When thunders roar, when light-
nings fly,

When howling tempests shake the sky,
Is more endear'd the shelt'ring dome,
More sweet the social joys of home;
Fondly her eye, lo! Albion throws,
On the tried partner of her weal and
woes;

Each tie to closer union draws,
By mingled rights and mingled laws;
Then turns averse from Gallia's guilty
field,

And tears with gen'rous pride the
lilies from her shield.

Albion and Erin's kindred race,
Long as your sister isles the seas
embrace,

Long as the circling tides your shores
that lave,

Waft your united banners o'er the
wave,

Wide thro' the deep commercial
wealth to spread,

Or hurl destruction on the oppres-
sor's head;

May Heaven on each unconquer'd
nation show'r

Eternal concord and increasing
pow'r;

And as in Hist'ry's awful page,
Immortal Virtue shall proclaim

To ev'ry clime, thro' every age,
Imperial George's patriot fame;

That parent care shall win her warmest
smiles,

Which rear'd 'mid Ocean's reign the
empire of the isles.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to THE CAPTIVES.

*Acted at Reading School, October 15, 16,
and 17.*

Spoken by Mr. JOLIFFE.

SOME twelve years since, domestic
annals say,
Here first a school-boy Thespis dar'd
to play,
With puppet forms endeavour'd to be-
guile
The tedious hour, and raise the gen'-
rous smile.

No spacious canvas could the artist
boast:

His castles nodded—from a sheet of
post.

Now sooth'd by love, now mad with
frantic rage,

A six-inch hero trod a two-foot stage;
While, lost in grief, the straw-stuff'd
maiden stood, wood.

And vainly strove to move—a man of
Soon his dramatic genius taught t'
aspire [mire,

Above the management of rags and
Consign'd the wooden Garricks to the
shelf, [myself;

And sought the aid of puppets—like
With bold attempt presented to your
view

The melting scenes which matchless
Shakspeare drew;

With Plautus strove your laughter to
provoke

At tales of merriment and comic joke.—
To-night once more we stretch th' ad-
vent'rous sail,

And trust our little vessel to the gale.—
Protected by the safety of the coast,

No nautic skill, no pilot's art we boast;
With joyful hearts our annual course
renew, [view.

For Favour's harbour brightens on our

Our play (for prologues of the play
should speak)

Has every title to the pure antique.
No plaster figure cast by modern rule,
By some vile bungler of the German
school,

But simple grace, by Plautus nobly
plann'd, [hand.—

The finish'd statue of a master's
Ye gentle Fair, whose smiles before
have charm'd

Our youthful bosoms, and whose praise
has warm'd,

With kind indulgence hear our an-
cient play,

Whose verse salutes you with unwont-
ed lay,—

Tho' strange the inharmonious speech
appear,

Form'd to delight alone the classic ear;
Tho' vain th' untasted dialogue be
found, [sound,

And cheat the baffled sense with empty
Haply the action of our busy scene,

The actor's gesture, habit, voice, and
mien,

May please the heart to candour still
inclin'd, [mind.

And win a plaudit from the partial
Mean time, with anxious hope, and
fearful breast,

To nicer judgments we submit the rest.
Happy, if now our poet's Doric strain,
With grateful charm, the scholar can
detain;

Can Learning's studious thought with
mirth beguile,

And draw from Science one approv-
ing smile:

Happy if they *, whom prompt affec-
tion calls [walls,

A while to linger from the Muses'
With patient ear the drama shall at-
tend,

And deign our well-meant efforts to
commend;

With fav'ring look the actor's toil re-
gard,

And with fresh wreaths adorn the an-
cient bard.

EPILOGUE

*To the Theatrical Representation at
Strawberry-Hill.*

Written by JOHANNA BAILLIE,

*And spoken by the Hon. ANNE S. DAMER,
Nov. 1800.*

WHILST fogs along the Thames'
damp margin creep,

And cold winds thro' his leafless wil-
lows sweep;

* Addressed to the visitors, the vice-
chancellor of the university of Oxford, the
president of St. John's, and the warden of
All Souls, college.

And

And fairy elves, whose summer sport
 had been [green,
 To foot it, nightly on the moon-light
 Now, hooded close, in many a cower-
 ing form, [storm;
 Troop with the surly spirits of the
 Whilst by the blazing fire, with saddled
 nose, [ous prose,
 The sage turns o'er his leaves of tedi-
 And o'er their new-dealt cards with
 eager eye
 Good dowagers exult, or inly sigh;
 And blooming maids from silken
 work-bags pour
 (Like tangled sea-weed on the
 vexed shore)
 Of patch-work, netting, fringe, a
 strange and motley store;
 Whilst all, attempting many a different
 mode,
 Would from their shoulders hitch
 Time's heavy load—
 Thus have we chose, in comic sock
 bedight,
 To wrestle with a long November
 night!
 “In comic sock!” methinks indig-
 nant cries
 Some grave, fastidious friend, with
 angry eyes,
 Scowling severe—“No more the
 phrase abuse;
 So shod, indeed, there had been some
 excuse;
 But in these walls, a once well-known
 retreat,
 Where Taste and Learning kept a
 fav'rite seat—
 Where Gothic arches, with a solemn
 shade,
 Should o'er the thoughtful mind their
 influence spread;
 Where pictures, vases, busts, and pre-
 cious things, [kings,
 Still speak of sages, poets, heroes,
 On which the stranger looks with pen-
 sive gaze—
 And thinks upon the worth of other
 days!
 Like foolish children, in their mimic
 play,
 Confin'd at grandame's on a rainy
 day,
 With paltry farce, and all its bastard
 train,
 Grotesque and broad, such precincts
 to profane!

It is a shame!—But no: I will not
 speak— [cheek.”
 I feel the blood rise mantling to my
 Indeed, wise Sir!—
 But he who o'er our heads these arches
 bent,
 And stor'd these relics, dear to senti-
 ment
 More mild than you, with grave pe-
 dantic pride,
 Would not have rang'd him on your
 surly side.
 But now to you, who on our frolic
 scene
 Have look'd well pleas'd and gentle
 critics been;
 Nor would our homely humour spurn—
 To you—the good, the gay, the fair, I
 turn,
 And thank ye all. If here our feeble
 powers
 Have lightly wing'd for ye some win-
 try hours;
 Should these remember'd scenes in
 fancy live,
 And to some future minutes pleasure
 give;
 To right good end we've worn our
 mumming guise,
 And we're repaid and happy—aye,
 and wise.
 Who says we are not, on this sombre
 birth
 Gay Fancy smil'd not, nor heart-
 light'ning Mirth:
 Home let him hie to his unsocial rest,
 And heavy sit the night-mare on his
 breast!

HYMN TO NATURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

HOLY Nature, heav'nly fair,
 Lead me with thy parent care;
 In thy footsteps let me tread,
 As a willing child is led.
 When with care and grief opprest,
 Soft I sink me on thy breast;
 On thy peaceful bosom laid,
 Grief shall cease, nor care invade.
 O, congenial Pow'r divine,
 All my votive soul is thine!
 Lead me with thy parent care,
 Holy Nature, heavenly fair!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, November 28.

THE grand vizier will begin his operations against the French in Egypt, as soon as he hears that the English troops shall have arrived on the coast of that country.

The captain pacha has left behind him a Turkish squadron before Alexandria, consisting of three ships of the line and four frigates, under the command of the captain bey, or the vice grand admiral. He has himself returned hither, after having in vain endeavoured to renew the negotiations with the French.

On the 23d of November, the day after the arrival of the captain pacha, we had a more dreadful hurricane here than the oldest people have ever remembered. At the same time a fire broke out in the Greek quarter of the city, by which several houses were laid in ashes, and many lives were lost.

A great many reinforcements and transport recruits have been sent to the army of the grand vizier. But the greatest part of the latter desert immediately on their arrival. The report that a part of the French army had mutinied, and gone over to the Turks, is not confirmed.

On the 7th inst. a corps of janissaries, consisting of more than 6000 men, was defeated by the rebels in Romelia, and lost two pieces of cannon, and most of its field-pieces.

Malaga, Nov. 30. The English have made a new attempt on a vessel in this harbour, which has had a different result from the former attempt. An English frigate had been cruising off this place for several days, approaching so near, at times, as to receive the fire of our batteries. On the 30th ult. after being in sight all day,

she stood off towards the evening. But about one next morning she stood close in to the road, and, with the assistance of some Swedish vessels lying at anchor, sent in four armed boats, with orders to get possession of a French galliot, which was likewise anchored there. The four boats silently approached the French vessel; but the crew of the latter being on their guard, received them with so warm a discharge of musketry, that three of the boats were compelled to sheer off. The fourth, which carried 20 men and the officer who conducted the enterprize, persisted in attempting to board; but a single volley having killed 18 of the crew, the remaining two instantly effected their escape.

One of the English sailors was taken out of the water, and carried on board the French privateer.

Constantinople, Dec. 10. A very unpleasant circumstance has happened here which may have important consequences. A quarrel happening between a part of the crews of the captain pacha and some Russian sailors, they came to blows, and some of the Russian officers were killed. They have been buried with great ceremony. The Porte has offered any satisfaction, but the Russian ambassador, general Tamara, who has dispatched a courier to Petersburg, has declared, that the nature and acceptance of the satisfaction must depend on the pleasure of his court.

Munich, Dec. 10. Within these two days the French have made repeated attacks with a part of their left wing on Muhlendorf and Wasserburg, but were every time repulsed with loss. It is however probable that these were really feints to conceal the true object of their attack. In the night

between the 9th and 10th, general Moreau forced the passage of the Inn at three places, viz. at Rosenheim, Olt and Neupuern, and Ursaru. On the day before the French had likewise alarmed the whole Austrian line with false attacks.

General Moreau proposes to dine at Salzburg on the 12th. When the French are in possession of Salzburg, they are in the neighbourhood of Linz, and the theatre of war will soon extend to the vicinity of Vienna.

Leghorn, Dec. 11. Yesterday the English commander gave notice to neutral ships that they might leave the harbour freely during the space of ten days. The captains of those ships replied that so short a space of time would be insufficient for them, because they could not hope to obtain a convoy during the limited period. The English commander replied that he had not the power to grant them two days more; but that he expected admiral Keith every moment, who perhaps might allow them a longer delay.

Vienna, Dec. 17. His royal highness the archduke Charles being recovered from his indisposition, which some time ago obliged him to quit the army, his Imperial Majesty has been pleased again to confer on his royal highness the command of the army in Germany. His royal highness quitted Prague on the 14th inst. to take upon himself that command; but is resolved, at the same time, to retain the chief command of the Bohemo-Moravian legion, and has previously appointed general count Sztarray to the command of that legion.

His royal highness the archduke John has sent reports, dated the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th instant, from the head-quarters at Frosburgh, Theisendorf, and Salzburg; according to which the line of the corps of prince Condé was attacked by the enemy on the 9th, in the neighbourhood of Neubayern, who overpowered the post of Neubayern, and thus advanced to the right banks of the Inn.—Agreeably to the statements sent in at the same time by his royal highness, the loss of his army, since the renewal of hostili-

ties, amounts to 918 men in killed, and 3514 in wounded; the number of prisoners and missing had at first been stated at 5396 men; but, as of the latter many have since joined their corps again, the exact number of prisoners cannot as yet be stated with certainty.

—*Court Gazette.*

Two days ago the English ambassador, lord Minto, received dispatches from London, by a courier, upon which he had a long conversation with our minister of state. Since that time it is reported that the court of London had released our court from all obligations, in case of an opportunity offering itself for concluding a separate peace with advantage. Should this be a fact, we may hope, if not for a general peace, yet for a peace between France and Austria. After the battle of Hohenlinden, general Moreau sent an officer to the archduke John, to offer peace, and to declare that he was authorised by his government, till he should arrive at Linz, but not after the French army had advanced beyond Linz.

The prince-bishop of Salzburg arrived here yesterday, with a numerous suite. Many of the inhabitants of the bishopric of Salzburg have also arrived here.

Ratisbon, Dec. 22. We received information yesterday evening, that a very bloody engagement had taken place between Feich and Nuremberg. The first regiment of Austrian hussars has suffered much. The lieutenant-colonel of this corps is mortally wounded, as likewise are count Dietrichstein, and major baron Steigentesch, who has been brought into this place. Major Bach, of the regiment of Wolfregg, is killed. In consequence of this engagement, field-marshal Kleinau removed his head-quarters to Feucht.

According to letters from Passau, of the 18th, two French columns had advanced on the 17th as far as Obernsberg, but had retreated on the day following. It is supposed they have marched towards Reid. All the Austrian troops who were at Passau have left it, and as yet that city is in no danger. The bridges have been cut down,

down, but so as to admit of being speedily replaced.

Petersburgh, Dec. 23. Our court gazette of this day contains an account, that the Lesquis Tartars having made a hostile irruption into the territory of Grusinia, which is under the dominion of Russia, major-general Lafareu, with two battalions, in conjunction with 10,000 Grusinian troops, on the 31st October (old style); attacked and completely defeated them, leaving 1500 Lesquis dead on the spot. Their Czarovich Alexander was likewise wounded. The Grusinians gave no quarter to the Lesquis. The Russian troops scarcely suffered any loss.

Paris, Dec. 26. Another attempt has been made upon the life of the chief consul. On Christmas eve he went to the opera to hear Haydn's celebrated oratorio of The Creation. In the rue Nicaise, one of the most frequented parts of Paris, a one-horse chaise was placed in such a way as almost to block up the passage. His coachman, however, contrived to pass it with great address and rapidity, and almost immediately afterwards a violent explosion was heard, which broke the glasses of the carriage, killed and wounded several persons, did great damage to the adjacent houses, and broke all the windows in the neighbourhood. The explosion was from a barrel iron-hooped, and said to have been filled with powder and balls. To this barrel there was affixed a large tube solidly fixed, furnished with a lock, but having the butt-end cut down. This machine was to have been placed on a small carriage, which was to have issued out from a gateway unexpectedly, and at an appointed time to obstruct the passage of the street, and then, by means of a cord which was to draw the trigger, to overturn whatever was within the circle of its operations.

The danger from which Bonaparte escaped did not prevent him from going to the oratorio. As soon, however, as the account of it had reached the opera house, the oratorio was not suffered to proceed, and the audience insisted upon the curtain being drop-

ped. Bonaparte remained the whole time. All the ministers and counselors of state, the generals, and several members of the legislature, immediately hastened to the Thuilleries to congratulate him on his escape. The next day a solemn deputation from the senate, legislative body, and tribunate, waited on him with addresses.

Hague, Jan. 3. Our envoy at Paris, Schimmelpenninck, from whom we received a courier the day before yesterday, states in his dispatches, that Moreau, on the first proposal for a new armistice, answered, that hostilities could not cease till the preliminaries of peace were actually signed. As an armistice, therefore, was signed on the 25th of December, many assert that the preliminaries of peace must be already signed.

Lisbon, Jan. 4. His majesty's ship the Brilliant, captain Paget, was nearly lost a few days ago on the Bar, a moving sand at the mouth of the Tagus. She fired minute guns all day; the boats went to assist her, but, seeing the danger, were afraid to approach. When the Brilliant was sailing apparently on inevitable destruction, the wind fortunately changed about, and carried them off. The pilot was to blame.

Paris, Jan. 5. The telegraph announced yesterday on all points that the army of the Rhine is within five days' march of Vienna; that the army of Italy has gained a great victory and passed the Mincio; that an armistice has been concluded; and that Austria treats separately from England.

The fleet off Brest received, by the same way, orders to display their flags, and to announce this happy news by a general salute.

Citizen Pichon has been some days gone on his way to America, charged with a mission to the United States.

When the archduke Charles sent to Vienna to represent to the emperor the necessity of making peace, Mr. Wickham set out also from the Imperial head-quarters, to prevent such a measure, so fatal to the interests of his master. The archduke Charles's messenger got before him by bribing the drivers.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Dec. 26.

A most daring robbery was committed a few evenings back in Stephen's green. Some villains had the audacity to bring a chairman's bearer to a house; on its being opened they rushed in, and, while a party of them loaded the bearer with the most valuable articles which they could collect, the others prevented any out-cry or alarm being given until their companions got clear off with the booty.

Another robbery still more singular and daring took place several days ago. A gang of six ruffians having been informed that there was a considerable sum of money in specie on board a vessel lying in the Pigeon-house dock, they had the temerity to go on board as officers of justice searching for suspected and accused persons; but were disappointed of their expected booty, having got no more than seven guineas. On their return they robbed a carriage, and then proceeded into Fingall, where they attacked and plundered one or two houses; after these feats they went towards Drogheda, in the neighbourhood of which town they attacked some dealers, who raised the country on them; a pursuit took place, and they were overtaken; but resisted the attempt to secure them with such desperation, that they killed one of their pursuers and wounded another. One of the villains was, however, taken, and has turned approver, having given information before Mr. Alderman Fleming against his companions.—The whole gang, it is said, were county of Wicklow men.

London, Dec. 29. A gentleman of Leicestershire, who lately died, has left to the hon. T. Erskine an estate in that county, and another in Derbyshire, subject to some legacies to be paid thereout, of the value of 25,000*l.*

This gentleman was totally unknown to Mr. Erskine, and in his will he has stated, that the cause of this bequest was from the noble and patriotic defence which he made at the state trials in 1794, for Mr. Hardy, Mr. John Horne Took, and others.

Jan. 1. This being new year's day, the day appointed by his majesty's royal proclamation for the Union between Great Britain and Ireland to take place, his majesty held a grand council at St. James's palace. The members who attended were, agreeably to the act of union, sworn in of his majesty's most honourable privy council; the deliberations lasted till a quarter past three, when the council broke up.

On this occasion the royal union standard was hoisted at the Tower, the union flag on St. Martin's steeple, the union jack on the parade in front of the horse-guards, and a new standard in the court-yard of St. James's.

As soon as the deliberations of the council were over, about three o'clock, a signal was given from the gardens of the palace, by an officer holding up a white flag, for the park-guns to be fired, which were answered by the Tower, to announce the event. The bells of the different churches also rang on the occasion.

From the great fall of snow on Monday and Tuesday night, the mail coaches could not reach town yesterday for some hours after their usual time; many did not arrive at all, but the mails were forwarded in carts and post chaises. The Bath and Liverpool came in at half an hour after ten; the latter was in several parts of the country six feet deep in snow, and one of the horses nearly perished on the road. The Worcester was in a much worse situation, having sunk in

some

some places twelve feet—it did not reach town till six o'clock last night.

2. On Christmas-day a bed of strawberries, in the ever-greens in Woburn park, the seat of the duke of Bedford, was in blossom; and in a garden belonging to Mr. Barnwell, at Crawley, near Woburn, on the same day, an apple-tree was in blossom—a gooseberry bush was likewise in blossom.

Manchester, Jan. 3. On Sunday evening we had again an alarm of fire, at a factory in this town; but by immediate and active assistance it was extinguished without very material damage. We are very sorry to add, however, about three o'clock on Tuesday morning, there was a more serious alarm at a factory on Oxford-road, principally occupied by Mr. Dean. It had taken fire, and the flames had so far spread before they were discovered, that all attempts to extinguish them were fruitless, and in a very short time every article was destroyed, and the walls only left standing.—Mr. Dean's property was insured, but another tenant of a part of the building will be a considerable sufferer. We are glad to contradict a report of this factory having been wilfully set on fire, as there is not the smallest foundation for it.

Liverpool, Jan. 5. Captain Hue, commanding at this port, on Tuesday last took possession of the Angola, Russian merchant vessel, the only ship of that nation here. The crew found on board were conducted to prison, under the guard of an officer and a party of marines from his majesty's ship Actæon. For this capture, it is supposed, the captain will share about eight hundred pounds.

Hull, Jan. 5. The emperor of Russia has lately compelled the British merchants at Petersburg to pay £104,000 roubles, the value of a Russian ship and cargo of masts and naval stores, captured by one of our cruisers on her passage to France, and condemned as a lawful prize in our admiralty court five years since, of which no complaint was ever made by the Russian government.

The following extract of a letter from the master of one of the ships

detained at Riga, dated Wolmar Dec. 2, 1800, has been communicated to us: "They took the people from all the ships on the 23d ult. excepting the mate and two hands left in each; they have marched us about eighty English miles to the eastward from Riga; the place is named Wolmar, and we are billeted about the town, two or three in a house, with the inhabitants; there are sixteen of us masters, at this place, with our crews: we have liberty to walk about, and no way at all confined; the sailors are allowed near a rouble (2s. 6d.) each per week, and we the same; but provisions at present are very dear."

By a private letter to a merchant in this town, we learn that a Swedish vessel loaded for a house in London, the captain of which, contrary to his promise on oath, made his escape from Riga; on which account the house which loaded him has been obliged to make a deposit of 10,000 roubles: it further adds, that the Swedish consul's counting-house is sealed up on account of the above-mentioned ship escaping.—The accounts from our sailors are favourable, and they meet with good treatment.

Last week, at a meeting held at the Exchange, it was unanimously resolved that a subscription should be opened here for the relief of our unfortunate and brave countrymen now captives in Russia, and their families in England.

London, Jan. 7. Yesterday the master and wardens of the baker's company waited upon the lord mayor, at the Mansion-house, respecting the assize of bread; when his lordship, after inspecting the returns of the meal-weighers, ordered the price of bread to continue at 1s. 9½d.

Roses, auriculas, anemonies, violets, carnations, polyanthuses, and blossoms of beans, in full perfection, were gathered in open ground on the 31st of December last, in the garden of lady Seymour, at Wells.

Dublin, Jan. 9. This day the great seal of Ireland being delivered up to his excellency the lord lieutenant by the right hon. Arthur lord viscount Kilwarden, C. J. K. B. and Barry viscount

viscount Avonmore, C. B. E. two of the lords commissioners for keeping the great seal of Ireland in the lord chancellor's absence, the same was defaced in his excellency's presence: and his excellency was thereupon pleased to deliver to their lordships a new great seal of the united kingdom, to be used in that part of the united kingdom called Ireland, and to direct that the same be made use of (*pro tempore*) for sealing all things whatever which pass the great seal.

His excellency held a privy council at the castle, yesterday, when the alteration to be made in the seals, in consequence of the union, were ordered by proclamation.

London, Jan. 10. Several journey-men tailors were yesterday convicted at Bow-street of unlawfully combining to raise their wages, and sentenced to imprisonment.

St. Ives, Jan. 10. The following extraordinary incident occurred here yesterday:—A bullock walked into the passage of the Royal-oak public-house in that town, and, the staircase-door being open, went up stairs into the dining-room, and ran with such violence against the window as to drive the whole into the street, where the animal fell also (the height of more than ten feet), but received no material injury, although so much terrified, that it ran with great precipitancy down to the bridge, and being stopped there, it leaped over the side thereof into the river, when it was carried down the current so rapidly, from a very high flood, that it has never since been heard of.

Plymouth, Jan. 12. Yesterday afternoon arrived here his majesty's ship Captain, of 74 guns, captain sir R. J. Strachan, from the coast of France, in a very leaky condition, having been ashore about eight days ago, near the place where his majesty's ship Marlborough was lost, by which she received considerable damage in her bottom: she was accompanied to the Sound by his majesty's ship Fishguard, of 38 guns, captain T. B. Martin, lest the leak should increase so much as to render it necessary for the crew to abandon her, in which case they would have had her assist-

ance: as soon as she appeared off this port, signals of distress were made, and all the boats from the ships in the Sound, Cawsand Bay, &c. went out and towed her up Hamoaze immediately: her stores are now taking out, for the purpose of being taken into dock to be inspected.

Portsmouth, Jan. 13. To-morrow another embarkation of troops commences at this port.—Their destination is at present a secret.—It is generally believed they are going to the West Indies.

14. Yesterday morning, about half an hour after three o'clock, a fire broke out at the Rose and Crown public-house, the corner of Tothill-street, in Dartmouth-street, Westminster. The fire was discovered by one of the privates in the foot guards, who alarmed the watch; but before the family were apprised of their situation, the flames had taken full possession of the lower part of the house, and were bursting through the shutters of the tap-room window. The lodgers in the second floor were first alarmed, and in danger of suffocation from the smoke and heat; providentially no accident happened in their escaping over the tops of the houses.

Dover, Jan. 15. Orders were yesterday received here to detain all Russian, Danish, and Swedish ships, at this port. About ten vessels, Danes and Swedes, are detained. A large Danish West-Indiaman, which sailed from hence yesterday, we hear, is detained and carried into the Downs.—Several Danes and Swedes are in sight; but the orders not appearing to extend to bringing them in, they passed unmolested.

Plymouth, January 15. The French brig cartel, which arrived at this port yesterday, brings intelligence that news had arrived at Nantes, before she sailed, of peace having been concluded between the French and the emperor of Germany, and that, in consequence, a grand and general illumination took place throughout France on the evening preceding her departure.

London, Jan. 15. Two of his majesty's messengers were yesterday robbed by two highwaymen, in going to Windsor.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 22. On Sunday, in Upper Guildford-street, the lady of David Bevan, esq. of a daughter.

On Friday, the 12th inst. in Manchester-square, the lady of T. W. Milner, esq. of a son.

31. The lady of John Brett, esq. of a daughter, at their house in Baker-street, Portman-square.

Jan. 1. Mrs. John Schneider, of Finsbury-square, of a still-born child.

At his house, in Jermyn-street, the lady of John Torrane, esq. of a daughter.

5. In Palace-yard, lady Auckland, of a daughter.

At Lancaster, Mrs. Braithwaite, wife of capt. Braithwaite, of a daughter.

At Monymusk, lady Grant, of Monymusk, of a daughter.

7. The lady of the Portuguese consul general, of a son, at his house in Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, on Monday last.

At Knightsbridge, Mrs. Marsh, wife of William Marsh, esq. of a daughter.

13. Yesterday morning, in Grosvenor-place, the hon. Mrs. Cornwall, of a daughter.

15. At his lodgings in York, the lady of Benjamin Agar, esq. of Stockton, of a daughter.

At Brownsend Castle, lady Mary Anne Sturt, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 22. At St. Mary's church, Islington, Leonard Barnard, esq. of Woodford-bridge, Essex, to Miss Newstead, of Islington.

23. At Beverley Minster, Mr. John Hawkins, currier, of Hull, to miss Sarah Beaumont, of the former place.

Mr. William Crabtree, cloth-dresser, to miss Mary Briggs, both of Leeds.

At Sandal, Mr. Sykes, of Hestingley, to Mrs. Horsfall, of Sandal, widow of the rev. John Horsfall, late vicar of Gedney, in the county of Lincoln.

30. Joseph Arundel Sparks, esq. of Bridgnorth, late a captain in the Ancient British light dragoons, to miss Best, of the Lodge, near Worcester.

At Fulham, Mr. George Hyde, of Old Burlington-street, to miss Da Costa, daughter of Benjamin Da Costa, esq. deceased.

Richardson Turkington, esq. of Armagh, to miss Rigby, daughter of Mr. Rigby, of Suffolk-street, Dublin.

At Wexford, captain Lindsey, of the Sligo militia, to miss Johnston, daughter of doctor Johnston.

Jan. 1. At Bishopsgate Church, Mr. Charles Ashbee, of Poole, to miss Butler, of Wilson-street, Finsbury-square.

By the rev. Mr. Collett, Mr. Richard Brydges, sadler, of the Haymarket, London, to miss Little, only daughter of Mr. Liule, an eminent farmer of Teddington, near Tewkesbury.

John Brooks, esq. of Great Queen-street, Westminster, to miss Harriet Sophia Egerton, youngest daughter of the late colonel Charles Egerton.

3. At Edmonton, by Mr. professor Lloyd, the rev. James Dashwood, of Downham, Norfolk, to miss Sarah Lloyd, of the same place.

At Holme, Scotland, J. Troup, esq. to miss Jane Rose, second daughter of John Rose, esq. of Holme.

5. At the collegiate church, Manchester, M. J. G. Penny, of Wor-ton-house, Isleworth, to miss Burton, daughter of Daniel Burton, esq. of Manchester.

8. At Heythorp, in Oxfordshire, Mr. Thomas Slatter, of Pembroke-college, to miss Pearson, daughter of the reverend John Pearson, curate of that place, and a lineal descendant of the venerable prelate of that name.

At Manchester, Edmund Henry Lushington, esq. of London, to miss Philips, daughter of Falkner Philips, esq. of the former place.

9. At St. Paul's, Covent-garden, Nathaniel Huson, of the Inner Temple, esq. barrister at law, and LL. B. to miss Mattocks, only daughter of George Mattocks, esq. of Liverpool.

13. At Bruton, Somersetshire, by the rev. Dr. Goldesbrough, Mr. Charles Woollam,

Woollam, of Ely-place, to miss Ward, of Bruton.

At Mary-le-bone church, by the rev. Dr. Neave, Robert Jenner, esq. of Winveau Castle, Glamorganshire, to miss Frances Lascelles, eldest daughter of the late general Lascelles.

At Edinburgh, capt. Charles Dallas, of the hon. East-India Company's service, to miss Haldane, eldest daughter of the late George Haldane, esq. of Gleneagles.

15. Mr. John Evans, of Lime-street, to miss Bartrum, of Chester-place, Lambeth.

At Alnwick, capt. Hutchinson, of the artillery, in the hon. East-India Company's service, to miss Lambert, daughter of Anthony Lambert, esq. of Alnwick.

The rev. Isaac Mann, of Holt, in Norfolk, and late of Caius College, Cambridge, to miss Leaky, of Great Russel-street, London.

16. At St. James's church, T. Fewster, esq. of Thornbury, near Bristol, to miss Lackington, of Charles-street, St. James's.

17. At Worthing, in Sussex, Mr. Robert Holden, of Little Eastcheap, eldest son of Robert Holden, esq. late of the island of Jamaica, to miss Ann Kellermann, third daughter of Jacob Kellermann, esq. late of the same island.

At Edinburgh, the right hon. lord Downe, to miss Margaret Jean Ainslie, eldest daughter of sir Philip Ainslie, of Piton.

By the rev. L. Panting, Mr. George Trower, of Old Broad-street, to miss Stonestreet, of Clapham, daughter of the high sheriff of the county of Surry.

At Camberwell, Surry, Robert Bayly, esq. of King's-bench-walk, Temple, to miss Joules, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joules, of Winchester.

20. James Hume Spry, esq. of Aldersgate-street, to miss Robinson, of Charter-house-square.

22. At North Cave, James Bacchus, aged 97, to Mary Watson, aged 27.

At Durham, John Goodchild, of Fallion, in the county of Durham, esq. to Mrs. Mowbray, widow of George Mowbray, late of Bishopwearmouth, esq.

DEATHS.

Dec. 20. At Clifton, near Bristol, in the 15th year of his age, John Harness, eldest son of Dr. Harness, commissioner of sick and wounded seamen of the royal navy.

25. At Chard, in Somersetshire, Dr. Toulman, aged 61, many years a surgeon at Hackney.

In Great Portland-street, Oxford-road, capt. Francis La Grange Wadman, of the royal invalids.

27. At Alton, in Hampshire, the rev. L. Docker, aged 72.

28. Of a consumption, at the Hotwells, Bristol, in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. Kingston, wife of James P. Kingston, esq. late captain in the 46th regiment.

Jan. 2. At Hertford, the hon. baron Dimsdale, aged eighty-nine.

At his house in Camberwell, Wm. Reade, esq. of the Long-room, Custom-house, after a service of 50 years.

Mr. Francis Walsh, jun. of Bartholomew-close.

In the 71st year of his age, the right hon. Joshua Cooper.

3. At Chatham, William Cayley, esq. commander of his majesty's ship Invincible, and son of the late sir George Cayley, bart.

4. In Pall-mall, Mrs. Ford, wife of the rev. Dr. Ford, prebendary of York.

At Bath, miss Williams, sister to sir Robert Williams, bart. M. P.

7. At Horseley-house, near Dudley, Joseph Amphlett, esq.

9. The rev. George Buckley Bower, M. A. archdeacon of Richmond, in the diocese of Chester.

10. At his house in Knightsbridge, W. Barrett, esq.

Mr. Samuel Burch, of Stepney-green, rope-maker.

At his house, at Walthamstow, in Essex, John Rigg, esq. aged 82 years.

16. Earl Powis, at Racket's hotel, in Dover-street. His lordship dying without issue, the title is extinct.

In Spring-gardens, J. Devaynes, esq.

At her mother's house in Grafton-street, miss Beachcroft.

17. Miss Steward, Charlotte-street, Portland-place.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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2. ZOOLOGY—THE CAMELEOPARD.
3. AN ELEGANTLY-COLOURED PARIS DRESS.
4. A NEW PATTERN FOR A GOWN OR APRON, &c.
5. MUSIC—THE FALLING TEAR AND HEAVING SIGH; written by JOHN HUGHES, Esq. The Music an Imitation, by Mr. W. BARRE.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. C.'s Essay shall appear.

Arabella will find her request has been complied with.

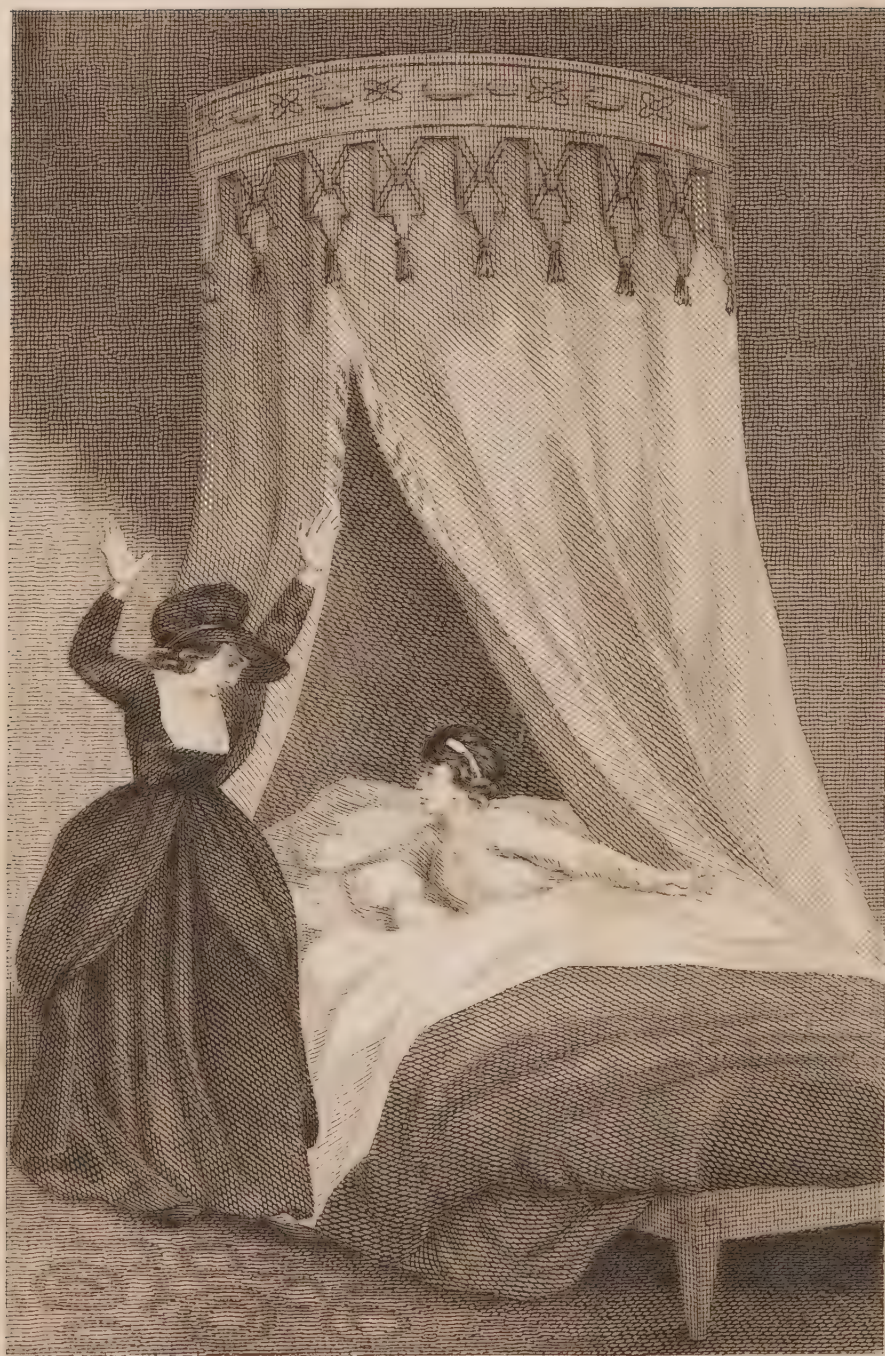
The Castle of Eridan has been received—the author has our thanks.

Laura's packet has been received—some of her selections are too well known, others shall occasionally have a place.

The Ode to Memory is received; as are also, The Cottage, the Rose, and the Gilliflower, a Fable—Verses to Miss C——— reading Shakespeare—Enigma by R.—F. C.'s Acrostic.



Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The Concealed Marriage.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
FEBRUARY, 1801.

THE CONCEALED MARRIAGE;
A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

ARTIFICE, prevarication, and concealment of the truth, even when employed from apparently allowable motives, and not to promote or disguise vicious intentions, are commonly found to involve those who practise them in unexpected perplexities; and almost always terminate in mortification, disgrace, and disappointment.

Maria Stapleton was the daughter of a widow lady of small fortune, which consisted principally of a pension allowed her by a great trading company in consequence of her husband having lost his life while engaged in their service. The beauty of Maria, and her acquired accomplishments attracted the attention of all who knew her, but especially of Mr. George Devreux, a young gentleman who had inherited from his father an estate of two thousand a year, but clogged with a condition in favour of the daughters of his uncle, his father conceiving himself to be under particular obligations to his brother, by which he was restrained from marrying before he was thirty, except to one

of his cousins, or at least with the consent of his uncle, on pain of losing one-half of his estate, which it was in his father's power to devise from him by will, and which in that case was to pass to the daughters of his uncle. His father had fixed on the age of thirty as that mature period of life when the violent passions of early youth would begin to subside; and as his cousins were young ladies of no inconsiderable fortune and expectations, if they then continued unmarried, prudence might be expected to take the place of thoughtless love, and produce an union for life, according to the wishes, and indeed the last solemn injunction, of a parent solicitous for what he deemed the honour and happiness of his son.

But as Love, at the least idea of restraint,

"claps his light wings, and in a moment flies,"

Mr. Devreux, before he met with miss Stapleton, made very slow advances towards gaining the affections of either of the ladies recommended

mended to his attention by his father; but after he had seen Maria, they became almost his aversion. But before he could contract the union he so ardently wished with her he so tenderly loved, several years must elapse, or a forfeiture to which he could not bring himself to consent must be incurred. Of these years one or two were passed in patient expectation; but at length, love in some degree overcoming prudence, he proposed to his Maria a secret marriage, with which, more effectually to prevent discovery, not even her mother was to be acquainted. To this miss Stapleton, after many earnest solicitations, was, though with not a little reluctance, induced to consent.—Every thing was accordingly arranged by the management of Mr. Devreux, and they were married with a privacy which he confidently believed must elude any discovery, especially as it was his intention, when the time came which set him at liberty, to repeat the ceremony in a public manner, and remove every suspicion, if any might arise, and thus prevent all further inquiry.

But scarcely had another twelve-month elapsed, when a new difficulty arose, for which a sufficient preparation had not been made.—Maria discovered that she was pregnant. Whatever joy this event might have given to both the lovers under other circumstances, it was now the cause of considerable perplexity. Mr. Devreux again had recourse to his fertile invention; and, by his advice, Maria applied to her mother for permission to visit a female acquaintance who had gone to reside at a great distance in the country, and to stay with her for a month or two. Mrs. Stapleton readily consented, and her daughter, by the management

of Mr. Devreux, retired to some obscure apartments which he had procured for her, where she laid in with the greatest privacy; it being intended that when she should be recovered she should return to her mother, and that the child should be brought up privately till the time arrived when their marriage might be re-solemnised and openly declared. Letters, in the mean time, by Mr. Devreux's contrivance, were conveyed to Mrs. Stapleton from her daughter, as if from the country, requesting the indulgence of a longer stay, and fixing the time when she would return.

Maria had, from the first, been anxiously desirous that her mother should be admitted to a participation of their secret; but Mr. Devreux, well knowing Mrs. Stapleton's inflexible integrity, high sense of honour, and utter aversion to every thing that had the most distant resemblance to artifice and dissimulation, feared her openness of character might lead to discovery, and could not be induced to consent. The yielding Maria therefore acquiesced in his plan. But, as no art or cunning can infallibly guard against accident, a servant girl who knew Maria chanced to obtain a sight of her, and informed her mother both of the place of her retreat, and for what purpose she was there. Mrs. Stapleton, in the utmost distress, flew to find her daughter; and, though not without some difficulty, at length obtained admission to her. She found her in bed with her infant, and not doubting but she had been dishonoured—“O Maria!” exclaimed she, bursting into tears, and in the most violent agitation, “what have you done? How have you thus disgraced yourself and me? How have you thus rendered us both wretched? Who is your seducer?

Tell

Tell me that I may fly to revenge on him the misery he has inflicted on us!"—Maria with difficulty pacified her, and prevailed on her to listen to her story, which she now related to her without the least reserve, conjuring her to secrecy, which Mrs. Stapleton, yielding to the necessity of the case, readily promised; though she did not forbear remonstrating with her daughter, in very strong terms, on her want of confidence in her, and on her proceeding to such a length in an affair of so great importance without even consulting her.

Maria soon after returned home; but her long absence, some alteration in her appearance, and certain hints which had been given by the servant girl, and were circulated in whispers through the neighbourhood, rendered all her female acquaintance very shy towards her: in fact she found herself at last entirely excluded from their society, since it was not in her power to justify herself, without betraying the secret which it was of so much consequence to her interest not to disclose. For another year, therefore, which was still to come before her character could be retrieved by the open avowal of her marriage with Mr. Devreux, poor Maria lived in a state of melancholy seclusion, and compelled, as it were, tacitly to resign those pretensions to honour and virtue which she had in reality never forfeited. Her child Mr. Devreux did not think it advisable that she should ever see, lest such visits should lead to a discovery; and Mrs. Stapleton evidently suffered the greatest uneasiness from the suspicious light in which both she and her daughter appeared to their friends, without being permitted to vindicate themselves by declaring the truth, which, to a woman of Mrs. Stapleton's high

spirit and strict regard to her honour, was a most painful humiliation; so that but for the consciousness of her innocence, and her love for her husband, life itself would have been a burden to the unoffending but too yielding Maria.

At length the time arrived when Mr. Devreux, set at liberty from the restraint laid on him by his father's will, prepared to carry into execution his scheme of a public marriage with Maria, to be celebrated with all the splendor and festivity suitable to the occasion. But while he was making arrangements for this purpose, he received a notice from a solicitor, employed by his uncle, that an action would be immediately commenced, under the will of his father, for the half of his estate, in consequence of his marriage without the consent of his uncle, and before the time prescribed, of which they were in possession of sufficient proofs.

Mr. Devreux found on inquiry, that, by some extraordinary accidental circumstances, his uncle had obtained such proofs of the fact that it would be in vain to attempt a defence; he therefore surrendered, without a contest, what he knew he could not hope to retain.

Thus was rendered fruitless all the artifice of Mr. Devreux, while all the uneasiness and mortification endured by Maria and her mother were equally to no purpose. That which might have been obtained by patience, or yielded with generosity, was lost with some degree of disgrace and much disappointment. Mrs. Stapleton and her daughter, however, on reflection, were not displeased at the event; for they conceived that the suspicions which had attached to the character of the latter could only be removed by a full and undeniable disclosure of the truth; and the disproof of these
they

they considered as more than a compensation for the diminution of fortune.

The PRISONER; a COMEDY.

(Continued from page 45.)

SCENE V.

Voluble, Dorimont, Mrs. Sterne.

Mrs. Sterne.

MY daughter has told me——

Voluble. Madam, I was just coming with all speed to inform you of the safe arrival of my master; but—O Heavens!

Mrs. Sterne. What! Has any misfortune happened to him?

Voluble. Oh! oh! My tongue refuses utterance.—Speak yourself, sir.

Mrs. Sterne. How? Are you Mr. Montfort?

Dorimont. The same, madam; but you see in what a condition——

Mrs. Sterne. What has happened to you?

Dorimont. I was hastening to you with all the eagerness of affection; but, when only some miles from the object of my wishes, I was attacked by robbers who rushed out of a wood——

Mrs. Sterne. By robbers!

Voluble. It was lucky for me that I was sent on before.

Dorimont. Seven ill-looking rascals, masked.

Mrs. Sterne. Masked!

Dorimont. They clapped seven pistols to my breast.

Mrs. Sterne. Bless me, how I tremble!

Dorimont. They dragged me out of the carriage, threw me on the ground, and plundered me.

Mrs. Sterne. You were not hurt, however, I hope.

Dorimont. No; the rogues heard the sound of a post-horn, and ran off with their booty into the woods. A compassionate peasant coming that way brought me here in his cart.

Voluble (aside). Well said!

Mrs. Sterne (aside). He is much younger than I could have supposed.—(Aloud) I am sorry for what has happened to you from my heart.—Let me prevail on you to take some sedative powders.

Dorimont. Oh, I am very well I assure you!

Mrs. Sterne. No, no; it may have ill consequences.—I have them at hand.—(She goes to a cupboard and brings the powders.)

Dorimont. If I had been desperately wounded, the kind reception I have met with from you would cure me.

Mrs. Sterne. What I offer you is the composition of an eminent physician.

Voluble. My master has encountered so many dangers both by sea and land, that seven pistols at his breast at a time are nothing to him.

Mrs. Sterne. You will find it compose your spirits.

Voluble (aside to him). It does not signify—you must take it.

Dorimont. From your hands every thing must be agreeable.—(Takes the powders).

Voluble (aside). Much good may it do you.

Mrs. Sterne. My last letter must have convinced you that I take the most lively interest——

Dorimont. Oh, I know it by heart!—it was a charming letter!

Mrs. Sterne. All that has passed between us——

Dorimont. Say no more of it.—I remember nothing of it.

Voluble (aside). Now he speaks the truth.

Dorimont. I could wish, however, before

before we proceed farther, to appear before you in a suitable dress; for at present, to confess the truth, I look like ———

Voluble. A poor jail-bird, who has just made his escape out of prison.

Mrs. Sterne. Let me consider—now I think of it, my brother who was here lately has left behind him some of his clothes; perhaps they may suit you?

Dorimont. I make no doubt but they will.

Mrs. Sterne (to Voluble). Will you be so good as to tell my daughter to let you look in the blue closet, and there you will find some clothes that may suit your master.

Voluble. Oh! if miss Louisa will assist, I'll engage we shall find what we want. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Sterne, Dorimont.

Mrs. Sterne. Now we are alone, we may say a word concerning our business.

Dorimont. Very true. Only I am afraid—the robbers have so terrified me, and confused my head—that I shall often answer not much to the purpose.

Mrs. Sterne. Very likely.

Dorimont. Our law-suit appears to me now only like a dream.

Mrs. Sterne. I am glad to hear it.

Dorimont. So much so—that—if I were now asked to tell what it was about—I am sure I could not.

Mrs. Sterne. Let us say no more of the law-suit.

Dorimont. No, no: let us say no more of it.

Mrs. Sterne. But what do you say to the agreement that my attorney has drawn up?

Dorimont. Say?—I could wish you would let me have a copy of it, that I may give you my opinion of it after due consideration.

Mrs. Sterne. You have already had a copy.

Dorimont. A copy!—You must mistake?

Mrs. Sterne. In my last letter, which you know by heart——

Dorimont. Oh, that letter! that dear charming letter!

Mrs. Sterne. Well! in that a copy was inclosed.

Dorimont. Very right.—Now I remember—It was in the letter—But how could you imagine that I could think of any thing besides the dear letter itself?—Oh, that charming letter!

Mrs. Sterne. Oh you flatterer!—But you have read the agreement, no doubt?

Dorimont. Oh yes, yes!—The plan is unobjectionable—it pleases me much.

Mrs. Sterne. How do you like the seventh article?

Dorimont. The seventh article?—Oh, the seventh article is excellent!

Mrs. Sterne. But on the eighth article we were not of one opinion—

Dorimont. We were not.

Mrs. Sterne. What have you determined on, in that respect?

Dorimont. To agree entirely to what you propose.

Mrs. Sterne. You think, then, it will be right to keep the sheep-farm?

Dorimont. The sheep-farm?—Oh, yes!—Why not?—As there are only sheep in it, why should we not keep the sheep-farm?—

Mrs. Sterne. But what equivalent shall we give my daughter for it?—She has claims——

Dorimont (with warmth). The justest claims!—She is the best, the gentlest, the loveliest——

Mrs. Sterne. How do you know?—You have never seen her.

Dorimont (somewhat confused). No; but my servant has told me.—

Oh!

Oh! I entreat you, madam, let us talk no more of that abominable law-suit.

Mrs. Sterne. We were not talking of it.

Dorimont. No?—Well, I don't know what's the matter with my head—but (*tenderly*) I know what's the matter with my heart: the pistols of the robbers could not make me forget that.

Mrs. Sterne (*assuming an air of bashfulness*). Oh, Mr. Montfort!—So sober and grave as your letters were, who could have expected you to talk thus!

Dorimont. I wrote my letters before I had seen you: now I am with you.

Mrs. Sterne. I imagined too that you must have a much older look: I thought you must be at least forty.

Dorimont. I certainly look very well for my age.

Mrs. Sterne. You do, indeed.

Dorimont. I have always lived with great moderation; never indulged in any excess.

Mrs. Sterne. No person would think you more than five-and-twenty.

Dorimont. At any rate that is no great misfortune.

Mrs. Sterne. Certainly it is not. But it must be confessed that reason and friendship have more share in our union than love.

Dorimont. Who says that?

Mrs. Sterne. My age, and my experience.

Dorimont. Oh, madam! women are always young when they wish to please.

SCENE VII.

Dorimont, Mrs. Sterne, Voluble.

Voluble. Here is an excellent brown coat, and it will fit exactly I'll warrant.

Mrs. Sterne. You will be so good, sir, as to make this serve for to-day, and to-morrow we will send for a tailor. This, sir, is your sleeping chamber. I will now inform my daughter of your arrival.—You know, a father-in-law is not always welcome.

Dorimont. I hope she will not hate her father-in-law.

Mrs. Sterne. She will be here immediately to express her dutiful respects.

Dorimont. Her dutiful respects! —Oh, I shall be extremely happy!
[*Exit Mrs. Sterne.*]

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTE.

IN the time of a general scarcity, the great emperor Acbar went to visit the tomb of a saint who was interred at Cortub, near Dehli.—On his return, while engaged in familiar conversation with his vizier, he perceived at his feet a grain of corn. The monarch, whose mind was continually occupied with the sufferings of his people, took it up, and gave it to his vizier, commanding him to sow it, and render him an account every year of its produce. At the end of ten years the grain had yielded so great an increase, that, after having made ample distributions to the poor from his harvest, the surplus, when sold by order of the emperor, was sufficient to build a mosque, which Acbar caused to be erected on the spot where he had found the grain, with a view at once to glorify the goodness of the Almighty, and leave to posterity a monument of the fruits of industry and perseverance.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 13.)

LETTER XIX.

*From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.*

THE laborious and successful efforts of the beaver tribe, will, as a natural consequence, make those animals less amply endued appear not so worthy of admiration: yet in the creatures that manifest the slightest proofs of instinctive perfection, we may discover qualities of a useful tendency, or in a beautiful or singular form trace the varied excellencies of animated nature. The next class of animals, which are comprehended in the porcupine genus, are distinguished by the following characteristic marks: two cutting teeth in each jaw; the body covered with long, hard, and sharp quills; the upper lip divided.

THE CRESTED PORCUPINE.

This animal has a long crest on the top of the head, reclining backwards, formed of stiff bristles; the body covered with long quills; those on the hinder part nine inches in length, very sharp at the point, and beautifully annulated with black and white; between the quills there are a few bristly hairs; the head, belly, and legs, are covered with strong bristles, terminating with soft hair of a dusky hue; the whiskers long; the ears resembling the human; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The tail is about four inches long, and covered with quills; the length of the body about two feet.

M. de Buffon amply confutes the opinion that the porcupine possesses the faculty of darting his quills to a great distance to wound any particular object. It is well known

that he erects them when irritated; therefore, as they are only connected to the body by a slight skin, it is not surprising any strong effort should displace them. These animals inhabit India, the sand-hills on the south-western shore of the Caspian sea, southern Tartary, Persia, Palestine, and the African regions. They are found wild in Italy, though not native inhabitants of Europe. They are esteemed a dainty at Rome, and sold in the markets. The Italian porcupines have shorter quills and a less crest than the Asian and African kind.

The porcupine produces bezoars which are formed in its stomach by a commixture of roots, straw, and sand, which are enveloped with a crust, and so firmly adhere as to become a kind of petrification. The peculiar construction of the porcupine tends to form one of the shades between quadrupeds and birds; as the quills are complete tubes, and only want vanes to be perfect feathers. These harmless animals sleep in the day, and feed in the night. In a domestic state they are not mischievous, but only show an ardent desire to obtain their native liberty. In their wild condition they subsist on fruits, roots, and vegetables; but when confined will eat bread, cheese, and fruits. Their flesh is rather insipid, but not of an unwholesome quality.

THE LONG-TAILED PORCUPINE.

The long-tailed porcupine is a native of the Indian Archipelago islands, and dwells in the forests. It has large bright eyes, short naked ears, and long whiskers. The body is short and thick, and covered with long stiff hairs as sharp as needles, which vary in colour as the rays of the sun fall on them: the feet have five toes; one of which turns backward, and forms a kind of thumb;

the tail is as long as the body, very slender at the extremity, and terminating with a thick tuft: the bristles appear as if they were jointed, are thick in the middle, rise one out of the other like grains of rice, are transparent, and have a silvery appearance.

THE BRASILIAN PORCUPINE.

This animal has a short, blunt nose; long white whiskers; beneath the nose a bed of small spines. The top of the head is black; the sides and base of the tail are covered with spines; the longest of which, on the lower regions of the back and tail, are three inches in length, very sharp, and of a white hue, and barred near the extremity with black; and they also adhere quite close to the skin, which is naked between them; are shorter and weaker as they approach the belly: on the breast, under part of the body and lower regions of the legs, they change into dark brown bristles. Each foot has four toes, armed with very long claws; and, instead of a thumb, a large protuberance. The tail is eighteen inches long, slender, and taper towards the extremity; for the last ten inches it is almost destitute of hair; and in proportion to the dimensions has a strong prehensile power. This species inhabit Mexico and Brasil, where they live in the woods, and not only subsist on fruits, but also prey on poultry. They grunt like a hog, sleep in the day, and feed by night, climb trees but slowly, and twist their prehensile tails round the branches to secure themselves from falling in descending. They are capable of being tamed, and grow very fat. Their flesh is white and well flavoured, according to the testimony of some authors. There are a greater and smaller kind.

THE MEXICAN PORCUPINE.

The Mexican porcupine, which is the same animal with the coendon, described by M. de Buffon, is of a dusky colour, with very long bristles intermixed with the down; the spines are three inches long, slender, and variegated with white and yellow, and scarcely visible, except on the tail, which is thicker and shorter than that of the preceding species; and from the middle to the extremity free from spines: its bulk probably that of a middle-sized dog.

This species inhabit the mountainous parts of Mexico. They subsist on summer fruits, and are easily tamed. The wild Indians pulverise their quills, and esteem them a sovereign remedy for the gravel and head-ach.

THE CANADA PORCUPINE.

This species of porcupine, from being natives of the most remote North American regions, appear to have been but little attended to. Edwards, and various other naturalists, have styled this animal the porcupine from Hudson's Bay; though M. de Buffon specifies him by the name of the Canada porcupine; as does also Mr. Pennant. This animal bears a near resemblance to the beaver in the construction of his body, though he is not half so large, approaching nearer to the size of a hare, but of a more compact make. He has short ears, nearly concealed in the fur. The head, body, legs, and upper part of the tail, are covered with long hair of a dark brown hue. On the upper part of the head, back, body, and tail, there are numbers of sharp, strong quills, the longest of which are on the regions of the back, and measure about three inches in length, but are almost hid in the fur: there are some long straggling hairs inter-

intermixed, of a dirty white hue at the extremity. The tail is about six inches in length, and white on the under part. There are four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind, defended with long claws, hollow underneath. These animals vary in colour, there being one in the Leverian Museum entirely white. The Canada porcupine inhabits the northern parts of America as far as Hudson's Bay; it makes its nest under the roots of great trees, and climbs into the branches; its flesh is esteemed wholesome and agreeable; and the Indians in a great measure depend on it for food; it subsists on wild fruits, and bark of trees, particularly juniper; in winter drinks snow, in summer water, but avoids plunging into it. When it cannot escape its pursuers, endeavours to wound them with its quills, which are not effective weapons of offence or defence, as they are even displaced by a common friction of the hair. The quills of this species are used by the Indians to ornament their garments, and for various other purposes.

The porcupine genus appears rather of a wonderful than pleasing quality; its spines render it distinct from every other class of the animal genera; and its harmless propensities entitle it to respect, though its qualifications may not intrinsically demand admiration. Do not the same varied proportions of merit distinguish the several classes of mankind, as mark the brute creation with different degrees and modes of excellence? Most assuredly the same variations exist; which proves that Nature, or, to speak with more energy and propriety, that Providence has not been partial in the distribution of his gifts. In his omniscient dispensations he has allotted those propensities to every rank of beings which accord best with

their local condition, and destined sphere. If all were brilliantly endowed, the general unison of the universe would be interrupted; as its œconomy and order depend on the judicious compound of different elements, various temperaments, and general variety, which, by the guidance of the Supreme Being, operate in producing perfect harmony. It therefore appears absolutely expedient that there should be different portions of intellect in the brute, as well as in the rational class, as, without this subordination, the mutual dependance each require would be violated, and produce the same effect as if there were no night. Your ladyship will, I make no doubt, join with me in these opinions, which will give peculiar pleasure to your faithful

EUGENIA.

LETTER XX.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

IN proportion to the number of species in each genus, my addresses to your ladyship become more or less frequent; and I now solicit your attention on behalf of the marmot class or genus; the peculiar properties of which are: two cutting teeth in each jaw; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind; short, and frequently no ears; the tail covered with hair, usually of a middling length; in some individuals very short.

THE ALPINE MARMOT.

The Alpine marmot has some resemblance to the bear in figure; and, when taken very young, may be rendered nearly as tractable; as many of them, when domesticated, are taught to dance and perform various gesticulations. This animal

has short round ears hid in the fur ; and large cheeks. The colour of the head, and upper part of the body, is of a brownish ash colour, mixed with tawny ; the legs and lower part of the body are of a reddish hue. This species are subject to variation in colour, the Polish kind being of the reddest cast. They have four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The tail is six inches long, and tolerably thick of hair. The length of the animal from the nose to the base of the tail is sixteen inches ; the body of a thick construction.

This species inhabit the highest regions on the Alps and Pyrenean mountains ; they are more subject than any of their kindred classes to fall into a torpid state. At the latter end of September these animals retire to their holes, which consist of three subterraneous chambers, with two apertures or entrances, lined and rendered commodious with moss and hay, and continue thus secluded till April. It is reported they mutually assist each other in forming their habitations, which are sufficiently capacious to accommodate several marmots ; and that they appoint a sentinel to warn them of danger while they eat, and dwell in unity together. They make no provision for winter ; and, when they perceive the approach of the torpid season, provide for their personal security by closing the common entrance into their retreat. When they sink into this benumbed state they are very fat ; but gradually, for want of sustenance, decline in flesh, and become meagre when the spring advances. When they are taken in this dormant state, they remain insensible till the genial heat of a fire re-animates their frame.

The marmot bites cruelly, but makes no unprovoked attack on

men and dogs ; he often sits erect, and walks with great ease on his hind feet : he also conveys his food to his mouth with his fore paws, like the squirrel kind. He runs very quick up hill, though but slowly on level ground, and mounts trees and rocks with great agility. This animal indiscriminately eats every thing presented to it, but prefers milk and butter to every other kind of sustenance. Its usual voice is a shrill kind of whistle ; but it often, when pleased, purrs like a cat. It is averse and hostile to the canine species ; is addicted to gnawing linen cloths, &c. As the marmot is fleshy, it would be good food if it were not for a disagreeable inherent odour that cannot be overcome or concealed.

These animals produce but once a year, and have usually three or four young at a litter ; they are not numerous, or generally diffused, but are peculiarly attached to the chain of the Alps and other high mountains, from which they never descend.

THE QUEBEC MARMOT.

This animal has a blunt nose ; short round ears ; cheeks of a puffy construction, and grey hue. The face dusky ; and nose black. The hair on the back is grey at the bottom, black in the middle, and white at the extremity. The belly and legs are of an orange colour ; the toes black, naked, and distinctly digitated. There are four toes, and the base of another on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The tail short ; and of a dusky cast. The dimensions of this kind of marmot are rather larger than those of a rabbit. This species inhabit Hudson's Bay and Canada ; they are capable of being tamed, and make a kind of hissing noise.

THE MARYLAND MARMOT.

The Maryland marmot has a sharper nose than the preceding kind, and black prominent eyes. The nose and cheeks are of a blueish ash colour; the back of a deep brown hue; the sides and belly of a paler cast. The tail half the length of the body, and covered with dusky hair; the toes are divided, and defended with sharp claws; four on the fore-feet, and five on the hind. The feet and legs are black. The size is nearly that of a rabbit. This animal inhabits Virginia and Pennsylvania. It subsists on wild fruits and vegetables; and in the winter falls into a torpid state, and secretes itself in the concavities of trees. Its flesh is very good, resembling pig in flavour: when surprised it takes refuge in the clefts of rocks, or other convenient recesses. This species is also found in the Bahama Islands; but whether or not in those regions it falls into a benumbed state is not ascertained.

THE HOARY MARMOT.

This animal has short oval ears; whitish cheeks; the tip of the nose black; crown dusky and tawny; the hair uniformly rough and long; that on the back, sides, and belly, cinereous at the roots, black in the middle, and whitish at the top, which gives it a hoary appearance. The legs are black, the claws dusky. It has four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The tail is black, and mixed with rust colour. It is about the size of the former kind. This species inhabit the most northern regions of the new continent; and the description of the above was taken from a specimen in the Leverian Museum.

THE BOBUK MARMOT.

The bobuk differs immaterially from the Alpine marmot, except in

the colour of its hair, which is of a yellowish hue. It has small oval thick ears, covered with greyish-white down, with long hairs at the edges; small eyes and whiskers. The regions about the eyes and nose of a dusky brown hue; the upper part of the body greyish, intermixed with long black or dusky hairs tipped with grey; the throat is rust coloured; the rest of the body and the inside of the limbs of a yellowish rust colour. It has four toes on the fore feet, with a short thumb furnished with a strong claw, and five toes on the hind feet. The tail is short, slender, and full of hair. The length of the animal from nose to tail is sixteen inches; the tail to the extremity of the hair is five inches long.

These animals inhabit Poland, the southern parts of Russia, and the Carpathian mountains; they seek dry situations, abounding with free-stone rocks, full of springs, woods, and sands; they are also found in Great Tartary, and the Altaic chain, about the regions of lake Baikal, and are numerous in Kamtschatka. They burrow extremely deep and obliquely, to the depth of two or three yards, and form subterraneous habitations, consisting of a number of galleries, with one common entrance, each gallery terminating with the nest or apartment of the animal. Sometimes these recesses have but one domestic retreat, but more commonly several. In rocky situations these animals combine in forming their dwellings, and live in social conviviality. Towards autumn they collect hay and other articles of food. In their native state they are fond of oleraceous plants; and, when domesticated, eat cabbage and bread, but refuse to drink water. They are of a docile nature, and soon grow familiar. They appoint a sentinel to

to give notice of any danger that threatens their security. It is not decisively specified how many young the females of this species produce at a birth.

They become torpid in the winter season except they are kept in rooms with constant fires; and even then seem to suffer inconvenience from the cold, and appear not to eat with an appetite, which proceeds from the plenitude dispensed for their support in their wild state. They are very fat, their flesh is rank, and their fur is used for clothing. In Chinese Tartary they contribute to the propagation of rhubarb, which grows amongst their burrows; the manure they leave about the roots conduces to the increase of that useful medicinal plant; and the soil they fling up with burrowing is a bed for the ripe seed, which would else perish for want of nurture. Thus does Providence wisely ordain that every circumstance should conspire for the general and individual benefit of his creatures.

THE EARLESS MARMOT.

This animal so nearly resembles the hamster, that many naturalists have doubted whether it forms a distinct species; but as it differs by being smaller, of a more slender construction, having no external ears, and being of an uniform colour, it is reasonable to conclude that it is a simple variety. It has a cinereous face; over each eye a white line; yellow teeth; black whiskers; and no apparent auricular organs. The hind part of the head and whole back are of a pale-yellowish brown; in some individuals distinctly spotted with white, or undulated with grey. The under side of the body and legs is of a yellowish-white hue: the tail is covered with long hair, brown

above, and bordered with black on each side; each hair tipped with white, the under part of a bright rust colour. The three middle toes of the fore feet are long, and armed with sharp long claws; the exterior and interior toes are short, and their claws blunt: the length of the body one foot; the tail to the extremity of the hair is four inches and a half long.

This species inhabit Bohemia, Austria, and Hungary, and are also found from the banks of the Wolga to India and Persia; in Siberia, Great Tartary, and Kamtschatka. They have a carnivorous as well as an herbivorous appetite; as they subsist on plants, young birds, and small mice. They burrow, and form a winter reserve of provisions, consisting of nuts, corn, &c. In Siberia they dwell in fields and granaries; those which reside in the former, dig an habitation with a double entrance, and sleep during the winter; but those which seek granaries for an abode are not torpid during the inclement season. The females live separate from the males except during a short period, and bring forth five or eight young at a birth, which they cover with hay, and rear with great attention. Their voice is a kind of whistle, and their nature irritable; they bite desperately, and are quarrelsome with their own species. As these animals are very fond of salt, they are taken in great abundance on board the salt-barges. Their fur is held in high estimation by the Bohemian ladies, and used for various ornamental purposes. M. de Buffon denominates this animal the zisel.

THE GUNDI.

Gundi is the Arabic name for the species of marmot which inhabit Barbary towards Mount Atlas, near Maffusin.

Maffusin. This animal has truncated ears, with large apertures ; a short tail ; the upper fore teeth truncated or cut short, and the lower slender and pointed ; four toes on each foot furnished with claws. In the action of walking, it rests on the hind feet as far as the heel. The colour is red ; and the dimensions nearly those of a rabbit.

THE TAILLESS MARMOT.

This animal is a native of Hudson's Bay ; it has short ears ; no tail ; the head and body are of a cinereous brown hue ; the ends of the hairs white. It has two cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and four in the under. This description is taken from a subject in the Leveian Museum.

In the marmot genera we may discover the divine wisdom, in granting those properties to each class, perfectly according with its peculiar circumstances and situation. In frigid and barren regions a state of torpidity is a wonderful and beneficial effort of omnipotent preservation, to secure particular branches of the animal world from distress and destruction : in fine, it is a kind of temporary death, and the renewed exertion of the corporeal faculties a species of resurrection. In this benumbed somnient state, the animal is nourished by the redundancy of fat it acquires in its active condition, which is proportioned to its required nutriment during the period it abstains from food : to what cause can this effective support be ascribed, but to the constant paternal regard of the Supreme Being, who is not inclined that any should perish, but that all should exist to their own comfort, and his honour and glory ?

When we reflect on the local advantages we enjoy respecting climate, and the blessing that is

dispensed to us by a constant unremitted exertion of our mental and corporeal faculties (excepting such portions of rest and suspension that are expedient for their support), we must acknowledge the superior obligations we have received, which, from being general, too often cease to be particularly regarded. Your ladyship, whose active mind is a perpetual impulse to the exercise of every social virtue, and the discharge of every important duty, will rejoice that your existence is not assigned to a dormant, but fitted for the execution of the most refined and animated purposes. Let those beings which have not more aspiring views take refuge in the earth ; but let us, whose hopes and prospects are superior, fix our thoughts on a more elevated sphere, in which your ladyship's temporal conduct will qualify you to move, and beyond which there cannot be a wish excited in your heart, or in that of your affectionate

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

The History of PEROUROU ; or, the BELLOWS-MENDER.

Continued from page 19.

HAVING with some difficulty obtained permission to leave Aurora, I flew to Lyons, informed my friends that the drama was hastening to a conclusion, and related all that had passed. They overwhelmed me with so many compliments, that, had I only possessed a slight tincture of vanity, I might have believed they rallied me. The event, however, proved that they were serious ; and their revenge on the haughty Aurora was as expensive as it was singular. That very morning they sent in my name to my mistress the

the most magnificent bouquet; a watch, bracelets, jewels, laces of exquisite fineness, formed a present sufficiently splendid to complete the deception both of father and daughter. Towards the end of the week the contract of marriage was framed, in which I took care to sign my real name, a precaution which you will perceive hereafter was not useless to me. In this contract I consented to certain stipulations in my bride's favour, which I was very far from thinking would one day prove so much to her advantage.

I deceived her,—but heaven is my witness it was not without remorse!—In presence of the beautiful Aurora, intoxicating love made me forget every thing but herself—and when I was with my joyous friends, their pleasantries, their *bontton*, the kind of dependance in which they held me, their services, their instructions, rendered me thoughtless with respect to the present, as well as careless with respect to the future. But in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared; leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable flock-bed which was soon to be her portion; when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment; when I beheld her who deserved a palace, lodging under the thatched roof of my aged father, I shrunk back with horror, or started up covered with a cold sweat. More than once I resolved to throw myself at the feet of the injured Aurora, make a full confession of my crime, and cover myself with the infamy which belonged to him who could so degrade himself as to act the part of a villain. But self-love and passion came alike to my aid. Enchained

by the fascinating enjoyments of the present, my imagination gilded with some rays of hope the gloom of the future. “The unhappiness of Aurora,” said I to myself, “will be but transient; love will soften into bitterness. Her mortal enemies are blinded by their desire of revenge. She will, she shall be happy in despite of them!—They will leave me some money, and the means of procuring more by my industry. I should be a wretch indeed if I did not devote my life to the task of strewing flowers along her path.—When she learns who I am, her resentment will no doubt at first be vehement; but when her good sense shall perceive that the evil is irreparable, resignation will come to her aid—love will supply the place of riches, and we shall yet be happy.”

Such were my reflections during eight days previous to that on which I conducted my mistress to the altar. At the moment when she pronounced the vow to live and die with me, a sudden shivering ran through all my veins—a general trepidation seized my whole frame—I had never had so near a view of villany.—I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief, while the silly crowd who surrounded us mistook this last effort of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility. Aurora herself was deceived; I felt from the warmth of her caresses, that the vain personage was ambitious of appearing as much my mistress as my bride. The engravers, in order to reward me, as they said, for the ability with which I had acted my part, permitted me to prolong the enchantment for a fortnight. Excess of love a while banished from my mind the fatal catastrophe which was fast approaching. At length, after various conferences

ferences with the implacable enemies of Aurora, it was decreed that we should set out on our own journey to my native soil.

In proposing to my wife an excursion of which I foresaw all the cruel consequences, I could not prevent a deep sigh from escaping me, to which the credulous Aurora paid no attention. Her lively imagination was elated with the idea of travelling by my side in a magnificent equipage, attended by her women, escorted by servants on horseback, and finding means of indulging at once her pride and her love; ideas excusable enough at eighteen, which was the age of my wife. She was delighted in making preparations for a journey, the approach of which was to me distraction. More than once I implored my patrons for mercy; the obligations I had entered into were laid before me—We began our journey.

Two of my ten friends served me as couriers, while he who had paid his addresses to Aurora pushed his imprudence so far as to offer himself to me as a coachman. It is true that a wig dexterously stuck on his hair, and a plaster fixed on his right eye, so disguised him, that even his friends did not recognise him; three others of the young engravers gaily rode behind the carriage as lacqueys. The other four, detained at Lyons by their affairs, consoled themselves in not being of the party by making the travellers promise to write to them from every place where we should stop to rest ourselves, and this we did frequently, travelling only by short stages. Scarcely could these wicked domestics contain their mirth when they heard my vain bride, who always spoke to them with a haughty distance, addressing herself to me in terms the most respectful, inquiring the names of my châteaux, the

extent of my estates, and of my seigniorial rights of hunting and fishing; dwelling with complacency on my mines, which to her lively apprehension were equal at least to those of Peru. On subjects such as these turned our conversations, when three leagues beyond Montelimart we perceived the narrow lane which led to a village, the steeple of which appeared distant from the high road. This poor village, alas! was mine. The critical moment was approaching!

We passed over lands that certainly were not mine, and after three hours' long and difficult travelling, our coachman, too well instructed, stopt the carriage at the door of a miserable hut. An old man, clad in the homely garb of poverty, was on the threshold, taking the air. In this old man I discovered my venerable father.—No, my friend, I have no colours with which I can trace this original scene! Figure to yourself the trembling Perourou on one side, the haughty Aurora on the other, and six insolent young men ceremoniously placing her on an old broken chair, with most insulting bursts of laughter, and with pleasantries the most aggravating, refining upon their vengeance and her mortification. Figure to yourself the pretended coachman taking off suddenly his plaster and his wig, and *tu-toying* * Aurora with an air of superiority—"No, madam," said he, in a tone of inconceivable disdain, "no, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver, such a lot would have done too much honour to your birth, to your fortune, and to your choice.—A bellows-mender is worthy of you; and such is he, madam, whom you have

* *Theeing* and *theeing*, as inferiours are addressed.

taken for your husband." I was about to answer, but the pretended coachman was already on his seat, the five others threw themselves into the coach, choked almost with laughter, and we soon lost sight of the whole equipage.

I expected that the catastrophe would be singular enough, but less terrible than it proved. My engravers while they taught me my part had kept their own a secret. They carried off every thing with them, like the scene-shifters of a theatre who lock up the decorations after the piece is finished. As for the unfortunate Aurora she saw nothing of this—Her former lover continued speaking when she no longer heard or felt. The ruffians left her, when they departed, in a deep swoon. Judge of my situation!—Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from the instruction I had received, and the manner of life to which I had lately been accustomed.—Alas! in those cruel moments, I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, or of seeing her restored to life: I lavished on her the most tender cares, and almost breathed wishes that my cares might be unavailing. Ah, my friend, I thought for a long time that my dreadful vows were heard. Nevertheless, after bathing copiously the pallid face of the lovely and delicate Aurora with water, she resumed for a moment the use of her senses. Her phrensiéd eye met mine—"Monster!" she exclaimed, and her senses again forsook her.—I took advantage of this second swoon to remove her from the sight of the spectators, composed chiefly of women with withered countenances, who might have passed for witches; and laid my plaintive bride on a little fresh straw with which a com-

passionate neighbour strewed the flock-bed of my old father. When she had again recovered the use of her senses I commanded every one to leave us, in order to have no witness of the explanation and of the dreadful story which I was fated to relate to my wife.

When I had disembarrassed myself of the crowd, I took Aurora in my arms; I pressed her to my heart—my scalding tears bathed her cheeks.—At length she opened her eyes and fixed them on me—mine shrunk from her glance.—The first use which she made of speech was to request me, under pretence of taking repose, which we both wanted, to defer till the next day the hateful detail of the plot of which she had been the victim. I yielded to her request and withdrew; leaving with her the niece of the curé of the parish, whose kind offices she seemed to receive with thankfulness.

How shall I describe to you the horrible night which I passed? Fallen at once from a situation the most splendid, in a miserable village which afforded no kind of resource, and in possession only of a few louis, while my adored wife in the morning of life, accustomed to constitute as well as share the pleasures of society, had been led by an infernal plot to the cabin of an old man, respectable indeed, but in a state of wretched indigence; and I had been the chief instrument of her misfortunes, the accomplice of the atrocity with which she had been treated!—What would become of her? in what manner could I act that might least wound her feelings?—Would she think herself sufficiently rich in my attachment and tenderness? Oh no!—I felt all the horrors of her destiny, and my own—Yes, of my own!—I had indeed no reverse of fortune to undergo; I, who was born to
wretch-

wretchedness and nurtured in want—yet my agonised heart, an heart but too susceptible, told me that I had a sorrow to sustain, perhaps the most cruel in the sad catalogue of human evils—I had not merely to bear indifference from that object in whom I had placed every hope of happiness—to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence—to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended—I recollected with distraction that it must be my doom not merely to support indifference, but aversion—I was not merely to become an object of contempt, but of horror—I was not merely to feel the bitterness of being hateful to her I loved, but to know that I deserved her hatred—to find that the sharpest of all my sorrows was the poignancy of remorse.—Had not I been the fatal cause of all she suffered? Had not I darkened all the fair prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable anguish?—Had not I, wretch that I was! planted a dagger in her heart?—Perhaps she would find a refuge from me in the grave—perhaps her last breath would curse me—or, if she pitied and forgave me, could I endure her cruel mercy?—would not her pity and forgiveness be more barbarous than reproach, more terrible than her curse?

Such were the reflections which absorbed my mind, and made a hell of the bed on which I had thrown myself to pass the night. The horror of my situation was increased by a continuance of violent rains, which laid under water the cross-road leading to Montelimart, and rendered it impassable for several days. This circumstance prevented me from sending to the town, as I intended, for a carriage, to convey Aurora to a lodging less fitted to mortify her pride.

You will easily imagine that I sent every minute to inquire respecting the situation of my unfortunate bride. The answers were satisfactory; my attentions were received with gratitude; I was repeatedly told that the next day I should be admitted to see her; that she had made up her mind; that she should display a firmness of character which, in the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, would astonish and confound her vile enemies. All these things, which were repeated to me with an affectation of secrecy, did not lull me into perfect security. That terrible to-morrow affrighted my soul; I dreaded the fatal interview more than death! I was meditating how to elude it under different pretences, when the door of my chamber opened, and discovered to me my interesting bride. I threw myself at her feet, and seizing one of her hands, bathed it with my tears. She looked at me in this humiliating posture for some time in silence, then raising me up, addressed me with all the dignity of pride which nothing could vanquish. “You have deceived me,” said she, “it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. If any generous sentiment remains at the bottom of your heart, if you are desirous of not making me altogether miserable, do not take advantage of the authority which you have usurped—mademoiselle offers me a decent retirement at her uncle’s house—I have accepted it, because it accords both with my situation and my duties—You may visit me there, whenever you please. We will concert together the means of extricating ourselves from this horrible situation, and of providing for our future support—rely on my honour for the care of defending your own.”

Man is a confiding creature—A kind word from the woman we love is sufficient to soften all the misery she occasions. Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Aurora, I gave her credit for her meekness, without reflecting that it would have been more natural for her to load me with reproaches. During five days my confidence in Aurora's forgiveness continually augmented; and while I traced out to her the plan of life which love suggested to me, I saw her more than once smile at the picture. Could I have imagined that, after so many sufferings, the cruel Aurora had one in reserve for me which surpassed all the rest?

(*To be continued.*)

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

THE translation of the following little piece was made from a French edition of the works of Gessner, and is the production of a few leisure hours dedicated to the study of that language.—

The translator trusts that the beauties of the original, though perhaps but faintly delineated, will compensate for a youthful and first attempt in this class of literature.—The whole has since been revised and carefully compared with the original German.

Dec. 12, 1800. G. MOORE.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

By GESSNER. *In Two Cantos.*

Translated by GEORGE MOORE, *Author of
Grasville Abbey.*

CANTO I.

THE inhabitants of the cottage of Milon passed many years of affliction after that fatal night on which the furious waves separated it from

the continent. Built upon a little promontory, the tempestuous sea had swept away the fertile pastures which united it with the main land. This dwelling, now situated in a solitary island, was so far removed from the opposite shore, that in the most profound calm of air and sea nought could be heard from it, not even the bleating of the flocks upon its æther-coloured banks.

Joy was banished from the bosoms of Milon and Semira, the unfortunate possessors of this humble melancholy abode. They were deprived of the sweet society of neighbourhood, and the tender delights of friendship, which the gods had before bestowed upon them.—Death robbed Semira of her beloved husband. In gloomy solitude she passed her days with Melida, her only child. They had nothing to alleviate their sorrows, but the little flock of the departed Milon, and the birds of heaven.

Melida was arrived at the prime of her beauty:—she had no admirer but her mother; she sported in her infant games more blooming than the young peach-tree when it first puts forth its blossom.—In the midst of the fair works of Nature she was the most fair.

The tender Semira, to preserve her daughter from useless regret, or acquiring a taste for those pleasures which, under their present circumstances, they were forbidden, concealed from her, with extreme care, all those charms of society which diffused happiness among the natives of the opposite shore.

She daily visited the tomb of Milon, and consecrated an hour to tears.

“Alas! thou art no more! (she would exclaim,) thou art no more! Oh thou, the consolation of my life! the support of our misery! Forsaken, without help, surrounded by

by the irritated waves, what will be the fate which attends us? The rigour of our sufferings cannot be alleviated by compassion; all human succour is refused us.—Ah! that I had not lived to witness thy dissolution.—Oh Melida! my beloved child! alas! such is the excess of our troubles, it is the most ardent of my prayers I may survive that period which shall enwrap thee in everlasting sleep.—But should the gods refuse this request, (dreadful perspective!) thou must remain alone surrounded by the roaring waves, with no other companions but thy anguish and thy sorrows. Never shall thy eye behold another human being; never shalt thou hear the voice of a tender husband, whom thy charms and virtues might render happy; never shalt thou listen to the name of mother, pronounced by thy own lisping infants. The sound of joy will be unknown to thee; the melancholy shadows of the caverns will echo the accents of thy grief. Under such tremendous horrors must thou consume thy youth. Even thy death will be desolate; the tears of sympathy will not flow for thy deplorable fate; deprived of sepulchral rite, thy body will be scorched by the rays of the burning sun, and become a prey to the birds of the air.—Ah! let me hide my complaints within the rocks; and you, ye shades of solitude and darkness, to you I must confine my griefs. Veil then my afflictions, that Melida, in a happy ignorance, may never know the cause of my unhappiness.”

Such were the words of Semira; and it was thus she concealed from her daughter those anxieties of maternal tenderness by which she was slowly consumed.

Melida, in the prime of innocence and beauty, sported with her young

lambs without being in want of a guide, for the swelling sea surrounded her little pasturage. She amused herself by cutting odoriferous shrubs, and forming them into bowers. She was the tutelar divinity of the plants: she raised the fallen flowers, and produced by her care a vigorous growth to their languishing sprigs. Sometimes she would arrest the source of the stream by a bed of pebbles, which would form in the water a little lake. Round the island she planted a double row of fruit trees:—she was beautiful as Venus in the island of Paphos, when she walked under their spreading shades. She decorated a grotto in a rock which was washed by the waves of the sea. This spot was rendered fertile in idea; the walls of it were adorned by shells which were thrown upon the beach, and which she had arranged in a variety of different forms and colours. One of peculiar size and beauty received the transparent drops which fell from an arch above, with a pleasing murmur, while wreaths of jessamine were fantastically twined round the entrance.

In such innocent occupations Melida passed her days without considering her situation; but, at the expiration of fifteen years, she began to discover they were alone. Often in those shady bowers which she had formed would she muse and languish—Often would she whisper to herself,—“What could have been the design of the gods in placing us in this solitude, more unfortunate than all other creatures? Why have we existed? Why do we now exist?—Alas! these melancholy ideas destroy me: there is a something inseparable from my being, a something that I cannot name, of which I am deprived.—No—I am not made for this

this solitude; without doubt we have experienced some extraordinary revolution, of which my mother pretends ignorance. A dreadful mystery continually clouds her features; and, when I attempt to discover it, her eyes overflow with tears which she cannot restrain. She says we must always attend to the wisdom and goodness of the gods, and place our fate in their hands.—Alas! I bow in respectful silence to their decrees, without wishing to penetrate into the mysterious perspective.”—Often buried in profound reflection, while walking on the shore, would she gaze upon the immensity of the sea, and exclaim: “Oh ye liquid plains, to which my eye can see no boundary, ah! tell me, what is this little point, this island which you surround, in comparison to your immense extent? Is it the only habitable earth? Do you not wash other shores too remote for our sight? Alas, my mother! you have not acknowledged it; but your secret grief gives me the most potent reasons for the supposition.

“Certainly this earth is not the only one which you encompass; for yonder I view a something immovable, which, like a fallen cloud, forms a long chain to the extremity of your banks. Perhaps my imagination may deceive me, but in a profound calm I have already believed I heard human voices. What can this be but an earth? It is true, it seems very small; but our great distance from it is the cause. Ah! I know well that the waves appear to diminish afar off; and our cottage, when I view it at the extremity of the island, appears much less than its real dimensions. But if it is an earth as this is, adorned with fields and fruit-trees, without doubt it is inhabited by beings who enjoy it.”

“Perhaps these beings are different from those whom I have seen; perhaps they do not resemble me, nor are they alone, but have companions like my lambs. Alas! if it is so, why should the thoughts torment me? Perhaps it is an earth inhabited by creatures like myself, but who are as numerous as the birds and sheep of our island. Oh! happy mortals!”

Often Melida addressed Semira thus:—“But say, my mother, why remain we always *two*, while other creatures multiply. The young plants rise from the elder ones. Every year we see our flock increase. With what joy they bound with their young offspring!—they rejoice in the pleasures of their existence. I have viewed the union of various birds, and have shed over them many tears.—Seated under the spreading foliage, I have watched them building a commodious nest, and have seen them caress each other upon the branches above with an air of the truest, tenderest friendship and love.—Soon after I found in their nests little eggs:—one covered them with the tenderest care, whilst the other perched upon the surrounding sprays, and warbled the most melodious notes to divert his companion. Every day I visited them. After a little time, instead of eggs, I saw small birds without feathers. They soon became more animated; at length they began to flutter, and took in their beaks small pieces of food, which they received with cries of joy. By degrees they became overspread with plumage, they began to spread their feeble wings; they sprang from their nest, and perched upon the boughs which shaded it. The elder ones flew before to inspire them with courage to follow their example. Oh! my mother! what a charming sight was this! The young

young birds often extended their wings; no doubt, with a wish to fly, and as often were prevented by their fears: the most hardy of them having at last succeeded, chirped, with an air of gladness, the success of his enterprise. Those who remained behind were tempted to join him, and they soon took part in the song of joy.—What strange thoughts this sight occasioned me! —Why are these pleasures forbidden us?”

Semira knew not how to reply to such questions so dangerous to her secret.

“I am ignorant myself of all these circumstances,” said she, “because I should suffer uneasiness in the useless research. To form vague ideas is to encourage unnecessary desires, which would disturb my happiness and repose. Why, with a blameable curiosity, will you attempt to question the works of the gods, who alone know what must happen to us, and who will regulate our destinies according to their wills.”

“Alas!” replied Melida, “the gods will pardon me; but I cannot forbear to wish that our species would multiply like others. It is true, I am ignorant how they are brought forth; this is no doubt reserved for a higher care; but the plants are produced from their own substance, as well as the different kinds of animals. I have observed them all in their turns. Oh! if I had thus found some little human creature born like ourselves:—ye gods! with what care I should have nursed it! how I should have loved it! But leave me ye dangerous illusions; may the gods protect me! Yet, my dear mother! permit me to ask you one more question:—Have I always been what I am at present? I know well it was by degrees I grew larger, like the other

beings which surround me. I remember the time when I was not taller than yonder plant of pinks. It seems then I have been less. It seems there was a time when I began to exist, similar to the shrubs and the birds. Tell me then, (for certainly you existed before me,) tell me, my mother, how, and in what manner you found me, and what passed on the occasion. If you will satisfy me in this, I may perhaps discover the remainder myself.”

In this manner Melida distressed her mother by a thousand embarrassing inquiries.—“You afflict me, my child,” said Semira: “You afflict me greatly by this strange conversation. I can tell you but little how you began to exist. Being alone, I prayed the gods to give me a companion; and one fine morning, little as you was, I found you under a rose-bush before our cottage. Do not again, too inquisitive girl, torment me with this useless discourse. Cultivate your flowers; play with your young lambs; and do not irritate the gods by your curiosity in asking me questions to which I am not able to reply. Since you have given up yourself to these strange thoughts, you have not ingenuity enough to amuse your mind. You can do nothing but occasion yourself disquietude, and grieve me, while you leave your grotto imperfect, and neglect the cultivation of your plants.”

It was thus Semira, a prey to melancholy and distress, lived in solitude with her daughter; but the gods looked upon her with compassionate eyes, and resolved to convert her sadness into joy.—Love was charged with the care of this prodigy; for, in the council of the gods, he was considered as the most capable to make a young maiden happy.

Upon

Upon the continent, opposite to this island, lived a young man of majestic figure, who might have been taken for a divinity when he walked over the flowery meadows or under the shady bower. Often his father related to him the calamities to which his country had been exposed.—“You observe yonder spot in the ocean,” said he, pointing with his hand to the island, which they could perceive from their dwelling that stood near the coast. “Formerly a long neck of land extended like an arm into the sea; and, upon an eminence, at its extremity, lived a faithful affectionate couple. Milon was the name of the husband, and Semira that of the wife. Their living pastures spread from this continent to their cottage; and their flocks grazed from one shore to the other. A daughter, who, at her birth, was a prodigy of grace and beauty, completed their happiness. The women of the country eagerly came to contemplate her charms, and blessed her happy mother. But, about this time, we were all suddenly overwhelmed with affright and terror. One dark and gloomy night, sounds a thousand times more dreadful than thunder spread consternation through all the country. The earth trembled to its very centre; the agitated sea burst over its limits with a most tremendous noise; the accents of terror and desolation resounded in every part.—Never was the sky covered with a more dark and gloomy veil. We were ignorant of the cause of this awful event;—seized with terror and alarm, all ran to the fields; and the break of day exposed to us the ravages of the sea. The tempestuous waves had swept away the pastures which joined Milon’s cottage to our continent. It was not until the sun had darted his first warm and cheer-

ing rays upon the calm waters, that we discovered yonder island. One of us, to whom the gods had given a more perfect vision, aided by the bright morning beams, observed the habitation of our friend, and the trees which surrounded it. Perhaps he yet exists with his beloved wife; perhaps Melida, for so they called his lovely daughter, condemned to a melancholy solitude, is now the most perfect beauty mortal ever beheld.”

The recital of this adventure produced in the mind of the young man the most profound impressions. From this moment he walked often on the coast to reflect on the destinies of the islanders. The regular murmur of the tranquil sea having one day thrown him into a sweet sleep, Cupid hovered round him; the refreshing breeze which proceeded from the motion of his wing served to counter-act the extreme heat of the mid-day sun. He inspired him with a dream. The young man saw the shores of the island; little cupids fluttered under the sacred shades; their attitudes were expressive of melancholy; they appeared to mourn deeply among the intertwining branches of the arbor, and on the flourishing grass-plot. A lovely female, adorned with every grace, and apparently overwhelmed with thought, advanced from the further part of a grove. Her manner was languid; a part of her flaxen hair flowed carelessly over her shoulders, the remainder was tied round her head with a sprig of myrtle. Her expressive face was ravishingly pale, like the gathered rose faded on the bosom of a young beauty. She proceeded without noticing the sweet impressions of the zephyrs which played around her, or heeding the blooming flowers that amorously twined over her feet, and

and sent forth the most odoriferous perfumes. She did not perceive the luscious fruit. It was in vain the trees weighed down their branches and invited her to taste of their abundance. She stopped upon the beach, and cast her melancholy eyes toward the opposite and distant shore. She raised her alabaster arms, and appeared to implore succour. At this moment the young man conceived he floated upon the ocean. He flew to the unfortunate fair one; Cupid appeared to receive him upon the bowery banks, and conduct the lovely female to his trembling arms. He saw the little loves fluttering above, and surrounding them with garlands, while, with the gentle agitation of their wings, they embalmed them with the perfume of flowers. The heart of the young man palpitated high; his burning cheeks glowed with the blush of the rose; but when he extended his arms to clasp the lovely object, they inclosed nothing but loose air, and met without resistance.

He at length awoke, and remained some time lost in ecstasy.

"Ye gods!" exclaimed he with trembling lips, "where am I? Has she escaped my arms? Alas! I am upon this shore, and the island is afar off! A dream! a dream has deceived me; and I am—I feel I am—rendered unhappy for ever."

(*To be continued.*)

EMILY VERONNE.

(*Continued from Vol. XXXI.
page 665.*)

EMILY thought time fled on tardy wings till the hour arrived in which she was again to see her much valued friend, accompanied by her father; which was a much

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greater favour than ever her most sanguine expectations had led her to hope. At length the wished-for moment came: the enraptured Susan could not find language to express her sensations on this fresh proof of her friend's kindness. After a few moments spent in ecstatic astonishment, on seeing that person present who, of all others, she thought had the least knowledge of his daughter's attachment to her brother, she, at Emily's request, related her misfortunes and uncomfortable situation with the greatest candour and sensibility, speaking of her sister and aunt with caution and delicacy; although her words left Mr. Veronne every reason to conjecture that they had behaved with great severity to her, as Emily had previously informed him that she never was a favourite with her haughty relative. Yet, nevertheless, her innate goodness of heart forbore to censure their conduct, though a peculiar air of concern and despondency pervaded her countenance when she mentioned them, and convinced Mr. Veronne they were far from kind to her. Much pleased with the ingenuousness of Susan's disposition, added to her unassuming gentleness, deeply affected by the sad events she had experienced, and conscious Emily entertained a sincere and permanent regard for her, he embraced her alternately with his daughter, calling them his beloved children, drying up their tears, and calming the perturbations of their bosoms, by saying:—"My dear girls, no longer assume such an air of exactness; cherish not despondency in your bosoms; it ill befits your young countenances, which should be the seat of cheerfulness and vivacity. I must confess you have met with many troubles; you have been bereft of all that is most dear to the human heart, in the loss

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of

of this lieutenant Norton, so worthy your mutual regret, at least if he be such as he has been represented by one whose veracity I have no reason to doubt. Your good sense must convince you the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Who knows but what you at present deem so disastrous may be some unforeseen method of accomplishing your most ardent wishes? Let me exhort you to regard an old man's advice. I have seen much of the world; have experienced many of its most agonising cares, while tossed to and fro on life's tempestuous ocean; yet I hope I have gained the haven of tranquillity at last."

At these words he cast an expressive glance on his daughter, as if to say, If I have ensured your peace I have nought else to wish.

Here a pause ensued; when, recollecting himself, he resumed, with a heart-felt sigh, recurring memory placing in a forcible light former scenes before his eyes—"I have been young, my girls, but now am old; consequently my observations have been the result of judicious reflections, formed in my career through life; therefore attend to what I say:—In every ruffling storm which may arise to disconcert the spirits, maintain a serene and placid countenance, and a bosom filled with calm and resigned acquiescence to all the events brought upon you. Amidst all the evils which threaten you, look to heaven for support; and doubt not but they will be either averted or turned to your advantage. Let all anxious cares, all tumultuous passions for the precarious things of this sublunary state, no more rest in your bosoms; it is folly to disquiet the soul about those pursuits you cannot in the smallest degree, by your anxiety, either accelerate or prevent. Weigh

well your duty on the great stage of life; perform the part allotted you with diligence; make virtue your guide, and leave the result of all your undertakings to that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity, who sees at once the whole thread of your existence, and will not fail to provide for you according to your several necessities."

These admonitions were not thrown away on his attentive auditors: they resolved in future to be more resigned to whatever disappointments might befall them.

Jesse Norton now terminated their discourse by entering with a message from Mrs. Gregory, begging to see the persons who had so much interested Susan. They immediately prepared to obey the summons; Jesse led the way through long dreary passages, which bore a strong resemblance to the subterraneous vaults of a dungeon, and impressed Mr. Veronne with a recollection of the prison he had so long suffered in. When arrived at the entrance of the apartment in which this formal lady was to receive them, Jesse wished them to wait till she had informed her they were there, in readiness to answer any questions she might choose to ask. Upon this intelligence, the model of antiquity adjusted the laces of her head-dress, put on as stately a turn of countenance as she possibly could, puckered up her mouth quite in form, and assumed what she termed a dignified appearance; seated on an antique high-backed chair, the covering of which had apparently been worked in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Thus sat this paragon of ancient grandeur to receive two persons who disclaimed all pomp and parade as much as she esteemed it, and to whom the generous effusions of a virtuous soul were far more acceptable than any

any thing her affluence could bestow.

After a few preparatory hems, which kept her audience in expectation of something wonderfully impressive, she, in an authoritative tone of voice, inquired what was their business with the girl; the dependent on her bounty; adding, by way of preliminary of what was to follow—"I don't suffer persons whom I keep merely out of charity to contract friendships and entertain strangers in my house without permission from me." Without waiting any reply from her astonished hearers, she begged them no more to intrude over the prescribed limits of her grounds.

Mr. Veronne took advantage of a minute's pause to add weight to her harangue, and related the whole particulars of his daughter's attachment to the brother of Susan, consequently her esteem to his sister, whom she had long wished to see, and had now gratified her wishes. At the mention of her affection for Norton, rage usurped the place of ambition; fury like, she exclaimed, "All connections of that kind were studiously avoided by the young man you so boldly asperse: I countenanced him from his childhood, and infused into his soul much higher notions; he valued my favour too much thus to degrade himself; firmly persuaded, if he formed any plebeian alliance with a person of mean extraction—no famous warrior or statesman in the genealogy of her ancestry—I should never notice him more—rash boy—No—I do not doubt the—"

Emily attempting to speak, she resumed: "No more, miss What-do-they-call-ye—I am not to be imposed upon by your fictitious whinnings. You, indeed, pretend to aspire to the person whom I intend to honour as heir to the noble do-

mains of the great Bertrand!—the famous Walter Gregory!—High pretensions, truly!"

Mr. Veronne could patiently hear her no longer; he desired Emily instantly to quit the room, and, turning round to the enraged lady, said, "Madam, you may depend on my never again entering the house of a person distinguished only by the base inhospitable conduct of its owner—who, possessing no worthy qualifications of her own to endear her to society, resorts to the actions of a mouldering ancestry to gain her the esteem of her fellow-creatures, which you may rest assured is a very fragile fabric—no sooner raised than demolished."

Thus saying, he bowed very respectfully and left the room, and the angry dame, highly mortified to hear how lightly she was esteemed, when she thought her residence was enrolled in the annals of fame as a seat of ancient hospitality and magnificence. To be thus scandalised was absolutely more than she could conveniently brook, consequently all the blame rested on the innocent Susan, as the objects of her vengeance were out of her reach.—In vain the inoffensive girl endeavoured to vindicate the conduct of her absent friends: she would not hear a syllable in their favour; but desired, under pain of eternal banishment from her presence, to see them no more. Susan did not much regard her menaces, as she preferred even servitude to dependance on such an unfeeling wretch, whose indignities she had long experienced; and to see her sister rather second her views than console her was another source of uneasiness. In fact, the latter had imbibed too many of the traits of Mrs. Gregory's character to be any comforter of the hapless Susan, whose disposition exhibited an exact contrast.

Distressed beyond measure, although the words of Mr. Veronne dwelt on her mind, she retired to her apartment, the one inhabited by her beloved brother whenever he was with his aunt. Hours did she spend over a small collection of books, selected from the works of the most valued authors:—there could she read over the passages she knew he admired: their tastes being exactly similar, those marked by him were inestimable treasures to the mind of his amiable sister. Thus employed in reading over his favourite pieces of poetry, and turning over his books and other little curiosities, had she spent much of her leisure since her residence with her relation. Thought time had worn away the pure sense of those youthful days when they had oft repeated together many of those pieces of poetry they in maturer years still admired, yet memory at times brought them forcibly back, and her very soul hung over the recollection.

“Ah! never more shall those happy days,” exclaimed she, “return, when yet an artless child, I wandered over our little scope of land! those sweet rural walks!—For ever in infancy were we united. Poor Edward and Jesse never claimed that share of attention Lucius and myself bestowed on each other.

“Ah, happy age! when youth’s delusive
ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their
simple mirth;
Ere yet they know the pangs which lurking
fe
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the
earth!”

“Wretched indeed!” exclaimed Susan.—“Were my kind-hearted, generous brother with me, I should want no other protector; or, were my poor father’s reason restored, how gladly would I retire from the busy world of care and confusion—

“Where prosperous Folly treads on patient
Worth,
And to deaf Pride Misfortune pleads in
vain.”

“Ah! most gladly would I leave all its pleasures; and in some lonely cot, almost impervious to human eye, importune some humane Christian to compassionate my distress, and afford me some means of gaining a subsistence for myself and indigent parent!”

Her mind, thus resorting to imaginary scenes, wandered from her own sensations; and, absorbed in thought, she remained alone all day in her brother’s apartment, which was seldom entered by either her sister or aunt, as the books and other trifles it contained of his choice claimed little attention from persons whose tastes were so diametrically opposite; though at times he was compelled to coincide with her in many respects contrary to his own feelings, hoping by that means one day to enjoy the affluence she possessed, by converting it to far better purposes.

In the mean time Mr. Veronne saw his daughter’s spirits were not amended by his visit to her friend, which certainly they were not; for Emily trembled for the fate of poor Susan, who was left unprotected to meet the anger of her cruel relative: yet she avoided saying too much about her, wishing her father to act as he thought proper. Mr. Veronne seeing her uneasiness, and knowing nothing would contribute so much to her happiness as the society of her friend, and at the same time feeling for the sufferings of this unfortunate girl, determined, at all events, to take her as a companion to his daughter; hoping that would elevate her depressed spirits, when his own efforts had entirely failed.

The next day, Mrs. Gregory accidentally meeting with Susan, and the
sight

sight of her increasing the antipathy she had conceived against her, she fell into a violent passion, and, with her forbidding features distorted by rage, commanded her instantly to leave her house, as she could endure her in her sight no longer. Thus was Susan reduced to the sad extremity of leaving that house instantly, not knowing whither to direct her steps; nor even daring to ask her sister to intercede for her, to procure her another night's lodging. Her only resource was her friend Emily; and knowing she would, if it was in her power, afford her a temporary asylum, she hastened to the inn where they resided, and demanded permission to speak with her friend. She was conducted to their apartment; and, after begging pardon for her intrusion, briefly related Mrs. Gregory's ill treatment of her, submissively requesting them to recommend her as servant to any of their acquaintance who might want one.

This intelligence pierced Emily to the heart. She fixed her eyes steadfastly on her father; knowing what he had said concerning her, and not doubting but he would now make his proposal: but not a word escaped his lips. He never noticed her, but soon arose and left them to form their own conjectures on his conduct. Emily was surprised and almost distracted to think she could afford her friend no assistance without the approbation of her father. She knew not what to attribute his distant behaviour to, after he had expressed his intention of taking her into his family as her companion. Susan reciprocally partook of her friend's distress. She saw likewise the cold behaviour of Mr. Veronne, and knew Emily's inability of rendering her assistance without her parent's leave. Unable to bear the sad prospect before her with fortitude,

she burst into tears, which infection was soon caught by the sensibility of Emily. They fervently embraced each other, and vowed inviolable friendship, though at present they must be separated. Emily promised to use her utmost endeavours with her father to bring him to perform his promise, and doubted not but, when many little circumstances were explained, and he believed her no longer culpable, she should be successful; adding, "His goodness of heart, I am conscious, will not suffer him to neglect the dearest friend of his daughter, for whose peace he has always testified the greatest anxiety."

The absent Norton was the next subject of conversation. Susan, as usual, expatiated largely on his good qualities, and bitterly lamented that her misfortunes were rendered doubly distressing, by being thus deprived of him who could have afforded her so much comfort. — "Ah, my dearest Emily!" added the still weeping girl, "were I assured he yet lived, and there was any possibility of discovering his retreat, I would brave all dangers, and personally tell him, although he had been so long an exile from his native country, there was yet one friend who anxiously sighed for his return."

"Ah, beloved resemblance of your adored brother!" answered Emily, "you might venture to say, that friend to whom you allude never has, nor can enjoy happiness, in a country from which the chief object who could render life desirable is estranged. Ah! believe me, my Susan, bereft of your society, and receiving no intelligence of your beloved brother, this long oppressed heart must yield to the poignant anguish I have so long endured. In spite of my tender father's assiduities, I can never again support your
absence,

absence. It is you alone can alleviate my sensations. If any compensation is to be had for the loss of your brother, it is to you I must fly; for in your lineaments are portrayed the features engraven in my very soul, that gentleness and generosity of sentiment which endeared him doubly to me, and which I can only find in you."

Mr. Veronne now entered the room, which he had before so abruptly left to avoid any intercession Emily might make for her friend; as he, from some latent motive, thought he would not take Susan if his daughter would be happy without her. But after he had left them, fearing Emily's spirits might be too much hurt on hearing of her friend's distress, and knowing they had before received a severe shock, he returned back to the door, and overheard the foregoing conversation. Finding, therefore, from the state of her mind, it were entirely useless to attempt longer to oppose a passion he found rooted in her very nature, he could no longer add to an uneasiness which, if augmented, might be attended with serious consequences. When he entered the room, therefore, he assumed a gay aspect; saying, he flattered himself he had brought an antidote to dry up their tears. Seeing them appear anxious to know, he asked Miss Susan Norton if she would accept his proposal to reside with him, as companion to Emily? Susan in vain endeavoured to express her thanks, tears choked all utterance. She grasped the extended hand of her benefactor with energy, and an expression in her weeping countenance spoke more forcibly her feelings than the most studied eloquence. The big drop of sensibility fell down the cheek of Emily, as she poured forth her acknowledgments for such an indulgence.

Delighted beyond conception, they for a moment thought their first wishes accomplished, — flattering themselves that comfort would now be theirs which they had so long been strangers to, and which they were conscious they should enjoy in each other's society.

(To be continued.)

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

*(Continued from Vol. XXXI.
page 631.)*

HERE Juliet remained for some time; and then proceeded leisurely along the ramparts, ever and anon stopping to survey the prospect; till coming to a stone bench, at an angle of the building that commanded an extensive view, she seated herself on it, and contemplated the moon-lighted landscape. She looked along the eastern rampart, over a considerable space, broken into hill and vale, and dark with woods of cypress, pine, and chesnut; in the midst of which appeared scattered dwellings of peasantry, and beyond them other cottages on the banks of a small river, that wound down the mountain's side, and emptied itself into the Mediterranean. The east and south presented a more tremendous appearance: she now beheld a great extent of inaccessible rocks, rising one behind another till the distant horizon shut them from her sight; vast forests spreading over the rugged steep, and immense chasms disclosing beyond other rocky regions that extended to an immeasurable distance, thickly covered, like other parts, with innumerable trees. The moon, illuminating the whole expanse casting

on the trees a trembling lustre, and on every object stronger masses of light and shade, produced a grand effect on the wild features of the scene.

The tranquillity of the hour, the stillness of every thing around, and the loneliness of the place, cherished Juliet's propensity to sadness; she ruminated upon the happiness of past times; upon the happiness which she might have enjoyed in the society of Rudolpho and Manfredi, had they not been snatched from her. She almost unconsciously gave way to the feelings which those thoughts excited, and abandoned herself to a luxury of grief.

While thus she sat engrossed entirely by reflections, which, though sorrowful, she found some degree of pleasure and consolation in giving way to, and in weeping over the remembrance of past occurrences, the sky became suddenly obscured by thick and heavy clouds—the moon withdrew its light—the gentle breeze that had breathed along the ramparts, tempering the extreme heat of the air, subsided into a death-like stillness—the waters ceased their murmurs, and not the slightest sound or movement disturbed the still and sullen pause which preceded a violent storm. All nature seemed concentrating power to sustain the convulsion. It came onward; but Juliet saw it not till, in few minutes, it burst upon her. A strong flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a tremendous crash of thunder, quickly roused her. She started from her seat, and, perceiving a door close to her, hastened towards it. Scarcely had she advanced two steps when another and louder clap of thunder rolled through the air, and large drops of rain began to fall. More alarmed than before, she pushed

against the door. It was fastened, but so slightly that it yielded without much difficulty to her touch; she set it open, and stood in the entrance, far enough to shelter her from the rain which beat in.

The storm now increased considerably. The lightning gleamed in long and quick succeeding flashes,—the thunder rolled almost without intermission,—the wind rose,—the waves beat violently against the walls of the castle, and the rain descended in torrents.

With much anxiety and alarm Juliet beheld the fury of the tempest; and the sense of her situation, alone at midnight, in a deserted part of the castle, remote from that which was inhabited, did not at all contribute to lessen those emotions; but the solitude and darkness within, and the dreadful noise and violence of contending elements without, impressed her mind more powerfully; and she felt a thousand strange thoughts and nameless apprehensions throng upon her mind. Yet, though she found, in spite of effort, every minute gave them greater strength, she shrunk from quitting the place; for the vehemency of the storm, together with the length of the way she must go exposed to it, deterred her from the attempt; and she saw no other alternative but to explore the way from her present situation through the deserted apartments within, or to remain where she was till the storm abated: the mere suggestion of the first, inspiring so much terror, was sufficient, without considering other circumstances which might render it impracticable, to make the last preferable.

In the mean time she cast a fearful glance within; and, venturing to survey the place where she stood, perceived that it was a small spot, near the ceiling of a very lofty and
exten.

extensive apartment, to which she imagined a narrow winding flight of stairs, that the lightning discovered close to her, communicated. Looking over the marble balustrade, which closed one end of the spot where she was, upon the void below, she discerned a range of massy pillars, and a lofty arch, at the entrance of which appeared large iron gates of open work: the lightning, with repeated flashes, streaming through a lofty window at the upper end, and darting incessantly athwart the place, yielded light, which, though imperfect and momentary, was sufficient to discover the form of those things; and likewise of an altar-piece, from which, from the various images she beheld about, and from the sculpture on the roof, Juliet conjectured the place to have been the chapel of the castle.

Juliet had not remained many minutes in this state, when she thought she heard, between the claps of thunder, a low and hollow sound. Again the same sound reached her ear; and, in a few moments, a faint ray of light gleamed upon the pavement below, apparently proceeding from some passage directly beneath her. It grew stronger, and presently illuminated a considerable space. It moved forward, and Juliet beheld a tall figure, bearing a light, move slowly between the pillars. She watched its motions, till, coming to a particular spot, the light and figure vanished from her sight. The lightning glared with quicker and more powerful flashes; the whole place seemed illuminated; the thunder rolled more tremendously over the fabric, and the storm raged with redoubled violence. In vain did Juliet endeavour to shake off the impression the sight of this figure had left upon her mind; in spite of en-

deavour, superstitious horror gained fast upon her; and she thought the half-formed apprehensions she had felt when she entered here were now realised.

(To be continued.)

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from p. 19.)

FOR some time the countess had neglected to cultivate her musical and other ornamental talents, though she still occasionally exercised them for her amusement. She was perfectly well acquainted with the history of her family, and that of the country in which her relatives occupied a high station. She knew the names of all the knights who had rendered themselves illustrious by heroic exploits. The ladies of her time rarely possessed knowledge so extensive, and she was considered as an extraordinary woman; but those who were most frequently in her company, and her female attendants, conceived that she mingled somewhat of haughtiness with the dignity suitable to her rank. Elvige was as yet too young to make any observations on the character of the countess. She passed the greater part of her time with the women who waited on her; and was not permitted to come into the presence of her patroness without being called. She was rigorously restricted to the ceremonial prescribed by the distance between her and her mistress, and accustomed never to approach her but with the greatest respect. But Elvige, considering these duties as indispensable, fulfilled them with so good a grace, and showed so great a desire and so much assiduity to please, that the countess was perfectly

fectly well satisfied; and remarked with pleasure the expression of joy which shone in the charming countenance of the amiable child at the slightest mark of her favour.

The influence of the graces, and mildness of disposition, is powerful and universally felt; even pride itself cannot resist it. The countess was generous and good. Never were her benefactions solicited in vain. Her heart flew to anticipate distress; nor could she rest till she had lavished her bounty in its aid. She required only that it should never be forgotten, that she was of the blood of the princes of Toulouse, and that the greatest respect was due to her birth and rank. The behaviour of the young Elvige accorded so well with every thing the countess could require, or even wish, that the latter interested herself sincerely and warmly in her favour, and resolved to make her her daimel of honour.

Recollecting, therefore, how proper it was that the person she deigned to admit to the honour of her society should be embellished by elegant and ornamental accomplishments, she resolved that she would herself superintend her first attempts in the musical art. Want of practice rendered less lively and brilliant the first tones she drew from her harp; but her happy memory perfectly retained several songs which had been written in her honour, and especially the stanzas of the page, which had made a greater impression on her than any others. She had herself composed the accompaniments to them, noted them down with her own hand, and carefully preserved them. She always sung them with very apparent pleasure; and when her voice, becoming animated, gave a more tender or lively expression to some of the couplets, Elvige,

with all the innocence and simplicity of her age, would request her to repeat them; and this favour was never refused.

The delicate hand of the countess's youthful pupil learned with facility to draw forth soft and melodious sounds from her harp; and her flexible and sonorous voice, guided by an attentive and discriminating ear, readily imitated the accents she heard; and a few months were sufficient to convince the countess, that the daughter of Robert would one day equal herself in these accomplishments.

Though Fortune, in fact, had not placed Elvige on a throne, Nature had done every thing for her. The charms of her countenance, the elegance of her stature, the lightness and ease of her motions, and the regularity of her features, rendered it evident, that to the seductive attraction of grace she would soon add the commanding power of beauty.

Her lively and acute wit, her docility, her delicacy, the tears she shed when she heard the narrative of misfortune, and the animated smile of joy which illumined her countenance when it was in her power to bestow relief, were the certain indications that she would one day possess the most noble qualities of the mind and heart. Such was she, in fine, that the countess sometimes regretted, though secretly, that she was not her daughter. Enchanted with the progress her pupil made in music, she proceeded likewise to give her some idea of drawing; and the ingenious Elvige profited so readily by her lessons, that, in a short time, she equalled her instructress; and had no other resource to complete herself in the art but to imitate the works of nature. The flowers of the parterres in the castle-gardens supplied her

with models; and her productions of this kind were the prizes which Roger and Robert disputed with eager rivalry.

While every day added to the strength, the address, and the stature of the two youths, and adorned Elvige with new charms; Roger and Robert completed their eighteenth year. Elvige was in her sixteenth; and displayed such beauty, embellished by the accomplishments she had acquired, that the count and countess began to feel the necessity of changing the plan of education they had hitherto followed. The countess formally announced to the amiable Elvige, that she would deign to raise her to the rank of her damsel of honour. She would confide to no person but herself the important care of instructing her in the duties annexed to this station. Her principal lesson was a long and pompous enumeration of the rights and honours attached to high birth, and all the marks of respect which vassals owed to their lords. She did not attempt to conceal the immense distance which separated count Roger from the companion of his exercises. She intimated to her pupil that she must no longer treat them in the same manner; and that on all occasions she must only speak to the son of her lord with every expression of the greatest deference. This command gave Elvige no kind of uneasiness: it even appeared to her useless to lay on her an injunction to show respect to the amiable Roger. Her feeling and grateful heart saw in him the son and heir of her benefactors: to respect and admire him was with her a sentiment which every day acquired new strength; and her lips and her heart promised, without difficulty, to revere and be most faithfully attached to him.

If the changes which had taken place in the manner of treating Elvige made no disagreeable impression upon her, it was not so with Robert. He was soon compelled, painfully, to notice the wide distance which had suddenly interposed between himself and Roger. He was still permitted to participate in his exercises; but the first prize he gained, instead of its being accompanied by the caresses he had till then shared with his illustrious rival, he received *a present of some value*, with an assurance, that at all times his good conduct would be rewarded with *benefits* by his *generous* masters.

Robert attached value only to glory; his heart knew no other *benefit* than that of loving Roger, and being beloved by him. He blushed at hearing the promises made to him, and tears rushed into his eyes. But soon he resumed his courage, on reflecting that he should never be separated from his young master; that he should follow him to the wars, and that he might find an opportunity to obtain a death as glorious as that of his father. Consoled by this hope, his zeal only redoubled; he even resolved to dispute more ardently than ever the prizes which had in his eyes been deprived of all their charms, by being accompanied with gifts which he did not desire, though he did not dare to refuse.

Roger, too young, and still more too generous, to have pride, had given himself up, without reserve, to the friendship with which his companion had inspired him from his infancy. In youthful sports, in manly exercises, and martial encounters, he had ever found him his equal; and, displeased at the difference which he now saw was made between them, and impelled by his heart, and a sentiment which he
knew

knew not as yet to define, he carefully availed himself of every possible means to recompensate to Robert the preference given to himself, and the caresses which were no longer common to them both. His condescension, however, never proceeded so far as purposely to yield to his friend the palm in any contest. It was no longer the amiable Elvige who crowned the victor, but it was still she who gathered the flowers, who intertwined them into crowns; and it was always the works of her hands which were bestowed as prizes. Roger could no longer glance his eyes on the sister of his rival without experiencing an extreme agitation. When she was absent, he became uneasy and thoughtful, and sighed for the moment of her return. When she again appeared, he dared not lift his eyes to meet hers; and when he attempted to speak to her he felt his words expire on his lips. Sometimes when he was ready to spring cheerfully towards her, he suddenly felt himself restrained by an invincible timidity, and became as it were motionless. But he quickly regained his strength and activity when he was to dispute a prize which she had proposed. It was in vain, then, that Robert redoubled his efforts; he was most frequently overcome; and Roger, exulting in his success, flew to receive the prize, which he pressed to his heart, and wore on his head as his most valued ornament. Then would he hastily turn towards his friend, and with tender and generous emotion clasp him in his arms, endeavouring to console him by the warmest caresses for the advantage he had gained over him.

Robert, astonished so often to find in his antagonist a superiority of which he was very far from suspecting the cause, redoubled his

exertions to render his triumph more difficult. The victory was more obstinately disputed, and long remained uncertain. The number of prizes obtained now became more equal between them; and this generous emulation, in a short time, rendered each of them capable of successfully entering the lists with the most renowned knights.

While the young count, frequently silent and thoughtful, endeavoured to discover the cause of the uneasiness by which he was agitated; while his heart was disquieted at experiencing sentiments so novel and so forcible, the amiable Elvige abandoned herself without reserve to the impulses of gratitude towards her benefactors. The brilliant endowments of Roger made her annex the greatest pleasure to the duty of loving him; and, far from attempting to repress this inclination, she conceived that she only obeyed the injunction of the most indispensable of virtues, when she incessantly repeated, that she could never feel too much admiration and affection for him. But this innocent confidence was soon to disappear; a cruel light was about to illumine her mind and rend her heart.

(To be continued.)

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

WHEN I consider the very great importance of dress, and that in particular it is a substitute for merit, and an apology for the want of almost every qualification, I cannot but express my surprise that it has never been put under such wise and judicious regulations as may tend to its perfection, as well as to the security of the public in so essential

an article. Of the importance of dress we shall be fully convinced, if we consider that with some people it in a great measure constitutes what we call a gentleman or a lady; and with others it has altogether this effect, no attention whatsoever being paid to any other qualifications than what are external. Since this is the case, how comes it, I have often asked, that we intrust so important a care to the wisdom of mere mechanics, tailors, hair-dressers, mantua-makers, and milliners? This class of persons may be very honest in their way, and very useful in executing such orders as may be given to them; but I am persuaded it is too much to expect that they should also invent orders, as well as execute them, and make gentlemen as well as gentlemen's clothes.

In all arts and sciences there are some who invent, and some who execute. The former are the happy few who are blessed with original genius to make new discoveries; and the latter, by far the most numerous, are the laborious and industrious persons whose business it is to follow the plans which the others lay down. These parties never are allowed to interfere, for the best of all possible reasons. When the fine taste of a Wyatt has given the plan of a noble mansion, how ridiculous would it appear if the bricklayers and carpenters were allowed to make what alterations they pleased in it! But how much more ridiculous would it be, if, in building a palace, we should not consult a person of his taste and genius, but employ the first common bricklayer or carpenter that came in our way; and that merely because we saw them employed in mixing mortar or sawing wood! Yet, where such a fine piece of mechanism is to be made as a *lady* or *gentleman*, we are

not afraid to employ the first tailor or mantua-maker that may be nearest to us, without once considering whether they have much more genius than the tools they work with.

But further, if dress be of the great importance to the nation that I have stated; if without it we should be a nation of clowns and bumpkins, instead of fine ladies and gentlemen (and that this is the case, I presume, no person can deny), ought not so great a concern to be established upon certain fixed principles and laws, that we may not lie at the mercy of people, who have, perchance, very little skill and ability? In matters of finance, what should we think of a chancellor of the exchequer, who, desirous to raise a sum of money, should say to the collectors, the custom-house officers, the excise-officers, or common tax-gatherers: "Go and take from each person what you think fit, or what you please;" and should not lay down a fixed mode of assessing each person according to his dealings in the article to be taxed? This you will allow would be very absurd; but pray, what is it that relieves us from this absurdity, and all the mischief and confusion it would create? It is placing the affair under the controul of a committee of sensible and judicious persons, who know how to accommodate the tax to the general convenience as well as the general good. In a word, it is to our having a parliament to superintend such important national concerns, that we are indebted for their being so excellently well managed.

Profiting by these hints, my idea is to propose that a parliament should be summoned for the express purpose of weighing and considering all the grave and important matters of dress. In this, not a

cap, not a ribband, a button, nor a button-hole, should be allowed to pass without having gone through all the regular forms of first, second, and third reading; with solemn debates from time to time, and suitable amendments, &c. After the bill enacting a coat or a gown of such a particular description had passed, the tailors and mantua-makers might then proceed according to law, and make up the same for their customers. Nor would this be any injury to them, by not giving play to their ingenuity. Far from it; they might still be rivals, and a good tailor distinguished from a bad one. For, as one man understands a law more readily and better than another, so, of two tailors who have the same kind of coat to make, one may make it a great deal more readily and substantial than the other. Add to this, that some would always have the advantage over others in the goodness of the materials, and some in expedition.

It may be a question with my readers, of what description of persons this parliament should be composed. In the first place, then, I think it ought to be a rule that no person should be eligible to sit in it who has a seat in the other parliament. The duties of these two are incompatible. It would be truly ridiculous to combine them; and I humbly apprehend they might exist together without any jealousy of each other's fame. A man may be a very good judge of the shape of a coat, who would make but a sorry figure in a debate upon the army estimates; and, on the other hand, one who has made a most brilliant speech on the probable extent and duration of the war, would not envy him who has gained a proportional degree of fame from an harangue on the length or breadth of

a sash. It would besides be highly improper that the same persons should legislate for both. A man, whose gravity and depth of wisdom had been employed in a committee upon a pair of new pantaloons, would have very little left to bestow on the state of the navy; and he who had sat for hours on the propriety of taking away or adding lap-pels to his waistcoat, might probably not be able immediately to divert his thoughts to foreign-affairs. The same genius would not serve to deliberate on a tax, and on a new collar, or to propose an amendment in a negotiation and a neckcloth.

Secondly, having now stated who ought not to sit in this parliament, I beg leave to propose who should. It should then be composed of two houses, equivalent to lords and commons; the former elected for life, and the honour made hereditary in their families; all of whom should live in the fashionable squares at the west end of the town. No person whatever, although living in those squares, ought to be eligible, if it can be proved that he possesses, or has possessed within three calendar months, previous to the period of election, a counting-house, warehouse, or house of business, within the city of London, or the liberties thereof. Nevertheless, the said person, or any citizen of London, should be eligible to sit in the lower-house, which ought to consist of such persons in middling life, that all classes of it may be represented.

A parliament thus constituted, would soon have sufficient business to employ one week in each month to enact laws for the remainder of the said month. Their controul should be over every article whatsoever that makes any part of dress; or, in other words, that constitutes a lady or gentleman. But it may be expected that the *ladies* ought to

be eligible to sit in this parliament. I have foreseen this, and provided accordingly. It is not my plan that they should be members of parliament, lest the debates might be carried to an inconvenient length; but I propose, as our constitution consists at present of the two houses only, that a certain number of ladies of the first taste, *ton*, and fashion, shall be selected for a *privy-council*, to consider of all the bills passed by the two houses; and that one of their number shall be elected monthly, as the *executive power*, to give the assent to such bills, constituting them thereby laws. I trust, therefore, that by this regulation I have fully provided for the dignity and honour of the sex, by placing them at the very top of the fashion.

If such a plan as I have now laid down had been carried into execution some years ago, our manufacture of ladies and gentlemen would have been greatly improved. We should not have seen, at one time, the whole female sex in a state of pregnancy; nor all the gentlemen of London with their necks swathed, as if poultices had been applied to them. These absurdities would at once have been rejected, and the human shape regularly repaired and amended by act of parliament. It would not have been the fashion at one time to be blind, and at another time to be lame. Matters would not have been one day concealed from the most prying eyes, and the next exposed to the inspection of the blindest beholder. And permit me to add, that black wigs would not, perhaps, have been thought an improvement of fair faces; and, as no *half-measures* would have been permitted in such a parliament, I have my doubts whether *Spencers* would not have been prohibited, as an infringement on great coats.

I am, sir, &c.

A GENTLEMAN.

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR. N^o II.

On the ARTS and SCIENCES.

WHETHER the arts and sciences have been of more prejudice or benefit to mankind, is a question to which the attention of many philosophers has long been directed.—Those who argue for their advantages, endeavour to substantiate their universal utility, and the unquestionable benefits they afford to society, from the impossibility of a numerous class of civilised beings obtaining the means of subsistence in a small and confined tract of country when destitute of them.—This position affords the polemic, in no inconsiderable degree, a wide field of controversial argument; and it may with undoubted precision be maintained, from the pleasure attending the acquisition, and the eminent influence science displays in the promotion and ascendancy of practical morality. While other philosophers, of the opposite opinion, rest the proof of their argument on the evidence which inhabitants of uncultivated lands exhibit of felicity and rustic innocence, though devoid of the advantages learning most unquestionably confers; enumerating, at the same time, the vicious enormities of polished society; commenting, with a degree of enlargement by no means admissible, upon the oppression, the barbarity, and the sanguinary struggles that must inevitably precede a civilised league; and pressing, in the language of modern sophistry, the equiformity of situations in a state of barbarism as more eligible than the usurped subordination of a more polished European government. This controversy has given unbounded scope to the indolent sallies of superficial speculation; and has been maintained with more elaborate, if not,

not, perhaps, unqualified ardour, than cool reasoning or philosophical sagacity. The part of mankind who are of opinion that the sciences are of infinite advantage to a polished nation are indubitably accurate in their judgments; and those who, on the other hand, depicture savages inhabiting desert wilds as fully happy without them are equally so. But when the former contend that the liberal arts would be the most prominent and *universal good* to the solitary barbarian in a desolate wilderness, in as much because they are truly conducive to the welfare and happiness of the native of a populous city; or the latter, warped by prejudice, and deaf to the evidence of reason, insist that the total disregard and neglect of them would materially benefit mankind, and therefore would banish them as well from polite and crowded states as from the inhabitants of a dreary waste,—they both labour under the most glaring misconception; since that learning and culture of the rational faculties, whence we derive those mental acquisitions which spontaneously produce

“The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,”

and constitute the *summum bonum* of an enlightened European, would be little otherwise than a misery, and always subject to a vacuity the bosom of a tenant of an Asiatic wilderness.

So much premised, let us for a moment transport our imagination to the uncivilised parts of the globe. There let us view the precarious native, destitute of every superfluity, yet as fond of ease, comfort, and happiness, as the most refined human being. We must suppose the earth lies barren and uncultivated for miles around him, and, of course, that he will prefer hunting to the fatigue (admitting him to possess a know-

ledge of agriculture) which might enable him to obtain subsistence for himself and family. And it is certain, we may conclude, he will rather adhere to this mode of living for two strong and cogent reasons: the one, because it is obtained with less labour and weariness to himself than the cultivation of land; and the other, because his present food is more natural, and consequently more congenial to his palate.—Hence, then, instinct and reason induce him to give a decided preference in favour of an easy, though uncertain luxury, compared with a life, which, while demanding more exertion and labour, would amply counterbalance both, by the permanent resources it affords.—It is obvious, that the conviction of his preferable ease and felicity will influence him to persevere in his natural barbarism. It should seem, also, that the sciences would avail him but little in the regulation of his conduct; as, in fact, on an investigation, they would become the objects of his disgust. Reason very justly demonstrates, that, before an art or pursuit becomes a *desideratum*, it must first attract and interest our curiosity, and then our rational faculties may undergo the voluntary fatigue of exploring its source and effect. The appearances exciting our attention, for the most part, arise from experience and minute investigation; and these, in great measure, generate from education and an intimate knowledge of different countries. But few are the objects that present themselves to the view of the solitary barbarian, and fewer still that attract his regard. The only affairs that prompt his concern are, the food his snare or bow affords him, or the humble hovel he constructs.

Pleasurable gratification adds impulse to curiosity; and, without it

it, few objects become the height of our ambition, the summit of our wishes, or the requiem of our necessities. The enjoyment of a favourite object prompts our desires, and rouses our passions in the pursuit. Hence, as our enjoyments increase, so progressively will our scientific researches extend. But among those who inhabit a desert, a wilderness, or those countries where almost every enjoyment is wanting, reason seems to have lost her stimulus, and sense appears smothered by ignorance and inactivity. Here, then, speculation would become the superficial business of fools, and the image it forms would alone be its reward. Thus far the unlettered savage is wisely judicious, in not wasting his time in the pursuit of those attainments which neither nature urges, nor gratification impels him to desire. He is perfectly content in the knowledge of the few circumstances that promote his own happiness; and this knowledge, though circumscribed within narrow limits, might, by a further extension, render him the victim of misery, in as much as it would tend to throw a beam of light on his own rude situation, and, showing its misery, create disgust and uneasiness, without suggesting a guidance to direct him to avoid it. Ignorance may be justly defined the palladium and basis of a poor man's happiness; and hence it should appear, to disseminate the sciences among a barbarous people would so far prove of mischievous consequences, that it would plunge them into a state of wretchedness nature never intended them.— Thus then it is, without hesitation, admitted, a life of simplicity is best calculated for a solitary state.

Now, on the contrary, in a country where the inhabitants are numerous and civilised, the sciences are not only a necessary acquisition, but

of immediate utility; and, indeed, so far from flourishing, such a country could scarcely subsist without them; for it is notorious, that the arts are not only intended to instruct men to produce the greatest possible advantages from a small and limited possession, but to curb them within the boundaries of a prescribed enjoyment.

HENRY FRANCES.

February, 1801.

*IDDA of TOKENBURG ; or,
the FORCE of JEALOUSY.*

(Continued from p. 34.)

THE young count Henry of Tokenburg, the friend and ally of the father of Idda, had frequently been at Kirchberg, but had never seen the beautiful Idda, of whom all the attendants of her father's court spoke with ardent admiration.—Curiosity prompted him to endeavour to obtain a sight of this lovely but reserved maiden. He therefore assumed the habit of a pilgrim, put on a long false-beard, stained his countenance of a pale hue, and, taking his harp, on which he could play exquisitely, went to the castle of his friend, the baron of Kirchberg. There he sat himself down on the pilgrim's-seat, and sang to his harp. He was soon surrounded by the attendants of the castle, who listened with admiration to his melodious voice, and his matchless performance on his instrument; but he saw not yet the beautiful Idda. He then proceeded to relate to his wondering auditors an invented story of the dangers he had encountered, and the sufferings he had endured. All listened to his tale of woe with moistened eyes, and all offered charitable relief to the unfortunate wanderer.

Now

"Now came likewise Idda, not attracted by his melodious song, but by his misfortunes, concerning which she questioned him with a commiserating and soothing voice. The brave count, at the sight of so much beauty, became confused and silent. He accepted from the hands of Idda a noble gift, and received at the same time in his heart one of the most ardent arrows of love.

"A few days after he returned to Kirchberg in his real character. In a confidential interview, he discovered to the father of Idda his passion for his daughter, the artifice by which he had obtained a sight of her, and his eager wish that he might be deemed worthy to obtain her hand. The baron conducted the manly and accomplished youth to the apartment of Idda. "I bring you," said he, "my daughter, the aged pilgrim, at the story of whose misfortunes you shed so many tears. He may now try the experiment whether in his real person he can make a similar impression on you. He is count Henry of Tokenburg."

"Still more silent and more confused than when he first beheld the beauteous Idda, stood now the count before the lovely maiden.—With looks expressive of the tenderest love and respect, he at length entreated that he might be permitted sometimes to see her, and Idda granted his request. Soon they saw each other every day; and their interviews produced in the heart of Idda friendship, which ripened into confidence, and at length became love. Henry solicited the invaluable gift of her hand and her heart. She replied as became a modest maiden, according to the manners of her time; but a delicate blush, a tender trepidation, and a gentle sigh, discovered sufficiently her true meaning.

"During a whole year count Hen-

ry solicited the hand of Idda; her heart he had before. At length her father gave his consent, and she surrendered her maiden lips to the kiss of love imprinted on them by the ardent youth. He was ready to expire with ecstasy; for see, Julia, see, when that beauty lived!—

"The count now took his beauteous affianced bride home to his court on a visit. There she now, for the first time, made her appearance among the knights; and you may easily conceive how soon and how eagerly the more youthful among them pressed around her. She perceived without attending to their assiduities; for her whole heart was devoted to her Henry. The fervid glances of the admiring knights never excited the least emotion of vanity in her modest heart, and yet was count Henry jealous."

"Jealous! How could that be possible?"

"The manners of those times were licentious, and from the females whom he had known he drew his conclusions respecting Idda.—In fine, he was jealous. Every friendly glance which Idda might cast on a knight, every smile, every word she addressed to another, though she could not avoid uttering it, drew on her the distrust of her lord. He at length avowed suspicion in strong and even harsh terms; and Idda returned to the solitary castle of her father, sooner than perhaps Henry himself might have wished her."

"To remove, no doubt, every cause for jealousy. Good and amiable woman!"

"Hear now, Julia, what followed. The father of Idda was engaged in a fierce contest with the count of Kiburg. There had long been a deadly feud between their two houses, which had descended from father to son for several generations.

rations. There was likewise an ancient animosity between the counts of Kiburg and the house of Tokenburg, which was in strict alliance with that of Kirchberg. Various circumstances had increased this animosity into violent enmity, and the three families had mutually sworn the death and destruction of each other. Their martial bands were drawn up in array; and the young count Kiburg, the only son of his house, was at the head of his father's troops. In a battle which ensued, he was separated from his followers. The father and lover of Idda came upon him as he attempted to climb a steep rock, and bade him surrender; but the young count bravely drew his sword, resolved to defend himself to the last extremity, and, after a long conflict with his two antagonists, fell beneath their repeated blows.

"Think, Julia, what must have been the grief, the despair, the fury of the father of the youth, when he learned that his only son, the hope of his old-age, the heir of his name, the pride of Kiburg, had fallen by the hands of his bitterest enemies. The aged warrior shed no tears, but frankly leaped up, called for his arms, and swore the most terrible oath, that he would never lay aside his sword till he had washed his hands in the blood of his enemies! and all related to or in alliance with them. His rage seemed to alleviate his grief, and the hope of vengeance to soothe in some degree the painful sense of his loss. He could find no time to shed tears, while those who had deprived his son of life yet lived and enjoyed the light of day. His grief was changed into a determined resolution to take vengeance, which alone occupied all his thoughts.—It seemed as if the youthful strength of his son had been suddenly super-

added to the judgment and experience of his old-age.

"The baron of Kirchberg and his affianced son-in-law heard of the formidable preparations which the aged knight was making against them, and laughed in the pride of self-confidence. Idda alone, the gentle Idda, was alarmed at the vindictive rage of the unhappy father of Kiburg. She was incessantly bathed in tears, for terrifying dreams and fearful forebodings haunted her both sleeping and waking.

"When the day arrived on which her father and the count were to leave her, and take the field against their enraged and implacable enemy, Idda, dissolved in tears, with difficulty suffered her Henry to tear himself from her arms, and after his departure the count still heard her loud lamentations, the voice of love, and his noblest triumph.

"They left the inconsolable Idda within the strong bulwarks of the castle, and marched to meet the troops of their enemy. Their attack was vigorous, but still more furious the opposition they encountered. The aged Kiburg showed himself every where like an avenging angel, and his sword cut through the thickest ranks. "Kirchberg!" exclaimed he—"Tokenburg! where are ye, ye murderers of my son?"—At length he fell in with the young count Tokenburg. "Now," said he, "either you or I must fall!" and furiously brandished his glittering sword. Tokenburg, who had never known fear, now trembled, impressed with the imagination that he saw the bleeding shade of the son hovering round and protecting the aged father. Cautiously and feebly fought the young count, while the thirst of revenge nerved the arm of the old warrior with new vigour. His sword alighted on the helm of Tokenburg, who staggered, stunned but

but not wounded. "Vengeance! My son!" exclaimed the aged knight. He discharged another blow, and Tokenburg fell powerless from his horse. "Take him!" exclaimed Kiburg to his followers. "Your heads shall answer for him. Away! Carry him to Kirchberg. Now gracious Heaven give into my hands the other murderer!"—He said, and sprang forwards to seek the father of Idda.

"After the fall of Tokenburg his troops fled. Kirchberg had already been wounded in the beginning of the battle, and obliged to retire from the field. His flying squadrons hastened to him with intelligence that count Henry was taken prisoner. "Taken prisoner!" exclaimed he, and, seizing his helmet, mounted his horse to return to the field; but the pursuing foe drove all before them, and he was obliged to retire for safety to the heights.

"He was now no longer able to keep the open country, and returned with his troops to Kirchberg; but before he arrived there, he strictly forbade all his followers to mention that count Henry was made prisoner. When he approached the castle, Idda came forth to meet him; but when she saw that he was alone, and that her beloved Henry was not with him, she turned, and fainting sank in her father's arms. A false assurance that the count was well, dissipated, in some degree, her alarm; but she still lamented that he should continue so long absent. Some days after, while she was with her father, again inquiring and again receiving assurance that her lover was neither killed nor wounded, the door of the hall opened, and a messenger in the livery of Kiburg entered.

"Count Kiburg," exclaimed he, "has directed me to inform you, knight Kirchberg, that seven days

hence he will hold a criminal court on count Henry of Tokenburg.—On the grave of his murdered son shall count Tokenburg lose his life by the hand of the executioner, to avenge the blood of the young count of Kiburg."

"Baron Kirchberg answered not a word, but clasped his daughter, who, with a piercing shriek, sank in his arms. After waiting a long time, the messenger at length asked, "What answer shall I carry back to count Kiburg?" The haughty spirit of the baron now yielded to his feelings: he burst into tears, and said, "Describe to count Kiburg the scene you have witnessed; and entreat him, in my name, to have commiseration on an unhappy father!"

"The messenger departed, with eyes filled with tears of compassion."

"O, Clara! The unhappy Idda! What said she? What did she?"

"What could she do but weep and lament? She seemed continually to have before her eyes the dreadful grave, her beloved Henry kneeling near it, and the executioner drawing his sword. Vain were all attempts to comfort her; she passed from one fainting fit to another; and, as often as she recovered from them, would exclaim, "Seven days hence!" Her wretched father shut himself up in his most secret apartment, and would speak to no person. He considered his Idda as devoted to death, and resolved at least to have the sad consolation not to see her die. Thus for two days were their hearts a prey to unutterable anguish. On the third, the monk of the castle said to Idda, "Of what avail is lamentation, my daughter? Let us act. We cannot deliver him; let us pray for him!" The words *let us act* sank into the mind of Idda: she looked wildly on the monk, and said, "Yes,

we must act!" She retired to her chamber, sat down in deep thought, then hastily rose, and walked forwards and backwards in violent agitation. "Let us act! Yes; let us act!" exclaimed she repeatedly. The next day she sat absorbed in silent thought, while her eyes wildly rolled. Sometimes she laughed, and sometimes she wrung her hands. About noon she rose, threw over her a large veil, wrapped herself in a wide cloak, and left the castle with hasty steps.

"It was supposed that she was gone to walk in the garden, as was frequently her custom:—but she went firmly determined to die with her Henry, or deliver him, and took the road towards Kiburg. Late in the evening she arrived in the vicinity of the castle, and, inquiring of a peasant, was told the sad story of the approaching death of the young count Tokenburg, who was then confined in the vaulted dungeon under the strong tower. She heard the account without betraying any emotion, and asked the peasant to show her the tower. He accompanied her along a rocky path that led to a place whence it was to be seen, and afterwards she continued her journey alone. The guards, who sat by a fire among some ruins in front of the tower, arose to show respect as she approached, for there was something in her air majestic and celestial.

"She threw back the veil which covered her countenance, and the rough soldiers surveyed her beauty with astonishment. "Ye are men," said she, in a voice indescribably tender and persuasive. "I am most unfortunate; but, thank Heaven, ye are men! My wretchedness is so vast, so dreadful, that I envy your prisoner the death that awaits him." The guards looked on her amazed and confounded, as if they

had seen a ghost. "What do you ask of us, noble lady?" at length said one of them.

"Your prisoner," said she, in a tone that made its way to the heart, "is count Henry of Tokenburg, a noble and innocent man. I do not ask you to permit his escape; that must you not, that can you not: it were contrary to your oath. But grant me what you may, and what you can, and God shall reward you at the day of general judgment."

"What do you require of us?" exclaimed they all. "If it is in our power, we will most willingly serve you."

"First learn who I am.—I am Idda of Tokenburg, the affianced bride of the count your prisoner."—The guards surveyed her with astonishment, and the tears of pity bedewed their eyes. "It is the beautiful, the good, the benevolent Idda!" whispered some among them. "May Heaven have compassion on her misfortunes!" said others. "If you have pity on me," answered she, "Heaven has.—Yes; I am the unfortunate Idda; the bride of the man who four days hence will stand before the judgment-seat of Heaven, and fearfully complain of you as his murderers, if you refuse him this last act of compassion, and thus heighten the suffering of death into unutterable anguish."

"We, noble lady, are not his enemies: you should have heard the conversation that we had with him almost immediately before you came. We all pity him."

"Then will you not refuse me my request. Know, then, that in one of those happy hours when Henry was with me, as he pressed my hand and I his—for, ah! you conceive not how I love him and how he loves me—we talked of the uncertainty of human life and all
human

human happiness. 'Idda,' said the count to me, 'we will love each other till death, come when it may.' You see, my friends, that he seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching fate,—We agreed that when one of us should be near to death the other should come to see him or her once more, though the journey were to be made to the extremity of the earth. This we promised to each other, and solemnly bound ourselves to perform by the most religious obligations. I know that he must die; but he cannot die in peace unless I once more see him; nor can I die in peace unless I fulfill my sacred promise.—Suffer me to be with him during a single hour. This you can, this you may do. Refuse not this request of the unfortunate Idda: your refusal would break both his heart and mine, and we should become your accusers on the day when men shall answer for unnecessary cruelty."

"You easily perceive, Julia, that the guards, already inclined as they were to pity, could not refuse this earnest entreaty. At first, indeed, they made some objections, but the eloquence of Idda soon removed them all. They opened the door of a tower, and lighted a lamp.—One of them now conducted the unhappy Idda down a steep staircase, at the bottom of which he opened again an iron-door, whence she proceeded through some long subterranean vaults till at length she came to the narrow and low entrance of a dungeon. "The comfort of Heaven go with you!" exclaimed the keeper, as he unlocked the door, and let Idda enter.

(To be continued.)

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

TO praise a bad action is to commit it. He who speaks, sows; he who listens, reaps.

With time and patience, the leaves of the mulberry-tree become satin.

There is no man free, but he who is governed by reason.

Such is the injustice of men, that they punish as a crime even the attempt to please them when it does not succeed.

To weep with those we love, is the resource of the oppressed.

Pleasures are like perfumes, injurious when used to excess.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

A Very rich veil, white ostrich feathers, and the hair dressed *à la Grecque*, or *à la Hollandaise*, compose now the prevailing head-dresses for full dress. On common occasions the usual dress is a black velvet hat, without feathers, and with a large oval steel buckle in front: frequently it has a velvet band instead of ribands. We see likewise black hats spotted with green. *Capotes* of rose and white satin are much in vogue, ornamented with steel pearls and an *esprit*. Within these few days plumets of white herons' feathers, with two very small ostriches' feathers at the bottom, have been worn. These plumets are only half the height of the *esprits*. Many ladies wear over their dressed hair a diadem of foliage or diamonds.

The ball dresses have applications of satin, and flowers in feathers.—The flowers and lace of the rose-coloured dress represented in the engraving are of satin *appliqued*.

The ribands in vogue are clouded or spotted, and have the ends cut in lozenges. The red poppy is the prevailing colour for ribands.

White shoes are worn, with a small branch or some kind of figure embroidered in silver.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE TO WINTER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

WHEN first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heav'nly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four (the Seasons) flew:
First, in green apparel dancing,
Smil'd the Spring with angel face;
Rosy Summer next advancing
Rush'd into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her
keep

Forever nearest to his smiles—
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
Or India's citron-cover'd isles,
More remote and buxom brown
The queen of vintage bow'd before
his throne:
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren Darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Oden
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when down the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native storm,
Doff'ring Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form;
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to the
northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield!

O, sire of Storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Phrensy, with her blood-shot
eye,

Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel power of desolation,
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my pray'r,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;

Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;
To shivering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease
to lend,

And mildly on the orphan head
Of Innocence descend!

But chiefly spare, O king of Clouds,
The sailor on his airy shrouds—
When wrecks and beacons strew the
steep,

And spectres walk along the deep;
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Breathe on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's bright billow
freezes,

Where the dark-brown Danube roars!
O, winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan?
Or start ye, dæmons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than
your own?

Alas! e'en your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low:
But man will ask no truce to Death—
No bound to human woe!

SONGS in the new COMIC OPERA
of "THE VETERAN TAR."SONG.—*Cicely.*

WHEN storms are sunk to rest,
And thunders roll no more,
The sailor's heart how blest,
Who seeks his native shore!
That shore, where many a fair
His cheering spirit warms:
All crowd his smiles to share—
Snug moorings follow storms.
Then rage, ye faithless winds,
Ye foaming billows, roar;
The tar a welcome finds
Upon his native shore.
Though tempest-tost at sea,
Ashore affection warms;
All sailors' creeds agree—
Snug moorings follow storms.

SONG.—

SONG.—*Lisetta.*

THE sailor who ploughs the salt wave,
 Far absent from love and from home,
 Though he fears not a watery grave,
 Yet he sighs from his charmer to
 roam.
 Though the tempest howl loud o'er the
 main, [roar,
 Yet he fears not the wind's dreadful
 For those winds will soon waft him again
 To the arms of his Nancy ashore.

PLEASURE AND HOPE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SEGUR.]

WOULDEST thou the fondest bliss
 receive [gain?—

From fav'ring Love that man can
 'Tis in the female bosom's heave,
 That softly says—"I love again!"
 From lips that no deceit employ
 Steals in a sigh (the sweet confes-
 sion!),
 And, in the hope of promis'd joy,
 Gives more than pleasure in posses-
 sion!

How virtuous Shame, Love's empire
 owning,

Then gently sheds the modest tear,
 That, far from virgin honour drown-
 ing,

Bids it an added lustre wear!

How sweet the silent calm that reigns,
 When thus obtain'd th' avowal
 sought!—

No vent'rous word that bliss explains,
 The hope of which allumes the
 thought!

Love, when the soft confession's caught,
 Too soon the voice of Prudence hates:
 That, whelm'd beneath the madd'ning
 draught

In phrensied bliss evaporates!

Ye fair who own Love's potent sway,
 With cautious fear your bosoms ope;
 On Pleasure's wing he hastes away,
 If Pleasure follows close on Hope!

Son to the powerful god of arms,
 His force must from resistance grow;
 Plunge him in Pleasure's downy
 charms,

His drooping torch will cease to glow:
 Beneath Enjoyment's flow'ry bed
 Oft lies the grave of fond desires;
 Oft, when on Pleasure's bosom spread,
 We feel regret that Hope expires!

THE NAME UNKNOWN.

*Imitated from KLOPSTOCK'S Ode to his
 Future Love.*

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. Au-
 thor of "*The Pleasures of Hope*."

PROPHETIC Pencil, wilt thou trace
 A faithful image of the face:

Or, wilt thou write the *Name Un-
 known*
 Ordain'd to rule my charmed soul,
 And all my future fate controul
 Unrivall'd and alone?

Delicious idol of my thought,
 Tho' sylph or spirit never taught
 My boding heart thy precious name;
 Yet, musing on my distant fate,
 To charms unseen I consecrate
 A visionary flame!

Thy rosy blush and meaning eye,
 Thy virgin voice of melody
 Are ever present to my heart;
 Thy murmur'd vows shall yet be mine,
 My thrilling hand shall meet with
 thine,
 And never—never part!

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing,
 Till love the viewless treasure bring;
 While I, like conscious Athens, own
 A power in mystic silence seal'd,
 A guardian angel unreveal'd—
 And bless the *Name Unknown*!

TO A LADY

WHO ASKED WHERE THE HEART IS.

'TIS surely at my fingers' end,
 Whene'er I touch that velvet skin;
 And when my lips to thine I bend,
 It flies, and quickly throbs between.

'Tis in my gestures, when a sigh
 Or happy transport they explain;
 And when with love of thee I die,
 Distinct it beats thro' ev'ry vein.

The heart, most strange, it would ap-
 pear,

Fix'd, and yet ev'ry where to find;
 'Tis in the heels of those who fear—
 To gold a miser's is confin'd.

The glutton's in dull sense lies dead;
 The drunkard's lives but in his wine;
 The suitor's oft is in his head,
 And well conceals the deep design.
 F.

LINES

PRESENTED TO MISS W****, AN
AMIALE YOUNG LADY OF LAN-
CASTER.

CAN I seize a better time
To hitch my Ellen into rhyme,
When ev'ry village songster woos,
Assisted by some willing Muse?
Muses, avaunt! I'd have you know it,
My Ellen can inspire a poet.
You have magic in your tongue,
That adds to dignity, to song:
You have grandeur in your eye,
That raises pow'rful fancy high:
You have archness in your mien,
That makes the poet's numbers keen.
Sweetness beams in every feature
Of you, sweet favourite of Nature:
That sweetness melts to love the mind;
Then is not Ellen wondrous kind?
O! might I live to see you blest,
And by a husband fond caress!
Endear'd to all the country round!
Your home a perfect fairy ground;
Where Peace and Love and Concord
dwell in;
Or, in a word, where lives fair Ellen!
O! might I live to see you mine,
Who now remain Your *Valentine*.
LANCASTRIENSIS.
St. Valentine's-day, Feb. 14, 1801.

TRANSLATION OF AN ODE OF
ANACREON.

BY the women I am told,
"O, Anacreon, thou art old!
Take a glass, thy head survey:
Are not all thy ringlets grey?
Is not all thy forehead bare;
Wrinkled, and depriv'd of hair?"
What care I if this be true?
If my locks be grey and few,
More we should indulge in play;
Spend in sports the fleeting day.
Nearer we approach to death,
More we should enjoy our breath!

FATHERLESS FANNY.

A Ballad.

By Mrs. OPIE.

KEEN and cold is the blast loudly
whistling around, [upon me;
As cold as the lips that once smil'd

And unyielding, alas! as this hard-
frozen ground, [to be.
The arms once so ready my shelter
Both my parents are dead, and few
friends I can boast, [if any;
But few to console and to love me,
And my gains are so small, a bare pit-
tance almost [Fanny.
Repays the exertions of fatherless
Once, indeed, I with pleasure and pa-
tience could toil,
But 'twas when my parents sat by
and approv'd!
Then my laces to sell I went out with
a smile,
Because my fatigue fed the parents
I lov'd.
And at night, when I brought them
my hardly-earn'd gains,
Though small they might be, still
my comforts were many;
For my mother's fond blessing re-
warded my pains,
My father stood watching to wel-
come his Fanny.
But, ah! now that I work by their
presence uncheer'd,
I feel 'tis a hardship, indeed, to be
poor;
While I shrink from fatigue, now no
longer endear'd,
And sigh as I knock at the wealthy
man's door.
Then, alas! when at night I return to
my home,
No longer I boast that my comforts
are many;
To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I
come,
Where no one exclaims, "Thou
art welcome, my Fanny!"
That, that is the pang! Want and toil
would impart
No pang to my breast, if kind friends
I could see;
For the wealth I require is that of the
heart,
The smiles of affection are riches to
me.
Then, in pity, ye rich, when to you I
apply
To purchase my goods, though you
do not buy any,
With the accents of kindness O deign
to deny,
You'll comfort the heart of poor
fatherless Fanny.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersburgh, December 18.

THE convention between the neutral powers was signed the day before yesterday, the 16th inst. by the ministers of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. The next day, the 17th, it was signed by the minister of Prussia, as an acceding party.

Inspruck, January 7. The Austrian head-quarters are now breaking up from this city. We have just received some very disagreeable accounts.—General Brune, in conjunction with general Macdonald, has penetrated to Verona, and heavily cannonaded that city for some hours. The French have also advanced beyond Alto, the first post-town of the Tyrol, and are already at Roveredo.

Vienna, Jan. 10. The appointment of field-marshal the archduke Charles, to be Imperial and royal field-marshal, and president of the Aulic council, has occasioned the greatest joy in the chanceries and departments, as well as to the public in general. The whole military force is now entrusted, without limitation or controul, to this beloved and honoured hero.

The extraordinary fortifications of Vienna and the suburbs, which had been begun, are now intermitted; and the volunteers raised by the general levy have returned home. The establishing of magazines, and the sending of transports of artillery to Hungary, still continue.

The conclusion of an armistice in Italy is still delayed, and, as late as the 4th it was not regulated and announced to the army.

In Bulgaria a bloody battle was fought on the 29th of December, between Paswan Oglou and the pacha of Romelia, in which the latter was defeated.

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Hamburgh, Jan. 16. The following article appears in our gazette, the *Correspondenten*. It is said to be taken from the *Petersburgh Court-gazette* of December 30.

“It is said that his majesty the emperor, seeing that the powers of Europe cannot agree, and wishing to terminate a war which has raged eleven years, intends to propose a place, where he will invite all other potentates, to fight with them in barriers closed up; for which purpose they are to bring with them their most enlightened ministers and most skilful generals, as squires, umpires, and heralds; such as Thugut, Pitt, and Bernstorff; that he himself intends to have count Vonder Pahlen and Kutusow on his side. It is not known whether this rumour is to be depended upon; meanwhile it does not seem to be altogether without foundation, as it bears the mark of what has often been imputed to him.”

Berlin, Jan. 17. The terms in which lord Grenville replied to count Rotopschin, the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, in answer to his representations respecting the capture of Malta, are stated to be in substance as follow:

“That all explanations asked by Russia were useless, as the court of London was under the necessity of insisting on the embargo and the sequestration imposed by the emperor Paul being taken off, and upon indemnity for what had passed; that the convention relative to Malta, the execution of which was demanded by the court of Petersburgh, was merely a plan submitted by that court to the British administration, in answer to which they had sent back their plan; but before the cabinet of London had sent their answer, the court of Peters-

P

burgh

burgh had dismissed their ambassador lord Whitworth: that the negotiations of the court of Petersburg to organise an armed neutrality by sea had made the greater impression on the court of London, because Russia had proposed to Great Britain to prevent, in conjunction with her, the contraband trade which was carried on with France under Danish and Swedish colours: that if a good understanding were to take place between the two courts, the first measure to be taken would be the re-establishment of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and the mutual interchange of new ambassadors, to be brought about by the mediation of a neutral court friendly to both powers."

Paris, Jan. 22. A Russian officer arrived here on the 20th at seven in the morning. He immediately proceeded to the minister for foreign affairs, who conducted him to Malmaison, and presented him to the first consul, to whom he delivered a letter from his majesty the emperor of Russia. This officer left St. Petersburg seventeen days ago.

The minister of marine sent off yesterday couriers, at four in the morning, to all the ports of the republic, to make known to the neutral ships which are there the order given by the king of England on the 14th of January.—Couriers were also sent off for the same purpose to Spain and Italy.

The first consul has appointed Chaptal minister of the interior.—He had previously held the office *ad interim*.

25. An armistice was concluded at Treviso, on the 26th Nivose (Jan. 16), between general Brune and general Bellegarde. The Austrians have evacuated all the country on this side the Tagliamento. General Oudinot, chief of the general staff, has set out from Treviso, in order to bring to Paris the conditions of the armistice.

27. We learn, that, by the armistice concluded in Italy, Mantua remains blockaded by the French troops. The other places in Italy are surrendered to France. The Tagliamento forms the line of demarcation between the two armies.

31. It is said, that the minister of

the interior has ordered citizen Moreau, architect, to erect the model of the national column on the Place de Concorde. It is in this manner Perrault has erected at the barrier, formerly called the Trone, the model of a triumphal arch, which was to have been raised there. The latter model was formed in plaister, that of citizen Moreau will be made of painted cloth.

Vienna, Jan. 31. The English ambassador, lord Minto, at a late audience, made a declaration in the name of his sovereign, by which Austria is set at liberty from every engagement to prosecute the war entered into by the last treaty with England.

Count Colloredo has sent a circular note to all the foreign ministers here, dated January 28, directing them, by his majesty's command, to apply in future, with respect to any conferences or negotiations relative to foreign affairs, to count Trautmannsdorff.

Yesterday the archduke John appeared, for the first time, in the circle with the queen of Naples. There is talk of the marriage of a Neapolitan princess with a German prince. The interests of Naples will not be forgotten at Luneville.

The Russian armies still continue collecting in Poland; the communication between the Russian frontiers and Galicia is now shut up.

Berne, Jan. 31. The insurrection in Piedmont contributed to induce general Brune to conclude an armistice, by which Venice, and the important fortress of Mantua, were at first to remain with Austria. A courier, however, afterwards brought orders to Brune to insist on the evacuation of Mantua (which it was well known was determined on the 26th of January at Luneville). A column of the Italian army is marching with all speed to Piedmont.

In certain circumstances, general Bernadotte will command an expedition against Ireland, and general Augereau the army destined to act against Portugal.

Königsberg, Feb. 2. Our gazette contains the following articles:

"It is confidently reported, that Louis XVIII. has sent a courier to Berlin, to inquire whether he may be permitted

permitted to reside in the Prussian territories, and end his days in peace as a private person.

"The Russian general Sprengporten is on his return with 4896 Russian prisoners. The Russian minister, M. Kalitcheff, lately vice-chancellor, journeys with two adjutant-generals, several cavaliers and secretaries of legation, through Königsberg to Berlin, and thence to Frankfort on the Main, whence he will go, accompanied with several ministers from foreign courts, to Luneville and Paris, to take part in the congress for peace. M. Kalitcheff has already passed through Königsberg."

Hamburg, Feb. 4. It is confidently said, that the Prussian government, on the 30th of January, transmitted to lord Carysfort, the English ambassador at Berlin, a note relative to the embargo laid on Danish and Swedish ships in the English ports, expressed in a very strong and positive manner against that measure. The ambassador had a short time before given in a note, announcing the embargo.

In the train of M. Kalitcheff, appointed ambassador from Russia to Paris, are three Russian counsellors of state; among whom are M. Novicoff and D'Oubril, the elder with two adjutants of his Imperial majesty. The passports for M. Kalitcheff are already made out by the French envoy at Berlin, general Bournonville, and, according to some accounts, the former has already set out on his journey to Paris.

Bournonville, who had received a special notification of this embassy from the Russian ambassador at Berlin, baron Krudener, has sent off a courier to Paris.

The following are stated to be the most important articles of the Northern convention:

I. The subsisting treaties relative to contraband goods between the contracting powers and other governments shall be maintained; but for the future it shall be established, as the basis of every treaty, that neutral flags make neutral cargoes.

II. The guarantee of a commander of a ship of war shall, for the future, protect the merchant vessels, sailing under convoy, from all search by the ships of war of the belligerent powers.

III. The strictest measures shall be adopted, and tribunals established, to prevent any prohibited and contraband commerce from being carried on under the protection of this armed neutrality.

Paris, Feb. 13. Yesterday evening the news of the conclusion of peace spread through every circle, and was announced at every ball. It is impossible to describe the impression it has made upon the public mind. Every class and description of citizens manifest the same joy and exultation. As soon as this joyful intelligence reached the Hotel Longueville, where there was a masqued ball, the company came out and danced in the square Carrousel, and with the effusions of patriotic enthusiasm they learned to blend the frolics of folly.

This morning, at six o'clock, repeated discharges of artillery announced the happy intelligence of the conclusion of peace with the emperor and the Germanic empire.

About eleven o'clock the ministers and the counsellors of state proceeded to the Thuilleries, together with a great number of the members of the legislative body, and several of the public functionaries, both civil and military.

After the audience which they had from the first consul, Bonaparte went to the Council of State, where he acquainted the members with the conditions of the treaty.

At ten in the evening, the band of the consular guard assembled in the garden of the Thuilleries, where they continued under the windows of the first consul. The concert was concluded by a discharge from fifty pieces of cannon. The *fête* which government is to display on this happy occasion will not take place till the treaty is ratified.

The treaty was signed at Luneville on the 9th of February, by count Cobenzel and Joseph Bonaparte. By it the Netherlands and the boundary of the Rhine is confirmed to France, the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics are to be re-established, and the emperor cedes all his Italian possessions beyond the Adige. The grand-duke of Tuscany is dispossessed of his dominions, which are to be given to the infant duke of Parma.

HOME NEWS.

Whitehaven, Jan. 20.

LAST Friday evening an order was received at the Custom-house here, to stop all vessels belonging to Sweden; and the next morning a Swedish snow arrived here, the only vessel belonging to that kingdom which has entered this port for many months past. She was seized of course. Her name is *Gustavus Vasa*; bound from *St. Ube's* to *Liverpool*. She had mistaken her course, and would probably have been stranded to the northward, had she not fallen in with a vessel coming round from *Harrington*, which conducted her safe into this port.

Dublin, Jan. 21. Tuesday, in consequence of an order of government, a number of vessels bearing the flags of *Denmark* and *Sweden* were seized and embargoed in this port; the number thus detained would have been more considerable, but that twelve of the above description sailed on Sunday night, having, it is thought, received some intimation that hostile intentions were meditating by our court against the shipping of the *Northern confederacy*.

Last night another of the embargoed ships made her escape from between the walls; as she passed the watch-house, being hailed from shore, it was answered from on board, that she was the *Hibernia*, captain *Lewis*, bound to *Liverpool*; the vessel being like the *Dane*, bark-rigged, much facilitated the deception.

London, Jan. 25. Letters were yesterday received from *Philadelphia*, dated the 16th of *December*, which mention—"that it is now determined that *Mr. Jefferson* and *Mr. Burr* are to be president and vice-president of the *United States*."

The particulars of the election are not yet arrived; but it appears that

these gentlemen owe their success entirely to accident. It was previously ascertained from the votes of the several provinces which were already known, that those of *Carolina* would decide the election. The northern part of *Carolina* was in favour of *Jefferson*; the south part unanimous for *Mr. Adams*. It so happened, that from the frost not having set in, the electors of south *Carolina* were fearful of catching the fever common to that country, if they left their homes to travel 140 miles to the presidency, to give their votes, during the open and damp season; the consequence of this was, that 12 votes were lost to *Mr. Adams* which had been reckoned upon as certain, and the want of them has lost him and *Mr. Pinckney* their election.

Jan. 26. The earl of *Shaftesbury*, with his usual benevolence, has lately given seven oxen to the poor in the neighbourhood of his mansion at *St. Giles's*, besides distributing soup to 1200 persons, and supplying the most necessitous with all kinds of clothes; and on *Christmas-day* all the children belonging to the school of industry at *Woodlands* (to the number of 80), who are clothed, fed, and educated, at his lordship's expence, dined together at *St. Giles's* house, and were attended by the earl and countess, and received new clothes upon the occasion.

Jan. 28. A person was taken to *Bow-street* on Friday last, for behaving in a manner that indicated derangement of mind. Among other things he had said that "*Mr. Pitt* alone could save the country." It being evident from this and other proofs that the fellow was mad, orders were given to take care of him.

Dublin, Jan. 30. On Friday night last,

last, at Puckstown, near Santry, in the county of Dublin, the house of an industrious farmer, of the name of Atkinson, was broke open by a gang of robbers, who plundered it of every thing they could lay hands on,—cash, hung-beef, meal, &c. While they were in the house, it was observed that the farmer's dogs, which were uncommonly sharp, never barked, but, on the contrary, followed them familiarly through the house in the dark, the villains ordering to have no candle-light. On application to justice Godfrey, and relating the above circumstance, he caused search to be made in the cabins of the labourers employed by Mr. Atkinson, and in one of them was found the beef, which was positively sworn to, as it had been dried and cured in the country, and was cut in a different manner to what was sold in Dublin, and was hung up by the very man with whom it was found: he has been committed, to abide his trial at the next commission, on strong suspicion of being a party in the burglary and robbery above stated. He had been in the employment of Mr. Atkinson three years.

On Sunday last two murders of an horrid nature were discovered to have been committed in the town of Killaloe; the victims were Mrs. Francis and Alicia Hawkins, sisters, and maiden ladies of very advanced age. They had not been seen in that town from the Wednesday preceding: an acquaintance, going to church on Sunday, accidentally called at their house, and found them both murdered in their beds. No cause whatever can be assigned for depriving those unfortunate women of life, as they were rather in distressed circumstances, and of the most inoffensive character.

London, Jan. 30. Mr. Ross, the messenger, sailed from Yarmouth some weeks since for Petersburg, in a king's cutter, which was to serve as a flag of truce. His dispatches had for object to ascertain whether the emperor Paul would recede, and restore our ships; and we have been given to understand that offers of a nature which were likely to be very conciliatory to his feelings were made to him.

The success of Mr. Ross's mission is not known; but we learn that his Imperial majesty has refused to give any satisfactory explanations, which were demanded of him through the medium of lord Carysfort, to the Russian minister at Berlin.

Lewes, Feb. 2. For the more economical consumption of bread in our house of correction, the prisoners have, by an order of the last sessions, been abridged of half their allowance, or one pound per day; but as a substitute, on the recommendation of H. Shelly, esq. each prisoner is allowed a quart of good soup a day, which proves more satisfactory, and produces a saving of nearly 150*l.* per annum to the county.

A short time since, two brigs, the *Edward*, Cripps, master, belonging to Brighton, and the *Perseverance*, Dove, master, belonging to Sunderland, both laden with coals, and in company, were captured by a French lugger privateer, fitted out at Boulogne, off Beachy-head, and carried into Dieppe, where their crews on being landed were imprisoned, but in a day or two afterwards released. The masters and mates remain at Dieppe, with liberty to go any where about the town; but the men have been sent to Valenciennes. Cripps has been very unfortunate, having shared a similar fate with capt. Higham, of this town, about fifteen months ago.

Last Saturday about forty poor men, and men of tillage, came in a body, but peaceably, from the parish of Barcomb, to a sitting of magistrates in this town, with a sort of petition, stating their grievances, and praying an order for their necessary allowance of flour from the parish, at one shilling per gallon. The magistrates paid them proper attention, and recommended, instead of flour, that meat and other substitutes should be provided for them at reduced prices, which, with an order on the parish for the payment of one shilling to each man for his loss of time and attendance, encouraged them to return cheerfully and well satisfied to their respective homes.

Bristol, Feb. 2. On Tuesday last a singular

singular occurrence happened at Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire.—A woman, named Hannah Palmer, observing in the Bristol Mercury of the 5th ult. in a letter signed C. an account of a young lady who had been seduced from her friends, and died suddenly in London, became very unhappy in her mind, and wrote to a person of this city, entreating that he or Mr. C. would come to her, as she had something important to disclose.—They accordingly complied with her request, and she informed them that she was in the deepest distress and horror of mind; that her father had died on the 24th of Dec. last; and that on the 26th following, she dragged the body down the stairs, placed it on a wheel-barrow, and conveyed it in the night to the garden behind the house, where she dug a grave and buried it with her own hands. Information of the transaction was immediately given to the proper officers of the town, who sent to Mr. Joyner, of Berkeley, the coroner. The body was taken up and examined by two eminent surgeons, who deposed that it was their opinion the deceased died a natural death.

After a cool, patient, and impartial investigation, which occupied upwards of ten hours, the jury returned a verdict—that the deceased died by the visitation of God: but a detestation of the extreme brutality of this unnatural and unfeeling daughter still remained strongly impressed on their minds.

Plymouth, Feb. 10. Arrived the ship *Hamilton*, of London, John Hyndman, master, from London bound to New Providence. She sailed with the outward-bound from Falmouth, under convoy of the *Fly* sloop of war; and on the 1st instant, off Cape Finisterre, fell in with a French squadron of men of war (supposed to be the same seen by the *Concorde* frigate on the 26th ult.), on which a signal was made by the *Fly* for the fleet to disperse, which they immediately did; and night coming on, the *Hamilton* stood away for England. On the following morning only one of the fleet was to be seen; nor did she discover

any part of the French squadron afterwards. On the 3d inst. the *Hamilton* encountered a very heavy gale of wind, which did her considerable damage. The ship was in the greatest distress on her arrival here, the pumps being choaked, and her sails and rigging greatly disabled.

Dublin, Feb. 10. Yesterday Mr. Tandy was brought up to the bar, and Mr. Attorney-general informed the court, that it was his intention that the prisoner should be tried in the county of Donegall, at the next assizes, where the overt-acts of treason are alleged to have been committed; and that though he might have obtained a rule of the court to send the prisoner and his indictment to Donegall, without bringing him into court, yet as the prisoner had chosen counsel, under an idea that his trial would take place in Dublin, he might now wish to have other counsel assigned for his defence; therefore it was, that he (attorney-general) had thought it right to have the prisoner brought up this day.

Mr. Tandy being asked by the court, if he had any objection to make to the motion, or if he desired to change the counsel already assigned for his defence? he said he had not received notice of this motion until Saturday evening; that he had not had an opportunity of consulting his counsel, and now wished for their assistance—upon which Mr. Curran was called, and, after consulting with Mr. Tandy, said he saw no objection to the motion; and as to the necessity of changing his counsel, he saw no occasion for it, as he was certain, from the manner in which the prosecution was conducted by the attorney-general, that no objection would be made to counsel appearing at the trial, although not specially assigned.

Mr. Attorney-general replied, that he would consent to the prisoner's having such persons for his counsel as he desired.

The court accordingly granted the attorney-general's motion, and the prisoner will of course be tried at Liford assizes.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 22. In New-street, Spring-garden, the lady of Wm. Manning, esq. member for Lymington, of a daughter.

In Old Palace-yard, the lady of W. Wilberforce, esq. M. P. of a daughter. Mrs. Anstruther, of a daughter.

27. The lady of general Avarne, commander of the marine forces at Portsmouth, of a daughter.

28. The lady of Dr. Pemberton, of George-street, Hanover-square, of a son.

29. Lady Ann Hope, of a son.

Feb. 3. At Stutford Green, Essex, the wife of John Minet Henniker, esq. of a son.

The lady of the rev. J. H. Standen, of Murston-house, Sittingbourne, Kent, of a son.

The lady of Richard Williams, esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields, of a son.

4. At his house in Bloomsbury-place, the lady of John Woodstock, esq. of a son.

9. The lady of the hon. John Talbot, of a son.

12. The lady of Peter Pole, esq. of a son, at his house, Bedford-square.

In Queen Ann-street, West, the hon. Mrs. Poyntz, lady of William Stephen Poyntz, esq. M. P. of a son.

In Argyle-street, the lady of James Morris, esq. of Easthill, Wandsworth, of a daughter.

16. At Peckham-rye, the lady of Henry Bell, esq. of a son.

The wife of Michael Furlonge, esq. of Upper Guilford-street, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 17. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, captain Henry Bazeley, of his majesty's royal navy, to miss Ruddle, of Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

20. At St. James's church, Mr. King, master of the royal foundry, Woolwich, to miss Burge, of Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire.

22. At Bath, Thomas Wilcock, esq. merchant in London, to miss Eliza Tomkinson, daughter of David Tomkinson, esq. of Bristol.

At Kempsey, Worcestershire, George Robert Stoney, esq. captain in the 22d regiment of foot, to miss Ellis, only daughter of major-general Ellis of Kempsey.

Mr. Smyth, of Holborn, to miss Wright, of Hornsey.

At St. James's church, Mr. Humby, of St. Alban's-street, to Mrs. Inwood, of Hounslow.

Thomas Wright, esq. of Nicholas-lane, to miss Preston, of Miles's-lane.

24. Mr. George Bell, of Crutched Friars, wine merchant, to miss Coward, of Brixton-causeway.

The rev. Thomas Carlyon, fellow of Pembroke-college, Cambridge, to miss Stackhouse, daughter of William Stackhouse, esq. of Trehane, Cornwall.

Mr. Spilsbury, of Soho-square, to miss E. Gybbon of Winchelsea, Sussex.

Feb. 3. At Canterbury, James Hammond, esq. to miss Gibbs, of St. George's-place, Canterbury.

At Walcot church, Bath, lieutenant-colonel Jones, of the 18th light dragoons, to miss Stanley, only daughter of colonel Stanley, of Portland-place, Bath.

5. At Stoke Church, E. Green, esq. of Wrington, Bath, to miss Bryett, daughter of the rev. James Bryett.

7. At St. James's Church, Mr. W. Ruspini, of Pall-Mall, to miss Lucy Jennings, daughter of Ross Jennings, esq. of Gharety, in Bengal.

8. Mr. Inledon, of Covent-garden Theatre, to miss Howell, daughter of Mr. Howell, of Bath.

10. Mr. James Compigne, of Hampstead, to miss Dickson, of the same place, sister of Edward Sterling Dickson, esq. a captain in the royal navy.

At St. Pancras, by the rev. Thomas Mills, of Hillingdon, Thomas Mills, esq. of Ely-place, to miss Parks, daughter of Richard Parks, esq. of Lamb's-conduit-place.

11. At Layton, Essex, Thomas Green, esq. of Upper Thames-street, to miss Brickwood, daughter of Lawrence Brickwood, esq. of Lime-street.

14. At the collegiate church in Wolverhampton, by the rev. George Molineux, rector of Ryton in Shropshire,

shire, Mr. Drummond, attorney at law, of Croydon, in Surry, to miss Chrees, daughter of Mr. Chrees, attorney at law, of Wolverhampton.

16. By special licence, at Whatley, in Somersetshire, by the hon. and rev. Charles Strangeways, sir John Cox Hippisley, bart. of Warfield Grove, late high sheriff of Berks, to Mrs. Hippisley Coxe, of Stone Easton-house, relict of H. Hippisley Coxe, esq. M. P. for the county of Somerset, and only daughter of Thomas Horner, esq. of Mall's Park.

DEATHS.

Jan. 17. At his house at Great Ealing, Robert Orme, esq. the celebrated Indian historian, in the 73d year of his age.

Master Roberts, son of sir T. Roberts, of Glassonbury.

In the 79th year of his age, Stephen Remnant, esq. of Woolwich.

Mr. Charles Sinclear, of Mile End, in the 77th year of his age, many years a stationer in Lombard-street.

21. At Myton Hall, in the county of York, the rev. sir Martin Stapylton, bart.

24. Mrs. Mactaggart, wife of John Mactaggart, esq. Laurence Pountney-hill.

26. Samuel Draper, of Coleman-street, plumber, one of the common-councilmen of that ward.

At lady Wombwell's, in Harley-street, Mrs. Catharine Horsefall.

28. Mrs. Walker, wife of Mr. Walker, the celebrated lecturer in philosophy.

The rev. J. B. Leake, rector of Naughton and Nettlestead, in Suffolk.

At Dennington, the rev. Wm. Wynne, A. B. curate of the parish of Dennington and Saxted, Suffolk.

Feb. 2. Mr. John Parker, aged 33 years.

At Pinquick, in Cornwall, W. B. Rashleigh, third son of John Rashleigh, esq.

Ann Hancock, of Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, widow of the late Colonel Hancock.

Mr. B. R. Budd, musician, son of Mr. Thomas Budd, of Richmond, Surry.

4. T. Hurst, esq. at his house in Landsdown-place.

At Whitehall, Chingford, Essex, Mrs. Elizabeth Territt, aged 92.

In Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, Mrs. Grainger, widow of the late John Grainger, esq. of Bridgehouse, Cuckfield, Sussex.

In Dean-street, Soho, miss Maria Franklin.

7. W. Markham, esq. brother to the archbishop of York.

In Somerset-street, Goodman's-fields, Mr. John Pycroft, sen.

9. In Bryanstone-street, the right hon. lady Charlotte Carr, wife of the rev. William Holwell Carr, of Menhenist, Cornwall, and daughter of the late James earl of Errol.

Mr. Minors, surgeon, Chancery-lane.

11. In the 14th year of her age, miss Elizabeth Raikes, second daughter of Thomas Raikes, esq. of New Broad-street.

13. Mrs. Dudlow, of Town Malting, Kent.

At his apartment in Greenwich Hospital, lieutenant Henry Smith.

Mr. Kinder of Cheapside.

14. At Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, after a very short illness, and in the 71st year of his age, John Urry, esq. one of the oldest post-captains in his majesty's royal navy, a man universally esteemed and distinguished for his hospitality.

15. In Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, lady Elizabeth Douglas, wife of sir George Douglas, daughter of the late and sister to the present earl of Glasgow.

Aged 28 years, Mrs. Poore, the lady of Edward Poore, esq. of West End Cottage, in the county of Hertford, and of Rushall, in Wilts, and daughter of G. Wolff, esq. Danish consul.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MARCH, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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2. ZOOLOGY—SQUIRREL, AND FLYING SQUIRREL.
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4. A NEW PATTERN for an APRON, &c.
5. MUSIC—THE CADET'S FAREWELL TO MARY; a Cavatina; written by
Mr. RANNIE, and set to Music by Mr. SHIELD.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE *Cursory Lucubrador* shall appear in our next.

We received the corrected copy of *Social Hours or Skipton Fair*, but think a further revision necessary, though several of the stanzas are very good.

The contributions of Mr. Webb, of Haverhill, have been received, and will be inserted occasionally. We hope to hear again from this ingenious correspondent.

Phæbe L.'s Acrostic requires revision.

The Acrostic on Miss Cartwright has either not reached us, or been mislaid.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Isaiah and Hane.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
MARCH, 1801.

ASSAD AND ALANE; OR, THE NOBLEST MAN;
A TALE.

[From the German of Augustus Lafontaine.]

(With an elegant Engraving.)

"NO!" said Assad, and threw himself with agitation into the arms of his tutor: "No, I feel that I am not yet worthy to share the throne of my illustrious father. How much I yet want of being such a son as he is a father, and how much more still of being such a prince as he is!"

"These generous doubts, my Assad," replied Molhem, "render thee worthy of the throne: thou feelest the importance of the duty imposed on thee to be father of thy people, and how difficult it is to fulfil it. The wisdom of the state has formed thy mind amid the tranquillity of rural life and the useful labours of agriculture. Thou hast been led into the cottages of the indigent, and made acquainted with poverty and want. Thou knowest how much the poor need a father. Thy birth and years now call thee to the throne, to which experience will accompany thee. Thou wilt be the father of thy people."

"I hope that I shall be so; but, ah! my father!"—a deep sigh now burst from the breast of Assad—"is it not cruel that to me alone,

among all my people, love must not give a wife? that the decree of a mysterious temple, of an oracle declared by the mouth of the priest, shall name the maiden on whom I must bestow my heart—that heart which, alas!"—

"It is an ancient, and to be revered, custom, my Assad."

"Ancient it may be; but is it indeed to be revered?"

"Assad, what bestows on thee alone, among all thy people, the crown? An ancient sacred custom, the right of primogeniture, calls thee from amid the thousand nobles of thy nation to the throne. The ambitious man thinks this custom as unjust as thou dost that of receiving a wife from the hands of the priest. Young prince, honour ancient customs; they support thy throne and secure the happiness of thousands who live in tranquillity under their protection. Glance thine eye on the history of thy ancestors. Has not the decree of the gods ever bestowed on the king the most beautiful, the noblest, or the wisest virgin? In the dwelling of the subject

love gives to the husband a wife ; for to him love alone is necessary ; on the throne the voice of the people bestows the queen, for she is to be the mother of the people. Add to this that probably the wisdom of our ancestors introduced this custom to prove the heart of the new king. The prince should be as a god, under the tyrannical dominion of no passion, since his passions are subject to the restraintment of no law. Take thy wife from the hand of the priest : it will secure thy throne, and the peace and happiness of the thousands over whom thou reignest."

" Alas !" said Assad, and again he sighed, " Is the throne worth so great a sacrifice ?"

" Not the throne, not its pomp and splendour, but the safety and peace of a nation which a civil war might destroy, shouldst thou, yielding to the allurements of love, disgrace the throne. Be a man, Assad, since thou art a king."

Assad promised with a sigh ; then wandered solitarily under the thick shade of the palm-trees of the garden, thought on his Alane, and was still more convinced that such a sacrifice was too great for a throne.

Nineteen years had Assad passed with his teachers in a country retirement, at a distance from the capital, where he had been instructed in useful science, and exercised in the labours of agriculture and the chace. The laws of the nation forbade the king to suffer his son to be brought up amid the corrupting splendour of the throne and the dangerous flatteries of the grandees and courtiers. The people chose the tutor of the heir to the crown from among the most learned and experienced sages, with whom he must reside till his twentieth year in a simple rustic habitation ;—then was he called by custom to the throne, to share

with his father the labours of sovereignty.

Assad was now become a youth of noble endowments, the pride of his tutor, the darling of his father, and the hope of the whole nation. His heart had as yet experienced no disquietude. He had sometimes felt for a moment some obscure emotions of love ; but, soon soothed by the lessons of wisdom, it again beat calmly. Sometimes he walked pensively in the shady walks of the garden, and listened with a sigh to the amorous song of the nightingale ; but soon he hastened with cheerful activity and ardent courage to the chace of the lion, and forgot the song of the plaintive Philomel, when he heard the roaring of the monarch of the forest. Again his breast swelled with indistinct wishes, while Molhem, his principal tutor, with tears of joy in his eyes, spoke to him of the wife of his youth, and of their tender love. Then would Assad moved with the warmest friendship for his aged preceptor, say to him, as he reclined his head on his breast, " Thy wife, Molhem, loved thee as I do, did she not ? His heart was filled and satisfied with the friendship of his tutor, and he was rich because he was unacquainted with riches.

It chanced on a fine day in the spring that he walked in the woods that surrounded the rural habitation in which he resided. He had been conversing with Molhem on the means of rendering a people happy, and indulging in pleasing reveries on the manner in which he would employ these means to the benefit of the nation he was one day to govern. Pursuing these ideas, he rambled, with a smile on his countenance and joy in his heart, still deeper into the woods, when suddenly a hind started out of a thicket ; Assad eagerly pursued him over hill and

and dale to the end of the wood; where he saw at a distance, under some shady palm-trees, a number of cottages, to which he immediately repaired, as he found himself much fatigued with the chace, and extremely thirsty. Before one of these cottages sat, in the gentle beams of the evening sun, a healthful old man, whose fine and cheerful countenance reflected the peace and calm tranquillity of a better world. He arose with a friendly air when he saw Assad, and came to meet him. "You are welcome, stranger," said he, in a tone of indescribable benevolence; "Do not pass my cottage. The Almighty blesses the house that receives a stranger." Assad surveyed the old man with reverence, sat down by him on the grass, and requested a draught of water.

"Alane!" said the old man, raising his voice; and immediately came a young and beauteous maiden, tall and slender as the palm-tree, and lovely as the blush of morning. "The stranger is thirsty," said the old man. Alane glanced her brilliant and innocent eyes on Assad, hastened into the cottage, and quickly returned with a cup filled with the cooling liquor obtained from the palm, and a basket full of melons, figs, ananas, and dates. She presented the cup to the youth, and, as he drank, looked on him with a friendly and cheerful smile. She then offered him the basket of fruits, pointed out to him the finest more by looks than by words, and taking from his shoulders the bow and quiver, carried them with his javelin into the cottage.

The air and mien of Alane, the gentle and pure innocence which shone in her eyes, the symmetry of her delicate features, and the expressive beauty of her countenance, instantaneously made the most forcible impression on the heart of Assad.

He surveyed her with a kind of pensive earnestness while she was taking away his weapons, and followed her with his eyes as she went into the cottage. The old man took the hand of Assad, who then asked him, somewhat confused, "Is that your daughter?" "Yes, my daughter Alane," replied he, with sparkling eyes; and immediately, in the fullness of his heart, he began to recount her praises. Alane now returned to them, accompanied by her brother, his wife, and three children. They all welcomed the stranger in the most friendly manner, while Alane stood behind, and surveyed the comely youth with secret glances.

"Will you not come into our house," said the old man, at length; and Alane, with a modest look of invitation, immediately opened the door. "Alane has got ready for you the best cushion," said her little brother. Alane blushed, and Assad, who blushed with her, went into the cottage, and sat down on the cushion which she had placed for him. With cheerful activity Alane now brought still finer fruits, and, filling with them the basket, placed it on the mat before him. Her eyes were continually fixed on him while he talked with her father.

The conversation soon became general and unrestrained, but Alane was silent. When Assad spoke to her, a delicate blush suffused her cheeks; she cast down her eyes, and laid her hands on the lips of the little boy who was prattling to her. She answered in a few words with a faltering voice, and drew the child to her again to talk to him, when Assad gazed on her with admiration.

With regret Assad perceived the night approach, and Alane sighed when her father observed that it grew late. Assad left the room to repose

repose on the couch which Alane had prepared for him. Her eyes followed him as he retired, and she remained the last in the apartment he had quitted.

Assad laid him down to take repose, with his whole soul intent on the beautiful image of the lovely maiden which was incessantly present to his imagination. He knew not himself what his new sensations were. His eyes were perpetually turned towards the place where he had last seen Alane, he stretched out his arms to embrace her image, and it was almost morning before he sunk into a slumber productive of delightful dreams. When he opened his eyes he again saw the image of Alane; her voice awakened him: the joy of innocence and heavenly kindness beamed on him from her smiling eyes when he saw her. He went to her, took her hand, and opened his lips to tell her that she was divinely fair, that he had thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing, but her; but he again closed them without being able to utter a word, when he felt the hand of Alane in his. He walked with her in the avenue shaded by palm-trees. She fixed her eyes on the ground, and when she slowly raised them he cast down his. The noble youth was not less confused and timid than the modest and delicate maiden.

As they approached the cottage he gently clasped her hand in his; but he again loosed it, and both, without having spoken a word to each other, entered the house, and joined the company there.

Alane, this morning, stood as before, at a distance, and took no part in the conversation but by glances and sighs. Assad could no longer delay his departure, but it always seemed to him as if he had forgotten something, or omitted to say what

was of greatest importance to be said. It was the same with Alane; she wished to ask him to stay, whispered to herself the words in which she would invite him, but yet never pronounced them. When he at last had resolved to go, she brought him his bow and quiver, the former of which she had decorated with flowers she had gathered that morning, but not presented to him from diffidence. Assad looked first at the flowers, and then at Alane, who stood by blushing. With earnest anxious eye he gazed on her, for his heart told him that he loved her.

All now wished him a safe journey home, but Alane, who, confused and embarrassed, said nothing. Assad went up to her—"Does Alane alone," said he, "not wish me a good journey?" She looked at him, cast down her eyes, and said, with a low and tremulous voice, "Will you come again, Helim?"—(such was the name Assad had assumed)—"I will come again," said Assad with earnestness, and in a tone of voice which appeared to Alane significant. A ray of joy, inspired by hope, beamed in the heavenly eyes of the artless maiden.

Assad took his way, with a heart filled with all the disquietude of love, through the avenue of palm-trees to the wood. Often he turned his eyes towards the cottage, and still saw Alane standing on a hill, and looking after him. Fancy continually presented to him her image. She walked with him, looking as he had last seen her, tenderly pensive, and asked him a thousand times, "Will you come again, Helim?" At every shady place he sat himself down, imagined he held Alane in his arms, discovered to her who he was, formed a thousand plans to call her his; but, ah! he racked his invention to effect impossibility. Thus, at length, he reached his home,

home, with a heart filled with the most ardent love.

He now received with uneasiness and inattention the lessons of his teachers. When he went to hunt the lion he was absorbed in thought, and found no pleasure in the exercise. With his head reclined on his hand he sat in the copse; the hind sprang up near him; he seized his bow, but immediately cast it from him, to think again on the beautiful Alane. His disquietude at length threw him into the arms of the sage Molhem. Without naming to him Alane, he exclaimed with anxious perturbation—"Can the throne deserve so great a sacrifice?" The representations and admonitions of his tutor filled his heart with pain, and had their effect on his understanding; but they could not give him the will to make this great sacrifice even for the throne. Duty obtained the victory, but Love was not vanquished, but became only more powerful by every defeat. He wished to banish all remembrance of Alane, but he thought only of her. He resolved never to see her again; but he approached every day nearer to the cottage in which she resided.

At length he could no longer resist; but when he came near to the cottage his heart beat with violent emotion. He stood for a moment. "What!" said he, with a strong sensation of shame, "shall I break my resolution?" He was about to return, but Alane suddenly came running towards him from the shady palm-tree walk, loudly and joyfully exclaiming "Helim! Helim!" When she came within a few paces of him, she suddenly stopped, with an air of embarrassment, a deep blush overspread her cheeks, she slowly approached him, and said, "My father will be extremely glad to see you again Helim."

"And will not Alane be glad

too?" said Assad. She looked confused and disconcerted at this question, as if she knew not whether to answer yes or no.—"Will you not go with me to see my father?" asked she at last.—"Not till I know whether you are glad that I am come." She smiled, and said, with a deep sigh, "Yes, I am glad."

Assad took her hand, and they walked together, without again speaking, towards the cottage. They were soon perceived by the children playing before it, and welcomed with loud and joyful shouts. "Alane and Helim! Helim and Alane!" cried they, running to meet them, and then running back to the house, calling at the door, "Here is Helim! here is Helim."

Assad was received in the most friendly manner by all the family.—"Are you not very glad that Helim is come again?" said Alane, in a whisper to her little brother. Assad heard her, and saw a blush tinge her lovely cheek as she spoke.

"Helim is come again!" said the child, skipping playfully about Alane, "and now he is come I hope you will be again in a good humour, and play with us as you used to do, and not go and walk up and down in the dark palm-tree walk?" The boy crossed his hands on his breast, hung his head on his shoulder, and walked backwards and forwards, affecting a melancholy air, to jeer his sister.

Assad took the child in his arms, and kissed him.—"Every day after you was gone," said the little fellow, "Alane was very sad and sorrowful. My mother said, she seemed as if she had lost her husband, when she used to go and stand on the hill that looks towards the road you come."—Alane took the boy from Assad's arms, saying, "Come, I will give you that fine pine-apple I promised you; come to me."

"You must give me two," said the

the child: "you know you promised me two when Helim came again, and now he is here."—The heart of Assad overflowed with the purest sensations of joy and transport.

Alane took the children away, and remained out a whole hour. Presently the children came in again, and played about Assad, laughing and running away, when he asked them where Alane was. The youngest whispered him in his ear, "She has told us not to tell you, and she will give us each a fig."—"I will give you two figs if you will tell me," said Assad, jesting.—"No," said the boy, "a fig from Alane is better than two from you!"—Assad kissed the child with all the ardour of delighted love.

(*To be continued.*)

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' ROBE.

FASHIONS have been perpetually changing of late years; but when every source is rendered barren, and invention can no longer supply the deficiency, it is then that the want of novelty brings back the custom of former ages; and we have now an instance of what was fashionable many centuries ago being again sported with the same *éclat*, and with the same effect.—

The many lovely females of the present day, whose elegance of form and symmetry render them attractive under every disguise invented by that capricious goddess Fashion, now appear under additional advantages—a blaze of beauty to all around, though dressed only in the simple habiliments of the Caledonian queen.

Painters, particularly Vandyke, when they drew the portrait of a beautiful woman of other times, always attired her in this manner, for the sake of giving life and interest to the object; and although the

name of this dress is alone sufficient to convey its form and make to every intelligent woman of fashion, yet, as many ladies have not the same general intercourse with the world, and at the same time may not have in their possession a Vandyke, or the lovely Queen of Scotland, we shall endeavour to explain the style, the form, and make, of this attractive robe.

THE DRESS.

A black or dark brown muslin, with small embroidered sprigs of white silk, are the usual colours, made plain with long sleeves; Vandykes of white lace above the elbow; plain round the bosom, long train, and Vandyke trimmings; a Vandyke ruff of deep white lace, which falls on the shoulders.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

ESTEEM and praise only please those who are the object of them when they exceed the truth. We prefer not being praised to only receiving precisely the praise we merit. The desire of every man is to appear to others greater than he really is; but when he cannot succeed in this, he rather wishes to be considered by them as less than he actually is, than to be viewed by them according to his real standard; for in the former case he can always console himself by contempt for judges so incapable of appreciating him truly, while in the latter his vanity has no such resource.

The habit of believing herself handsome, is too agreeable to a woman for her ever to leave it off, when she has once contracted it.

Habit is the plague of the wise man, and the idol of the fool.

A part of our lives is passed in doing ill; the greater part in doing nothing; and almost the whole in doing something different from what we ought to do.

The

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Squirrel, Flying Squirrel.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from page 71.)

LETTER XXI.

*From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.*

FROM the torpid state of the marmot, I beg leave to transfer your ladyship's attention to the vivacious qualities of the squirrel genus, of which the principal characteristics, and distinctive properties, consist in the several species having two cutting teeth in each jaw; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind; the tail long, and amply clothed with hair. This class of animals are beautiful in form, and adroit in manners. They are not carnivorous or noxious, are possessed of an extraordinary degree of vivacity, and are capable of being rendered docile; they therefore not only excite the admiration, but claim the protection, of the human species.

THE COMMON SQUIRREL.

This animal has large brilliant black eyes, and ears terminating with long tufts of hair. The head, body, legs, and tail, are of a bright reddish brown, and the breast and belly white. The tail is long, and clothed with bushy hair; it is of a great length, lying flat on each side, resembling a plume of feathers, which he erects as high as his head, in which position it serves to shelter him from the sun and rain. Squirrels recede more from the distinctive qualities of the quadruped tribes than most other animals; as their usual posture is sitting erect, and they employ their fore feet to convey their food to their mouth. By the fleetness of their motions, and the aerial situation they seek, they approach near to the feathered race;

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as the females build nests in trees, and they leap from branch to branch with as great facility as if they had wings. These lively animals usually subsist on buds, young shoots, and fruit of trees; such as beech mast, acorns, nuts, and almonds, and also grains and seeds; they drink dew, and do not leave the trees unless they are agitated by storms, when they take refuge on the ground. They do not frequent open countries or plains, or approach human habitations, the loftiest forest trees being most congenial to their nature. They are naturally averse to water; and it is positively asserted by many authors that, when they are under the necessity of passing a river, they employ the bark of a tree for a vessel, and use their tail so skilfully as to serve the purpose of a rudder and sails. These animals do not sleep in the winter, like the dormouse, but are equally vivacious at all seasons; and with peculiar sensibility, when the base of the tree in which they dwell is but slightly touched, they quit their habitation, and flee to another tree to seek shelter and refuge. Squirrels are of a provident nature, and collect nuts during the summer season, which they hide in the recesses of decayed trees, and as occasion requires have recourse to these magazines for their winter support. When this alimentary reserve is absorbed in snow, they dexterously disperse that congealed substance with their fore feet. These animals have a shrill voice, and when they are irritated make a kind of murmuring noise. From their light construction they rather leap than walk; and from the sharp texture of their claws, and rapid motion, speedily attain the summit of the highest trees. The habitations of the squirrel tribe are clean, warm, and proof against rain; they are

R.

usually

usually situated in the clefts of trees, and are formed of small sticks blended with moss, with two straight small apertures near the top, over which there is a conical kind of cover which shelters the whole from heat or rain. These animals seem averse to the rays of the sun, as they usually dwell in their nests during the day, and exercise their sportive gambols in the night season. By the effect of extraordinary instinct they stop up one of the entrances to their nest in that direction from which the wind blows. The female brings forth in the month of May, and has commonly three or four young at a litter. This species cast their hair in winter, and their new fur is of a redder cast than their former. With wonderful adroitness they comb and adjust their hair with their fore feet and teeth. They are of a very cleanly nature, and free from any disgusting odour: their flesh is tolerably palatable, and their skin but moderately esteemed as a fur.

There are but few varieties in the genuine squirrel species. There is a large kind of grey squirrel found on the banks of the river Obi, which is denominated the teleutskaga, or the squirrel of the Teleutian Tartars. This variety is twice as large as the common squirrel in that country, and is highly esteemed on account of the silvery hue of its fur.

There is also a white variety found in Siberia, and a beautiful black one in the vicinage of Lake Baikal; to which may be added the white-legged squirrel, which is described as having ears slightly tufted with black. The head, whole upper part of the body, sides, and toes, are of a reddish-brown hue; and the face, nose, under side of the neck, belly, fore legs, and interior parts of the ears and thighs, white. The tail is long, and covered with dusky

hairs, much shorter than those of the European kind. This individual was said to be brought from the island of Ceylon. The squirrel species inhabit Europe, and the northern and temperate regions of Asia; and it is evident from the above description that they extend as far south as Ceylon. In Sweden and Lapland they change their colour in winter, and become grey: in many parts of England there is also a beautiful variation with white tails.

THE CEYLON SQUIRREL.

The Ceylon squirrel has a flesh-coloured nose; ears tufted with black; cheeks, legs, and belly, of a pale yellow hue; with a yellow spot between the ears. The forehead, back, sides, and haunches, are black; the cheeks marked with a bifurcated stroke of black; the under side red. The tail is twice the length of the body, of a light grey hue, and very bushy; the part next the body is quite surrounded with hair; on the rest the hairs are separate, and lie flat. This species is in size thrice the magnitude of the European squirrel.

THE ABYSSINIAN SQUIRREL.

This animal has a round flesh-coloured nose. The hair on the upper part of the body is of a rusty black hue; the belly and fore feet are grey; the soles of the feet flesh-coloured. The tail is a foot and half long. This squirrel is thrice the bigness of the European species, and is probably a variety of the preceding kind. It is described as good-natured and playful, and is averse to none but animal food.

THE JAVAN SQUIRREL.

This class of the squirrel genus is distinguished by being black on the upper

upper part of the body, and of a light brown on the lower regions. The end of the tail is black; on the thumb a round nail. This kind inhabit Java, and were first discovered by Mr. Sparrman. It is probable this is also a variety.

THE BOMBAY SQUIRREL.

The Bombay squirrel has tufted ears. The head, back, sides, upper part of the legs, thighs, and tail, are of a dull purple hue; the lower parts yellow. The tail is orange-colour at the extremity, and seventeen inches long. The body from the nose to the base of the tail is sixteen inches in length. The name ascertains its native country.

THE RUDDY SQUIRREL.

This animal is probably denominated ruddy from the circumstance of its under regions being of a blood-red hue inclining to tawny. The tail is slender, and of the same colour, marked with a black stripe; the upper part of the body yellow intermixed with dusky; the ears slightly tufted. The fore feet have four toes, with a remarkable protuberance in lieu of a thumb; the hind feet have five toes. Its size exceeds that of the common squirrel. It is a native of India, but its habits are not specified.

THE GREY SQUIRREL.

The grey squirrel appears to be a native of the northern and southern regions of the new continent, where they often do great damage to the plantations of maize, as they assemble from the mountains and join those that inhabit the plains to commit these depredations, which causes a reward to be bestowed on those who ensnare or destroy them.—These animals have untufted ears; hair of a grey hue often intermingled with black, and sometimes with

yellow. The belly and inside of the legs are white; the tail is long, bushy, and of a grey colour striped with black; their size is nearly that of a young rabbit. This species in their habits resemble the common squirrel; they make their nests in the concavities of trees, subsist on maize, pine cones, acorns, and mast of all kinds. They form subterraneous magazines for their winter food, but are often starved in the severe weather when their hoards are impenetrably covered with snow. When the air is intensely cold they keep in their nests for several days. They but seldom leap from tree to tree, as they commonly only traverse the bodies of those they inhabit. They are easily tamed; but, from their fleetness, are difficult to take. Their flesh is esteemed a great delicacy; and their furs, which are in high repute, are imported by the name of *petit gris*, and are used for various purposes.

THE BLACK SQUIRREL.

This animal is sometimes uniformly black; but often marked with white on the nose, neck, or extremity of the tail. It has plain ears. Its tail is shorter than that of the preceding kinds; but the dimensions of its body similar. It might be regarded as a variety of the grey species; but Mr. Catesby expressly asserts it breeds and associates in separate troops. In its propensities, habits, and numbers, it perfectly resembles that kind. It inhabits the north of Asia, North America, and Mexico.

There is a variety of this species with plain ears; coarse fur mixed with dirty white and black; the throat and inside of the legs black; the tail shorter than those of squirrels usually are; of a dull yellow blended with black. The size is in

general the same with that of the grey squirrel. It is a native of Virginia, where it is called the cat squirrel.

HUDSON'S BAY SQUIRREL.

This species, which are smaller than the European kind, inhabit the pine forests about Hudson's Bay, and Terra de Labrador.— They have plain ears, and are marked along the middle of the back with a ferruginous line; the sides are of a paler cast; the belly is of a light ash-colour mottled with black.— The tail is not so long or full of hair as that of the common squirrel, and is of a ferruginous or rust-colour barred with black.

The Carolina squirrel, which appears to be a variety of the preceding species, has the head, back, and sides, of a grey, white, and rust-colour hue; the belly white, divided from the colour of the sides by a ferruginous line; the lower part of the legs red; the tail brown, and mixed with black, edged with white. These animals, which are on a smaller scale than the European species; vary in colour; in general grey is the predominant hue.

THE VARIED SQUIRREL.

This animal has plain ears; the upper part of the body variegated with black, white, and brown; and the belly tawny. In size it is twice as large as the common squirrel. This species inhabit Mexico, and live in subterraneous retreats; are of an untractable nature, subsist on maize, and provide a stock for their winter sustenance. The individuals of this class vary in size and colour.

THE FAIR SQUIRREL.

This species have obtained the appellation of fair, from the hair on the body and tail being of a flaxen hue. Their ears are plain and cir-

cular, and their tails round. These animals are found near Amadabad, the capital of Guzarat; but, according to Linnæus, they are also natives of South America.

THE BRASILIAN SQUIRREL.

The Brazilian squirrel has plain ears, and a round tail. The head, body, and sides, are covered with soft dusky hairs, tipped with yellow; the tail is annulated with black and yellow; the throat cinereous; the inside of the legs and belly yellow; the latter divided with a white line which commences at the breast, is discontinued for a short space in the middle, and afterwards extends to the tail, which measures ten inches. The length of the body does not exceed eight inches and a quarter. These animals are natives of Brasil and Guiana; their manners and propensities are not noticed.

THE MEXICAN SQUIRREL.

This species are of a mouse-colour. The male is marked on the back with seven white lines, which extend along the regions of the tail; the female is only marked with five stripes. This kind are found in New Spain.

THE PALM SQUIRREL.

According to the testimony of Clusius and Ray, this animal does not elevate its tail like other squirrels, but has the property of extending it sideways. It has plain ears; an obscure yellow stripe on the middle of the back, another on each side, a third on each side of the belly; the two last in certain species are very indistinct. The remainder of the hair on the sides, back, and head, is black and red very closely blended; that on the thighs and legs of a redder hue; the belly is of a pale yellow. The hair

hair does not lie flat, but encompasses the tail, is of a coarse texture, and of a dirty-yellow hue barred with black. It is probable that in different subjects the number of stripes vary. This squirrel lives chiefly in cocoa trees, and is very fond of the sury or palm wine which is extracted from that tree; whence it has received the name of the palm squirrel.

THE BARBARY SQUIRREL.

This animal has prominent black eyes with white orbits; the head, body, feet, and tail, are of a cinereous colour inclining to red, with a lighter cast on the legs. The sides are marked lengthways with two white stripes; the belly is white; the tail bushy, marked regularly with shades of black. The size is the same with that of the common squirrel. This as well as the preceding species inhabit Barbary and other hot countries.

THE PLANTAIN SQUIRREL.

This kind has a great resemblance to the common squirrel; but is of a lighter hue, and is distinguished by having a yellow stripe on the sides extending from leg to leg. This animal inhabits Java and Prince's Island, where it subsists on the plantain and tamarind trees. It is of a very shy nature, and retreats at the approach of the human species.

The next species of the squirrel genus are those which are peculiarly characterised by having a lateral membrane extending from the fore to the hind leg. Though your ladyship's knowledge is extensive, and your mind well informed on every subject, I shall take the liberty to explain the meaning of the term *lateral*; scientific expressions sometimes being obscure, for want of properly ascertaining the ideas

they are meant to convey. The word *lateral* literally signifies any thing relative to the side, growing out, or placed on the side, in a direction parallel to the horizon.—The first of the squirrel tribe thus distinguished is

THE SAILING SQUIRREL.

This wonderful animal has a small round head; cleft upper lip; small blunt ears; two small warty excrescences at the exterior corner of each eye, with hairs growing out of them; a short neck; four toes on the fore feet; and, instead of a thumb, a slender bone two inches and a half long, situated under the lateral membrane, which serves to stretch it out. From thence to the hind legs the lateral membrane extends, which is broad, and a continuation of the skin on the regions of the side and belly. This cutaneous substance projects near the joint of the fore legs, like a kind of wing. There are five toes on the hind feet, and on those, as well as on the toes of the fore feet, there are sharp, compressed, bent claws. The tail is covered with long hairs horizontally disposed; the head, body, and tail, are of a bright bay hue, inclining in some parts to an orange tint; the breast and belly of a yellowish white. The length from nose to tail is eighteen inches; the tail is fifteen inches long. This species differ in size, and probably in colour; that described by Linnæus being nearly the dimensions of a squirrel, though other authors assert some of them are the size of a hare.

These animals inhabit Java, and some other oriental islands. From their peculiar construction they leap from tree to tree as if they flew, and will catch hold of the boughs with their tail. In consequence of the rapidity of their motion, they have been called flying cats.

THE SEVERN RIVER, OR GREATER
FLYING SQUIRREL.

The greater flying squirrel has been denominated the Severn River squirrel, because it is found in the southern parts of Hudson's Bay, about the banks of Severn River. Its back and sides are of a deep cinereous hue; at the bottom of the hair, and at the extremity, ferruginous. The under side of the body is of a yellowish-white cast. The hair is universally long and full; the tail is covered with long hairs less inclined to an horizontal position than in the European kind: it is of a brown hue at the upper part, darker at the end, and yellowish beneath the skin. The lateral membrane is disposed from leg to leg, but does not encompass the fore legs. The size is nearly the same with that of a European squirrel.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

The term flying seems to be partially and erroneously applied to the animals endued with a lateral membrane, which furnishes them rather with the power of leaping with extraordinary agility, than with a volent motion; as they can only move forward, and even in that direction not in a line parallel to the ground. They, therefore, in proportion to the distance they aim at attaining, mount high, and, being rendered specifically lighter by the distension of their lateral membrane, are enabled to leap to the distance of ten yards. This animal has round naked ears; prominent black eyes; a lateral membrane from the fore to the hind legs. The fore legs, for the greater part, are detached from the membrane.—The tail is clothed with long hairs disposed in a horizontal direction, longest in the middle, and terminating with a point. The colour of the upper part of the body is a brownish ash, and of the under

white tinged with yellow. The dimensions of this species are less than those of the common squirrel. This species inhabits North America and New Spain; they subsist in hollow trees, sleep in the day, and in the night appear vivacious. They are of a gregarious nature, as they are inclined to associate in herds. When numbers leap at a time, they appear like leaves blown from the trees by the wind. They are easily tamed, and feed similar to other squirrels resident on the new continent. The females produce three or four young at a litter.

THE HOODED SQUIRREL.

This animal is called the hooded squirrel, from the circumstance of its lateral membrane commencing at the chin and ears, and extending from thence to the fore and hind legs. The colour of its body is reddish on the upper part, and on the under cinereous, tinged, and inclining to a yellowish cast; the ears are large. Seba is the only author who has described this species, which, according to him, inhabits Virginia.

EUROPEAN FLYING SQUIRREL.

The European flying squirrel is so amply furnished with the lateral membrane that it extends to the very bottom of its fore feet, and forms a large wing on the exterior side. This species has prominent eyes, and the eyelids bordered with black. The ears are naked, and indented on the exterior side. The colour of the upper part of the body is a bright grey, the under regions a clear white. The tail is fully clothed with hair, round at the end, and five inches long. The length of the body from nose to tail is four inches and a quarter.

This species inhabits Finland, Lapland, and the Russian dominions from the regions of Livonia to the river Kolyma in the north-eastern districts

districts of Siberia. They are numerous in the woody mountainous tracts in those inclement climes. They are of a solitary nature, subsist in hollow trees, and wander even in the winter season. They usually reside in birch trees, and form their nests in the moss that adheres to them. They feed on birch buds, and pine and cedar cones. When they sleep they revert their tail on their back, but extend it in the action of leaping. The Germans distinguish this animal by the appellation of "king of the squirrels."

In the squirrel race agility is exhibited in varied modes of perfection: in some the common organisation of their members is exerted with uncommon force to produce this effect; in others, extraordinary appendages are annexed to qualify them for attaining aërial heights. Whether it be by the distension of a lateral membrane, or the evolution of an extended wing, that an animal is enabled to soar above the terraqueous surface, the efficient property is produced by one general cause, which manifests its omniscient power by various undefinable means. To your ladyship, who attends to the minutiae of every relative perfection, with a view to ascribe their several properties to the final Source, every remark and incitement is needless; I shall, therefore, only subjoin earnest wishes for your perseverance,—from your ever faithful

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

*The HISTORY of PEROUROU;
or, the BELLOWS-MENDER.*

(Concluded from page 76.)

ONE morning, it was the eighth after our arrival in the village, one

morning I awakened after having passed a happy night, soothed by delicious dreams. The day was already far advanced, when my father, reproaching me for my indolence, gave me two letters, which he had just received for me. The handwriting of both their directions was unknown to me. The first I opened was from my friends at Lyons. "We are satisfied with you," said they, "and, after having taken exemplary revenge of the haughty Aurora, it is just that we should remember the friendship with which your talents and your conduct have inspired us. You are not made to live in the class amongst which you were born, and we offer you, with pleasure, the means of extricating yourself from all your embarrassments, without wishing that you should find your gratitude at all burthensome, since we can serve you without any inconvenience to ourselves.—You know that we pushed almost to madness the idea of revenge on Aurora, and we had each made the sacrifice of a thousand crowns to carry our plan into execution. You have not expended the third part of this sum. The rest is deposited in the house of M. ****, a notary, well known in our city, who will remit it to you on your simple receipt. The jewels, linen, lace, and clothes, with which you amused the credulity of a foolish father, and a haughty girl, will be likewise delivered to you. Take care of Aurora—We have put her into your arms, in the hope that you will never give us occasion to regret that we pushed our vengeance too far. Whenever you shall form any undertaking, command the credit, the friendship, and the recommendations of your friends at Lyons."

"Well!" exclaimed I joyfully, "half my embarrassments have vanished—"

vanished—I shall be able to provide for my Aurora.”

The letter which I next opened, and which had been directed by a stranger, was from Aurora herself—“Some remains of pity,” she observed, “which I still feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct towards me, plead in your favour, and induce me to inform you, that at the moment you receive this letter I shall be at the gates of Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am an honourable enemy, and declare that you must hold yourself ready to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which shall do me the justice to break the chains of your victim, and punish the traitors by whom she has been sacrificed.”

I shall not attempt to paint the violent and conflicting emotions which agitated my mind at the perusal of this letter. One moment I determined to pursue Aurora, to detain and force her to pay due obedience to a man whom fate had made her husband—the next, I felt the most invincible repugnance to persecute a woman whom I so ardently loved—The project also was impracticable. Aurora had already departed several hours; I must have sent for horses from Montelimart, or walked thither on foot; either would have required so much time that I renounced all hopes of overtaking Aurora, and only thought of contriving the means of leaving a place which served to recall so many bitter remembrances. I had still as much money left as would enable me to reach Lyons. Before my departure I interrogated severely the curé and his niece, with respect to their knowledge of my wife’s escape. Threats and entreaties were lavished in vain; and though they were, as I have since discovered, the pri-

mary authors of the plot, it was impossible to bring them to any confession.

New embarrassments crowded upon me when I reached Lyons. Where begin my researches? how come to any knowledge, in a great city, of the asylum which Aurora had chosen? In what manner could I present myself before a father, amidst the first transports of his indignation against the criminal seducer of his daughter?—How could I wander from one convent to another without the risk of being suspected from the nature of my inquiries, and exposing myself to the danger of a dungeon where I might be plunged for having acted so abominable a part? In order to deliver myself from these perplexities, I had recourse to my engraving friends, who all advised me to remain quiet, and wait peaceably till the procedure for breaking the marriage became the topic of general conversation at Lyons. I consented to follow their counsels, to forbear inquiries alike dangerous and useless, and to take measures for improving my fortune, too well convinced that this was the only chance of hereafter regaining the heart of Aurora.

Thanks to my generous friends, after having disposed advantageously of the jewels, lace, and other valuable articles, which were useless to me, I found myself in possession of near ten thousand crowns. It was reported, at that time, that we were on the eve of a war with some of the principal powers in Europe. In consequence of this information, and with the aid of my friends, I made one of those bold speculations which if it had not succeeded would have placed me where I had set out, but which by splendid success increased more than threefold my capital.

While

While my commercial operations were going forward in profound secrecy, my story became the topic of public animadversion. The intrepid Aurora, from her monastic retreat, hurled her fulminations against me and my confederates. This want of address on her part in attacking the engravers, besides obtaining the laugh against her, was of infinite advantage to me by throwing me in the back-ground, whilst my friends were so much the more awake to my interests, as it was the best mode of defending their own. Aurora insisted peremptorily that the marriage should be annulled. The abbess of the convent in which she had found an asylum, and who was respectable for her birth as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in her cause. Her father brought together his protectors and friends, and every thing threatened us with a defeat, the shame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myself. The wags amused themselves in seeing the pride of Aurora made the instrument of her punishment; but no smiles can smooth the brow of wrinkled and severe justice. Already a warrant to arrest me had been issued, from which I had only been saved by the obscurity in which I lived. The affair was brought before the courts with great rapidity.

My haughty enemy had requested guards to escort her to the tribunal, in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were still heightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled so immense a crowd of spectators. Aurora's counsel pleaded for her with so much eloquence that the tears of

the auditory sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated what kind of sentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the audience were powerfully impelled to sanction, when the engraver, who had sought to be the husband of Aurora, seeing that no counsel arose to plead on my side of the question, requested permission from the judges to enter on my defence. This request was immediately granted, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history in a few words, in which nothing was exaggerated except the eulogium with which he honoured me.—He owned, nevertheless, that the singular circumstances of my marriage would authorise the judges to declare it null and void. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned throughout the assembly; when, turning to Aurora, he added, in a firm tone of voice: “No, madam, you are not the wife of the bellows-mender—but nature destines you to become the mother of his child!—Listen to the powerful cry of the infant which you carry in your womb, and then say if you desire to become free while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy?”

“No! no!” exclaimed the trembling Aurora, bursting into a flood of tears; and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of “No, no!”

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared that the marriage was valid according to the contract in which I had signed my true name, alleging also that our situations were not sufficiently unequal to authorise the dissolution of our union. But they wisely decreed, in order not to leave

the adventurer too much cause for triumph, that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent which she had chosen for her asylum; and injunction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue, or molest her in any manner whatever; that the child should be baptized under my name, but that I should at no time have a right over its education. The rest of the sentence turned on objects of detail more interesting to gentlemen of the long robe than the historian. Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd escorted her to the convent, crowning her with eulogiums for the tender sacrifice which she had just made to the infant with which she was pregnant.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial, during the decision of which I was little at my ease.—Obliged to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known to glide among the crowd, no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whose history they heard so much, wore decent clothes, fine linen, and was a personage in no mean circumstances. The most ridiculous stories were fabricated respecting my absence and my marriage. I sometimes endeavoured to laugh with the rest, but was horribly abashed to find that even those who amused themselves most at the expense of Aurora were virulent declaimers against what they called my infamy. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity to the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in some other place, where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence, where, amidst an immense population, I could most easily escape observation, and also where I could employ my capital to most advantage. There, my friend,

the poor bellows-mender, with an hundred thousand livres, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, established a commercial house which succeeded beyond all his hopes. I was, during five years, the favourite of fortune, and my conscience renders me this testimony, that I had no reason to blush at any of my speculations.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. An happy accident gave me the means of rendering essential service to one of the first banking-houses of that great city.—The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude towards me, and pressed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, that the desire of yielding to their solicitations, together with the secret wish of breathing the same air as Aurora, led me to accept of the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons with carriages, servants, and fine clothes, none of which were this time *borrowed*. Fortune had so successfully laboured for me during five years, that I had the means of supporting a magnificent style of living.

My old friends scarcely recognised me; you may therefore imagine that it was not a very difficult task to escape the penetration of my new acquaintances. Without appearing to annex the slightest importance to the subject, I sometimes talked of the celebrated trial which had interested the city of Lyons five years before, and terminated my question by cursorily inquiring what had become of Aurora and her family? I learnt that her father had lately died; that losses on the one hand and ostentation on the other, joined to the sums he had lavished on the education of his daughter, had left his affairs so embarrassed, that Aurora at his decease found herself almost without resource, and, in some measure, dependent on the benevolence of the abbess of the convent

convent where she had taken refuge. I was also informed, that, although whenever Aurora appeared she was still the object of general applause; she conducted herself with so much propriety that she was not less respected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was observed, had suffered her to remain tranquil since the trial, without attempting to reclaim his lost rights.

I did not listen to these recitals without the most lively emotion. During five years' residence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamoured of Aurora, the ardour of my efforts to acquire a fortune which might give me the right of reclaiming her I loved had absorbed my mind; but my abode at Lyons, and the unsuspected testimony of all with whom I conversed in favour of my wife, awakened every latent sentiment of tenderness in my bosom.—The image of Aurora, of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored, again occupied every thought of my soul—again throbbed in every pulse!—I felt how worthless was the acquisition of wealth which she refused to share.—I felt that she was necessary to my existence;—and my child—was I never to fold him in my arms?—never to feel the endearments of him who owed to me life?—never to know those parental transports, which, although I had not experienced, my heart told me must be exquisite!—I could bear these cruel reflections no longer—I determined to behold Aurora and my child.

One of the engravers, by my order, assembled her father's creditors and discharged all his debts, purchasing for me at the same time certain pieces of furniture to which long habit had associated an idea of value in the mind of Aurora—this was the least difficult part of my enterprise.

The merchant who had given me so satisfactory an account of Aurora was a man generally esteemed.—It struck me that I might chuse him for my confidant, and advise with him what plan I should pursue.—I knew that his name alone was sufficient to smooth every obstacle in my path. He was in possession of a beautiful pavilion on the banks of the Rhône. I requested an interview in the most solitary walk of his grounds, and having obtained his promise of inviolable secrecy, “You have hitherto,” said I, “seen in your friend a merchant, who, still young, owes to his talents and his probity an affluent and honourable fortune. It has been my fate to appear in a mask to the eyes of those whose esteem I most value.—I have deceived my mistress, let me no longer impose upon my friend.—You have spoken to me of Aurora in a manner the most favourable; you know the half of her history—hear the remainder. You see before you the unfortunate bellows-mender, chosen by a set of young wags as the instrument of their vengeance.”

At this unexpected declaration my friend started back with surprise. It was easy for me to read on his countenance the sensations that agitated his mind.

“I am indebted,” continued I, “to nature for some talents, which I have improved by self-education and study; the generosity of my employers and fortune have done the rest. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons; but I am firmly decided not to depart without Aurora. You enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public; you will be the mediator of your friend with Aurora, and I shall owe my happiness to your intervention.”

The banker, when he recovered from his astonishment, assured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I so ardently de-

sired. "The abbess of the convent where Aurora resides," said he, "honours me with a certain degree of friendship: it is not late, we are near Lyons, let us order horses and we shall soon be able to arrange with Aurora herself the points which seem to you, at present, so embarrassing."

I adopted this project with fond avidity. I was now no less eager for an interview than I had once been anxious to avoid it. I burnt with impatience to gaze upon Aurora and my child.

The merchant was announced at the convent under his real name, and myself as the principal of a great commercial house at Paris.—

We were admitted.—Ah, what a picture presented itself to my view! Aurora, the enchanting Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a seat near the venerable abbess. A lovely child slept upon her knees, and seemed so entirely to absorb all the attention of its mother, that she scarcely thought of returning the usual salutations. The first instant that she threw her eyes on me, I remarked distinctly, from her involuntary starting, that my presence recalled some disagreeable ideas; but introduced by a man whom she well knew, and who was honoured with general esteem, and presented as the principal of a commercial house at Paris, those circumstances, together with the shade of twilight, so completely set all conjectures at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her husband in the stranger. My friend opened the conversation by some vague observations, spoke of my speedy departure for Paris, mentioned my having connections with all the great houses of the capital, and requested to know if the abbess had any orders with which to honour me.—While

this conversation passed, the infant awoke, and the sight of strangers, instead of surprising him, led him to smile. After having looked at us both with a kind of hesitation, it was towards me that he advanced. O! my friend, represent to yourself my feelings, when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses, of my child!—An emotion which I had no power to subdue made me eagerly seize him in my arms, and, throwing myself with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife,—“Aurora!—Aurora!” I exclaimed, “your child, your child claims from you a father!—will you suffer affection for ever to be vanquished by pride?”

While I uttered these words, in a voice half choked by emotion, Aurora quivered, seemed ready to faint, and fixed her wandering eyes alternately on me, and on her child, who clung to her knees, and seemed to implore forgiveness for his father.—At length a torrent of tears bathed Aurora’s face; the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine,—“Pardon, pardon!” I exclaimed.—Aurora’s only answer was to throw herself into my arms. “I know not,” she sobbed, “whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is yours.”

She pressed me against her palpitating heart:—we were unable for a long time to speak—our incontrollable emotion—the caresses of the child—the tears of my friend—the place itself—every thing served to add to our delirium.

“My children,” said the abbess, looking at us with an eye moistened by affection, “you have both performed your duty—Monsieur is too much affected to be a knave—Aurora has too much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim of

of foolish pride. May this marriage, which you solemnly renew in my presence, be more happy than the first! May you enjoy that lasting felicity which belongs only to virtue!"

These words, pronounced in a serious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent sensations. I related my history in its full extent, without sparing the confession of my faults, and the feelings of my remorse.—I failed not to remark with transport that the hand of Aurora often pressed mine, while I spoke of my projects of tenderness; although she testified neither pleasure nor pain when I mentioned the fortunate situation of my affairs. The part of my narration which most affected her was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts, and my attention to her feelings in saving from the hands of the creditors the pieces of furniture to which she had been accustomed from her infancy.

My friend celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a *fête*. Near his pavilion stood a house delightfully situated, and which the heirs of the proprietor, who had lately died, had announced their intention of selling. A word which involuntarily escaped Aurora discovered to me that this acquisition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchase in her name, and, twenty-four hours after, I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her disposal.

I returned with Aurora and our child to Paris. Whether from some remains of her former haughtiness, or from real greatness of mind, she expressed no surprise at finding herself mistress of a house decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence. I found her character much ameliorated by adversity; I found myself beloved by her who was the object of all my tenderness!

One happy year had elapsed when

Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes sparkling with joy. "My friend," said she, "you will not refuse the invitation of your wife. I wish to give you a dinner in my house at Lyons—No objection!—This very morning I am going to set off with my son—I want to teach him how a son ought to do his father the honours of his house."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had scarcely dawned when I found Aurora under arms; she was still in all the splendor of her beauty, and had adorned herself with more than her accustomed elegance.—Dinner was announced, and judge of my sensations when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which had been decorated by the Graces themselves—guess who were the guests she had assembled?—my ten engravers themselves!—my first friends—the authors of my fortune, of my marriage—No, my friend, I cannot paint my emotion!—During the repast, the gaiety of Aurora animated all her guests with delight and admiration.—After the desert she led us into the apartment which she had destined for me. A slight spring, touched by Aurora, undrew a curtain, which concealed two pictures finely painted. We drew near to survey them. "Oh, enchantress!" exclaimed my friends, together with myself.—The first picture represented the village-scene near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written, "*Love conquered by Pride.*" The second picture represented the scene of the present day; my ten friends at table—Aurora placed between her happy husband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to smile on both.—At the
bottom

bottom was written, "*Pride conquered by Love.*"

Here, sir, finishes my history, at least my adventures; my present happiness I can better feel than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children, and requested that the first of them should have for his godfather the engraver whose hand she refused. This estimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman well known in Lyons for the care which she bestows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me that she shall not be completely happy till this young girl calls her mother; and, what is singular in this affair, is, that my son is of the same opinion.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

(Continued from p. 81.)

FROM that day he went more frequently to the shore. Absorbed by the most serious reflections, he walked and sometimes sat upon the sands, while his mind was fixed on the island which was washed by the distant waves of the sea. In a moon-light night, when the country around was wrapped in profound silence, and nought could be heard but the roaring of the ocean, he would place himself on the extremity of the beach, and listen if he could hear any noise which might arise from that distant point which occasioned him so much anxiety.

Often did he fancy that he heard the most plaintive accents, and sometimes an agreeable voice.—Alas! he was deceived by the warm imagination of a lover.—Then would he call upon the inhabitants with a loud voice, and it seemed to him as if he received a reply from a great distance. When a star appeared in

the horizon, he supposed he saw the bright illumination of their evening fires.

"Perhaps," said he, "perhaps she is sitting yonder, alone, reflecting upon her melancholy destiny, and sighing in vain for the lost days of her youth.—Oh, winds!" he exclaimed, "why have not I your wings? Hasten ye to yonder bank, and whisper to her, an unhappy mortal languishes upon this coast.—But what do I say?—What is become of my reason? Unhappy that I am, what is the object of my love? A dream! a vain phantom! I sleep, and my fancy delineates to my mind an image in truth far more beautiful than any I ever saw. I am now awake; but, O ye gods! this image has not disappeared with my dream: deeply engraved on my memory, it reigns over my whole soul.—Nevertheless I love this vision, this phantom, which, perhaps, has not in the world its corresponding reality. It pursues me in all places; it nourishes a continual fire in my heart. Alas! too real, it forcibly drags me to the shore. Oh, blush, and return to thy reason! Be what thou wast before—contented and industrious in thy labour. Go smile at thy folly, quit this place, and return thanks to the gods for not having rendered thee a laughing-stock in the village."

But in vain was it that he endeavoured to overcome the strange passion he had imbibed: it was in vain he attempted to form a resolution to fly from the beach. In his most agreeable occupations this figure incessantly presented itself: it seemed as if an invisible divinity drew him towards the spot.

"Oh, ye gods!" he would exclaim, "will this love torment me for ever in vain? Shall a mere illusion fill the days of my youth with sufferings, while there appears

no hope of their termination. But surely this dream is not of that kind which could be the effect of chance? Could my imagination have conceived an idea of such beauty, which so greatly surpasses all that was ever presented to my eyes? Ah! without doubt this vision was by the inspiration of some god. But why? what could be his design, I am at a loss to discover: if the phantom I have seen actually exists in that island, why am I allowed to look upon her? Wherefore by this view am I thus distracted? Why am I abandoned without hope, without assistance, without knowing the means of attaining her? Since it is impossible by swimming to arrive at this too distant island, what method can I take? what scheme can I attempt? The gods, it is true, have given to man the most ingenious thoughts, and a mind fertile in inventions; they have liberally endowed him with these eminent faculties. But, ye gods! what human mind can contrive to walk upon the waves; or swim without peril upon the ocean like a swan?"

Sunk in a reverie, he sat on the strand, profoundly meditating upon the means to traverse the sea; for men had not as yet invented the art of intrusting themselves to its dangers. What had they to do with remote coasts, since every country where grew food for their flocks, where they found trees with salutary fruits, and where flowed a clear brook, furnished abundant supplies for all their wants.

One day as he was walking in a melancholy posture, with his eyes fixed upon the ocean, he saw something at a distance which the waves forced towards the shore. Joy and hope sparkled in his piercing eyes. The object still approached, and he at last observed floating upon the surge the enormous trunk of a tree,

which had been torn up and hollowed out by age. A timid rabbit having most probably been pursued by some hunters was saved by the aid of the tree. He had squatted down in a recess of the trunk; a thick branch hung over the part, and covered him with its shadow, while a soft breeze wafted the tree to the land by the side of the young man. At this moment he foresaw his good fortune, and rapturously leaped towards the floating trunk with joy. Plunged into new reveries, he strove to clear the obscure images that were already traced in his imagination by the sight, and which, like the shades of night, alternately vanished, and again crossed his mind. He afterwards dragged the tree upon the beach, resolving on the morrow, by break of day, to commence the work, of which as yet he had not a very perfect idea. The doubts and hopes that by turns agitated him banished sleep from his eyelids. On the following morning, supplied with a number of rough tools (for in these times of happy simplicity mankind wanted little), he flew to the shore.

"Have I not," said he, "often viewed the leaves of trees, carried by the wind from the shore, swim buoyant upon the billows? and lately I have noticed, upon the lake near our cottage, a butterfly, who, after hovering around, ventured to perch upon these trembling leaves without wetting its delicate feet. Shall I not then attempt this work, which nature has in part executed? I will now hollow this trunk, in the best way I am able, to a convenient size."

He immediately, with the most sanguine hopes, cheerfully commenced his work.

"Oh thou!" he exclaimed, "whatever thou mayest be, who hast engraved on my heart this indelible

delible dream, hearken unto my prayers, and prosper my enterprise!"

Often he rested; and, casting a look towards the island, would cry, "Oh thou, the most charming of mortals! what are the obstacles, what are the dangers, over which love will not triumph? that delicious love, which at once occasions me joy and despair! wilt thou refuse me thy affection when I arrive upon those shores? To me, who shall have braved the gulf of the sea, love surely never urged a more daring project!"

Nevertheless his courage often gave way, and he abandoned his work.

"Fool that I am!" he would exclaim; "what folly is my enterprise! If some one were to pass, and say to me, 'My friend! what is thy employ?' would he not think me distracted when I should reply, 'I am cutting this wood for my lodging, and intend to push it into the midst of the sea?' He would certainly answer, 'How cruel is thy father, to abandon his child in such a paroxysm of phrensy, without attempting to prevent the execution of his imprudent resolutions!'"

While thus soliloquising, he appeared much agitated, although he again resumed his work.

"But what," continued he soon after, "if I should not succeed? I have only lost some hours' leisure.—Can I risk less for my love?—Certainly this island is inhabited: the story which I have heard from my father makes it probable; and my dream, with which some god alone can have inspired me, renders it certain. If this island has inhabitants, oh ye gods! how unhappy must they be! If the father, if the mother, of this lovely female are dead, or should they soon breathe their last, is she not left alone,

abandoned by all, condemned to pass the prime of her youth in fearful solitude, to be a prey to melancholy and despair? No: it is compassion as well as love which has urged me to this hardy enterprise!"

It was thus he lost, and as often regained, his hopes. Some days being passed, the trunk he found was hollowed out, and had already assumed, although imperfectly, the form of a boat. He then dragged it, with some labour, to a place where the sea was inclosed between two banks; nor did he make a first trial of its success without great agitation. At length, having floated his bark, and placed himself in the middle, he committed it to the force of the winds.

In the mean time he observed carefully the faults of his work.—The waves having thrown it back upon the shore, he re-commenced his task, made improvements, and often renewed his attempts.

"Now," said he, "half the enterprise is achieved; but how will it conclude? I am to direct my course in the open sea. How shall I arrive, even now, at this island, without exposing myself to the sport of the ocean?"

His imagination presented to him a thousand ideas, which he soon rejected.

"Yet," continued he, "does not the swan pursue her way by impelling the waves with her large feet? and do not all the birds which swim follow the same method?—One animal has taught me to float upon the trunk of a tree, and I will be indebted to another to perfect this new invention. Suppose I construct feet of wood similar to those of the swan—I will plunge them in the water, and dispose them on each side of the trunk, so as to dive and cut through the waves."

Transported with this thought, he

he hastened to cut the timber proper to fulfil his project, and very soon he gave it the form of oars. He afterwards entered his boat, and attempted to use them a long time without success. In the interval, he observed each day the direction of the feet of the water-birds, and as often discovered new means to govern his bark. Long time he was confined to row in his little lake; but experience having rendered him more hardy, he dared to venture into the open sea. Having safely returned, he leaped with joy upon the shore.

"Now," cried he, "have I realised this prodigy which so greatly tormented me: to-morrow, by the first rays of the sun, I will launch upon the ocean; and, if the winds are favourable, I will in this little vessel courageously undertake a voyage to the island. It is criminal not to attempt to give succour to the unfortunate, and not to brave perils, however great, when it is in our power to aid our fellow creatures."

Having uttered these words, he fastened his boat to the shore, and returned to his cabin; for the shades of night rapidly advanced.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

(To be continued.)

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from page 88.)

TERRIFIED, breathless, and agitated, Juliet leaned against the balustrade, and, listening with an indescribable degree of anxiety, more than once thought she heard strange sounds near her. The agitation of her spirits bewildered her mind, and the images it presented wore the form of reality. She started, shuddered, and, losing all dread of the storm in the superior one of her situation, rushed from her place of

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shelter, unable to bear the terror she suffered in it, and flew along the ramparts, regardless of the lightning blazing around her, and the rain descending in torrents on her unsheltered head.

Meanwhile the noise and violence of the tempest had roused most of the inhabitants of the castle. The lady Rodigona, disturbed by the same cause, left her apartment; and, proceeding to that of Juliet, was much surprised and alarmed at her absence. She was inquiring of her women concerning her, when Juliet rushed in, pale, trembling, and disordered; her dress dropping with wet, and with every mark of terror in her countenance and appearance. She sank upon a seat, breathless with haste and terror.—Rodigona placed herself next her, and endeavoured, with looks and language expressive of the most tender concern, to sooth her agitation, while the attendants divested her of her drenched garments.—When they were dismissed, Juliet, having by that time somewhat recovered composure, spoke of what she had seen. Lady Rodigona seemed much alarmed at the recital, and, when it was concluded, sat for some moments in silence, apparently revolving in her mind what she had heard. She sighed heavily. Juliet took her hand and felt it tremble. At this instant a tremendous crash of thunder rolled over the castle. Rodigona started at the noise. Her countenance changed: the blood for a moment forsook her lips, and her eyes glanced wildly round. Juliet beheld her perturbation with mingled surprise and concern.

"Dearest lady! wherefore thus?" said she, and pressed the hand she held. Rodigona immediately recovered herself; but her eyes were filled with tears.

"Your narrative has filled me
T with

with melancholy retrospections, Juliet; but they are over now."

She attempted to smile; but it was indeed only an attempt. The dejection that almost continually sat on her brow soon resumed its place. Wiping the tears away, which had begun to steal down her face, she visibly struggled to conquer her emotion, and to look, to speak, with cheerfulness; but several times, as she sat, an involuntary tear started to her eye, and half-smothered sighs heaved her bosom.

She mildly reproved Juliet for venturing on the ramparts at midnight, and earnestly besought her not to go thither again at such a late hour, nor to divulge aught of what she had there beheld. "For," proceeded she, "it is only adding another confirmation to the many tales, currently reported and believed by the peasants of the neighbourhood, of similar sights seen in that part of the castle."

"Another confirmation!" repeated Juliet.—"It should seem then I am not the first who has seen there that which could corroborate those tales?"

"It was known before—fully known. I never doubted. Alas! I had too much reason for belief.—I would tell thee why I believe; but I cannot—dare not: yet I wish thou didst know."

She hesitated.

"Cease not there, dear lady," said Juliet, pressing her hand—"Speak again."

"Much have I to tell thee, could I bring myself to speak of it; but that can never be, while the horrible circumstances connected with the history are unerased from my remembrance.—But this is a theme of pain—of anguish. Pray let us talk no more of it."

She then repeated her desire of concealing what Juliet had seen; and, quitting the subject, dis-

coursed for a considerable time upon indifferent matters.

When the light of day had gained on the shades of night, the tempest began to abate, and soon after Rodigona rose from her seat, and, turning to one of the windows, looked forth.

"The storm has ceased," said she, "and the sun rises unclouded behind yon hills. I will now leave you to repose. Endeavour to sleep, my Juliet. I will to my chamber, and strive to shake off the gloomy forebodings of evil with which my mind is fraught."

"I fear you are not well," said Juliet, again taking her hand; while tenderness and compassion were expressed in her countenance. — "Since we have been here, I have noted that you have not appeared so composed as before."

"I have not been in health for some days past: I know not what is amiss neither; but I feel an unaccountable depression of spirits.—A chilliness lies at my heart, and something seems to whisper me that I never shall behold thee more. Heaven grant the depressing prognostics of my fancy may not be realised!" Then, seeing her niece affected by the solemnity of manner and look which accompanied her words—"Gentlest of human beings!" resumed she, clasping her arms around her; "wherefore do I thus pain thee? Alas! in pain myself, I give pain to every one!"

Tears fell down her cheeks.

"Dearest Rodigona!" said Juliet, "I cannot bear to see thee thus.—Indeed, lady, you distress me."

"May you never feel the anguish that rends my heart! But wherefore wish I that? Thy bosom never can feel the complicated feelings of mine. No: you never can do as I have done! You never can destroy your own peace of mind! Your innocence will" —————

She

She paused, and seemed struggling with rising emotion, but soon spoke again—"Farewell, Juliet! Pray for me!—All good angels guard thy slumbers!"

"My dearest—my maternal friend!" exclaimed Juliet, more affected by her solemnity.

"My Juliet! my beloved daughter! farewell!"—and thus saying, she hastily left the apartment.

(To be continued.)



The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 91.)

ELVIGE was frequently present at conversations which passed between the count and countess.—One day, when they were applauding the good qualities and amiable endowments of their son, and praising by turns his figure, his graceful air, his address, and his courage, she felt her beating heart join in his commendation. Every eulogium appeared to her too feeble: it seemed to her as if even the count and countess were but imperfectly acquainted with his excellence; and she was surprised that parental affection should be less clear-sighted and just towards him than that she bore him. To the portrait they had drawn, she secretly added all the indications of a noble and generous mind which memory had engraven, together with his image, at the bottom of her heart; and which had inspired her with a thousand wishes, equally ardent and sincere, that he might become the happiest of men.

"Travelling," said the count, "is alone wanting to give the last finish to his various accomplishments.—We must soon send him to visit the most splendid courts, that he may exhibit the rich endowments he has received from nature, and the ad-

vantages he has derived from education. His understanding, his talents, his address, and his courage, will acquire him a personal glory which will render his name more celebrated; and our regret for his absence will be changed into delight, when we view him return to lay at our feet the laurels he has gathered, to impart to us his wishes, and request our experienced affection to guide him in the choice of a companion for life, of suitable rank and qualities equally illustrious."

At these words a melancholy light entered the heart of the happy Elvige, and inflicted a painful sensation. A thousand confused thoughts rapidly succeeded each other, and so distracted her attention that she no longer heard a word of what was further said. Tears, which she with difficulty restrained, were ready to gush into her eyes; and, for the first time, she felt herself uneasy at the presence of her lady and her lord. She wished to fly, but her trembling limbs refused to support her; and she was happy in not attracting any notice, till by many painful efforts she had in some measure suspended the course of her thoughts, and at last found an opportunity to escape from the apartment of the countess, and seek an asylum where she might without restraint indulge her melancholy reflections.

At the same moment chance brought her to where Roger was.—He perceived her, and flew towards her. The eagerness of his approach, and his timid and affectionate air, rendered him still more attractive and interesting in her eyes. Elvige trembled when she saw him; but she could not refrain from throwing on him some glances expressive at once of despair and tenderness.—Roger observed her blushes, and perceived that her eyes had been moistened with tears. He wished to enquire the cause of an uneasi-

ness which he felt his heart immediately participate; but, withheld by a respectful fear, and not knowing what he could, or what he ought to say, he only presented her, with a trembling hand, a rose that he had just gathered. He surveyed her with ardent feelings, but, hastily turning, was retiring to conceal his embarrassment. Having gone a few steps, however, he stopped, again turned, and hesitated.—But at this moment he hears the voice of Robert: he flies to meet him, presses him in his arms with more than usual warmth, and goes with him, but dares not communicate to him all the sentiments of his heart.

As soon as he had disappeared, Elvige took her way to the garden in which she cultivated and selected the flowers which furnished patterns for her imitative pencil. She did not stay, as heretofore, to contemplate them: she sought only to indulge her grief in solitude. She retired to a verdant arbour, and, reclining on a rustic seat, shaded with thick foliage, endeavoured to summon all her resolution to her aid, and discover the true cause of the grief and disquietude by which she was agitated.

“The young count leaves us!” exclaimed she: “I shall no more witness his sports, his encounters, his success!—He is about to enter on a scene more extensive and more worthy of him.—The world waits to admire him. Ah! who can resist him, who unites all the splendor of glory to all the means of pleasing, and all the advantages of birth?—No; I shall see him no more till he returns to kneel to his father, and solicit him to crown his wishes by bestowing on him the happy consort whom his heart shall have chosen.”

As she uttered these words, a

torrent of tears gushed from her eyes, a thousand sighs succeeded, and she trembled with anxious apprehensions. She made fruitless efforts to calm the disturbance of her mind; but her grief was only increased by new reflections.

She recollected the history of the page, which had been told her by the countess when she taught her to sing the stanzas he had composed. The melancholy and tender couplets were too expressive of what she felt for her not to perceive that she loved. The veil now fell; but the same ray of light which showed her the object that had made impression on her heart only enabled her to perceive that hope had vanished for ever. Until then, a stranger to every idea of grandeur and ambition, she had exulted in the fortune of being born the daughter of a vassal of the parents of Roger, which had placed her in a situation where she had the happiness to see him continually; but now she only beheld the distance by which they were separated. Her memory reminded her of all the importance which the countess attached to the prerogatives of birth. She seemed to hear her enumerate all the illustrious ancestors of the counts of L****, and she measured the wide distance between them and the lowly daughter of Robert. She felt that all hope was lost, and that she must conceal her disappointment and grief from every eye, but especially from him she loved. That it should be concealed from him, she formed a fixed resolution; but the idea of forgetting him, or no longer loving him, she could not admit into her heart.

The unfortunate Elvige, after having a thousand times resolved to cover with an impenetrable veil her sentiments and her grief, dried her eyes, endeavoured to banish her melancholy

lancholy thoughts, and, surveying with a melancholy sigh the arbour covered with thick foliage in which her sorrow had found an asylum, promised herself to return to the same sequestered spot as often as she should have new tears to shed.

While she was indulging her melancholy, unable to draw from her heart the shaft which Love had infixcd in it—while Roger was in like manner uneasy, anxious, and irritated, at not being able to be incessantly with her—the count and countess, solely occupied with the project they had conceived, caused their son to be called to them, and declared to him that, when the year should be expired, he should leave the house of his parents, and visit the different courts of Europe. They intimated to him that he must now redouble his assiduity and attention to attain perfection in all his exercises, that he might appear with all the advantages suitable to his rank. Roger, without daring to reflect on the painful sensations this notice would occasion to his heart, observed a respectful silence; and his parents, accustomed to his obedience, were not surprised at his returning no answer.

The friendship of Roger for Robert, the great qualities which were so distinctly perceivable in the latter, and the remembrance of the signal services of his father, caused it to be determined that he should not be separated from the young count; but it was felt that it was more than ever necessary to destroy even the shadow of equality that still subsisted between them. Robert was informed that it was intended he should accompany the young count, and reminded at the same time, in the most serious manner, of the devotion, respect, and gratitude, which he owed to the son of his lord.—It was intimated to him that the

brilliant exercises of knights were not suitable to his station, and that henceforth he must content himself with more modest functions. He was now frequently directed to carry the arms of Roger. His dress was changed, and, when he rode out with his young lord, instead of taking his place beside him, he was required to follow him. Robert did not feel himself mortified by this change; his new employment was still dear to him, and he considered it as sacred. He would say to himself, “I may advance before him, to ward off the blows that shall be aimed at him!” and at this generous thought his eyes, raised towards heaven, would sparkle with a noble confidence.

Roger, however, was far from annexing any value to these exterior marks of superiority. He still saw in Robert only his brother in arms. He submitted to the command of his father, without making any objection to the ceremonial which pained his heart; but as often as he was beyond the view of the count and countess, he would extend his hand to his friend, force him to take his place beside him; and it was to Robert the companion of his childhood, and not to the brother of Elvige, that his noble heart accorded these proofs of a friendship the most delicate and the most tender.

The proposal of visiting the richest and most brilliant countries of Europe would have been exquisitely pleasing to him, had his heart been still free; but he could not avoid feeling an anxious uneasiness when he recollected that he must soon leave for a long time the object he already so ardently loved. The redoubled palpitations of his heart, his sighs, his anxiety, his grief, all convinced him that honours, riches, and glory itself, were unsatisfactory,
and

and that it was only with Elvige that he could find happiness.

Without knowing, without foreseeing, without desiring love, he had yielded to all the emotions of his heart, without attempting to constrain them. He had only beheld in Elvige a lovely girl, whose father had saved the life of his parent. She was the sister of that Robert for whom, from his earliest years, he had conceived the tenderest friendship. Since he had seen her, he had only received from her proofs of attention and tenderness; and thought that the sentiment he felt towards her was only gratitude. The violent emotions of disappointment and the tortures of jealousy were unknown to him; the whole course of his life had elapsed without a cloud; nothing warned him of the dangers of love; and it was not till the bonds of that passion were firmly formed and fixed, that he discovered what they were, and felt the impossibility of breaking them.

No sooner did he perceive the real state of his heart, than the obstacles which opposed his happiness presented themselves in crowds to his imagination. He recollected with a kind of dread the inflexible character of his father, and the elevation of his rank. The honours which surrounded him appeared to him a fearful chain from which he foresaw it would be impossible to extricate himself. He said and a thousand times repeated to himself that every misfortune menaced him. But the image of Elvige was too deeply engraven in his heart for anything to efface it. No more could he hope for tranquillity and happiness, and his sufferings were the more cruel as he was obliged to conceal them from every eye, and even from Robert himself. Not that he feared to lay open to his friend his innocent and pure heart,

but generosity seemed to forbid his exposing him to share a grief which nothing could assuage. He sought solitude; he wandered through the gardens, and plunged into the depth of the woods, where he might think on Elvige, and find nothing to interrupt his melancholy reveries.

When he returned to the castle, and traversed its halls, he saw with a painful emotion, that the example of his ancestors forbade all hope. The sight of their trophies gave him acute uneasiness, and the distinctive marks of the illustrious females of his family were almost odious in his eyes. Never could he look on Robert without envying him the happy obscurity of his birth. But his ardent love was too spotless, too generous, to admit for a moment the idea of seduction. He was ignorant of the perfidious art of depicting vice in amiable colours. He adored at once the beauty, the innocence, and the virtue of Elvige, and he felt that she was entitled to the most tender and the most profound respect. He conceived that it would be an insult to her to acquaint her with a sentiment which he could not accompany with the offer of his hand. These reflections induced him to adopt the firmest resolution to conceal what he suffered; and thus his melancholy increased every day. Happily it was not observed by the count and countess, whose attention was entirely occupied by the brilliant preparations they were making for his departure on his travels.

Roger reflecting on all the dangers to which he might be exposed by the sight of her he loved, carefully avoided her presence; but soon he felt no small uneasiness lest his frequent absence should excite suspicion, and hoped to remove this by appearing to give himself up with extreme ardour to the pleasures of the chase. When in the woods, he

would

would wander far from his attendants, preferring the most lonely places, where he might be at liberty to repeat the name of Elvige, though as often as his lips uttered it tears flowed from his eyes.

Yet there were times when the exercise in which he was engaged suspended the emotions of his grief, and these were when he exercised his strength and address in attacking the fiercest wild boars. One day, one of these animals, pursued by the dogs, took shelter in a thick wood which skirted the forest on the side of the gardens, where, covered with foam, and with eyes sparkling with rage, he made head against the dogs, tearing many of them with his tusks, and opposing to them a resistance which, numerous as they were, they could not overcome. Roger, hearing the noise, hastened to the spot, and prepared to attack the furious wild beast with the weapon he usually employed on such occasions. On a sudden the animal, disengaging himself from the dogs, rushed upon him; but Roger, with his usual courage and address, gave him a mortal blow with his pike, which extended him almost motionless at his feet. The impulse was so violent that the young count fell with him. At the same moment a loud shriek was heard. Roger was on his feet in an instant, at the sound of a voice which he could not mistake, and which appeared to proceed from a kind of thicket at the bottom of the gardens, near that part of the forest. Thither he flew with the utmost speed, and what was his surprise when he perceived Elvige deprived of sense! He clasped her in his arms, endeavoured to revive her, and shuddered with despair at perceiving all his endeavours fruitless. He dared not leave her to seek for aid, and his cries, stifled by his alarm and agitation,

could not be heard. The tears which fell from his eyes moistened the countenance of Elvige, and a feeble motion then announced that she would soon again view the light. She began to respire, opened her eyes, and, with eager gaze, surveyed the objects around her. "Ah!" exclaimed she, perceiving Roger who supported her, and whom she involuntarily pressed in her arms, "is it you? Are you not hurt? For Heaven's sake, satisfy me!"—At these words she became more calm, breathed more freely, her colour began to return, and Roger no longer trembled for her life. But still alarmed at the accident of which he wished to learn the cause, he requested her, in the most pressing manner, to inform him what motive could bring her to the place where he found her. At this question Elvige felt the palpitations of her heart redouble, a crimson blush overspread her cheeks, she hesitated for some moments, and then replied, that, hearing the noise of the dogs while she was walking in the gardens, her desire to view the chace had brought her to that thicket, and that her fears had overpowered her when she saw him fall after having struck the boar. "Oh heaven!" exclaimed he, with a look of tenderness which made its way to her heart, "can it be possible that the life of Roger is so dear to you?" Elvige cast down her eyes, her cheeks assumed a deeper crimson, her tongue could not utter a word. Roger, regaining his recollection, dared no longer either to question her or look upon her.—She at length summoned up strength sufficient to break this painful silence, and replied, with dignity—"Can the daughter of Robert ever forget the example of her father, and cease to love her masters?"—"Her masters!" repeated Robert with a sensible agitation:

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"In pity to me pronounce no more that word, which so fearfully pierces my heart! Is there any throne which you are not worthy to ascend? Oh! why have I not a sceptre to offer you?"

At this moment the attendant-huntsmen came up, and saw the wild boar expiring. Alarmed at finding the weapon with which he had been wounded, and not perceiving Roger, they called with loud cries. The young count heard them, and felt the necessity of answering them, and the still greater of preventing them from seeing Elvige. He replied to their call; and, casting a last look on the object of his affections, which was followed by a profound sigh, rushed out of the thicket, joined his attendants, and led them with all speed from the place.

When he was gone, Elvige collected her strength, and returned to the castle, silent and pensive, and unable to forget what she had seen and heard. That Roger loved her she could no longer doubt, and still less was it possible that she should not feel the happiness that could not be the consequence of such an assurance. For a moment the misfortunes which futurity was preparing disappeared from her view; but this seducing calm vanished like the lightning's flash. She heard the voice of the countess calling her, and she must forget the tender sentiments which occupy her heart, and go obsequiously to receive her orders. She hastens, receives them, and prepares to fulfil them; while her reflections compel her to compare this humble servitude with the wishes which a moment before the amiable Roger had formed to raise her to a throne.

The young count, after having assured his attendants of his safety by his presence, again quitted them. He could not resist the de-

sire he felt to be alone, and indulge in reflecting on all he had seen or heard. Not an action, not a word, escaped his remembrance. He views Elvige sinking beneath her fears, and sees her once more reviving and fixing on him her eyes expressive of tender alarm. He seems to hear her eager and faltering voice. He recollects his own agitation, his answers, his wishes. He reflects that he can no longer preserve his secret, and that the confession of his passion can only tend to destroy the repose of Elvige. This is a crime of which he severely accuses himself; and though his oppressed heart never felt in a more lively manner the necessity of having a friend to share its pains, he renews his resolution to conceal his sentiments with an impenetrable veil. But it is in vain that he condemns himself to silence—nothing escapes the eyes of tender and true friendship.

(To be continued.)

The PRISONER; a COMEDY.

(Continued from page 64.)

SCENE VIII.

Dorimont, Voluble.

Dorimont.

BE quick, Voluble, and help me to dress *(He puts on the coat).*—Now don't you think I look much better, more composed and sedate?

Voluble. You sedate?—The looking-glass must be a great flatterer.

Dorimont. But, seriously, I mean to reform.

Voluble. May I ask you in what manner you intend to begin?

Dorimont. I will marry. I have had

had time, while in prison, to think over that matter.

Voluble. Would you go from one prison to another?

Dorimont. I will live like a Cato.

Voluble. Was Cato an extravagant husband?

Dorimont. I will drink, but only at home; I will dance, but only with my wife; I will play, but only with my children.

Voluble. Excellent resolutions! easily made, but difficult to execute. How long do you think to stay in this house?

Dorimont. As long as possible.—Is not this my sleeping chamber?—Can I not be in a moment in my prison, and back again in an instant here?

Voluble. But when your uncle comes?

Dorimont. Let me only have first seen and spoken to the sweet girl!—And at last,—when the worst happens,—I can only be sent back to my prison.

Voluble. But I—if I should be sent to prison too, for my share in this fine contrivance!—

Dorimont. So much the better; I shall have company.

Voluble. Excellent comfort!

Dorimont. Silence: she is coming.

Voluble. My presence, then, will be superfluous.—I have introduced you into the house; I will now introduce myself into the kitchen.

[Exit.

SCENE IX.

Louisa entering. Dorimont stands with his back to her.

Louisa (aside). So, this is my father-in-law that is to be!

Dorimont (aside). I wonder whether she will know me?—(Turns to her.)

Louisa (with an expression of surprise). Good Heavens! What do I see?

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Dorimont (very seriously). What's the matter, child?

Louisa. His eyes—his lips—his hair! ———

Dorimont. I have, perhaps, a likeness to some of your family?

Louisa. His voice too!—If I had not within these few minutes seen him at the grating ———

Dorimont. My dear child! what can this mean? You seem in some measure to have forgotten the respect due ———

Louisa. Pardon me, dear father!

Dorimont. That is right; that I am, at least mean to be. But you must love me, my dear child!—you must love me!

Louisa. Yes, indeed I will; permit me to kiss your hand. (She offers to lift his hand to her mouth: he presses hers ardently to his lips).—Oh, sir! excuse me.—You make me blush.

Dorimont. You see, my dearest daughter! when I am kindly used, I may be turned any way you please with a finger.—But why do you stand there in a corner? Come nearer, child; don't be afraid: I have forgiven you; and, as a proof, receive this kiss from your father-in-law.—(As he offers to kiss her, Mrs. Sterne enters.) How cursed unlucky!

[Aside.

SCENE X.

Dorimont, Louisa, Mrs. Sterne.

Mrs. Sterne. I am come to tell you, my dear Mr. Montfort! that we shall have another visitor here this evening.

Dorimont (somewhat disconcerted). A visitor! Who?

Mrs. Sterne. An old friend to our family, the commandant of the castle.

Dorimont. The commandant of the castle did you say?

Mrs. Sterne. Major Heilbron.

Dorimont. Indeed! That is excellent!

U

Mrs.

Mrs. Sterne. He bid me tell you that he will make no ceremony, but come to supper.

Dorimont. No ceremony? That is right—I hope he will make no ceremony with me.

Mrs. Sterne. He wishes to be acquainted with a man of your merit.

Dorimont. Oh, he does me too much honour. I think, however, that I have some little acquaintance with him.

Mrs. Sterne. Go, Louisa, get every thing ready, that we may treat our guests in a suitable manner.—

(During this scene Louisa has her eyes fixed on Dorimont, and her mother is obliged to repeat her order by signs.)

Louisa (as she is going, turns several times to look at Dorimont). What a surprising likeness!

SCENE XI.

Mrs. Sterne, Dorimont.

Mrs. Sterne. This visit from the major is a proof of his attention to us.

Dorimont. Yes, certainly, he shows great attention to me.

Mrs. Sterne. You will find him a very frank and jovial companion.

Dorimont. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Sterne. But in the exercise of his office, as governor, he is very strict.

Dorimont. He is? To say the truth, my dear madam, as well as I love good company, I could have wished, to-night—I am so tired—so disordered—after such an accident—seven pistols at my breast—rest, you may well suppose, would be very agreeable.

Mrs. Sterne. We will not sit long at table.

Dorimont. I could rather have wished to have supped with you alone. In our situation a third person is always an intruder. We have so many things to say ———

Mrs. Sterne. Oh, we shall have time enough for that!

Dorimont. We could talk over the matter about the sheep-farm, and the sheep, and the eighth article. You know the eighth article——

Mrs. Sterne. But your head, my dear Mr. Montfort! your head is not to-day in order for business.

Dorimont. It is still less in order for entertaining the visitor you expect.

Mrs. Sterne. If you positively wish it, I will write a note immediately to the major. Ah! it is too late!—Here he is!

Dorimont (aside). Now impudence come to my aid!—*(He turns his back towards the Major as he enters.)*

SCENE XII.

Mrs. Sterne, Dorimont, the Major.

Major. Good evening, good evening! You see I am come already.

Mrs. Sterne. You are welcome, major; I did not indeed expect you so early.

Major. Why, it is not above a hundred steps from the castle hither, and that distance might be considerably shortened; it would be very easy to make a door through the wall, which should open directly into this house.—But that must not be—I suppose, neighbour, that is Mr. Montfort?

Mrs. Sterne. You are perfectly right.

Major. Be so good as to introduce me to him. Tell him I am never so happy as when I meet with a cheerful companion.

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort, here is a friend of mine, major Heilbron.

Dorimont (turns round). I ask your pardon; my thoughts were elsewhere at that moment.

Major (with great astonishment). —What

—What the devil!—Is this Mr. Montfort?

Mrs. Sterne. Himself.

Major. Fire and fury! this is most amazingly strange.

Mrs. Sterne. Why so?

Dorimont (aside). Courage!

Major (feels in his pockets). I have my keys?—Yes; there they are.

Dorimont. Why do you look at me with such earnestness, major, and seem so astonished?

Mrs. Sterne. Really you surprise me much.

Major. It is not without reason, neighbour. This gentleman has such an extraordinary resemblance to a certain young man—such a wonderful likeness—

Dorimont. To whom?

Major. To a young rogue that is now a prisoner in the castle.

Mrs. Sterne. What has he done?

Major. Oh! been a rattle-brained fellow, played some tricks, got into debt, and I know not what; and so his father, who is a very worthy man, has obtained permission of the prince to send him to board with me for a time.

Dorimont (hastily). For how long?

Major. I don't know; probably three or four years.

Dorimont (aside). Oh! that is too severe.

Mrs. Sterne. Poor fellow! And are you to treat him rigorously?

Major. No; only to lock him up close, and take care that he does not get away.

Dorimont. That I suppose you do?

Major. Yes, yes: if he gets out, I'll take his place for ten years.

Mrs. Sterne. What is his name?

Major. Dorimont. I suppose he is about the age of Mr. Montfort.

Dorimont (as if recollecting himself). Dorimont? Dorimont?—I know him; we were at college together.

Major. Well then, are you not prodigiously like each other?

Dorimont. Oh! astonishingly so. At the university we were taken for brothers, and continually mistaken one for the other.

Major. That I make no doubt of. But you have a much sedater look. There is an expression of good sense and discretion in your countenance; but he is a mad-brained fellow, continually in mischief.

Dorimont. Yes, that I know to my cost: before he was put under your management he contracted debts in my name.

Mrs. Sterne. And must you pay them?

Dorimont. I have not paid them yet; but this was certainly very reprehensible conduct.

Major. Very shameless conduct, you should say.

Dorimont. I am, however, still very sincerely his friend; for, to say the truth, he is a very good-hearted fellow.

Major. Well, that I believe he is.

Dorimont. When we were boys, if I was beaten he would cry; and if I was made to fast he never could eat.

Major. I am pleased to hear that.

Dorimont. When we were at college he very rarely had any money; but when he had, I was always master of his purse.

Major. To tell you the truth, I begin to take a liking to this young man: and do you know, as he is your old friend and acquaintance, I have a great inclination to do both you and him a pleasure.

Dorimont. In what manner?

Major. But not a word! Your hand upon your mouth;—no soul must know it.

Mrs. Sterne. What can you mean?

Major. If you have no objection, neighbour, I will bring my prisoner here this evening to sup with his friend Mr. Montfort.

Dorimont (alarmed). How!

Mrs. Sterne. Do so, major; the plan is excellent.

Dorimont. You would—

Major. Do the poor fellow a kindness, and give you a proof of my esteem.

Dorimont. That is very good of you;—but—but—

Mrs. Sterne. But!—What objection can you have?

Dorimont. To confess the truth, I certainly wish well to this Dorimont; but when we last parted we were not the best friends; we had a violent quarrel. I believe we challenged each other.

Major. Pshaw! a trifle—perhaps about some girl—I'll soon reconcile you; leave that to me.

Dorimont. No, Sir; believe me our quarrel was too serious.

Major. Leave it to me, I tell you: you will find him much tamer now, and more complying.

Mrs. Sterne. And I shall have an opportunity of seeing the extraordinary likeness there is between you.

Major. So you will, neighbour; and very surprising you will find it.—I shall not be long.

Dorimont. Stop—let me entreat you; I will not engage that we shall not come to blows in your presence.

Major. No, no.

Dorimont. He is a madman!

Major. Sometimes he seems to be so.

Dorimont. A fool!

Major. That he is, but a good-natured fool—I am determined to reconcile you over a bottle of Burgundy!—I will be back again in five minutes.

[Exit.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. Sterne, Dorimont.

Dorimont (calling after the Major). Stay, Sir, let me beg of you.—He will not really go, surely!

Mrs. Sterne. Why not? Let him do as he pleases.

Dorimont. (aside). He is gone! Now what am I to do?

Mrs. Sterne. The major is a very worthy good old man, and it will be a great pleasure to young Dorimont—

Dorimont. Dorimont!—I beg of you, madam, not to mention him to me any more; his very name puts me in a rage. If I were to see the rascal—But I am determined I will not see him; and since he is to come here, no way is left for me but to shut myself in my chamber. Good night to you!

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort, you surprise me: do recollect yourself a little.

Dorimont. Recollect myself!—I am in a rage, almost frantic—only his blood can satisfy me,—and therefore it will be the wisest part to take myself out of the way before he comes (*takes a candle from the table, goes into the chamber and fastens the door*). Good night! good night!

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. Sterne alone.

Mr. Montfort, hear me (*attempting to follow him*). He has locked and bolted the door. This is too much! I expected more politeness and civility in Mr. Montfort. The style of his letters promised very different behaviour. Remember, however, Sir, we are not married. Our lawsuit was bad enough; but I had rather have ten law-suits than such a husband.

(*To be continued.*)



Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, March 1801.



Shelton & Co. Del.

PARIS DRESS.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

VEILS are worn as head-dresses by a great number of *élégantes*. We have lately seen many capotes of rose-coloured satin adorned with one or two white feathers; capotes of white satin, and hats of black velvet with white plumes, are likewise worn.

Spencers of white satin are worn, edged with velvet or fur; but in general they are of cloth or black velvet.

Next to white, rose is the prevailing colour in the dress of our *élégantes*. Yellow, jonquil, and violet, are very rare. We frequently see a lawn drapery upon a satin ground. The satin is sometimes embellished with flowers and foliage *applique*. *Jais* is almost gone out of fashion, and in its place are used round pearls of émail. The flowers are still fancy ones. Among the newest we observe ananas made of feathers. The rough ribbands are exploded, and to them have succeeded spangled ribbands, spotted with small round specks, about the size of a pea, or with flies silk and gold. The white straw hats, *à la babet*, have a decided superiority. They are ornamented with a flower, and placed on the side of the head. The newest colours for robes are Egyptian earth (nearly *feuille morte*), Indian wood of a reddish brown. For full dress, robes entirely of lace are worn upon coloured satin; with a turn-up on the back; and on each side of the bosom, before a drapery fastened at the ends, is a clasp of diamonds. At the Opera on the 6th the most elegant women wore head-dresses in hair, with a demi-garland of natural lily of the valley, or silver. The capotes, still white and oblong, were ornamented with an

esprit. There were some round, of white straw, and some *paysannes*, adorned with a rose.

LONDON FASHIONS.

ROUND dress of pink silk. Over the train is worn a loose covering of black lace. Full black lace sleeves; a handkerchief of black lace crossed over the bosom, and fastened with a gold clasp. Cap of pink crape or muslin, ornamented with one large white ostrich feather.

Parisian robe of white muslin, trimmed all round with coquelicot and black velvet. The sleeves and bosom confined with velvet, and trimmed with lace. Turban of white muslin twisted carelessly, and finished with a very long end.

Hat of black velvet, turned up in front, ornamented with a white ostrich feather.

Bonnet of pink silk, trimmed round the front with black velvet, and ornamented with pink and black; black feather in front.

Cap of white lace, ornamented with lilac and black.

Cap of buff satin, covered with lace. The crown full, and confined with white ribband; a small rosette at the side.

Cap of black lace, trimmed with gold fringe, and ornamented with gold trimming; white ostrich feather on the right side.

The fashionable style of wearing the hair;—half combed back, and tied in a bunch on the top of the head: the other half combed forwards, with or without a bandeau.

Turban of crape or muslin, made in the form of a bee-hive, and finished with a bow and end on the left side.

The hair dressed and ornamented with

with beads and white ostrich feathers.

Hat of silk and velvet, ornamented with feathers.

Several new shapes have been introduced in chips, straws, and Le-ghorns; split straws are preferred. Fancy feathers, particularly the imitation of the Indian plume, are much worn. Long pelisses seem generally to have given way to short ones, trimmed with lace or fur. The favourite colours are brown, purple, lilac, yellow, and scarlet.

IDDA of TOKENBURG ; or,
the FORCE of JEALOUSY.

(Continued from p. 101.)

BY the dim light which the lamp diffused, Henry did not at first recognize the object of his affections. But when he knew her, when he heard her voice, when he flew into her outstretched arms, and felt her press him to her heart; when the recollection of the past, the present, and the dreadful future, was all swallowed up in the feelings of love—O Julia! had count Kiburg himself beheld the scene, he would have envied the happiness of his prisoner. Canst thou, Julia, imagine the ecstatic feelings of the two lovers? Oh! could these walls sink suddenly into the earth, could this religious habit fall from me, and my lover enter with cheerful smiles, and tell me, ‘Clara, thou art free, and we will be happy’—then, Julia, might I conceive what the faithful and affectionate Idda, what the astonished count, felt at their first embrace! But no; within these walls no deliverer shall enter. My prison is inaccessible even to almighty love!”

Idda long lay as if in a trance on the breast of her beloved Henry,

and the dungeon became to them the garden of paradise; for, what hell is there which love will not convert into a heaven?—At length, when their first ecstatic transports had somewhat subsided, Henry inquired of Idda by what means she had obtained admission to him. She related how she had prevailed on the guards. “And thus,” said the count with a sigh, “you have come to see me once more before my death. Alas! I had finally given up all hope, and I could now almost wish that you had not succeeded in your attempt; for, who can look upon you and not wish to live? O Idda! now must I again renew the dreadful contest with the fear of death! Cruel Idda!”

“I am come to see and to deliver thee, Tokenburg.”

“To deliver me! to deliver, Idda! O sport not with the feelings of a dying man!”

“I am firmly determined to deliver thee, Henry; to deliver thee even against thy will, should that be necessary. I continue to live but for thy sake, and value my life only as it shall enable me to preserve thine. Not thou thyself, not the entreaties of a whole world, shall shake my resolution. I am calm, Tokenburg, perfectly calm, for thy fortune and my fate are determined. More firmly, more fixed, the angel of destiny could not have decreed them. Believe me when I assert it, thou possessor of my heart.”

“Idda, thine eye glistens as if thou wert here absolute sovereign; but its lightning cannot rend these walls. How wilt thou deliver me? how burst these strong fastenings?”

“I will be here sovereign; here will I be thy deliverer, or the victim of a cruel death. The choice is thine. Hear me, Henry! When I received the sad tidings of the
misfortune

misfortune that had befallen thee, I sank into comfortless despair: I was feeble as a child; all my strength had left me, but my love had not left me. My heart would have burst with grief, without the least attempt at thy deliverance, when the monk of the castle said, 'Of what avail is lamentation? Let us act, Idda.' It seemed as if a good angel had uttered the words. I retired and prayed; but I felt that to pray was not to act; while power was left to act. 'Act, Idda, and let the feeble pray;' thus a voice within me seemed perpetually to exclaim. I considered, I reflected; my resolution was taken, and a wondrous tranquillity was diffused through my soul. I felt that the benediction of Heaven would accompany my resolution, and I came hither without a companion. On my way, a peasant related to me your unhappy fate.—I listened to him calmly, and smiled when he showed me the tower in which you were confined. I had now to prevail on the guards to permit me to see you in the prison, and I considered what I should say to them to induce them to comply with my request. With a calm presence of mind, which was the gift of Heaven, and which my own heart could never have bestowed, I addressed them, and they admitted me to you. Had they refused my request, I would have forced my way with this dagger in my hand. [She drew a dagger from her bosom, which she showed the count, and again concealed.] The half of your deliverance is effected, for I am with you. Interrupt me not, and I will unfold to you the whole of my determination, and then hear your reply.—You shall take my dress, wrap yourself in the cloak in which I came, and throw over you my veil. I will take your coat of mail, which you shall assist me to put on, and cover

my face with your helmet. We will then call the guard, and you shall go forth instead of me, and thus be delivered. Oh! I entreat you, interrupt me not, but hear me. You shall hasten to Kirchberg, collect an armed troop, and, returning hither to-morrow night, surprise the guards, force the gates, and rescue your Idda. Then will we pass, the deliverers of each other, from the arms of death to the altar, and mutually vow eternal fidelity. This, dearest object of my heart's affection! is the firm, unalterable resolution of thy Idda. Now speak, but think not to move me from my purpose."

The count of Tokenburg fell at the feet of the noble-minded Idda, and kissed with reverential affection the hem of her garment.

"O, my dearest love!" exclaimed he with ecstatic transport.

"You consent then to my proposal?" replied she, with a smile of joy beaming in her angelic countenance, and raising his hand to her lips.

"O, Idda!" returned he, "while my soul shall be capable of thought or feeling, nothing shall occupy it but the remembrance of thy generous and noble love. But to leave thee here is impossible. Go, Idda, go; thy love shall collect a host of troops; thy exalted soul shall render them invincible. Let me wait here for the succour thou shalt bring. Thy father shall aid and direct thee in thy design. Go, magnanimous Idda! hasten, and deliver me."

"My father," replied she, "is wounded; grief and anguish have preyed upon his health. He cannot be thy deliverer. Heaven has appointed me to save thee, and thou to save thy Idda. Who but thyself can lead the troops? Who else vanquish the guards? What is in my power I will do: I will remain here some hours in thy stead. Soldiers

diers will not follow me as their leader; I shall not, indeed, be permitted again to leave the castle; and besides, every thing must be conducted with the utmost secrecy. Thou art lost if thou dost not follow my advice. Oh, my dearest Henry! bestow on me the joy of having been thy deliverer!"

The count took the lamp from the chain by which it hung, approached it to the damp ground, which it feebly enlightened; then, taking the hand of Idda, "Dost thou not see," said he, "the toad and the venomous reptile, the ancient inhabitants of this dungeon? Dost thou not shudder? And shall I leave thee here alone in this dreadful abode of despair? Hast thou the courage to remain here alone?—It is impossible! Go, Idda, and deliver me."

"Dost thou forget," said Idda with a smile, "dost thou forget that I had resolved, with the dagger, to force the guards to open thy prison to me? Dost thou not know that this dagger is destined to pierce my own heart, shouldst thou obstinately refuse to grant me my request? Whoever fears not death may be calm in the den of the lion. Refuse no longer, beloved, dearest Henry!"

"But recollect, Idda, that thy delivery from this dungeon is almost impossible. The guards are numerous and well-armed. The road to Kirchberg is watched by flying parties, and Kiburg is near with a strong body of troops. Even supposing, what is most improbable, that I should arrive here with my followers unperceived, a blast of the martial horn shall give the signal to the partisans of Kiburg; I shall be oppressed by numbers, repulsed, and thy anxious waiting shall end in disappointment and despair.—Leave thee here alone! oh, it is impossible, my Idda!"

"Thou hast told me nothing new; all this I knew before I came hither. I myself considered deliverance by force as almost impossible; but only *almost*. It is probably possible; and this probability is at least worth the attempt. Dost thou not think so?—I will remain here."

"And should no rescue come!—Remember, Idda, thou art in the power of the cruel Kiburg.—Thou must die for me, Idda."

"Dost thou think death so terrible, knight Henry?—I am in the power of the cruel Kiburg—I may die for thee—Thinkest thou I had not reflected on this before?—I will remain here."

"Idda, if thou hopest Kiburg will spare thee because thou art a woman, thou knowest not the deadly hatred of a father's pierced and wounded heart. To him thou art no woman; thou art the child of the man who killed his son. Idda, thou must go."

"I will stay, Tokenburg; I will stay. My death is not so certain as thine. Kiburg will find with astonishment me only in his power. Compassion, and, possibly, surprise, may have some unexpected effect. I do not confide much in this possibility, but it may save us, and therefore we ought not to neglect to make the experiment. Were the love of life stronger in my breast than the love of thee, I certainly would not make it. But—Let us imagine the worst. When I am brought forth, Kiburg will find in me, instead of his enemy, the affianced bride of his enemy, the daughter of the man who has slain his son. Let us suppose that he should not regard my sex, that he should not be restrained by the shame of putting a woman to death, that he should listen only to the furious voice of his revenge, and not to my prayers, and that I must die.—Be it so: I shall die for thee,

thee, Tokenburg; and that will be happiness compared with the pang of dying of despair on thy grave. Or dost thou really think that I will consent to survive thee? Then dost thou little know my love, or the firmness of my resolution."

"And shall I, Idda, in this struggle, be vanquished and despised? Shall I receive my life by the sacrifice of thine? I should become—No, Idda, thou requirest of me an impossibility."

"Who requires thee not to die with me? I did not say my life was of less value than thine; but only that without thee I cannot live. Thou too wilt not live without me, because thou lovest me. But possibly both our lives may be preserved; and while there is this possibility I will, I must, remain here. Tokenburg, be a man; destroy not our last, our only hope, because thou art too proud to accept a benefaction from a woman."

"Idda, it is impossible! Thou shalt not persuade me to quit these walls. I will remain."

"Remain, then, cruel man, and, by a stupid pride, annihilate the last hope of our love. Let it be so. I will share with thee thy despair. See, I take possession of thy prison, and never more will leave it; we will both be led to death together: of this wretched hope thy pride cannot deprive me."—She sat herself calmly down on a stone, and reclined her head, as if desirous of sleep.

"How, Idda! thou art resolved to remain here? Recollect thy death must then be inevitable."

"Dost thou trifle with my love? Must I a thousand times repeat that I am resolved to deliver both myself and me, or to die with thee. O beloved of my heart! refuse not to embrace the only means remaining to save us."—Again she repeated all

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the arguments she had before urged, again she had recourse to the most earnest entreaties; till, after a long and difficult struggle, the count consented to make his escape, and leave her in the prison.

She now unbound his armour, and, modestly retiring, hastily threw off her own apparel, and placed her lover's coat of mail over her beauteous and chaste breast. She assisted him to put on her clothing, threw her veil over him, and wrapped him in the cloak in which she came. He in like manner aided her to put on his armour, still entreating her to leave him to his fate. When every thing was ready, he surveyed her with streaming eyes, fell on his knees before her, and, raising his hands towards the arched vault of the dungeon, exclaimed, "O God! thy eye observes us now! If ever a heart deserved thy aid, it is that of Idda. Let thy mercy protect unfortunate but most faithful love!"

"Now must thou go, dearest Henry! Be this our last farewell—(Idda pressed her lips to his)—This be our last kiss, or the beginning of a better fortune."—She then drew the visor of the helmet over her face, wrapped her veil around her lover, and knocked with a stone at the door, as a sign to the guard to open it.

The guard came. Tokenburg threw himself again at the feet of his Idda. She pressed him to her breast, and whispered, "farewell."—He then passed out through the narrow door of the dungeon.

"Now may heaven comfort you!" said the guard, as he went before the count; "You have performed your vow, and he may die in peace." Tokenburg hastily ascended the staircase, reached the outer gate of the tower, and passed the guards, who had laid themselves down to

X

sleep

sleep by the fire. He proceeded along the rocky path into the plain, and soon came to the cottage of a faithful vassal of baron Kirchberg, where he made himself known, threw off his female attire, and caused the dress and armour of a soldier to be brought him. He conjured the peasant, by his oath and fealty, to observe the strictest secrecy, and hastened to Kirchberg, where, without declaring who he was, he solicited admission, as one who could give the knight some information of the count of Tokenburg. He wished to engage Kirchberg to collect his troops, and tell them they were to be employed in the deliverance of count Tokenburg. Then he would have headed them, without making himself known, lest their joy at his deliverance should betray the secret, and put Kiburg on his guard.

The unhappy father of Idda was with difficulty persuaded to admit to his presence the stranger who professed to bring him intelligence of the count of Tokenburg.—“Alas!” said he, “what can he bring? Can he tell me that the affianced husband of my daughter is saved from death?—Let him come in.”—The attendants of the unfortunate Kirchberg had concealed from him the departure of his daughter, that they might not aggravate his grief into fury and despair.

Tokenburg entered. Kirchberg feebly raised himself on his couch, and asked impatiently:—“What dost thou bring?” Tokenburg took off his helmet, and threw himself at his feet. “God be praised!” exclaimed the old man, and, joy renewing his strength, started suddenly up, and endeavoured to rush out from the room; but the count hastily seized him by the arm, and held him. “Stay, my father!” ex-

claimed he, “and betray me not.” Kirchberg struggled to get from him, to carry to his daughter the joyful tidings; but Henry would not relax his hold. “Barbarian,” exclaimed Kirchberg, aloud, “loose me! Shall my Idda be suffered to die with grief? Loose me, I say!”

The attendants of the knight hearing him exclaim, “loose me!” rushed into the chamber, and stood transfixed with admiration when they beheld Tokenburg. “Alas! how unfortunate am I,” cried the count, and quitted his hold of the baron, who ran precipitately to the chamber of his daughter, exclaiming, “Tokenburg is here, Idda! thy Henry is here!” He now for the first time learned that his daughter was gone from the castle.—“Fly! seek her! bring her hither again,” cried he to his attendants, who soon dispersed themselves over the neighbouring country in search of the wandering Idda.

The baron Kirchberg returned to the count, exclaiming, “My Idda is gone from the castle!”—“Oh Heaven!” replied the latter, “that I knew long since: to you must be imputed the destruction of us both.” He then related to the baron the noble act of Idda. A death-like paleness overspread the face of the aged knight, when he learned where his daughter was. To console him, the count endeavoured to give him assurance that she would be rescued the following night. He concealed his own anxious fears, which were greatly increased by the reflection that it was now known to so many persons that he was no longer in the dungeon of Kiburg.

They concerted their plan to rescue Idda the ensuing night. Kirchberg, feeble as he was, and distracted by his fears, hastily collected his troops. “Shall I,” said he, “do less to deliver my child than

than Kiburg has done to avenge the death of his son?"—The necessary preparations were all made; by mid-day the baron was clad in complete armour, and anxiously waited the ensuing evening that now seemed so long to delay its coming.

(To be continued.)

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

IF you think the following Apologue will afford any amusement to your fair readers, it is at your service.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Parliament-Street.

I. P.

THE TWO DOCTORS;

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

AN Indian monarch entertained at his palace two men of letters; one who devoted his whole time to books was accounted a prodigy of learning—nothing could abate the ardour of his studies, so that he soon excelled his companion, who, however, was amply compensated by possessing uncommon penetration and an astonishing presence of mind. Both being ambitious of renown, they mutually envied one another, and each secretly decried his companion. Not knowing to which to give the preference, the rajah sought for a long time an occasion to put their talents to a trial. At length an opportunity presented: having occasion to send embassies to some neighbouring princes, our two scholars were appointed the ambassadors; each was to carry with him a chest, which he was given to understand was filled with magnificent

presents; the man of profound learning presented his as he had been ordered, but was struck dumb with amazement when he discovered, on its being opened, that it contained nothing but cinders; and not being able to answer the interrogatories of the monarch on this strange present, he was disgracefully driven from the court, and returned, covered with confusion, to the rajah, his master. The other ambassador likewise presented his chest, which was not more richly laden than that of his companion; but he, when he discovered the contents, without appearing at all disconcerted, replied, that the king, his master, having lately made a great sacrifice according to the rites of their religion, had appointed him to renew the alliance which had so long subsisted between them, and to strengthen it by the usual ceremonies. Thus saying, he repeated a short prayer; and, taking a cinder between his thumb and fore finger, made a mark on the monarch's forehead, who received this token of amity with every mark of respect. Our ambassador, laden with kindnesses and presents, returned home, attended by a numerous escort, where he experienced the most flattering reception from his sovereign. Every one admired his address and presence of mind, in extricating himself from so unpleasant a situation; and, finally, he received the most honourable distinctions, and arrived at the highest offices of the state; while his rival, notwithstanding his profound learning, was totally neglected, and sunk into an obscurity from which his laborious works will never rescue him.

In active life, penetration and good sense are of more value than profound erudition.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED
WIFE AND CHILD.

THE green turf lies upon that breast
Where truth, and love, and virtue
reign'd;

That soothing voice is hush'd to rest,
Whose cheering sounds my sorrows
wan'd.

Those lovely, mild, bewitching eyes
Are clos'd for ever; and that face,
Which now in cold oblivion lies,
Kind Nature deck'd with ev'ry
grace.

Devoid of envy, pride, or spleen;
Engaging, sprightly, good, and kind;
Her temper even and serene;
Her manners gentle and refin'd.

In bloom of youth untimely fell
This charming treasure of my heart;
And with her sad departing knell
Did all my earthly peace depart.

Revolving seasons but increase
The boundless measure of my woe,
And those gay scenes which whisper'd
peace

Do now but cause my tears to flow.

My only son, her last bequest,
(Which might have sooth'd my
troubled mind)

Expir'd upon my tortur'd breast,
And left me to despair consign'd.

Thus stripped of all my heart held dear,
My love! my boy! what's life to me?
No ray of hope my soul to cheer,
In this dark vale of misery.

No friendly breast on which to lay
My aching head: no voice of love
To drive my sorrows far away,
And kindly all my cares remove:

No kindred hand to close these eyes;
No wife, no son, on whom to call,

When Death shall stop my tears and
sighs:

Ah! that's th' unkindest cut of all.

When trifling woes to sleep give way,
And Silence reigns in awful state,
I through the church-yard lonely stray,
And o'er her grave my griefs relate.

Then call to mind those happy days,
When she and I together rov'd,
Through youth's alluring flow'ry maze,
The happiest pair that ever lov'd.

I thought her whisp'ring spirit said,
As my warm tears her grave bedew'd,
"Alas! my love! th' unconscious dead
From all your tears receive no good.

"Far, far beyond yon azure plain,
Your Edwin, and your Ann, enjoy
Celestial pleasure, free from pain;
Eternal bliss, without alloy.

"By pious deeds your soul prepare;
Seductive Vice's voice detest;
And we again shall meet you there:
Be good, and you'll be always blest."

Oh! when will all my sorrows end?
When comes the balm of sweet re-
pose?

Come, icy Death! — dear, dreadful
friend!

And snatch me from this load of woes.

In yonder bright etherial skies,
My lovely Ann again I'll join;
She'll dry the tears which dim these
eyes,

And I shall ever call her mine.

Transporting thought! — and shall my
boy

Again upon my breast recline?

Oh, then again I'll taste that joy
Which once I knew, but more di-
vine!

Then firmly let me bear my fate:
(But, ah! 'tis more than mortal can.)

In heaven I may be happy yet,
With Edwin and my dear-lov'd Ann.

Wolverhampton, Feb. 18. D. T. S.

THE POOR BEGGAR BOY.

OH! give a poor boy some relief;
 Turn Pity's soft ear to his tale;
 Whilst he tells the sad cause of his grief,
 Let the voice of Compassion prevail.
 Pale Hunger sits on my wan cheek;
 I'm lost to all comfort and joy:
 In vain food and raiment I seek;
 'Tis deny'd to the poor beggar boy.

Time was when contented I smil'd;
 When no cares my poor breast did
 annoy:

But, alas! of Misfortune the child,
 Now wanders the poor beggar boy.

Those parents I lov'd are no more!

No longer their smiles I enjoy!

And Time can, ah! never restore

That delight to the poor beggar boy.

All the day, cold and hungry, I roam,

To seek for an honest employ;

And at night there's no cottage or home

To receive the poor tir'd beggar boy.

Then, O grant the small boon I require,

From the bountiful store you enjoy!

Let me warm my chill'd hands by your
 fire,

And give food to the poor beggar boy.

That your treasure may daily in-
 crease,— [alloy,—

That no cares may your comforts

That your years may be crowned with
 peace,—

Is the wish of the poor beggar boy.

Soon shall famine and sorrow combin'd

My youth and my health quite de-
 stroy, [find

And kind Death a sweet refuge shall

For the wretched and poor beggar
 boy. O. W. B.

Bradford, Wilts. Feb. 6, 1801.

LINES

*Written on reading the 'Orphan Heiress
 of Sir GREGORY.'*

ACCURSED Hacket! cursed be thy
 name, [shame:

Let after ages brand thee still with
 Murd'rer detested! righteous was thy

fate, [gate.

And thy foul soul full welcome at hell's—

But thou, fair Marg'ret! thou, whose
 spotless mind [was kind,

Was fair as heav'n, and as that heav'n

Shalt live the pride of ev'ry future age,
 Admiring still, as still they turn the
 page.

And when they read how lovely Mar-
 g'ret died, [cheek will slide

A sigh shall rise, whilst o'er their

A pitying tear, as like the one I shed,

A sincere off'ring from the heart and
 head. W.

THE MURDERER.

BENEATH a cloister'd abbey's ivy'd
 tower, [away,

By win't'ry tempests chissel'd rude

What time dead Silence rul'd the mid-

night hour, [sleeping lay.

In blood-smear'd vest a murd'rer

The crazy chimes had now their mea-

sure toll'd, [the wood;

Swift shot the pale blue flash athwart

Loud o'er the rattling pile the fluid

roll'd;

And at his head a fearful vision stood.

"Haste! haste! sad sleeper! lo! the

Parcæ call [mur'd low;—

(Stern sisterhood!)—Serapis mur-

Haste, instant, ere the chinky frag-

ment fall, [realms of woe."

And give thee, sleeping, to the

All pale, (for fierce the grisly spectre

frown'd) [ing cell;

Upspringing, swift he fled his shelt'r-

When, lo! that moment tottering, to

the ground [fell.

With hideous hollow crash the ruin

"And, oh! some god protects the mur-

derer's hand,

Whose power unknown these vows

shall hence invoke,

And to Serapis, o'er his guardian land,

The willing hecatomb shall yearly
 smoke."

He said—and sought again, in soft re-

pose, [the blest:—

Dreams, such as gild the trances of

Again the visionary terror rose,

And, wrapt in horrors, thund'ring

thus address:

"Perjur'd inhuman! Heav'n's all-

vengeful power,

Spares guilt to fall the victim of re-

morse;

Be thine, to linger out life's last sad

hour [the cross."

In phrensied, fainting sufferance on

TO ELVIRA.

WHEN thou, my fair one, art away,
 What joy remains for me?
 What beauty can my eye survey,
 That gaze no more on thee?
 But let not frantic love repine,
 Nor mourn the absent fair;
 Whatever bounds my steps confine,
 Elvira too is there:
 For mem'ry, still to feeling true,
 Loves, with a fond delight,
 Her ev'ry beauty to renew,
 Before the mental sight.
 No toy, no trinket, I require,
 Remembrance to revive;
 For faint must be the ling'ring fire
 Such baubles keep alive.
 But ill the man his passion proves
 Whose thoughts such toys amuse;
 The heart that any fair one loves
 Can ne'er her image lose. W.

TO-MORROW.

SAY, pensive youth, why heave that
 sigh? [sorrow?
 Why trembling stands the tear of
 With waining day thy cares may fly,
 And smiling Joy be thine to-morrow.
 Does slighted Love oppress thy heart?
 Then rouse thee, lad, nor yield to
 sorrow; [part,
 What though you and your mistress
 A kinder may be had to-morrow.
 Has Fortune frown'd and Friendship
 fled? [sorrow;
 These commonills should ne'er move
 Friends by Fortune's smiles are led—
 Both may come again to-morrow.
 Hast thou relied upon the great?
 No reason this to grieve and sorrow—
 "They smile and promise—you must
 eat"— [morrow.
 Well! happier stars may rule to-
 Nor Cares that vex, nor slighted Love,
 Nor Fortune's frown, nor Friendship
 hollow,
 Nor keen Suspense, long pain can prove
 To him who fondly trusts to-morrow.
 To-morrow is the balm of Life,
 The stay of Hope, the dream of Sor-
 row;
 From Misery's hand it wrests the knife;
 Despair, alone, would shun to-mor-
 row. C.

SAPPHO TO HER LOVER.

BID me the ills of life endure,
 Ills that shall rend my heart!
 Bid me resign the hope of cure,
 And cherish endless smart!
 Bid me a weary wand'rer be—
 But never bid me part from thee!
 Bid me encounter vulgar scorn;
 And, hopeless of relief,
 Bid me awake, each sadden'd morn,
 To feed the source of grief!
 Bid me from pomp and splendor flee,—
 But never bid me fly from thee!
 Bid me o'er barren deserts rove,
 O'er mountains rude and bare;
 Bid me the keenest torments prove,
 That feeling bosoms share!
 Bid me no dawn of comfort see,—
 I'll bear it all if blest with thee!

SAPPHO.

THE NUN'S SONNET.

CONFIN'd in the convent's cold cell,
 The morn of my life pass'd away;
 Sad prey to religion I fell,
 Whilst mourning I sigh'd—well a
 day!
 Kind hope seldom sooth'd my sad
 breast,
 In vain I essay'd to be gay;
 A vision destroyed my rest,
 'Twas Henry, my love—well a day!
 Tho' the eve of my life is gone past,
 And soon I must moulder to clay;
 Yet shall I regret to the last,
 My Henry, my love—well a day!
 W.

EPITAPH

ON A PIOUS YOUNG LADY.

FEARLESS and calm she met the
 fatal blow,
 And left, without a sigh, these scenes
 below:
 A band of cherubs join'd her on the
 road,
 And safe convey'd her to the bright
 abode,
 Where perfect spirits sweet commu-
 nion hold,
 And chaunt seraphic airs to harps of
 gold.

Haverbill.

JOHN WEBB.

THE SLAVE;
A PLAINITIVE BALLAD.

*Written, and inscribed to the Honourable
Mr. WILBERFORCE, M. P. by HENRY
FRANCES*.*

NEAR the gates of the palace, where
Splendor displays
The pageants of grandeur, of riches,
and show;
Where the vot'ries of Fashion tread
gaiety's maze,
Regardless of sorrow, and callous to
woe,
Sat a sad son of Africa, worn out with
grief,
Escap'd from the shackles of slav'ry
and woe,
Who, with sighs venting anguish, im-
plor'd our relief—
Crying, "Pity—oh, pity a poor
negro!
"When forc'd," cried the slave,
"from my dear native shore,
By merciless wretches, ah! what
could I do?
Relations and friends to behold never
more,—
The ties of fond nature, alas! to
forego!—
Torn thus from my home, and the wife
of my heart—
Of liberty robb'd—choicest blessing
below!—
Galling chains and hard slav'ry fell to
my part:
But no pity, alas! to a poor negro!
"Oh, Britons!" continued the slave
with a sigh,
"Boasting the freedom proud Albion
enjoys!
In liberty's cause, you all tell us, you'll
die,
Yet unite to bereave the POOR
BLACK of its joys.
Then tell us no more of Humanity's
ties,
Their influence soft ye could never
yet know;
That virtue you *boast* your base con-
duct *denies*.
While enslaving the naked, de-
fenceless negro.

"Then cease to *enslave* those whom
Nature *made free*,
Nor practise a traffic so loathsome
and base;
In defence of it Virtue will ne'er grant
a plea,
For *black*'s the CRIME than the
skin of our RACE:
But, alas! what avails?—of your tor-
tures I die!—
Humanity now is too late to be-
stow!"—
Here faulter'd his voice, and he died
with a sigh,
Crying, "Pity, O Heav'n! upon a
negro!"

EPITAPH

ON A PROMISING YOUTH WHO WAS
KILLED BY A FALL FROM HIS
HORSE.

PAUSE, youthful reader! o'er this
marble urn,
Where sculptur'd cherubs mourn, or
seem to mourn;
Where Faith, to check a parent's rising
sigh,
Points to fair realms of immortality.
Oh ponder here, gay trifler! son of
mirth! [birth.
A place like this will give reflection.
May this dread monitor, an early tomb,
With solemn voice, remind thee of thy
doom!
And may his hapless fate who mould-
ers here [ing tear?
Draw, from its briny source, the feel-
Like thine, his morning sun rose
"dazzling bright,"
And Hope presag'd it would shed its
rays till night,
When, lo! black clouds the pleasing
scene deform,
And life's fair beam was quench'd
amidst the storm.
Still pause, young friend! nor from
this spot depart
Till deep conviction renovate thy heart;
Then will that syren, Pleasure, cease
to charm, [warm;
And joy sublime thy tender bosom
Then Peace will strew thy future path
with flowers, [piest hours.
And this be rank'd amongst thy hap-
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

* The music, adapted to the words, will shortly be published, composed by the author of the ballad.

AN INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN DURING AN INDIS-
POSITION.

"O Health! can youth distrust thy worth?
Go ask the monarchs of the earth.
Imperial czars and sultans own
No gem so bright that decks their crown:
Each for this pearl their thrones would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit." COTTON.

O LOVELY Health! I supplicate thine
aid: [maid!
Come to my arms, thou ever-blooming
O how I long to see thy radiant face,
And sigh to clasp thee in a fond em-
brace!

Where dost thou dwell, sweet nymph?
In shady bowers,
Dost thou recline on beds of fragrant
flowers?

Or dost thou wander in the woody dell,
Charm'd with the nightly plaints of
Philomel?

I'll search thy fav'rite walk, the ver-
dant lawn,
Ere the gay sky-lark wakes the meek-
ey'd Morn,

In hopes thy fair engaging form to view,
Fair as young roses wash'd in silver
dew.

But, ah! thou'rt fled from thence.—
The freezing gale

Has robb'd of beauty every hill and dale,
And dark December, wet with drench-
ing rain,

In sullen grandeur stalks along the
plain.

But Winter will retire, and jocund
Spring

Can bear thy blessing on her flowery
wing. [raise,

O come with her, my drooping spirits
And tune my artless lyre to sing thy
praise!

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

SONNET TO SENSIBILITY.

BY W. MAVOR, LL.D.

DEAR poignant source of ecstasy and
woe! [frame!

Imperious sovereign of my pliant
Through every nerve quick shoots thy
vivid glow,

And every nerve subservient owns
thy claim:—

I know thee,—mighty as the lightning's
stroke,

That vibrates through the sky to rend
the knotted oak.

Shown in terrific magnitude of form,
By thy keen optics human ills appear;

By thee I see the yet impending
storm,

And for each shaft prepare a ready tear.

With envy, malice, or aversion,
fraught,

I pierce the film that veils the doubtful
eye:—

Alas! how seldom has this heart been
taught

To read the presage sweet of rosy-
dawning joy.

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

LONE bird! that nightly sing'st in
airy nest,

And sweetly tunes thy clear melo-
dious throat;

While other birds seek their nocturnal
rest,

Thou mak'st the woods re-echo with
thy note.

Thou, first of warblers of the feather'd
race,

While wrap'd around with dark and
doleful shade,

Thou dost with plaintive voice the tale
rehearse,

How Tereus wrong'd thee when
thou wert a maid.

Thy song melodious fills the lonely
grove,

All nature's hush'd, as if thy voice
to hear;

And oh! how I thy charming warbling
love,

Which strikes so sweetly on th' at-
tending ear.

If I should chance to roam the dark-
some night;

Or cross'd in love, or sunk in world-
ly care;

Thy soothing voice would give my soul
delight,

Allay the sorrow, dry the starting
tear.

T.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersburg, January 23.

HIS Imperial majesty has been pleased to express his approbation to the vice-presidents of the College of Admiralty for the expedition used in building ships. The commandant of the fortress of St. Petersburg, lieutenant-general prince Dolgorukiew, has been dismissed, and major-general Sosnow appointed his successor.

Count Potosky, who had applied for the ensigns of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, has received a positive refusal.

Vienna, Jan. 24. On the 22d the cabinet courier Moriz set out from this city for Luneville. It is confidently asserted that he carries with him the ratified preliminaries of peace.

The marquis de Gallo will, in a few days, set out for Luneville, accompanied by two secretaries of the king of Naples.

Königsberg, Jan. 26. Our gazette contains the following extract of a letter from Courland, dated January 2:

"We have just received here the important intelligence that the emperor of Russia has published a notice to all neutral ships importing goods to England, that they will be detained by the Russian cruisers. His Imperial majesty has likewise appointed a minister who will go to Paris to replace baron Sprengporten, who has been recalled. This minister will probably remain at Paris as ambassador."

Stockholm, Jan. 27. Since the return of our sovereign from Russia, the greatest preparations have been making in the war department. The commander in chief of the fleet, count Wachtmeister, has been sent for here from Carlscrona, to be present at the councils held relative to the naval preparations. The ships of the line and fri-

gates, which Sweden is to fit out agreeably to the convention of neutrality, will be commanded by rear-admiral baron Palonquist. Should circumstances require, two grand divisions of fifty armed ships each will be besides held in readiness to serve in the Sound, as soon as the sea shall be open. The rear-admirals of the blue, M. Van Rosenstein and M. de Freese, are appointed commanders, the former of the division of Schonin, and the latter of that of Gottenberg, in this fleet.

A land army of twenty thousand men will be immediately assembled, and form two large camps, the one in Schonin, and the other not far from Gottenberg. We are assured that his majesty will command this army in person, which, in the mean time, will be under the orders of that able general baron Toll. There will be about thirty thousand men in motion, besides which the militia of the country have orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at the first notice.

From Russia we have received certain intelligence, that a much greater force, both by sea and land, than was stipulated by the convention is ready to act; should any foreign power show itself hostilely disposed towards the northern alliance of neutrality.

Three ships, which have arrived at Gottenberg from England, have brought unexpected advice of an embargo having been laid on all Swedish and Danish merchant-ships in the English harbours. This intelligence has caused the greatest sensation, both at court and on the exchange, as neither Sweden nor Denmark wished to give any occasion for hostilities on the part of England; but are only desirous to maintain the rights of neutrality, as in the time of the American war in 1780.

Vienna, Jan. 28. The formal publication of peace will be deferred to the 12th of the ensuing month, which is the birth-day of his Imperial majesty; but though it is not officially announced, it is generally believed to be certainly concluded.

Count Cobentzel, after the conclusion of the negotiations, will go as envoy extraordinary to Paris, and Joseph Bonaparte will be appointed envoy to Vienna.

It is now said that duke Ferdinand of Wirtemberg will not go as ambassador to Petersburg.

On the 25th instant an adjutant of general Moreau arrived at the headquarters of the archduke Charles at Shoenbrun, and delivered to him dispatches, which, it is confidently asserted, contained the preliminaries of peace concluded at Luneville. The adjutant was invited to the table of the archduke, and went, accompanied by two Austrian officers, to the ridotto and other entertainments, and was treated with the most flattering politeness.—He afterwards departed, carrying with him, it is said, the ratification of the preliminaries.

On the arrival here of a courier from Luneville on the 25th instant, the Neapolitan ambassador, the marquis de Gallo, set out for that town. The report that count Cobentzel will himself bring to Vienna the treaty of peace, when finally arranged, is confirmed.

To complete our regiments, a new recruiting of sixty thousand men is ordered.

As the king of Naples is not included by name in the Italian armistice, a corps of Cisalpine troops is on its march towards Naples, through the ecclesiastical states.

Feb. 12. The following notification has been transmitted from the States' chancery to the agents and states of the empire:

"The French republic has required, as an express condition of the new armistice for thirty days, that, during that time, not only the peace with Austria shall be finally concluded, but that the emperor, as head of the empire, shall act definitively for the German empire, in order to avoid the delays inseparable from a congress. The emperor has

not been able to refuse consenting to this proposition, and finds it necessary to give this notice of it to the States.—He will, on this occasion, exert himself as much as shall be in his power, for the good of the whole empire; but should the result not prove conformable to his wishes, it must be considered as a consequence of the unfavourable circumstances in which he finds himself; and such of the States as shall conceive themselves to have cause of complaint must apply immediately to the French republic."

18. The day before yesterday the ratification of the treaty of peace was sent from this city to Luneville. When the courier arrived with intelligence of the conclusion of peace, his Imperial majesty was at church. On Monday their Imperial majesties were received with loud acclamations. Their majesties have distributed, on account of the peace, ten thousand florins among the poor. Magnificent presents are preparing for Joseph Bonaparte and Moreau.

Baron Thugut has now likewise resigned the Italian department, and retired to Cracow.

The Condéan corps will now go to Minorca.

It is said, that, in certain circumstances, the Russian fleet in the Black Sea will sail against the English on the coast of Egypt.

Ratisbon, Feb. 20. It is asserted that the grand duke of Tuscany will receive the bishoprics of Bamber and Wurtzburg; and the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, Fulda.

Hamburg, Feb. 20. The note of the count De Haugwitz to lord Carysfort is a sufficient demonstration that, if England does not take off the embargo on the Danish and Swedish ships, Prussia will take a very active part in the northern confederacy. In this case, it is believed that the country of Hanover, as well as the city of Hamburg, will be occupied by Prussian troops.

The intelligence received here, of an English frigate having cut out several Swedish vessels from a port in Norway, causes great sensation, as it is considered as a formal rupture between England and Sweden. Denmark, on the contrary, endeavours to ward

ward off the blow, and has nothing so much at heart as to keep on good terms with England.

Letters from St. Petersburg mention that the sale of English property put under sequestration has begun.

New York, Feb. 20. Yesterday afternoon a salute of sixteen guns was fired on the battery by the artillery company under the command of captain Ten Eyck, in consequence of the election of Thomas Jefferson to the presidency of the United States.

The senate of the United States have passed the bill that originated in the house of representatives, for erecting a mausoleum to the memory of George Washington, with amendments that entirely alter the provisions of the bill. — Instead of directing the erection of a mausoleum, they direct the erection of a monument, for which they appropriate fifty thousand dollars, and appoint John Marshall, Bushrod Washington, John E. Howard, and Tobias Lear, commissioners to carry the erection into effect.

Bamberg, Feb. 23. Various plans of indemnities and arrangements are circulated. That which the gazettes of Franconia give most credit to imports that the whole of that circle is destined for the grand duke of Tuscany, and that the king of Prussia will be indemnified for the cession of the margravate of Anspach and Bareuth by Hanover, the bishopric of Osnaburg, Hamburg, Lubeck, &c. However, these are only conjectures, and it is probable that nothing is yet definitively settled between the principal powers upon the general plan of indemnities. Some persons, who have the means of being well informed, assure us that Hamburg will preserve its independence.

Riga, Feb. 23. A notice has been published here, importing that his Russian Imperial majesty having learned that Russian products and commodities have been conveyed to England through Prussia, he has strictly prohibited the transport of all such products and commodities to Prussia, either by sea or land.

25. This morning orders were re-

ceived here prohibiting the exportation of any products of the Russian empire, either by land or water, until further directions should arrive. The prohibition extended at first only to the Prussian territories.

Stockholm, Feb. 27. A Prussian courier arrived here the 25th, and was immediately dispatched to his Swedish majesty at Gottenberg. His dispatches are said to purport, that, besides the Prussian declaration, by count Haugwitz, delivered to lord Carysfort, the king of Prussia, in a dispatch directly to London, had insisted upon the embargo upon Swedish and Danish ships being immediately taken off, and, in case of non-compliance, threatened to use reprisals upon British property. — This intelligence caused the funds to rise here. A Swedish vessel belonging, with the cargo, to some Prussian merchants, at Stetten, and taken on the 5th ult. by an English vessel of twenty-two guns, has been released by the English captain, as soon as he learnt it was Prussian property.

Hague, Feb. 28. Since the courier arrived here on the 16th, with intelligence of the peace, two other dispatches have been received by our directory. It is supposed, in consequence, that our government took a direct part in the negotiations actually carrying on under the eyes of the chief consul, relative to the indemnities we are to receive for the three provinces we have ceded to France upon that occasion, and for which she is engaged to procure us compensation. It will probably be at the ratification of the peace that the marquisate of Bergen-op-Zoom, the lordship of Ravenstein, the possessions of the houses of Salm, Hohenzollern, Nassau, and the Teutonic Order, will be definitively incorporated into our republic.

The emperor of Russia has not only evinced a disposition to receive an embassy from the Dutch republic, but has just sent the necessary passports. — It is citizen W. Buys, formerly ambassador to Stockholm, who has set out in the capacity of ambassador to Petersburg.

HOME NEWS.

Southampton, February 20.

AN accident of a most melancholy nature happened here on Wednesday evening last, on the person of lady Hardy, relict of the late admiral sir C. Hardy: she was sitting alone after dinner reading, but falling asleep, her head dress approached too near the flame of the candle, and caught fire; it communicated to other parts of her dress before her ladyship awoke; on awaking and perceiving her situation, she inadvertently ran out into the passage, when the draught of air so much increased the flames, that she was found entirely in a blaze. Immediate assistance was at hand, and she was rolled up in the carpet, which instantly extinguished the fire; but her ladyship was so dreadfully burnt, that she lingered till four o'clock the next morning, in the most excruciating agonies, and expired.

Such was the presence of mind of her ladyship, when she discovered her sad situation, that she refrained crying out, lest her eldest daughter, who was in an adjoining apartment, recovering from a dangerous illness, should be alarmed. It is very remarkable that lady nearly met with the same fate twice before; the last time she was confined for four months from an injury she received from fire, and which then so affected her daughter, that her health has been ever since impaired.

Her ladyship was in lodgings, but had lately taken a house, which she was furnishing and preparing to enter when the above catastrophe happened.

Glasgow, Feb. 24. On Tuesday last a case of a singular nature came before the magistrates of Glasgow, relative to Thomas Kidd, an old infirm man, who resided in the Bridge-gate, Glasgow, in circumstances appa-

rently of the utmost indigence. For some time past he had received considerable assistance both from the Town's-hospital and South-session, though it was discovered that he had a few days before drawn from different banks in Glasgow no less than 120*l.* sterling. Actions were raised against him by the clerk of the hospital for restitution, and the Procurator Fiscal, for a fraud; and the case being clear, decree went against him in both. The poor wretch, in the agonies of avarice, in vain pretended that the money he had just drawn from the banks belonged to his son at Jamaica, to whose agent he had sent it as soon as drawn, and that it was now beyond his reach; that he had a friend to lend him enough to repay what he had received from the hospital and the session, which amounted to near 9*l.* but that he was utterly unable to pay the fine of five guineas imposed upon him for the fraud. He was committed to jail, and in a short time the cash appeared, and he was discharged in order to go into banishment from the city and royalty, which was also a part of the sentence against him.

Dublin, Feb. 28. Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, sir H. B. Hayes was escorted from the New Prison to Kilmainham prison, in order to his being sent to Cork, to take his trial at the next assizes: he is to be forwarded from one county-gaol to another, until he arrives at the place above mentioned.

In a few days, Napper Tandy, esq. will be transmitted to the county of Donegal, to take his trial at Lifford assizes.

One of the prisoners who were brought from Hamburg with Napper Tandy, and confined in Kilmainham gaol,

gaol, named Corbet, made his escape from prison last week. It is said he effected it in a disguise of women's clothes.

London, March 3. On Sunday and yesterday mornings, John Rough, assisting water-bailiff, took into custody John Coleman and Henry Soper, two fishermen, at work with their nets, at Wandsworth, fishing for smelts, contrary to law, and fourteen others; the first was stalling the tide with two anchors. His lordship, after examining them, fined the first in the penalty of seven pounds, and ordered his net and anchors to be destroyed; the others were severely reprimanded, and their nets ordered to be detained until the proper time allowed for using them to catch smelts, and were dismissed.

5. About two o'clock yesterday morning, happened at No. 10, Charlotte street, Portland-place, another dreadful instance of the extreme danger with which the fashionable articles of female dress are worn in any careless situation by a fire. A gentleman who had been on a visit to miss Sarah Riggs, and supped with her, had been gone but a very short time, when fire was by some accident communicated to her head-dress. No person was with her in the room, and ere she was aware of her danger the rest of her clothes were in flames. In her first surprise, she had run to stifle them by the window-curtains, but without effect. Her servant was at last alarmed, and called the assistance of Mr. Williams, surgeon, from the house opposite. When he came in, miss Riggs stood at the door of her apartment, holding the door with one hand, with the other the corner of a chest of drawers near it. She had seized both with a convulsive grasp, and was in the agonies of death. They could not relax her hold to remove her, but her strength was exhausted by the effort, and she almost immediately sunk down and expired. Her limbs were contracted, and her whole frame most frightfully scorched. The flames had spread over the room, and it was with difficulty that the house could be saved.

Yarmouth, March 10. The fleet in Yarmouth Roads makes a grand and formidable appearance:—Monday e-

vening his majesty's ship London arrived, and the following morning admiral sir Hyde Parker's flag was removed from the Ardent on board the London. The fleet consists of the following ships:

London	- - 98	Princess Orange	64
St. George	- 98	Monmouth	- 64
Monarch	- - 74	Ardent	- - 64
Bellona	- 74	Polyphemus	- 64
Saturn	- 74	Raisable	- 64
Ramillies	- 74	Agamemnon	- 64
Warrior	- 74	Leyden	- - 64
Ganges	- 74	Texel	- - 64
Russell	- 74	Glatton	- - 54
Defence	- 74	Madras	- - 54
Agincourt	- 64	Assistance	- 50
Veteran	- 64	Isis	- - - 50

FRIGATES.—La Desirée, La Blanche, Waakzaamheid.

SLOOPs.—Pylades, Squirrel, Zebra.

BRIGs.—Kite, Cruiser, Harpy, Lady Ann, Albion (armed ship).

GUN-VESSELS.—Biter, Hecla, Hearty, Blazer, Bruiser, Tigress, Pelter, Zebra, Pouncer, Teaser, Explosion.

Terror, and three other bombs.

Eling schooner. Besides cutters.

Inverness, March 12. This day at noon Inverness exhibited the most awful scene that it is possible to conceive, in consequence of the explosion of several barrels of gun-powder belonging to messrs. M^rIntosh, Inglis, and Wilson, which had been lodged in a cellar in a lane in the centre of the town; so that the destruction and devastation are universal. Not a house escaped its effects, in a greater or less degree. The houses immediately adjoining have been razed to the foundation: others are unroofed, and the walls driven in, and the windows of hundreds shattered into a thousand pieces. But, alas! this melancholy event is rendered still more shocking by the lamentable fate of miss Fraser, Finellan, and miss Willet Fraser, one of her sisters. The latter was instantaneously killed in passing the lane, and miss Fraser is since dead. Three women and two children were buried in the ruins. The materials of the house, having been blown to an immense height in every direction, fell

fell with dreadful violence, and wounded a great many people, but few dangerously. The roofs of houses at a considerable distance have also been greatly damaged. The Hunt-house is much injured; one of the wings is so much shattered, that it is about to be taken down. The shock was felt for many miles, and afforded too perfect an idea of an earthquake, with its direct effects.

Yarmouth, March 18. His majesty's ship *Invincible*, of 74 guns, that sailed from hence on the 16th, unfortunately got on shore on the Ridge Sand, about fourteen miles from Winterton, a few hours after sailing, where she remained until yesterday morning, notwithstanding every possible exertion was used to get her off by cutting away her masts, &c. when she got off the sand, and shortly afterwards sunk in deep water. Admiral Totty and one hundred and twenty-five men only were saved; the captain and remainder of the crew perished.

London, March 12. Monday night, a poor woman, with a young child by her side, while in the act of soliciting alms from the passing stranger, in Tooley-street, sunk upon the pavement, and expired instantly. A medical gentleman, on viewing the body of the poor deceased, asserted it to be his firm belief that she had died literally of want, and was starved to death.—The scene was rendered more wretched, from the apparent agony of the helpless little boy, who incessantly kissed the disfigured countenance of his wretched mother, entreating her to awake, and speak to him. The body was conveyed to the workhouse, and the child, it is to be hoped, taken care of.

14. Yesterday, about a quarter past twelve, when the workmen were just gone to dinner, the front of one of the old houses in the narrowest part of Snow-hill fell into the street, which it completely covered, part of the house reaching so far as to drive in the window of a shop on the other side. Providentially no person was hurt, though there is not a more crowded thoroughfare in London. One of the horses of

a gentleman's carriage was a little damaged; and had the accident been three seconds later, the carriage and all belonging to it would have been crushed.

17. The gazette of this night contains the appointment of Mr. Addington, as first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, together with other changes of the treasury-board. The appointments of lord Hardwicke, to be lord-lieutenant of Ireland; of lord Hobart, to be one of the principal secretaries of state; and of the right hon. Charles Yorke, to be secretary at war, are likewise announced. Lord Lewis-ham is sworn in a member of the privy-council; but his appointment as head of the board of controul is not mentioned, though no doubt of it can be entertained. The appointment of lord Hawkesbury to the foreign department, and earl St. Vincent to the admiralty-board, have already appeared in the gazette.

Folkstone, March 17. On Sunday the 8th instant, an immense portion of that stupendous eminence the Cliff, bordering the sea, between this town and Sandgate, at about a quarter of a mile from hence, suddenly giving way, was precipitated below with great violence, and several smaller fragments have continued falling at different times since, some slight fissures and separations of the surface being observed previous to their descent. The earth beneath the cliff seems to have sunk originally, as there is a conspicuous depression of it in some parts, and considerable intersections in others. The loss must be rather important to the possessor of the land which has fallen, as it consisted of well-cultivated ground; and, still more unfortunately, there is no deciding at present when it will cease to decline. The foot-path from this to Sandgate went across the part which has tumbled down; and it was a very providential circumstance, that at the time it happened, which was a little after ten o'clock in the morning, no one happened to be upon the spot, as they must otherwise have been dashed to pieces by falling from an elevation of several hundred feet.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 28. The lady of John Richards, esq. of Red-lion square, of a son.

March 2. At Peckham-Rye, the lady of Henry Bell, esq. of a son.

The lady of captain Buckle, of the royal navy, of a daughter.

The lady of Henry Hulton, esq. in Lincoln's-inn-fields, of a daughter.

10. In York-place, Portman-square, the lady of sir Home Popham, of a son.

The countess of Guildford, of a son and heir.

Lady Louisa Brome, of a daughter, at his lordship's house in Cavendish-square.

The lady of John Leigh, esq. of Bedford-square, of a son.

12. At West-Moulsey, Surry, the lady of John George Nichols, esq. of a daughter.

14. At his house in Portland-place, the lady of Thomas Tyrwhitt Jones, esq. M. P. of a son.

15. At Hans-Place, Sloane-street, the lady of James Trant, esq. of a son and heir.

The lady of colonel Warren, of a daughter, at Houghton, in Hampshire.

16. The right hon. the countess of Derby, of a daughter.

At Kensington, the lady of captain Bean, of the guards, of twins.

At her house in Tothill-fields, the widow of the late Mr. Jordan James Arrow, of a daughter.

18. The lady of J. Griffiths, esq. of Grosvenor-street, of a daughter.

In Mountjoy-square, Dublin, the lady of John Deane, esq. of a son.

At his house in Russell-place, the lady of D. H. Wilson, esq. of a daughter.

21. The lady of James Hewitt Massey Dawson, esq. of a daughter, at his house in Gloucester-street, Portman-square.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 26. At Hendon, Mr. T. Haigh, to miss Dall, of Bond-street.

Mr. Thomas Field, of Lower

Thames-street, to miss Fisher, of Blandford, Dorset.

Captain William Scott, of the Bengal establishment, to miss Henrietta Robson, second daughter of colonel Francis Robson, lieutenant-governor of that Island.

March 5. At the collegiate church, in Wolverhampton, Mr. Drummond, attorney at law, of Croydon in Surry, to miss Chrees, daughter of Mr. Chrees, attorney at law, of Wolverhampton,

At the collegiate church, Ripon, Charles Oxley, esq. to miss Margaret Lodge, second daughter of the late Edm. Lodge, esq. of Willow-hall, Yorkshire.

6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, lieut. John Lake, of the royal navy, to miss Carr.

10. At Drums, in Renfrewshire, W. Fulton, jun. esq. of Watling-street, to miss King, daughter of James King, esq. of Drums.

12. Mr. Lettice, Surgeon, of Wel-
lingborough, Northamptonshire, to miss Marriott, of Fleet-street.

At St. George's, church, Queen-square, Mr. J. M. Bushell, of East-street, Red-lion-square, to miss M. L. Costeker, of Ashford, in Kent.

At Liverpool, Mr. T. Rochester, of London, ship-owner, to miss Mary Atkinson, of Sunderland.

13. By special licence, at Leinster-house, by the lord bishop of Down, John Joseph Henry, of Stratton, in the county of Kildare, esq. an highly esteemed gentleman of great fortune, to the very amiable and accomplished lady Emily Fitzgerald, second daughter to that illustrious character, his grace the duke of Leinster.

19. At St. George's Bloomsbury, by the rev. Joseph Phillimore, Henry Fletcher, esq. only son of sir Henry Fletcher, bart. M. P. of Ashley-park, in the county of Surry, to miss Frances Sophia Vaughan, fourth daughter of Thomas Vaughan, esq.

21. At Hampstead, Mr. Beamon, of New-Bond-street, to miss Estcott, daughter of the rev. Richard Estcott, of Exeter.

Lately, sir W. Sayer, recorder of Bombay, to miss Mary Ann Williams.

DEATHS.

DEATHS.

Feb. 23. At Newry, Ireland, the right rev. Dr. Lennon, titular bishop of Dromore.

Thomas Walton, esq. of Battlebridge, St. Olave's, Southwark, in the seventy-second year of his age.

At his lodgings in the Strand, the rev. John Baker, rector of Little Cressingham, in Norfolk, after an illness of a few days.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr. William Fraser, second son of the hon. Arch. Fraser, of Lovat.

Pierce Tempest, esq. of his majesty's Stationary-office.

At Bath, Mrs. Bruges, wife of T. Bruges, esq. of Melksham.

At Bath, in her seventy-fourth year, Mrs. Johnstone, widow of general Johnstone, and mother of the countess of Jersey.

28. At his house in Rochester-row, Tothill-fields, Mr. Jordan James Arrow, joiner to his majesty's board of works, and adjutant in the Westminster volunteer cavalry.

At Elsing, in Germany, Ralph Heathcote, esq. his majesty's minister plenipotentiary to the elector of Cologne, and to the landgrave of Hesse Cassel.

March 2. Of a decline, miss Knight, only daughter of Mr. Richard Knight, grocer, of Gracechurch-street.

At Twickenham, George Proctor, esq. of Cleever-lodge, Berks.

3. At his apartments in Dean-street, Soho, Michael Angelo Rooker, esq. R. A.

At Sydenham, in Kent, after a few days illness, Mr. John Coates, many years a respectable tradesman in Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

Mr. M. Jackson, groom of the chapel royal, St. James's.

At the Castle-inn, Devizes, on his way to London from the Hotwells, where he had been for the recovery of that deceiving and fatal malady,

consumption, aged only twenty-six, the gallant captain B. M'Dermist.

5. At Brighton, Francis Biddulph, esq. of Charing-cross, banker.

7. Of an apoplectic fit, at his house in Old Burlington-street, sir John Call bart. member of parliament for the borough of Callington, in the county of Cornwall.

Latelly, of a fever, on his passage to Bengal, William Baymond Barker, esq. writer in the hon. East-India company's service.

11. Captain David Hotchkis, of the royal navy, aged forty-five.

Mrs. Yonge, wife of William John Yonge, esq. of St. James's-street.

Laurence Crump, esq. of Harpur-street, Red-lion-square.

At Bushbury, near Wolverhampton, Sarah Eykin, a poor woman, at the great age of 105.

12. At his house on Richmond-green, in his 83d year, Mr. Solomon Brown, for many years bricklayer to his majesty.

At Liverpool, Mrs. Catharine Nicholson, relict of the late rev. R. Nicholson, rector of Dudcote, Berks.

In the twenty-fifth year of his age, Mr. John Lamb, late a very considerable farmer, at Geytonthorpe, in Norfolk.

At Plymouth, aged seventeen, Mr. Norton Joseph Knatchbull, midshipman of his majesty's ship Princess Royal, second son of sir Edw. Knatchbull, bart.

At her house in Welbeck-street, Mrs. Sarah Blizad.

In the eighty-fifth year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Victor, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square.

19. Of a decline, aged twenty-five, Mrs. Thomas Newton, of Warwick-square, most deservedly lamented.

In Dean's-yard, Westminster, lady Cope, wife of the rev. sir Richard Cope, bart.

Mr. James Wetherell, of Bond-street.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE conclusion of the tale of *Assad* and *Alane* will be given in our next.

The political *Allegory* is unsuitable to our plan.

A. Stow's packet is left to be returned, as desired.

Jocundus will excuse our inserting his lucubration, as it is rather more merry than decent.

The verses to the memory of Miss Goddard are very incorrect.

Cupid's Revenge, the Happy Peasants, and I. B.'s Enigma, are received, and under consideration.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
APRIL, 1801.

IDDA of TOKENBURG; or,
the FORCE of JEALOUSY.

(Continued from page 155.)

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE fears of the count were not without foundation. Soon was the report generally spread, "Count Henry of Tokenburg, who is to be the husband of Idda, is at Kirchberg: he has escaped"—But how he had escaped was only known to Idda and her father.

The rumour ran from cottage to cottage till it reached the ears of the old count Kiburg, to whom it was communicated by one of his attendants a few hours afterwards. Kiburg became furious, and immediately ordered that inquiry should be made of the guards. They answered with a contemptuous laugh, "He is still in the tower, unless he has digged a way to Kirchberg under ground." One of the guards went to count Kiburg, and said to him, "My lord, dismiss all apprehension on this subject, and rely on us. I saw the prisoner this morning, when I carried him his usual allowance of food."

At the same moment a messenger hastily entered the apartment, and exclaimed, "Count Tokenburg is at Kirchberg! I have spoken to the seneschal, who asked me with a sneer, "Why does not your master keep his cage closer shut than to let the bird fly away?" I answered, "The cage is shut close enough, and the bird safe." The seneschal laughed, and they all laughed, and said, "Tokenburg is with our ma-

ster; we have seen and spoken to him."

"Bring the prisoner before me," cried Kiburg, with fury in every feature, "he shall not live another hour! Bring him instantly!"

Idda had passed the night calm and tranquil. She saw, indeed, and shuddered, the noxious reptiles that crawled on the damp ground of the subterraneous dungeon; but soon she laid herself down, resigned, on the stone which, covered with a little straw, was to serve her for a bed. Her courage did not forsake her, and a ray of cheerful hope, such as ever shines upon virtue amid the darkest gloom, beamed in her heart. She slept for about half an hour, for the first time during the three last calamitous days. In the morning, when the guard came, she drew the visor over her face, and counterfeited as if she slept, that she might avoid speaking to him. The guard said, compassionately,—
"Thank heaven! he is still in his first sleep," and departed softly, that he might not awaken his prisoner.

After some hours Idda again heard the key grate in the lock, and the sound of a number of feet on the stone-steps of the dungeon. "Ah!" thought she, "should that be Tokenburg!" and she gazed with eager attention towards the door. A party of the guards entered, and one of them said, "Knight, commend thy soul to God; thou must perform thy last journey." A faint trembling, a chilly damp ran through the limbs of Idda; she sank on her knees,

and prayed for consolation and protection to her father and her lover. The guards stood mute, and disturbed her not, till she rose, and went with them up the steps. When she came into the light of day, she cast her eyes, with outstretched arms, once more towards Kirchberg ; then patiently followed her leaders to the haughty Kiburg.

Two folding doors opened, and Idda entered, attended by the guards into the spacious hall of the knight. When she saw, in the middle of it, a heap of sand, and the executioner standing with the instrument of death, she trembled, and was obliged to support herself by leaning on one of the soldiers. At the farther end of the hall, sat, clad all in black, the count Kiburg, his lady, and his two daughters. The countess shrieked aloud, when she saw, as she imagined, the murderer of her son, and the two daughters turned pale, and shuddered with a sentiment of pity. Kiburg came forward, and said, in a furious tone, "Tokenburg, thou cowardly murderer of my son, thou shalt not long have the pleasure to see me in mourning. Wretch ! through thee I am deprived of my son. My wife, my daughters, must soon be without a protector ; my race, my name, must be effaced from the earth ; and thou, murderer, thou hast done this ! The blood of my son be upon thee, and upon Kirchberg and his house ! Yes, I hope I shall soon be able to send after thee the other murderer and his daughter.—Executioner, do thy duty."

The guards now seized Idda, who, at the first words of Kiburg, had sank on the breast of one of them, pale, with closed eyes, and fainting.

One of the guards took off her coat of mail, while another loosened her helmet. Instantly appeared to

view her snow-white maiden bosom, which her long flaxen hair, that fell from under the helmet, again immediately covered. The guards drew back astonished ; the executioner, who had already drawn his sword, let it fall trembling. A death-like silence prevailed through the hall.

Kiburg fixed his eyes wildly on Idda. "What is this ?" exclaimed he, at length, "Where is Tokenburg ? Who is this woman ?" None of the guards answered : they trembled with fear ; conscious that to them was to be imputed this transformation. The daughters of the count came forwards, and compassionately led Idda to a seat, and bathed her temples with wine, till at length she opened her beauteous eyes. "Who art thou, damsel ?" now again exclaimed the old count Kiburg. Idda endeavoured to speak, but was unable, till she had taken a little wine, which the countess brought her. The count, who saw her in the armour of Tokenburg, believed that he had made prisoner a woman in the battle. He ordered the guards, whose guilt he did not suspect, to withdraw. Idda sank on her knees before him, and addressed his heart with supplicatory looks, till again he cried out, "Tell me who thou art ?"

"I am," said Idda, with a feeble and trembling voice, "the unfortunate daughter of Kirchberg, the affianced bride of count Henry of Tokenburg."—Wildly now exclaimed the old knight, with a furious joy, "The daughter of Kirchberg ! then have I taken a valuable prize : Now can I rend the heart of the murderer !" He turned from Idda, who had stretched out her hands towards him. Her posture he saw not, but he observed the compassionate looks which the countess and his daughters cast on the unhappy damsel. Fiercely he said,

"Look

"Look not on her so piteously; in her veins flows the blood of her cruel father. Blind and furious hatred put arms in her hands: against my life was her sword drawn. She would have rejoiced with her blood-thirsty father, had I and my son both fallen together. — Wretch! why didst thou go with thy father into the battle?"

"I did not go with him, count Kiburg. Ah! could I have saved your son, you would now be the happiest of fathers. I did not go out against you; I —"

"What! did not my sword strike you down? Did I not deliver you, a prisoner, into the custody of my soldiers?"

"You never took me prisoner, count Kiburg; I have delivered myself up to your vengeance. Tokenburg was it whom your sword struck down, and whom you sent prisoner into the tower."

"Tokenburg! Unhappy woman, how cam'st thou in the murderer's place?"

"Kiburg, you loved your dear son; would you not willingly have died for him? I am willing to die for count Tokenburg, whom I love as dearly as you loved your son. Pity me, count Kiburg, as I pity you, as I always have pitied you! for I know how dreadful it is to lose those we love. Pity likewise Tokenburg and my father! they are more unhappy than you." — The countess of Kiburg dissolved in tears, and the daughters were overpowered with feelings of the tenderest compassion.

"How didst thou release my prisoner from the dungeon?"

"By my love. The guards could not refuse to my prayers, to my tears; they could not refuse to humanity the request to let me see him once more. I saw him, count Kiburg—Ah! I found it much more difficult to persuade him to make

his escape, than your soldiers to let me into the dungeon. He put on my dress, threw my veil over him —"

"And fled?—A mean, contemptible, cowardly murderer!"

"No, count Kiburg, not mean, not contemptible. Had he not gone, instead of one victim you would have found two—me and him; for I was determined either to die for him or with him. At length he reluctantly consented to go;—not to make his escape—no—but to deliver me from the dungeon, or to meet death."

"Let him, then, deliver you, if he is able!"

"Fate did not so decree, count Kiburg. Your vengeance was to be satisfied. Be it so: I am content. He will have the comfort to know that my heart was faithful to him even to death, and that I willingly resigned life for his sake. Your vengeance, however, he cannot escape, for he will not survive his Idda. But, I entreat you, accept my blood for the blood of my father. Grief will end his life soon enough. For me, I hope, in the abodes of the blessed, I shall appease and reconcile your son; and then, glorified spirits, we will together receive our now implacable fathers, and put an end to that enmity which on earth rendered you childless and wretched. Death is terrible, count Kiburg; but I do not refuse to die."

The aged count turned away, towards a window, to conceal the emotion which he involuntarily felt; but his eye glanced on the grave of his son, which might be seen from that window, and the half-extinguished fury of his heart flamed again with redoubled violence. "No!" exclaimed he, dreadfully, "no!" He raised Idda from the ground, and drew her to the window. "See!" said he, "see there is

is the grave of my son! and in thy veins flows the blood of his murderer. No, I cannot pardon,—thou must die.”

Idda stretched out her hands towards the grave, and said, with pathetic solemnity, “Noble youth! exalted spirit! son of him who dooms me to death,—may my blood appease thee, and reconcile thee to my father! Meet and receive me on the threshold of heaven! then will it increase the happiness of us both, that we were victims to appease the enmity of our fathers, and we will together pray for their peace and happiness. Count Kiburg, I am ready; but I entreat you let me hear you say that you do not hate me, and bless me. Give me, likewise, a blessing to carry to the spirit of your son; call me for this once your daughter!” She threw herself on her knees before him, and pressed his hand to her lips.

The countess wept aloud in pity, and the daughters of Kiburg kneeled with Idda, and embraced her; the countess likewise inclined her head over her, and mingled tears with hers. “O my father!” exclaimed Idda, “I have the blessing of thy wife, and the blessing of thy daughters, give me now the kiss of a father, that I may carry it to thy son! Send to thy son thy blessing by thy daughter!”

The old count felt a new sensation, a sentiment of love and pity, labouring in his breast, and tears rushed into his eyes. It was as if an unknown invisible power compelled him to embrace the unhappy maiden, who kneeled before him. Idda threw her arms around his neck, and her warm tears trickled down his cheeks:—“My father! my reconciled father!” exclaimed she, loudly and repeatedly. The countess threw her arms around her husband, while the daughters em-

braced his knees. Overcome by the feelings of affection, Kiburg cried, “My daughter! may heaven bless thee!” With this, all animosity against Idda ceased. “My daughter! my daughter!” said the countess—“Our sister! our sister!” exclaimed the two daughters.

The old knight frowned, and shook his head, as not yet reconciled to his new sensations. The daughters brought Idda clothes, and assisted her to dress. The count looked on in silence. He wished to speak, but was ashamed to utter the harsh words that occurred to him. Sometimes his countenance resumed its former gloom, but soon it vanished, dispelled by the supplicating looks of the countess and his daughters. He cast his eyes on the grave of his son, but even his spirit appeared to be in league with Idda, and the father found in his grave no longer nourishment for his desire of revenge, but only love for Idda.

Idda, while in the dungeon, had sought comfort in the little hope remaining to her, and repeatedly reflected on what she should say, and how she should act, to disarm the anger of a father whose heart was rent with grief and despair for the loss of his son. On her entrance into the hall, indeed, the sight of the heap of sand, and the executioner, deprived her of recollection; but when she again recovered, and found herself in the friendly arms of the countess and her daughters, she resumed her courage. The father renewed his rage by thinking on the death of his son; but Idda spoke so prudently, and so pathetically, that she extinguished his anger as speedily as it was kindled.

The execution of Idda was now no longer thought of; the heart of the count even revolted at such cruelty:

cruelty : but how much did she gain upon his affections, when he saw her kneeling and praying on the grave of his son. He went to her, and on that grave was the most perfect reconciliation sealed. He now took her in his arms, and repeatedly called her his daughter, his beloved daughter. She threw herself before him, on the grave, and said, "If I am thy daughter, my revered, my beloved father, forgive my father and my husband!"—He answered her not, but turned away, though not angrily. Idda threw herself on the grave, and, weeping, exclaimed, "Thou blessed spirit! Oh! thou certainly hast forgiven them!" The old man suddenly turned round—"Idda!" said he, "to forgive is sweeter than to take revenge—that thou hast taught me. My sword shall henceforth be drawn against neither—this I will solemnly promise thee. I leave vengeance to heaven; but ask of me no more: my heart can grant no more." Thus saying, he hastily left her, and retired.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

A Court-buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and, with a stern countenance, reproaching him with his crime, said to him, "Wretch! you shall receive the punishment you merit: prepare yourself for death!" The culprit, in great terror, fell on his knees, and cried for mercy.—"I will extend no other mercy to you," said the prince, "except permitting you to chuse what kind of death you will die: decide immediately, for I will be obeyed." "I adore your clemency," replied the crafty jester, "I chuse to die of old age."

ACCOUNT of the New COMIC OPERA, entitled *THE BLIND GIRL, or A RECEIPT FOR BEAUTY*, performed for the First Time at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden on Wednesday April 22.

THE CHARACTERS ARE,

Don Gallardo (Viceroy of Peru), -	Mr. Munden.
Don Valentia (his son-in-law), -	Mr. Betterton.
Roderic (friend to Valentia), - -	Mr. Claremont.
Bonito (an apothecary), - - -	Mr. Townsend.
Frederick (an English surgeon), -	Mr. Inledon.
Splash (his servant),	Mr. Fawcett.
Sligo, - - - -	Mr. Johnstone.
Young Ynca (a descendant from the ancient sovereigns)	Mr. Hill.
Signiora Dolorosa de Gallardo, - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Clara Bonito (the blind girl), -	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Violetta, - - - -	Miss Sims.
Corello, - - - -	Miss Waters.

THE outlines of the fable.—Frederick, a surgeon, and his servant Splash, two Englishmen, having been shipwrecked, arrive at the gates of the city of Lima, in South America. Almost on the instant of their appearance, Don Valentia, son-in-law to the viceroy, and infamous for his libertinism, attempts to carry off Clara Bonito, the blind girl, from her family. They hear her cries, rescue her from the ravisher, and restore her to her father. Splash, who is nearly famished, hearing from his master that he had, when in England, invented a cosmetic, of extraordinary virtue in repairing decayed beauty, determines to try whether, by turning quack, and offering it to sale, he may not extricate himself from the danger of perishing by absolute want. With this view, he takes the opportunity of a large concourse of the inhabitants to make a ludi-

crous parade of the efficacy of the nostrum. Bonito, the father of the blind girl, anxious to shew his gratitude to the preservers of his daughter's honour, invites the strangers to his house. Frederick, having examined Clara's eyes, acquaints Bonito of the probability of restoring her sight, and it is determined that the operation shall be performed.

The viceroy's lady, who is very ugly, hearing of Splash's specific, resolves to try its powers, and dispatches Sligo, an Irishman, a kind of master of the ceremonies to the viceregal court, a superintendant of miscellaneous services, an overseer of odds and ends, a hotch-potch comptroller of bits and scraps, and grand regulator of this, that, and t'other, to introduce the new doctor to her excellency.

Don Valentia's passion for Clara increases with the defeat of his plan to carry her off, and, under the pretence of generously assisting her father, but with the real design of making him instrumental to his child's dishonour, lends, in conjunction with Luposo, one of his confederates, a considerable sum of money to Bonito, on the express condition that he shall return it only when both the lenders are present.—Bonito is, however, tricked out of the money by the knavery of Luposo, who escapes to Europe. Clara having recovered her sight by the skill of Frederick, Don Valentia's passion being further inflamed by this unexpected addition to her beauty, he determines, unless Bonito will sacrifice his daughter to him, to reduce him to beggary, by exacting from him the whole sum which had been lent. Bonito is accordingly imprisoned for having paid to Luposo what should have been given only in the presence of both. Splash in the mean time succeeds, by the ad-

mirable virtue of his nostrum, in conferring on the face of the vice-queen the appearance of greater youth and beauty; he is offered dignities and honours, but selects that of chief judge. In this situation he gives an exemplary instance of his sagacity, by freeing Bonito from the persecution of Don Valentia; for when the cause is heard, he decrees that as, according to the bond, both parties were to be present on the delivery of the money, and Luposo could not be found, justice required that Bonito should be liberated. Frederick and Clara are then united.

The interest is increased by interweaving in the main business of the opera the assassination of Don Roderick by the Ynca of Peru, the chastity of whose sister that libertine had brutally violated.—The Ynca is also brought before the tribunal of Splash, and sentenced to the same punishment as that before inflicted on Roderick for the violation of the sister's honour—a month's banishment from the court.

The scenery and dresses are splendid, and a great part of the music is beautiful. Incledon, who was in fine voice, sang one air, ending "All's well," most delightfully, and was encored. Fawcett, who exerted his talents very happily, had a humorous song, describing himself as a vender of cosmetics, in about a hundred English towns, whose names are thrown together drolly: it kept the audience in a roar, and was encored. Mrs. Johnstone performed the blind girl with becoming simplicity and spirit; and Mrs. Mattocks displayed her usual broad humour with success. Munden, Miss Waters, and others, deserve particular praise also. The scenery, music, and acting, would support a piece of less intrinsic value. The Blind Girl possesses much merit, though it has some faults.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

(Continued from p. 137.)

CANTO II.

CUPID (who, without being perceived, always remained near the youth, to incite him to his work) now flew, on swift wings, by the light of the refulgent moon, through the vapoury night, and took his rapid course towards an island inhabited by Æolus. The roaring of the winds, inclosed within the deep cavern of a rock, was heard afar. The sounds resembled those of a tempest when the ocean is agitated, while he descended upon the craggy eminence which raised its lofty head from the bottom of the sea. The god was seated on a part near the entrance. The noisy flight of the various gales was as the buzzing of the bees round their hive. They issued forth, and returned, without ceasing.

He ordered some to agitate the ocean, some to bellow among the mountains, and others to gather in a storm upon the guilty. He charged the mild breezes to blow round the peaceable cottages of the country, and refresh the young rustic at his work. But his empire had now no charms for him. Often he rested upon the damp rock, supported by one knee, while his temples were covered with his hand, over which flowed the ringlets of his hair. Full of vexation and melancholy, he contemplated the waves that rolled their enormous mass to the pale and trembling rays of light. He was tormented with a violent passion for one of the Nereides. Cupid fluttering on a former day above the rock, and observing him idle and carelessly reclining at the entrance of his cavern, wounded him with one of his sharpest arrows. The son of Cy-

therea now heard him groan; and, remaining near, listened to his complaints.

"Oh, fairest nymph!" said he, in a languishing tone:—"the most amiable of the lovely train of Thetis!—the most beautiful of all the nymphs who sport in the sea!—will my sufferings never excite either your tenderness or your pity? Alas! how severe are the pangs love has made me feel! In vain the officious winds convey to you my sighs! You are not sensible of that ardour which consumes me; but view with indifference my passionate glances, while you swim lightly upon the waters which reflect your bosom of alabaster. If by chance I perceive you rush above the waves, I view your beauteous form with delicious transport; but when you plunge towards the bottom, and escape my greedy eye, alas! a cold terror overcomes my senses. How am I charmed when I see you playing with your sister nymphs upon the transparent ocean, while your sport whitens the tranquil sea:—but a jealous rage seizes my heart when in your lively gambols you pursue with branches of rush the sea gods, who, crowned with reeds, often turn suddenly and catch you in their nervous arms. Your moist limbs escape indeed their efforts, while, concealed below the waves, you unexpectedly appear afar off with a jocular laugh. But when they follow you under the surface of the waters, when I can no longer view you, but lose sight of you together, or when one of them by surprise rises you above with merriment, ah! then I turn from you with fury, stamp the earth with my feet! for you smile, and are far from being indignant at their audacity.—Alas! you feel not the torments which destroy me. It is then I seize a fragment of the rock to exterminate

thee for thy rashness. I call to the most impetuous winds; I order them to raise a tempest, and obscure an object which is odious to me. Yet the fear of too greatly offending you obliges me to let the stone fall from my hand; I command the winds to return to their cavern, and resign myself to an impotent rage. With languishing looks I continually seek you; and when the murmuring of the waves awake me, while it is night, I fancy that you swim by the side of the shore; I call to you in vain, and I curse the darkness which veils you from my sight.— Oh! why are you not a child of the earth? The perfidious waves will not permit me to follow you with my sighs. Come, ah! come upon my shores! you shall here find most pleasant grottoes; my zephyrs shall refresh you with their breezes; they shall assemble for thee, from every part of the world, the most exquisite perfumes; their fruitful breath shall propagate and surround my island with delicious shades. Be then the sovereign of the winds. Come with that enchanting air which you possessed when I first surprised you upon my banks; where, seated upon the flourishing grass, your lily limbs shone in the sun, and the transparent drops fell upon the green turf, as the dew of the morning which flows from the new-blown roses. Conceal not yourself from my embraces; return not to the waves, as on that day when I attempted to overtake you—Alas! you then precipitated yourself beneath the water, and left me a prey to all the agitations of love!”

Thus mourned the king of the winds, when Cupid approached him.

“I have heard your complaints, powerful monarch!” said he.—“I am son to the goddess with the beauteous girdle; it is in my power

to alleviate thy torments; and I swear to you by high Olympus, that if you will deign to grant me my request, the most piercing of my arrows shall wound the insensible daughter of Nereus. She shall herself visit thy shores with an aimable blush of modesty, and recompense thy sufferings with full tenderness and warmth.”

“Oh son of the potent Venus!” answered Æolus, with an agreeable surprise, “what is it you desire of me? I can recompense but faintly those blessings you have promised by a great and solemn oath.”

“Hear then what I require,” replied Cupid. “From this hour inclose your winds within the cavern till the last rays of the setting sun shall plunge into the tranquil sea; and give me a thousand zephyrs, who, during that time, shall obey my commands.”

Æolus, with a formidable voice, immediately summoned the wandering winds;—the winds obeyed, and arrived from every part. The god instantly confined them within the cavern, and presented a thousand floating zephyrs to the son of Venus.

“Soon,” cried Cupid, “you shall receive the reward of your services. Your wishes shall be accomplished. Now I go where my affairs call me.”

He said, and took his flight, with his retinue of zephyrs, towards the shore, where, through the twilight of the morning, he perceived the enterprising youth, who, transported with joy at the view of so fine a dawn, found his soul filled with the most happy presentiments. The sea, calm and tranquil, gently trembled beneath the rays of the sun, and he saw more distinctly than ever the land opposite to him. The shore echoed delightfully the warbling of various birds; two doves took their flight
over

over his head towards the island, whilst the softest breezes blew through the shaded groves. Such was the calm which reigned upon the sea when Venus issued from its foam; such was the serenity of the sky, the tranquillity of the ocean; thus were the banks enamelled with various flowers, which contemplated her dazzling beauty; while the winds, amazed, suspended their flight, and the amorous zephyrs caressed the goddess with a thousand kisses.

The youth, whom love had animated with courage and ardent desire, now entered his bark.

“Oh, Neptune! sovereign of the sea!” said he, “and you, ye gods, who inhabit the empire of the waves! be favourable to my enterprise. It is not audacity, it is not a culpable presumption which has tempted me to this hardy project: no—it is a sentiment the most pure. It is a passion with which the gods themselves have inspired me. It is a virtuous desire to risk dangers to succour the unfortunate. Oh, let me then attain the shore of yonder island! And thou, O deity! who hast caused me to love, abandon me not amid the dangers of this daring attempt, with the idea of which thy powerful influence inspired my mind.”

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WHEN we are at peace with the world, and the world is at peace with us, the summer rambles of England visit the continent, and go through France to Switzerland, where, without any relish of the peculiar circumstances of the country, they

spend their time most dolefully. At their return they triumph over the ignorance of those who never strayed from home, and assure them of the infinite pleasure they have received from their tour.

But when war confines us within our own island, we go as far as we can, that is to the sea-coast, which must serve instead of going farther.

All well-frequented watering-places offer to the attentive observer a great variety of characters more or less amusing. Some few really come for health, some for pleasure; but with most the motive is idleness—persons to whom not only the day but every hour is much too long—persons, as Ranger in the play expresses it, “who had rather go to the devil than stay at home.” Sometimes we meet with an agreeable exception, and sometimes with an oddity.

A week's residence at Weymouth gave me an opportunity of conversing with a singular character. We had often met—at the coffee-house—at the library, and had made some little progress toward an acquaintance; when, without any provocation on my part, he seemed rather to shun than to seek me. However, we were accidentally imprisoned in the *camera obscura*, and could not well avoid going down the hill in company together, when he expressed himself nearly in this manner: “I am afraid you think me something worse than an odd fellow?” To which, receiving no reply, he continued—“I confess the apparent absurdity of my way of life. It is upon a principle which differs so much from common custom, that it lies perfectly open to attacks which I shall not even attempt to repel. I am content to be thought incapable of defending myself; and, if non-resistance in one party can communicate any

honour to the other, my adversary may enjoy all the triumph of such a victory: my system is my own, and made for myself alone.

“In my early days I was not long in observing that by far the greatest part of life’s troubles were not upon our own account but that of others: that it was in the power of one person to make a hundred miserable, by their partaking of his personal afflictions; but that he could make but one happy by partaking of his personal pleasures. This is undoubtedly a losing trade, but yet this is the commerce of society. A man of a philanthropic temper becomes acquainted with those about him; his acquaintance with some produces friendship, and his friendships produce sorrow.—Every trouble of mind, or disease of your friends, affects you: it is true you also participate their pleasures, as far as they can be communicated; but these are not in equal proportions.

“Should your friend increase his possessions, you are not the richer; but if he is in want, you are the poorer. If he be in health, as it is a thing in course, you do not rejoice; but if he is sick, you mourn. If he possesses an agreeable wife, you have none of his pleasure; but if he loses her, his pain is poured into your bosom.

“Suppose life passes without any exertions of friendship, but merely in a belief that if they were required they would be made: I then see my friend advance in years; he loses his person and strength by degrees; Death sets his mark upon him, and at last claims him for his own.—What I see in him he sees in me; and all those sensations are multiplied according to the number of our intimate connections.

Fully sensible of this truth, I very early in life determined to have no

friend at all. To accomplish this intention, my plan has been to shift my residence from place to place; to have many acquaintances, but no friends. The common scenes of public amusement I visit occasionally, and sometimes bury myself in London. If I wish to improve, I retire; if to amuse myself, I join in such accidental parties as occur; and, like the butterfly, play among the flowers, but fix on none. If an acquaintance with an agreeable person improves too fast, and I begin to feel something like an attachment, I take it as a hint for shifting my quarters, and decamp before the fetter is fastened. To confess the truth, I more than suspect that I have been too long acquainted with you: I shall quit this place immediately, lest to-morrow I should feel myself your friend.”

He then redoubled his pace, as if willing to avoid my reply. I indulged him in his wish, and was not sorry to be excused from continuing a conversation I could not support with any other than common arguments, which seldom have any effect upon those who so boldly differ from principles long established and supposed to be true. I. C.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from page 127.)

LETTER XXII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

IF contrasts duly blended produce harmonic perfection in the article of sound, why may not opposite qualities and corporeal habitudes, judiciously combined, constitute animal unity and order? It is evident this is the case, as all the parts of vivified nature

nature are indued with external varied forms, accompanied by internal opposite propensities; yet the general œconomy is preserved, and universal skill manifested in the designation, execution, and preservation of the whole. In proof of this assertion, there needs no other evidence than what contemplation, tutored by the suggestions of reason, will afford; therefore permit me to recommend the dormouse genus to your ladyship's consideration—the distinctive properties of which consist in the animals of this class having two cutting teeth in each jaw; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind; naked ears; and a long tail covered with hair.

THE STRIPED DORMOUSE.

This animal has prominent eyes; plain ears; the ridge of the back marked with a black streak; each side with a pale-yellow stripe, with a line of black above and below. The head, body, and tail, are of a reddish-brown hue; the tail of a darker cast; the breast and belly white; the nose and fur pale-red. This species inhabit the northern regions of Asia, and the forests in the northern parts of the new continent. They burrow, and never climb trees but as the means of escape from pursuit. The subterraneous retreats these animals form are constructed with great ingenuity and skill, and each of them have two apertures, that the entrance into them may not be impeded by one being stopped up. These dwellings consist of a long gallery, with branches on each side, each of which terminate in a recess or chamber. In these several apartments they distinctly lodge their various articles of food; such as acorns, maize, hiccory-nuts, and their favourite aliment the chinquapin-chesnut. This species have cheek-pouches, which they store

with food in their depredations on cultivated grounds. They but seldom stir from their habitations in the winter season, unless they are urged by hunger, when their store of provision fails. They would be destructive to plantations, gardens, &c. if the feline race were not hostile to them, and consequently destroyed great numbers. They are of a wild untractable nature, and scarcely ever rendered docile, bite desperately, and their skins are but slightly esteemed.

THE FAT DORMOUSE.

M. de Buffon specifies three peculiar species of this animal that have the generic property of sleeping or remaining torpid during the winter, which he thus classes: the fat squirrel, the garden squirrel, and the common dormouse. It is evident the two first are the fat and garden dormouse, which I shall proceed to describe. The fat dormouse has thin naked ears; the body covered with soft ash-coloured hair; the belly of a whitish hue; the tail thickly clothed with long hair. Its dimensions from nose to tail are six inches: the tail is four inches and a half long, and the body not so slender as that of the common squirrel. These animals sink into a torpid rather than a dormant state, owing to the natural coldness of their blood, which does not exceed the temperature of the air in heat. Thus their inactivity being alone produced from defect of natural warmth, when they are sheltered from the severity of the weather they do not sink into a benumbed state, but perform their common functions without abatement or interruption. In manners, disposition, and habitudes, the fat dormouse nearly approaches to the common squirrel, but differs in the following particulars. He does not
make

make a nest at the summits of trees, but forms a bed of moss in the hollows of their trunks, or in the clefts of rocks: he also is not easily tamed, as he always retains some portion of his native wildness, and bites desperately with his fore teeth. These animals grow very fat, yet are remarkably agile, and leap from branch to branch with great facility. The females have usually four or five young at a litter, and with exemplary courage and affection protect their offspring. They inhabit France, the southern regions of Europe, and the south-western districts of Russia. They subsist on fruits and acorns, and by the ancient Romans were esteemed delicate food. In Italy, where they are yet eaten, pits are dug to ensnare them, which method generally proves successful. Their flesh is in the best condition whilst they are torpid.

THE GARDEN DORMOUSE.

This species are native inhabitants of all the temperate European latitudes, extending as far as Poland and Prussia, the regions in the vicinity of the Wolga, and other southern parts of the Russian empire.—In these countries they are numerous, and are destructive to gardens, as they subsist on fruit, and, when they cannot find succulent kinds, eat nuts and plants. The garden dormouse has a large space of black round its eyes reaching to the base of the ears, and another extending behind the ears. The head and upper regions of the body are of a tawny hue; the under part is white tinged with yellow; the tail is four inches long, and bushy at the extremity; the length of the body from nose to tail is five inches. These animals secrete themselves, and dwell in holes of old walls, concavities of decayed trees, magpies' nests, or

any secure recess they meet with. Cold reduces them to a torpid state, from which they are roused by a due application of heat. The female has five or six young at a litter. The flesh of the garden dormouse is not eatable, and they have a disagreeable odour, similar to that of the domestic rat.

THE COMMON DORMOUSE.

This animal is nearly the size of a mouse, but fatter and of a more plump construction. It has round naked ears, and prominent black eyes; the body of a tawny-red hue; the throat white; the tail is two inches and a half long, and tolerably furnished with hair, particularly at the extremity. The common dormouse is a native of Europe. Like the fat and garden kind, it rolls itself up and sleeps during the winter: when the weather is warm, it revives and takes food, but speedily relapses into its dormant state. They subsist on nuts and fruits; sit on end to eat their food like the squirrel tribes; form magazines of nuts, &c. for their support, and but seldom migrate far from their residence; they usually dwell in thick hedges, and in the concavities of dwarf trees, or thick bushes near the roots, and form their nests of dead leaves, moss, or grass. The females have commonly three or four young at a litter. Notwithstanding these animals have no disagreeable odour, their flesh is not pleasant to the taste.

THE EARLESS DORMOUSE.

This species are denominated earless because their auricular organs are so minute as to be scarcely visible. The earless dormouse has a flat head; blunt nose; prominent black eyes; upper lip divided; long whiskers; head, back, sides, and front of the fore legs, of a pale ferrugineous.

gineous hue, blended with black.— From the shoulders to the hinder parts a white line extends, and above each eye there is another similar. The belly and feet are of a dirty-white hue; the tail is hoary on the sides, and black in the middle; the hind legs are black on the back part and naked; the toes are long and distinct; the claws long, and the knob on the fore feet large. The dimensions of this animal are nearly those of a common squirrel, but the general appearance and construction is broader and flatter.— This kind of dormouse is found, about eight hundred miles beyond the Cape of Good Hope, in the mountain Sweburg. They burrow, and subsist on bulbous roots, frequently walk on their hind feet, or stretch themselves flat on the ground. They never climb trees. They make a warm nest, in which they form a recess to dwell in, and stop up the common aperture with various materials. They often remain in their habitations for several days. They are of an inoffensive nature, as they never offer to bite or make resistance.

In a class of animals that sleep by far the greater part of their existence, it would be useless to search for entertainment or improvement; yet, even from these supine members of the animal creation, we may derive the instructive moral of the substantial advantages arising from active measures, and lament that too large a portion of the human species waste the most considerable part of their lives in useless pursuits, actual indolence, or hurtful occupations. It might be happy for the community if these time-killers were absorbed in sleep rather than in the prosecution of mischievous avocations, which often serve no other purpose than to disturb the industrious, and ensnare the innocent. Your ladyship, who employs every

moment in some laudable pursuit, will readily admit that negative good must be preferred to positive evil, and that the mode you adopt will ever be revered by

EUGENIA.

LETTER XXIII.

*From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.*

EVERY attempt to reduce the operations of nature to a regular system must betray our inability, and manifest the superior excellence of those innumerable qualities we vainly imagine we can fathom and ascertain. This truth is clearly exemplified in the jerboa genus, which is a kind of exception to the quadruped tribes, though evidently appertaining to that class. Its principal characteristics are: two cutting teeth in each jaw; very short fore legs; very long hind legs, similarly constructed to those of cloven-footed water-fowl; very long tail, tufted at the end.

THE EGYPTIAN JERBOA.

This animal inhabits Egypt, Barbary, Palestine, the deserts between Balsa and Aleppo, and those between the rivers Don and Wolga, and the hills in the neighbourhood of the Irish. It is evidently the “daman Israel,” or the “lamb of the Israelites” of the Arabs: it is also supposed to be the “saphan” mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, and the “mouse” specified in the sixty-sixth chapter of Isaiah. The Egyptian jerboa has thin, erect, broad ears; dark prominent eyes; long whiskers; fore legs an inch long, five toes on each; the inner toe, or thumb, scarcely visible, all furnished with sharp claws; the hind legs two inches and a quarter in length, of a slender construction, and covered with short hair, exactly resembling the legs of many birds; three toes on each foot, covered above

above and below with hair, the middle toe the longest, and on each a sharp claw; the upper part of the body thin, or compressed sideways; the regions about the rump and loins large; the head, back, sides, and thighs, covered with long hair, ash-coloured at the roots, and pale tawny at the tips; the breast and belly whitish; across the upper part of the thighs an obscure dusky band; the hair long, and of a soft texture. The length from nose to tail is seven inches and one quarter; the tail is ten inches long, covered with very short coarse hair, and terminating with a thick black tuft. These animals usually conceal their fore feet, which are too short to touch the ground, and are seldom used but for the purpose of conveying food to the mouth, and consequently always stand and walk on their hind feet. They run fast; but, when they are pursued, have recourse to leaps to effect their escape. They are of a mild harmless nature, yet cannot be tamed beyond a certain degree. They burrow like rabbits, and in some parts of their construction resemble those animals. They sleep rolled up, take rest in the day, and are active in the night.

THE SIBERIAN JERBOA.

By some authors this animal has been styled the "flying hare." It is described to have a truncated nose edged with white; lower teeth of a slender construction, and twice the length of the upper; the ears large, pointed, and tipped with white; the hair on the back very soft, of a tawny hue, and grey beneath; the legs and under parts of the body white; half the tail next to the body covered with shortish white hairs; from thence to near the end there are long black hairs; the extremity is furnished with a large white feathered tuft for the space of an inch.

There are five toes on the fore feet; on the hind legs, an inch above the feet, there are two long toes armed with nails. The back part of the legs is destitute of hair. The length of the body is eight inches and a half; the tail is ten inches long. This species chiefly inhabit the regions from the river Irtysh to the Caspian Sea.

There is a variety of this species denominated the "middle jerboa," which in dimensions resembles a rat. In colour it is similar to the former, or "great jerboa;" but is distinguished by having the rump on each side crossed with a white line. There is, besides the preceding, another variety with a more extended nose, shorter and broader ears, thicker tail not so beautifully tufted, shorter hind legs, and a longer and thicker coat. This middle kind is only found in the eastern deserts of Siberia and Tartary, beyond Lake Baikal; in Barbary, Syria, and even as far as India. Exclusive of these variations, there is a pigmy kind of jerboa, which inhabits the same regions as the great species; from which it differs by wanting the white circle round the nose, and having a less tuft to the tail. It is perfectly similar to the middle jerboa in form, but very inferior in size.

These three animals have similar habits. They burrow and form their retreats very speedily, as they dig not only with their fore feet or hands, but also employ their teeth and hind feet in flinging the earth up, of which they raise an heap at the entrance of their subterraneous dwellings. These recesses are many yards long, in an oblique winding direction, but a small space below the surface of the earth. This entrance terminates in a large nest or space appropriated to the purpose of containing herbs and other articles of food. Notwithstanding there

there is apparently but one common entrance, these sagacious animals form a kind of communication or passage, through which they can easily break an opening to the surface of the ground in any case of exigency. The jerboas, though they are of a chilly temperament, keep in their holes during the day, and migrate from thence in the night only. They sleep rolled up, with their heads between their knees; and, when they are alarmed or pursued, take to flight by leaps, which they perform with such rapidity that their feet cannot be perceived to touch the ground. They do not go straight forwards, but in a zig-zag direction till they gain their subterranean asylum. When they leap they carry their tails stretched out, but in standing or walking support them in the form of an S; the lower part touching the ground, so that they seem to direct the course of their progress. When they are taken by surprise they sometimes go on all fours, but soon leave that unnatural position and resume the bird-like attitude, which is the most suitable to their construction. In digging or eating, they drop on their fore legs, but in the latter often sit erect like a squirrel, and frequently hop like a crow. They are easily tamed, but always seek warm situations, and portend bad weather by wrapping themselves up in any thing of a convenient texture; and in their unrestrained state stop up the apertures of their recesses to keep out the cold. In a wild condition they subsist on oleraceous plants and tulip-roots. The diminutive stature of the pigmy kind is ascribed to the saline qualities of their food. When they are domesticated, they are not averse to raw meat, or the entrails of birds. These animals are esteemed delicate food by the Arabs, and are

the prey of small rapacious beasts. The Mongols entertain the opinion that they suck the sheep, as they are frequently found amongst the flocks in the night. They breed in summer, and the female has probably eight young at a litter. They fall into a dormant state the whole winter, and subsist without taking food.

THE CAPE JERBOA.

This animal has a short head, broad between the ears; the mouth placed far below the upper jaw; the lower jaw very short, two great teeth in each. The ears are thin and transparent, and one-third shorter than those of the common rabbit. It has long whiskers, and large eyes. The fore legs are short, with five toes on each, and a great protuberance next to the inner toe; there are four toes on the hind feet. The claws of the fore toes are crooked, and two-thirds longer than the toes: the claws on the hind toes are short. The colour of the upper part of the body is tawny; the under regions are of a cinereous hue, mixed with black hairs. Two-thirds of the tail are tawny, the remainder is black. The length of the animal from nose to tail is one foot two inches; the tail is near fifteen inches long; the ears are nearly three.—This species inhabit the great mountains far north of the Cape of Good Hope. They are very strong, and will leap the amazing height of twenty or thirty feet, whence they are called by the Dutch “jumping hares.” When they eat they sit upright, with their back bent, and their legs extended horizontally. They use their fore feet in eating like squirrels, burrow in the earth, and sleep with their heads between their hind legs, and with their fore legs hold their ears over their eyes.

THE TORRID JERBOA.

This species is only mentioned by Linnæus; and, according to his testimony, inhabits the regions of the torrid zone. This kind of jerboa has naked oval ears; long whiskers; four toes on the fore feet; the hind feet the length of the body, of a thick strong construction, and thinly clothed with hair; five toes on each hind foot; scarcely any neck. The tail is the length of the body with very little hair on it.—The colour of the upper part of the body yellow, the lower white.—This animal is about the size of a mouse.

The singular construction of the jerboa tribe excites our astonishment, when we reflect that their formation seems adapted to aerial pursuits, yet their habitudes are perfectly terraqueous. This heterogeneous combination is the wonderful effect of Divine Omniscience, which blends with perfect skill those qualities that seem the least accordant. Your ladyship, whose constant aim is to point out the universal display of divine wisdom, will give due praise to the infinite variety of means that testify the exertions of Providence on behalf of his frail creatures. How absorbed in mental apathy must those persons be, who neglect to ascribe every possible perfection to its native source! An exhortation to afford the just tribute of adoration is needless to a heart like your ladyship's, devoted to every pious purpose; therefore, I shall only subjoin my wishes that your example may produce the happy effect of diffusive imitation, and conclude with the assurance that I am, unfeignedly your sincere friend,

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

N^o III.

On the IMPERFECTIONS of MANKIND.

“ Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
Hrs works *unwise*, of which the smallest
part

Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?”

THOMSON.

AS every system, however fanciful, in any degree practicable, must consist of different parts, subordinate one to the other, so every living creature must be created with distinct members, having subserviency to each other. Subordination is the very fundamental essence of the creation; and, therefore, cannot be excluded in its varied operations. Thus the Almighty made a just discrimination in the formation of the universe, and by a just distinction of ranks among beings founded the existence of the whole on a stable permanence; bestowing on the various species of beings diversified endowments, and on certain of his creatures degrees of perfection exclusive of others: yet those who are not particularly distinguished in understanding, strength, and beauty, &c. are unjustly stigmatised with ignorance, weakness, and deformity; though it were injurious to their omniscient Author to repute as *evils* such *imperfections*, since, had we the ability of ascertaining the intention of the dispensation of the Almighty in these instances, they might, perhaps, be proved *necessary goods*; for,

“ Who sees not Providence all good and
wise,

Alike in what he gives and what denies?”

POPE.

The infinite wisdom of God appears more conspicuous in no part of the creation than in the distinctions

tions he has ordained among beings; and it should seem repugnant to reason to exclude from the world an inferiority of creatures. Every situation of life has its respective portion of blessings allotted to it; and it is incumbent on us all, therefore, to render one another as comfortable as our several situations will admit. The dispensations of Providence have been most eminently bounteous; for, though he has refused to many of his creatures a state of superiority, yet his wise and good distributions to that class of beings are equally subjects of admiration. Again, though the Almighty has endowed brutes with a degree of excellence in particular respects, to which man, with all his undoubted capacity and superior qualifications, can never arrive; yet, also, has he rendered those animals at once subservient to his comfort and convenience, and productive of his daily nourishment.

It has been urged, that the Divine Author of the Universe hath bestowed a greater share of blessings on certain of his creatures than on others: to which I answer—That it is actually essential to the very purposes of existence that some individuals should possess a more partial proportion of riches, health, and understanding, &c. and his sapience wisely suggested it; though our reason must convince us he has, with a more impartial hand, dispensed the participation of happiness. His beneficence always administers to our necessary defects a sufficient equivalent to our particular situations and circumstances, which fully counterbalances our wants and imperfections. Plato, speaking on this subject, justly observes, “God is good; for he bestows all that is good upon all his creatures, according to their several capacities. Each is as happy as it

can be, or as its nature permits; and if any one thinks the several creatures could have been happier, it is because he does not understand their natures.”

Let us consider the casualties of life.—To mention only sickness and poverty, will not health and an unforeseen competency requite the pains of the one, and compensate the distresses of the other? Doubtless: and particular blessings will be the more exquisitely enjoyed, after feeling the disagreeable sensations that result from the want of them; while, on the other hand, should they become the constant attendants of our lives, we become most ungratefully thoughtless of their value. A life unchequered by disappointments of our desires and expectations, or misfortunes ruffling our passions, would, in the present state of nature, be an existence of insipidity; so that, on the score of human calamity, complaints are without foundation, since what we call the hardships we undergo conduce to our interests, and crown our very sufferings with pleasure. Hence, then, we should infer that, as there is no prosperous state of life without its allaying cares, so there is no affliction without its advantages.

Common sense will not allow us to expect a uniformity of conditions, or, in other words, all exemption from poverty; as it will appear evident, from the natural passions of men and the instability of human affairs, that poverty is actually essential to the subsistence of the world. Let us for a moment conceive all men on a level, both in rank, fortune, and capacity, living at their ease; and immediately, as no one will submit to the authoritative commands of another, or yield to the drudgeries of life, so all laws of restrictive government must be

dissolved; agriculture, and every useful art, would be neglected; and a general apathy must consequently involve the human race in universal penury and destruction. Wherefore those speculative philosophers and *levelling* politicians, who argue for this *equalising* system, would do well to consider the ruinous consequences that would follow the adoption of a measure so pregnant with mischief: nay, let them be assured, however desirable even a *reform* in the religion or civil government of any state may appear, the cause will never be benefited, much less effected, by enthusiastic fanaticism, or seditious rebellion.

The wise man will hence perceive the excellency of the present state of things. Some mortals, I admit, experience want to the greatest extent; yet charity steps in to their aid, and softens the bitterness of necessity. It is this virtue that incites men to distribute the superfluities of life, and alleviate the pressure of distress. To administer succour to the desponding heart,—to mitigate the sufferings of the afflicted,—and extend relief to the poor and needy,—are duties God demands us to fulfil: nay, he also requires of us to contribute our assistance to general necessity, and promote, *as far as in our power*, universal happiness, by preventing misery from passing that threshold over which it would obtrude.

But let us return to the subject of agriculture.—To the labours necessary in the business of husbandry, the Almighty might have dispensed with our attention, since at his supreme *fiat* the earth might spontaneously yield her most abundant fruits.—Yet, as it is certain the most rigid toil cannot suppress the malign frailty of our nature, what scenes of discord, animosity, and licentious profligacy, must have

been the issue of universal inactivity! So that, in fact, we should consider that this labour, like all other necessary employments enjoined by our divine lawgiver, was intended to avert the dreadful effects of inordinate excess, and to insure those permanent benefits to society which are ultimately derived from it.

Learning and genius are certainly invaluable to their possessors, and productive of most invaluable blessings: the deficiency of them, however, may be considered as fully requited by that most useful endowment common sense, immediately concentrating an earnest inclination for, and gratifying advantage in, the more busy and laborious avocations of life. Thus we see, in this particular, the Almighty in his endowments to men proportions every one in his capacity, from the king to the peasant, to meet the exigencies of the situation nature ordains him to fill, and

“We must infer, in wisdom were it best,
While all *subordinate* must all be blest.”

It has been urged, that if riches and the sources of sublunary indulgences had been more impartially distributed, there would have been less *prétence* for murmur and discontent. But from this opinion reason obliges me to dissent; for experience evinces, there are a certain class of persons in the world who, however pre-eminent in point of rank or fortune, will still ambitiously aspire to a more exalted sphere: nay I am bold to declare such a desire will ever actuate the wishes of men, since, let their elevation in life be high as it may, they know Infinity hath the power of exalting them.

It is undoubtedly true there are many casual *evils* incident to mankind which even Omnipotence could not separate from human nature

nature without suppressing superior good. Much has been said respecting the pains and torments attached to all creatures possessed of life, especially man. Here I beg leave to reply, and I trust the position will not appear presumptuous, that as some mortals have been exempt from those bodily miseries, pains, and diseases, by which others have been most poignantly tortured, it may be presumed that all men might have avoided them, had their own private conduct rendered them worthy of such an exclusion. The happiness of life has been justly described as depending upon our own discretion; and, in short, the natural evils of life are in number very few, when placed in competition with those that are produced by our own immediate folly and baneful vices.—*‘Frustra mala omnia ad crimen fortunæ relegamus, nemo nisi suâ culpâ diu dolet.’*

But even in the very nature of pain there appears a something productive of pleasure; and the opinion has the rather been pressed upon my judgment by a conviction that the Almighty would not have permitted the *one*, had it not been for the purpose of heightening the relish and enjoyment of the *other*. This idea likewise receives corroboration from the concomitancy of both in every case in nature. Scarcely can an instance, I believe, throughout its whole series, be adduced contrary to this suggestion; since our gratifications are almost always either obtained by the antecedent sufferings of others, or followed by the subsequent misery of ourselves. Gracious Heaven not only permits man to derive benefits from the various species of animals which supply his wants by their labours, but suffers the sacrifice of their bodies to fulfill the great end of existence. Yet whilst we re-

ceive the advantages derived from the kid or lamb that bleeds for our subsistence, humanity compassionates its destruction—the generous feelings of the heart will be actuated with the most lively solicitude to mitigate its torments, by adopting the most lenient methods of imposing them. Evidence, thus substantiating the connection of pleasure and pain, strongly intimates that utility exists in the latter; and it would be arraigning the wisdom of a beneficent Creator, to suppose it inefficient of the best purposes: for, how abundantly has experience taught us to justify God’s goodness in his *‘ways to men!’*

To conclude: On the works of Providence, man is too generally inclined to form unqualified decisions, and on his inscrutable designs indulge the most presumptuous conjectures; thus arrogating, as it were, to himself, an erroneous conceit that all nature’s works were purposed for his service, and designed to render obedience to his pleasures: so that it is extremely natural to premise, that whatever thwarts his intentions, or annoys his purposes, however romantic or chimerical, he will be led to consider as an evil of the greatest magnitude. What can this be termed but the most ridiculous of opinions? Can any thing be deemed more absurd than the prepossessing ourselves that the whole world was made to be subservient to each individual’s will and direction? However, leaving sceptics to dispute as they please upon the works of Providence, I cannot, when I maturely consider the subject, conceive the imperfections discoverable among mankind can be reputed evils, inasmuch as it may without difficulty be maintained, that to produce a universality of beings, all of an equality in rank, capacity, and talents, enjoying alike perfect

perfect felicity, would have been almost impracticable for Omnipotence itself.

To say no more,—whenever we contemplate the universal wisdom, conformity, and order, that uniformly pervade the creation, every susceptible heart must expand with gratitude and reverential awe to its stupendous author, while

“Myriads of modes resistlessly evince
God, his creation, and his providence;
Proclaim that wisdom, might, and will di-
vine,

Which needful are to make and to combine,
Needful to rule, and which, by fittest laws,
Must deal for ever stations, joys, and woes.”

WISE.

March, 1801.

HENRY FRANCES.

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from p. 86.)

IN the afternoon they were standing near the window of their apartment, when an elegant phaeton driving furiously past attracted their attention: in it were a lady and gentleman; and in the features of the female, Emily instantly recognised those of the haughty Theresa Orville. The gentleman, Susan informed her, was a Frenchman of mean extraction; but gay, and of an insinuating address, with whom Theresa had long carried on a correspondence; for, notwithstanding the plebeian race he sprang from, he possessed a sufficient share of that levity and attractive gaiety peculiar to his countrymen to render himself perfectly agreeable in the eyes of miss Orville, in express contradiction to her father's commands, who had received some intimation of her proceedings.

Unhappy old man! that storm which has been long impending will soon burst over thy aged head!—

Instead of teaching thy children a lesson of humility and obedience, (necessary in some degree in all ranks of society, however elevated they may be) thy constant study was to inculcate into their juvenile minds a sense of their consequence, and the homage they were entitled to, not once considering how prone youth are to adhere to every vicious principle, without a preceptor.—Hadst thou early instilled into the infant mind of thy daughter a love of virtue, and to regard the favours fortune showered on her as precarious perishable things, instead of a consciousness of her greatness, thou wouldst not have mourned the ingratitude of an undutiful child, who deserted thee in thy old age, disdaining thy advice, flying to the society of a mere flirty coxcomb, who bestowed as much time on the labours of the toilette to ornament his vain empty person as the most celebrated modern belle could do.

The carriage they were in belonged to miss Belac, who encouraged the attention this facetious Frenchman paid to her friend, who determined to risk her father's resentment, and indulge the passion she had long cherished in her bosom for him. She did not notice Emily, as the horses went with incredible celerity, keeping pace with the aerial imagination of their driver. Mr. Veronne entering prevented any farther discourse on the subject: a sigh heaved the bosom of Emily at the idea of the misery this thoughtless woman was bringing on herself, without once admitting a moment's serious reflection.

Susan and Emily now became inseparable friends, spending much of their time in walking, and extending their walks at every opportunity to the woods and grounds around Orville castle, to view the former scenes of their happiness,

if

if happiness they could term it, with so many vexatious occurrences daily to combat with :—but then they had a Norton to console and soften every care; now the uncertainty of that dear friend's fate was alone the incident which disturbed their peace. To admire what once gave him pleasure, and converse on his amiable qualifications and greatness of soul, was the only employ which afforded them satisfaction. Every gate and turn of the path in the woods was some fresh source whereon busy recurring memory might dwell with a kind of melancholy pleasure ever to be desired by the breast of sensibility. Even the minutest circumstance which happens in company with those we love occurs anew to our recollection, when chance directs us after a long absence to the spot where it was transacted; especially when by some unforeseen event we endure the poignant anguish of a long, perhaps final, separation, or otherwise indulge a hopeless passion.

One evening, invited by the calm tranquillity of the air, they strolled, almost unconscious whither, along the meadows contiguous to the house they resided in; each absorbed in a pleasing reverie, often more satisfactory to a mind but ill at rest than the most eloquent companion; who might only disturb and chase away the ideal imagery of the bewildered brain from whence some delusive prospect arises, while the very soul dwells on the fleeting phantom with rapture. Thus were their minds alternately agitated by hope and fear, when they found themselves in the sequestered vale which led to Mr. Norton's house, and that before either had interrogated the other on the subject of their ramble, or where it was to terminate. A gleam of satisfaction beamed on their countenances when

they found themselves so near a spot endeared to their hearts by many a fond remembrance.

'Ah!' sighed Susan; 'Lucius once enlivened this sweet rural retreat by his presence. Even in childhood he betrayed the manly disposition which has since gilded his humble name with honour.—Then my dear father and mother were inmates of this little cottage of content; but now how changed the scene!'

The violence of her emotion almost overpowered her tender nature, and she leaned on the arm of Emily for support. When a little recovered from the violence of her sensations, she exclaimed—'How truly do I now feel the justness of that observation of my favourite Blair:

"Blessed, thrice-blessed days! but, ah! how short!

Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
Oh, slipp'ry state of things! what sudden turns,

What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most
abject!"

Emily felt the full force of the quotation, and endeavoured to pour consolation into the wounded bosom of her friend: but, alas! she required that consolation herself she vainly attempted to bestow. Pensive and disconsolate they crossed the well-known coppices and verdant enclosures, when the dark shades of the fir-wood impeded their further progress, and had nearly overcome the distressing sensations which a view of Susan's former habitation had naturally excited.—Ascending a hill, they stood some minutes on the summit, admiring the wild romantic scenery around; when a rustling among the briers and underwood of a thicket near them assailed their ears, and a pointer

pointer darted from the bushes just where they were standing. They started, and each involuntarily turned round, when they saw a person with a gun over his shoulder, partly concealed by the branches, apparently watching their motions.— Conjecturing him to be a sportsman, and conscious two females in such a remote unfrequented place must excite curiosity, they proceeded on their way back. The person quickened his pace, and soon came up to them, when Emily was almost ready to sink to the earth at sight of Belac. He accosted her with an air of familiarity, expressed his happiness at such an unexpected rencontre, and asked many questions whither she could be wandering in such a dreary place? He, at the same time, cast a penetrating glance on Susan, whom he pretended he had not the pleasure of knowing; notwithstanding the friendship which existed between him and her unfortunate brother Edward, whom he in no small degree contributed to bring to the untimely death he suffered. He afterwards very politely begged permission to escort them to their place of destination, giving his servant the gun, and telling him he might go home with his horse, as he should walk, or otherwise send for his carriage. In vain Emily remonstrated against his accompanying her: he still persisted in it; swearing no power on earth should prevent him, when, after such a long absence and fruitless search as had been made, he had thus miraculously discovered her.

They soon arrived at their residence, when he apologised to Mr. Veronne for his intrusion; but his anxiety for the safety of miss Veronne and her fair companion, whom he had accidentally met in a very dreary place, alone induced him to enter the apartment of a gen-

tleman he had not the happiness of knowing. Emily then informed him it was her father. After some common-place compliments, and a little uninteresting conversation, he took his leave, much to the satisfaction of Susan and Emily. Mr. Veronne, on this occasion, begged of his daughter to consider of the impropriety of extending her walks so far of an evening, and made some farther inquiries about Belac, which Emily answered to the best of her knowledge; but did not by her account impress her father with a favourable opinion of him.

Emily and her friend were now very busy in concerting measures to avoid Belac; but none which they could propose were considered as effectual, except immediately leaving the place, which met their approbation; and they had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Veronne say that, if agreeable to them, he intended the next morning to set off, and make an excursion into Kent before he returned again to Hampstead. This plan they were much delighted with, and, in the ecstasy of the moment, forgot they had yet another person wanting to render their happiness complete. A last farewell they must at all events take of their favourite ruins. The gloomy woods and lengthened vistas recalled, in ideal visions, many former scenes to their hearts; when, seated on the beloved seat, they cast their weeping eyes on the work of Norton's hands, and invoked Heaven to protect and restore him to them.— They then reluctantly took a lingering, 'perhaps,' exclaimed Emily, 'a last look!' at the well-remembered spot; reached their house without any molestation, and the next morning commenced their journey, without even informing Susan's aunt or sister whither they were going.

They travelled by easy stages,
stopping

stopping as long as their inclinations led them at every place worthy notice. Emily expressed a wish not to visit the watering-places, under pretence of a dislike to public scenes; but, in reality, from her fear of meeting Belac, who said he was going there very shortly. At Deal they stayed a few days, delighted with the situation of the house they resided in, which commanded a fine prospect of the sea and the shipping in the Downs. At Dover they resided a fortnight, spending much of their time in walking, to explore the curiosities it contained. The cliff, immortalised by our great dramatic bard, Shakspeare, claimed much of their attention. Emily and Susan would here frequently walk on the heights about the castle, viewing the beautiful appearance of the cliffs between Calais and Boulogne, the sun shining bright on them from the westward, and fancying every vessel which spread her gently-swelling sails to the breeze, and bore for Britain's coast, might contain their long-regretted friend.—But soon the pleasing delusion vanished: no such friend ever arrived.

The next place they stayed at was Canterbury,—Mr. Veronne wishing his children to see the cathedral.—‘A walk amongst the tombs,’ he would say, ‘especially in an ancient venerable edifice, naturally tends to suggest reflections of a pleasing though melancholy nature, truly interesting, useful, and instructive. The long-drawn aisles, and dreary pensive vaults,’ added he, as he entered, ‘diffuse over the mind a seriousness and solemnity to a person of sensibility not unpleasing; while the wandering eye is attracted on every side by the storied urn and animated bust, which commemorate the virtues of the mouldering dead; such as the great abilities of the statesman, or achievements of the martial hero.

“We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh we sink, and are what we deplored :
Lamenting or lamented all our lot.”

‘This is most truly asserted by Young,’ said Mr. Veronne.

Emily concurred in the same sentiments. On entering this ancient structure,—a repository of many honoured dead,—the elaborate work of hands long sunk into oblivion,—the solemn silence which reigned throughout, the awful grandeur that at once strikes the astonished eye, sensibly touched her heart. Susan caught the infection, and they burst into tears, perhaps half excited by another subject; for, when the spirits are depressed, the smallest circumstance imperceptibly aggravates the sensation. Mr. Veronne begged them not to give way to any childish weakness; if they did, he would depart without showing them where the costly shrine of the once far-famed Thomas à Becket stood. They promised to comply with his admonitions, and proceeded on their way to view every part worth notice; even the dreary prison where, it is affirmed by some, king John of France was confined, when brought over prisoner by Edward the Black Prince, though it is more generally believed to have been a place of confinement for the monks when guilty of any irregularities: even this was not disregarded.

The next subject which Mr. Veronne thought might, if properly considered, convey much moral instruction, was the elaborate monument of archbishop Chicheley.—‘It will serve,’ said that truly worthy man, ‘as an antidote against boasting of any personal beauty our fragile form may possess; for, there!’ pointing to the marble tomb before him, ‘there we see how soon this frame, though in all the vigour of youth, may be reduced, like that

shocking spectacle!' pointing to the figure of the prelate at full length. Blooming in manly grace, he lies on a table of marble, supported by Gothic pillars, very rich with carving and gilding. Underneath he is represented, as at his death, emaciated, and this once fine form reduced to a mere skeleton.—'Stay, my dear girls,' said Mr. Veronne, 'reflect a moment upon the sad scene before you. Derive a piece of useful information from this silent marble. Remember that your health and youth may promise you a long series of years; yet how little are such things to be depended on! Consider that, even in the twinkling of an eye, your appearance may be rendered as dreadful to look upon as the sad figure of the once youthful Chichley.'

Sensible of the truth of this observation, they left the cathedral, and returned to their inn in High-street. The bustle of such a house but ill accorded with the tranquillity of their dispositions, and they determined on the morrow to resume their journey homeward; but in the mean time they wished to see all they possibly could of this ancient city. They took a walk around the environs, and from thence to a place called Dungil-hill, a very high mount, supposed to be originally thrown up by Ghon, a Dane, to erect a tower on. There is a circular walk to the summit, from whence is an uninterrupted view of the city and adjacent country. They descended the hill, and walked along the terrace formed on the top of the rampart within the wall, passing the old watch-towers, which forms an exceedingly pleasant and much-frequented promenade for the inhabitants. Here they met Belac, with a lady, splendidly attired, leaning on his arm. He had been informed they were gone into Kent; and, directly concluding the watering-

places were their object, had searched every place where he thought there was any possibility of finding them. At length, mortified beyond measure to think a man of his spirit had spent so much time in seeking a girl whose rigid virtue might preclude his views if found, and finding a dashing lady more accommodating, he was returning to London with his new acquisition, when he met with Mr. Veronne and his daughter. He slightly noticed them in passing, and proceeded on his way. This Emily attributed to his being with the lady, which, in fact, it was, and begged her father strenuously to oppose his visiting them, as she knew him to be a very dissipated young man. Mr. Veronne was no stranger to his immense fortune, for his splendid establishment was the theme of all; but his private character he was an utter stranger to, except what his daughter now told him. Her account he in some degree credited, and promised to be very cautious how he acted towards him. In the morning they again resumed their journey. The ride was quite uninteresting till they reached Boughton-hill, where the prospect over a vast tract of fine picturesque country is truly sublime. This induced them to alight and walk down; when, just as they reached the bottom, and were preparing to re-enter their chaise, Belac passed them on horseback. No sooner did he see the objects he was in pursuit of, than he stopped, asked their motive for travelling so early, the route they intended to take, and various other questions. They did not choose to answer in the manner he wished, and he rode by the side of them till they reached Sittingbourn, a pleasant town on the road, where they alighted, and stayed to dinner:—Belac was of the party, and very assiduous to the ladies. In the after-

noon his servants and carriage arrived, but no lady. To suppress any doubts which might arise on that head, he said the lady who was with him the preceding day was his cousin, whom he had taken to Barham Downs on a visit. He much wished Emily to take a seat with him in his phaeton; but this was declined by her, with that air of disdain which plainly denoted the little influence he had over her.

In driving very fast through Rochester, he was nearly thrown out, by running over a heap of rubbish: the suddenness of the jerk threw him with violence on some part of the chaise, and caused a contusion in his head; so that he was unable to proceed on his journey. Common humanity induced Mr. Veronne to see him properly attended to; and, finding it was likely to be of no bad consequence, he pursued his way, much to the satisfaction of his daughters, and the next day reached their delightful villa, without seeing or hearing any thing more of their officious companion.

The PRISONER ; a COMEDY.

(Concluded from p. 148.)

SCENE XV.

Mrs. Sterne, Louisa.

Louisa.

WHAT! are you left alone, dear mother? Where are the gentlemen?

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort has, without ceremony, gone to bed.

Louisa (with an air of alarm). I hope he is not ill?

Mrs. Sterne. No; he is perfectly well.

Louisa. Such behaviour is not, however, very polite in a suitor on the point of marriage with you.

Mrs. Sterne. Oh, we had not proceeded quite so far as that.

Louisa. But what is to become of the supper we have prepared?

Mrs. Sterne. We shall have another guest in Mr. Montfort's room. The major has found so great a likeness between him and one of his prisoners that he is gone to fetch him.

Louisa (joyfully). Indeed! Does he, too, observe the likeness?

Mrs. Sterne. But the polite Mr. Montfort, who it seems once had a quarrel with this young man——

Louisa. A quarrel!

Mrs. Sterne. Will not see him on any account.

Louisa. But might we not reconcile them?

Mrs. Sterne. That we would wish to do; but Montfort is so revengeful he talks of nothing but having his life.

Louisa (terrified). His life!

Mrs. Sterne. If he has a heart so full of gall and malice, it would have been no matter if the robbers had discharged the seven pistols they held to his breast.

SCENE XVI.

Mrs. Sterne, Louisa, the Major, Dorimont (in a brown coat).

Major. I have brought him.

Louisa (aside). It is he!

Mrs. Sterne. Well, this is a most extraordinary likeness!

Dorimont (speaking with a milder voice). Pardon me, ladies, I am almost blinded by coming so suddenly into the light.

Major. My dear neighbour, I here introduce to you a sober hermit, who has for some time renounced the vanity of the world.

Mrs. Sterne. He should have chosen a more agreeable hermitage.

Dorimont. I am under great obligations to the major.

2 C 2

Major.

Major. Pshaw! let me have no compliments!—Come, my boy, you must now forget all your troubles.

Dorimont. That I may easily do here.

Louisa (whispering to her mother). Don't you think, mamma, he is a very agreeable young man?

Major. But where is Mr. Montfort?—Does he still refuse to shake hands with his old friend?

Dorimont. I hope he will not be implacable on account of an unmeaning indiscretion of youth.

Major. Pho! such freaks happen every day among young people, and they forget them again as soon as the glass begins to circulate. If you have been in the wrong you shall make an apology, and we will speak for you. Then you shall shake hands, drink together, and all will be over.

Mrs. Sterne. I am afraid, major, we are reckoning without our host.

Major. Why so?

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort seems determined not even to be in the same room with this gentleman.

Dorimont (affecting much concern). Good Heavens!

Mrs. Sterne. He is gone to bed quite in a rage, and locked and bolted himself in his chamber.

Louisa. Oh! he is a spiteful, disagreeable man!

Dorimont. I am extremely sorry he should be so implacable:—I had hoped that time, my misfortunes, and especially your mediation, would have reconciled him to me. I am ready to confess myself in the wrong, and humbly to entreat his forgiveness.

Louisa (aside). What a mild, good-tempered young man!—Oh, my heart!—*(To him).* Sir, you must have passed many irksome hours in that dark tower.

Dorimont. There were moments when my confinement was not only

tolerable, but even agreeable to me.

Louisa (aside). He means when he saw me look as if I pitied him.

Major. Hem! hem! This is very unfortunate that Mr. Montfort should behave in this manner!—Where is he?—I wished so much that you should see the extraordinary resemblance——

Mrs. Sterne. Oh, this gentleman is much younger!

Louisa. His voice is much softer.

Major. Yes, yes; and he is taller too, by at least an inch. But of this we might satisfy ourselves in a moment, if Mr. Montfort were here. Where is his chamber?

Mrs. Sterne. There is the door.

Major. Come, then, Dorimont; we will lay siege to him, and proceed by sap and battery till we force him to a capitulation.—*(Knocks)* Holla! ho! Mr. Montfort!

Dorimont (knocks likewise). Dear Mr. Montfort!

Major. Come out!

Dorimont. I entreat you!

Mrs. Sterne. He makes no answer!

Louisa. A spiteful, ill-natured man!

Major. Mr. Dorimont is willing to ask your pardon for any offence he may have given you.

Dorimont. Let me entreat you to be reconciled, and to be again my friend. If I have done you any injury, I am sure I am sincerely sorry for it.

Mrs. Sterne. No answer!

Louisa. He has no more feeling than a flint!

Major. Hold! hold! I think I hear his voice!

Dorimont. Let me come, sir.—*(Takes the place of the Major, and lays his ear to the key-hole).* Did you answer? What do you say?—Not a word! I am sorry for it.

Major.

Major. Let him go to the devil then.

Dorimont. This is carrying resentment too far.

Mrs. Sterne. He shall never be my husband.

Louisa. I could tear his eyes out!

SCENE XVII.

Enter a Corporal.

Corporal. Major, here is a stranger at the door who wishes to speak to you concerning a prisoner.

Major. What the deuce! This was unexpected. Then, my young sir (to Dorimont), you must not be seen here: I may pay dearly for it. Come, we must be gone.

Dorimont. How unfortunate am I! Just as such an opportunity was afforded me——

Louisa (half-aside). Indeed, it is very unlucky!

Mrs. Sterne. I hope the major will frequently do us the pleasure he has now intended us.

Major. Yes, yes; another time he may stay longer. Corporal, here are the keys; take the prisoner back into the tower.

Dorimont. Farewell, then, till it is my good fortune to see you again.

Corporal. Come, sir, no delay!
[Exeunt Dorimont and Corporal.]

SCENE XVIII.

Major, Mrs. Sterne.

Major. I must go, too, now, and receive the stranger, though I am sorry to leave you so abruptly, neighbour.

Mrs. Sterne. The stranger I find is now in this house; so that, if you please, you may speak to him here, without depriving us of your company.

Major. I shall, very willingly, if it meets your approbation.

Mrs. Sterne. I will directly go and invite him in.

Louisa. And I will go and breathe a little fresh air. (Opens the window and leans out at it.)

Major. A stranger! at this late hour! What can he want?

SCENE XIX.

Major, Louisa, Mr. Montfort.

Mr. Montfort (in a riding-dress). I ask your pardon, major, for following you into a house where you are visiting.

Major. Your servant, sir.—I had intended to pass a cheerful evening here, had not your business prevented——

Mr. Montfort. I hope it will not prevent you.

Major. You will perhaps honour us with your company. But may I enquire your business?

Mr. Montfort. My nephew, young Dorimont, is in your custody; is he not?

Major. He is.

Mr. Montfort. How does he behave himself?—What do you think of him?

Major. I am very well pleased with the young man: indeed, I like him much.—He may be wild and extravagant; but there is nothing bad in him. He has a good heart, and a tractable disposition.

Mr. Montfort. I am glad to hear this from you.

Major. When, on the other hand, I think of that odious Montfort——

Mr. Montfort. Montfort! Why so?

Major. Oh, he is a very devil!

Mr. Montfort. Do you know him?

Major. Know him? Yes: he is here now.

Mr. Montfort. Where?

Major. There, in that chamber, asleep.

Mr. Montfort. Asleep! I assure you, major, that he is awake.

Major. I do not care whether he is awake or asleep: I care nothing about him.

Mr.

Mr. Montfort. This is very, extraordinary!

Major. But to return to your nephew——

Mr. Montfort. Very true: the praise you bestow on him gives me reason to hope that he is not unworthy my regard, and the part I have taken in his behalf. His father has forgiven him. I have brought the order of the prince directing you to set him at liberty.

Major. Welcome, then, most heartily welcome!—No person can do me a greater pleasure than to bring me such orders. It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction that I hear the key grate in the lock for the last time.—Oh! what a pleasure it is to me to enter a dungeon at such an unseasonable hour, and say to a poor prisoner, when he looks up with surprise and anxious expectation,—‘Courage, my boy!—All sufferings have an end!—Here! off with his chains; and a good journey to you.—Remember me; but never come to see me again!’—Then, when he stands like a statue, when his lips quiver, and tears trickle down his long beard—Oh, my friend, that is a pleasure——

Mr. Montfort. Which, if you please, I will share with you immediately.

Major. Come along; let us go.

Mr. Montfort. I have, too, some business in this house, which concerns me personally.

Major. We will return hither, and sup together. But whoever has it in his power to afford comfort and relief to his fellow-creature in distress, if he delays only a quarter of an hour, is no man for me.—*(To Louisa, who is listening)* You must join in our joy, too, my young lady!—Dorimont is at liberty.

[Exit with Mr. Montfort.]

SCENE XX.

Louisa, Mrs. Sterne.

Louisa. Oh, mamma!—He is at liberty!—he is at liberty!

Mrs. Sterne. What is the matter?

Louisa. He is at liberty!

Mrs. Sterne. Who?

Louisa. The prince was here, and has brought an order from his uncle.

Mrs. Sterne. The prince?

Louisa. No, no; his uncle.—His father, and the prince——

Mrs. Sterne. Are you mad?

Louisa. I have myself seen the order.—His father has forgiven him.

Mrs. Sterne. Who are you talking of?

Louisa. Of the young prisoner who was here just now.

Mrs. Sterne. Is he at liberty?

Louisa. He is. His uncle is a kind-hearted and most amiable man.—They are gone to fetch him: yes, indeed, they are gone to fetch him.

Mrs. Sterne. He will sup with us then at last:—I am heartily glad of it.

SCENE XXI.

Louisa, Mrs. Sterne. *Dorimont, in the brown coat, enters by a side-door.*

Louisa. Here comes that ill-natured, spiteful man!

Dorimont. Well, ladies, is that polite Mr. Dorimont still here?—If he is, I must retire again.

Louisa. For Heaven’s sake!——

Dorimont. I will not disturb such good company.

Louisa. Then you will do very right.

Mrs. Sterne. Indeed, Mr. Montfort, your conduct is very extraordinary.

Dorimont. Upon my honour, madam, I cannot act otherwise.

Louisa,

Louisa. An excellent apology!

Dorimont. My little daughter-in-law, too, is out of humour with me.

Louisa. Yes, my rude ill-humoured father-in-law.

Mrs. Sterne. The major takes it very ill that you should refuse him your company.

Dorimont. Oh! we shall have enough of each other's company.

Mrs. Sterne. I doubt that.

Dorimont. So much the better.

Mrs. Sterne. He has been knocking at your chamber-door, and you never so much as answered him once.

Dorimont. I answered him as much as I was able.

Louisa. What with one single, surly No!

Mrs. Sterne. And the good young Dorimont—

Louisa. Yes; one must have a heart like a tiger.

Dorimont (aside). Dear delightful anger!

Mrs. Sterne. We could have wished to have seen you together, to have observed the extraordinary resemblance—

Louisa. Resemblance!—I don't know in what it consists. I am sure any body, with half an eye, may perceive the very great difference.

Dorimont. The very great difference. Ha! ha! ha!

Louisa. Yes, Sir, you may laugh as much as you please; I, at least, shall never mistake one for the other, I am sure.

Dorimont. This Dorimont seems to have made a great impression on you.

Louisa. He has on us all, Sir, because he is the direct reverse of some persons.

Dorimont. Indeed, Miss! What, I suppose you think now you offend and mortify me very much?

Louisa. The young man is mild, courteous, possessed of sensibility, and I am sure not of a malicious and revengeful disposition.

Mrs. Sterne. She is in the right; and I hope, Mr. Montfort, now you are cool, you will yourself perceive—

Dorimont. I perceive nothing. It is possible that I may be in the wrong; but, in one word, this Dorimont and I can never be two persons in one room.

Louisa. How spiteful!

Dorimont. And if he were to dare to make his appearance in my presence, I would throw him out of the window.

Louisa. Would you? You may talk big now, because he is not here; but I can tell you he is not afraid of you.

Dorimont. Indeed! Do you think so?

Louisa. You think you may brag as you please because he is in prison; but, if he were to come, you would tell another story.

Dorimont. Possibly! But he will not come.

Louisa. Do not be too sure of that, Sir. He will sup here to-night; for he is at liberty.

Dorimont. How?

Louisa. Yes, yes, as much as you may be vexed at it, it is true. I tell you he is at liberty. His uncle has prevailed on his father to forgive him, and has brought the order of the prince to release him from confinement (*Dorimont skips about the stage, laughing aloud*). Ho! ho! What, you endeavour to hide your mortification under a feigned laugh; but it won't do. I can see through it. You are ready to burst with spite and vexation.

Dorimont (throwing himself suddenly at Louisa's feet). Dear and most exquisitely amiable girl! I thus most ardently solicit your heart and your hand.

Louisa.

Louisa. What is this?

Mrs. Sterne. Mr. Montfort, are you mad?

Louisa. What can this mean?

Mrs. Sterne. His head must be disordered.

SCENE XXII.

Enter the Major and Mr. Montfort by the side-door.

Major. There they are all together. Do not be alarmed, young gentleman.

Dorimont (springing up) Uncle! my dear uncle! (*falls on Mr. Montfort's neck*).

Louisa. His uncle!

Major (to Mrs. Sterne). I have the honour, Madam, to present to you the real Mr. Montfort.

Mrs. Sterne. What, another Mr. Montfort?

Mr. Montfort. Yes, Madam. I hope you will receive me favourably, and forgive the extravagant freaks of this young rogue. The door behind the tapestry, which is now open, will explain every thing.

Mrs. Sterne. What? it leads into the tower?

Dorimont. To Louisa's heart.

Louisa (blushing). Agreeable deceiver!

Mrs. Sterne. I still but half understand—

Major. After supper we shall have time to explain more fully all the circumstances, while the glass goes round. A glass of wine and a pleasant story warm the stomach and rejoice the heart.

THE END.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 139.)

CHAP. XXVI.

WITH a mingled emotion of commiseration and astonishment, Juliet mentally recapitulated the

words of Rodigona in the preceding conversation; dwelt upon her manifest disorder and alarm; the mysterious expressions that escaped her, and her charge to conceal what she had seen, and endeavoured to conjecture some reasons for things so extraordinary; but, as formerly, she wearied herself to no purpose: yet, though convinced of that, her thoughts perpetually reverted to the subject.

While her mind was so employed, she felt oppressed with more than usual sadness. The singular behaviour of her aunt, her discomposed and sorrowful appearance, and, above all, her uncommon solemnity at parting, pained and disturbed her. Deeply affected by her aunt's distress, saddened by her own misfortunes, and exhausted by the occurrences of the night, she now sought in sleep a short suspension from care: but the emotions which had agitated her when awake retained their influence while she slept, and disturbed her slumbers with terrific dreams. At length, after a restless and unrefreshing sleep, she arose, and, hearing from her attendants a strange account of the lady Rodigona being discovered near her chamber in a state of insensibility, from which she was not as yet recovered, hastened immediately to her, much concerned and alarmed at the information.

Rodigona, after leaving Juliet's apartment, was proceeding to her own, when, entering suddenly the corridor that led to it, she met father Apostolico, her lord's confessor, who, having been detained by Tancred to a late hour, and further by the storm, was now about to return to his convent. At this unexpected meeting the friar started with manifest tokens of confusion, and in the sudden movement, his cowl, which he always appeared anxious to keep close

close drawn over his countenance, fell back upon his shoulders. Surprised; disconcerted, and thrown off his guard at first by the encounter, his consternation was considerably augmented at this accident: but, in a moment recovering his presence of mind, he hastily replaced the hood.

Now there had always been an air of reserve—of mystery—about this priest, which Rodigona had often thought very extraordinary. When first he was introduced at the castle, his voice had startled her, and the concealment of his face strengthened the surmise that his voice had first occasioned; but when she reflected on the improbability of that surmise, the terror which had accompanied it subsided: yet, at particular times, when she heard him speak, a secret dread stole upon her heart, and her former suspicion returned, but still with no more reason for it than before. The moment, however, of elucidation was now arrived, and suspicion was at once converted into certainty, when the removal of his cowl discovered a countenance too strongly impressed on her remembrance, though years had made some alteration, not to be immediately recognised; and the recognition, in her troubled state of mind, was a circumstance of agony—of horror inexpressible. She screamed aloud,—her feelings, roused before to a degree of susceptibility almost insupportable, overpowered her, and she sank senseless on the floor.

Some domestics, happening to be near, heard the scream, and ran immediately towards the place; but before they entered the corridor the monk had retreated out of it, and left their lady extended on the floor, deprived of sense and motion. They conveyed her to her chamber, and called immediate assistance.

When Juliet entered, they had just restored her to animation, but her frame was still convulsed with the agony she had endured; drops of sweat stood upon her forehead; her eyes wandered incessantly round the apartment, and her whole appearance showed the agonised state of her mind. She spoke, but her words were wild and incoherent, and shortly after fell into violent convulsions, a rapid succession of which destroyed, at length, all expectation of her recovery. She lived, however, through the day, but at night began to show evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, and towards midnight those symptoms greatly increased.

The last throes of life now convulsed her frame; the damps of death hung upon her brow; she gasped convulsively. A hollow groan burst from her bosom, and in a few minutes all was quiet.

“The pulse beats not,” exclaimed Innocent, who had been summoned from the convent to her aid, and now held one of her hands, “She’s gone for ever!”

Juliet heard him, and fell senseless beside the lifeless corpse of her aunt. The attendants bore her from the apartment, and Innocent accompanied them.

(To be continued.)

ON SEDUCTION.

OF the numerous evils to which society is liable, perhaps there are few but may claim as their original source the vile and unpardonable purposes of the seducer. From the artful insinuations of a designing villain, who, with well masked hypocrisy, so far engages the affections of an innocent and unsuspecting female, as to rob her of the fairest gem that can possibly add lustre to her person or character,

the consequences are so great and numerous as to require but little comment. Every day presents to our view melancholy instances of crimes, the nature of which is so flagrant as to give to humanity a sensible shock, originating frequently in one rash step. From this source it is that our streets are crowded with numerous unfortunates, objects of our compassion and disgust, who throw out their blandishing allurements to catch the unwary passenger; and, with infamous behaviour, and blasphemous language, not only insult the ear of modesty, but frequently corrupt the unheeding youth of the other sex; who, caught by their loose carriage, and led by the unrestrained impetuosity of their own passions, too frequently heightened by their enticing stratagems, become their victims; and, by yielding to this pernicious temptation, in an unguarded moment, not only sacrifice their peace of mind, by immersing into a guilt of conscience, but perhaps into disease of body; and the instances are not few, in which young men, who otherwise might have become useful members, perhaps ornaments, to society, have to date the whole of their misfortunes, and some their deaths, from this fatal period.—Hence, then, we trace in the smiles of the seducer the indirect features of the murderer. He is, perhaps, as dangerous a person, and to be avoided with as much caution, as the hardened villain who stabs you in the dark.

The fire of youth frequently precipitates the heedless and unthinking into errors, which the reflection of a future moment would condemn and abhor; it therefore becomes the person who devotes a portion of his time to the study of nature and mankind, to point out a rule of conduct by which such fatal mistakes may be avoided. To show the un-

guarded the depth of the dreadful precipice, of which they stand lingering on the edge, I shall quote a passage from an ancient philosopher, who says, “Our passions are involuntary, but not so is our gratification of them.” They are as monsters, who continually oppose us in our passage through life, but which, by the exertion of that invaluable faculty bestowed on man alone by our all-seeing Father—reason, we might overcome, and leave vanquished on the plain. Reason is, or should be, the basis or foundation of all our actions, the stimulus to those of a great and noble nature, and the bar that shuts out all those of a base and gross tendency.

If we cast our eyes around into society, is it not a little extraordinary to find almost every member of which it is composed differ in opinion from his neighbour, and yet every one is convinced his own opinion is the best, and tries every means in his power to gain adherents thereto? Thus opinions are frequently formed by habit and custom; for, to whatever we have long habituated ourselves, we form an opinion of its propriety, and become prejudiced in its favour.

“Pen the body up

In solitary durance, and in time

The human soul will idly fix its fancy

E’en on some peg stuck in the prison’s wall,
And sigh to quit it.” MOUNTAINEERS.

Is it then to be wondered at, that, the mind being polluted and prejudiced by the vicious courses of the body, those whom inexperience and impetuosity rather urge to the vicious than the virtuous course, should endeavour to lure that sex from which they have experienced the greatest injury, into the same gulf they have fallen into themselves?

To trace all the evils produced by the seducer would protract this essay to an unusual length. But I cannot

cannot dismiss the subject without a few observations on the still deeper-dyed scoundrel who seduces the wife of his friend; for surely, if there is a greater degree of guilt attached to the one than the other, the heaviest load must fall on the man who, cherished by the hospitality, welcomed by the smiles, and enlivened by the friendship of the unsuspecting husband, artfully watches for an opportunity to wound him in the tenderest part, by seducing the wife of his heart, the mother of his smiling innocents, who daily cling about his knees, and lisp in artless accents the happy words of Father! Mother!—Oh, how base and ignoble must such a wretch appear!

All must allow the beautiful, the enrapturing sight of a fine woman. At her approach the heart becomes irresistibly attached; and, if the acquisitions of education and politeness are added to the charms of person, how much must the object be enhanced in value! Let the unfeeling sensualist look at this enrapturing combination of charms,—now so lovely, so bright, so obvious, and diffusive,—and let him reflect, that by one act which may afford him a momentary pleasure, how blurred and debased, how abject and wretched, he makes her who was once innocent and happy! The lovely and enchanting form that he has torn from the tree of virtue was one of its most delightful blossoms!

One would think a view even of these momentary embarrassments which must follow would be sufficient to deter the most assiduous in their pursuits. But common observation convinces us there are such persons as never bestow a single moment on reflection; who, surrounded by affluence, by which they imagine they may obtain all temporal enjoyments, rush into the most ignoble intemperance and a-

larming debaucheries; and who, equally regardless of the present voice of reason or future rewards and punishment, exult in guilt.

TOM JONES.

Norwich, February 25, 1801.

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from p. 144.)

ROBERT had for a long time observed the pensive air and increasing melancholy of Roger, and had frequently pressed him to tell him its cause. The desire of sharing the pains of his friend had alone prompted him to make this inquiry, but he had never permitted himself to be too importunate or urgent.—Perceiving, however, that Robert appeared to become continually more solicitous to avoid him, he resolved to question him, not relative to the secret which he appeared so anxious to conceal, but on the cause of that seeming estrangement which had given so much alarm to his friendship.

One day, when he observed Roger, more absent and gloomy than usual, directing his steps toward the forest, he followed him, and soon overtaking him, without giving him time to recover from his surprise, threw himself at his feet.

‘Am I, then, no longer your friend?’ said he. ‘You incessantly fly me: you suffer grief, of which you will not permit me to partake. Conceal your secret; I respect it: but deign to console my trembling friendship.’

At these words, Roger, unable to resist the emotions he felt, advanced towards Robert, raised him from the ground, and clasped him to his heart.

‘Ah, my friend!’ exclaimed he,
2 D 2 ‘how

‘how little you know the importance of the request you have made! But I cannot refuse you. You will shrink with alarm; but hear my fatal secret. I love; my father is inflexible; and my mother prizes only the splendour of birth.’

‘Can you then have made a choice which you cannot avow?’

‘Oh, no! never did Heaven form a maid so perfect! But how great is my surprise!—You yourself compel me to name her! Are, then, the eyes of a brother blind or unjust?—Your sister’——

‘My sister!’ repeated Robert, with consternation; and his arms, which clasped Roger, relaxed their hold, his eyes declined to the ground, and he kept a mournful silence.

At this alteration in his manner, despair changed the features of Roger.—‘Alas!’ exclaimed he, ‘this is too much!—my friend likewise abandons me!’

These words were pronounced in a tone so feeling, that Robert, alarmed and still more affected, again encircled him with his arms.—‘What then can be your hope?’ rejoined he: ‘What projects can you form?’

‘My hope! my projects!—I could only love. My heart was a prey to all the ardour, to all the disorder of that powerful passion, before I thought of the obstacles that opposed my wishes. I now perceive them all: I despair of overcoming them; and I only wish to die. But you—oh, you who have explored my heart! who alone are acquainted with my fatal secret! watch attentively over all my actions; read all my thoughts; recollect that love may lead me astray; observe all my steps; moderate my transports; be my guide; but, especially, never cease to be my brother and my friend!’

As he uttered these words, he hid his face in the bosom of Robert; their arms entwined, their tears mingled; and, animated by the same sentiment, they renewed the oath of eternal friendship.

A moment of silence succeeded this delicious effusion of the heart: it was interrupted by a train of reflections which they communicated to each other. They repeated, with common consent, that this fatal secret must remain concealed from the knowledge of every one but themselves.

‘Soon,’ said Robert to his companion, ‘you will remove from your present place of residence; the variety of scenes you will meet with in your travels will mitigate your grief; a thousand new objects will present themselves to your view; and I please myself with the thought that they may sufficiently occupy your mind to efface from it the remembrance of my sister. Doubtless she is ignorant of the sentiments with which she has inspired you?’

This question, so natural and simple, made Roger tremble. But, with his customary frankness, he described the adventure of the thicket, the circumstances of which were too strongly impressed on his memory and his heart for him to forget one of them; nor could the delicacy of Robert find any thing to blame in the transaction.

‘I lament my sister,’ said he, in reply; ‘for I too distinctly foresee that she cannot be indifferent to you. May the moment of our departure be hastened! During your absence, my sister will better perceive the impossibility of her being happy, and the efforts of her reason will render her calm. I do not wish you to fly her, till the very moment when you must leave her: you are too generous, and you appear to me to love her too much, not

to

to respect most anxiously her tranquillity.'

Roger promised carefully to observe in every respect the dictates of delicacy and prudence; but he did not make the vain vow to renounce the thoughts dearest to his heart, nor even to turn away his eyes, should any happy accident present Elvige to his view.

If the certainty of the most tender return of his affection would have been sufficient to render Roger happy, he must have been so could he have read the heart of Elvige; but what tears must he not have shed could he have known the pangs she suffered! For whole days it was only by the most violent struggles that she could restrain her grief.—All her thoughts were distressful. The moment of happiness which she had tasted, in learning that she was loved, had vanished like a shadow, and had only been succeeded by the prospect of the insurmountable obstacles which must separate her eternally from Roger. The pains which he must himself feel afflicted her still more than her own sufferings. She had a heart too tender and too affectionate to believe that he could ever cease to love; though sometimes her generosity prompted her to form the wish that he might: a cruel wish, which was ever followed by a torrent of tears. During night, fatigue and sleep for some hours closed her eyes, and suspended her sufferings; but no consoling idea presented itself at the moment of her awaking; and at the return of day she found it necessary to collect all her strength, to restrain her tears, and efface the traces of those that had flowed.

While she seemed only to exist that she might suffer, the time fixed for the departure of Roger approached. Shuddering at the sole idea of a separation so cruel, but

faithful to the promise that he had made to Robert, or rather faithful to his promise to respect the peace of mind of Elvige, he summoned up sufficient strength to avoid her.—But he loved and frequented the places which she had appeared to prefer. Often he observed that she took pleasure in the flower-garden, and especially in the grove in which it terminated. Careful to avoid giving her cause of uneasiness, he never went thither but when she was absent. The only happiness he could enjoy was that of occupying the place she had lately filled.—One day, when she had returned to the castle, he hastened to an arbour covered by the verdant foliage of the trees of this grove, and, casting his eyes around, beheld, with a sigh, the mossy bank on which she had sat but a moment before. He approached it with ardent enthusiasm, when his attention was fixed by an object which could have been left there only by her. It was a case similar to those which contain portraits. But what could it contain? His curiosity could not be restrained: he opened it with precipitation, and uttered an exclamation of surprise when he recognised his own features.

It was, in fact, his portrait, drawn by the hand of Elvige, whose love and ingenuity had enabled her to produce a most perfect likeness.—Among the valuable effects which adorned the castle were several pictures most exquisitely finished, though the names of the masters whose works they were were not known. One of the most perfect of these represented Achilles discovered by Ulysses, at the court of Lycomedes. The youthful hero was represented with a helmet already on his head. With his right-hand he brandished a glittering sword, and with his left disdainfully reject-
ed

ed the female ornaments which the daughters of the king presented to him.

The noble figure of Achilles, his extreme beauty, and the warlike ardour which sparkled in his eyes, too much reminded Elvige of the young count, for this picture not frequently to engage her attention. It was placed in a retired apartment, which was seldom entered, and it was here that she usually studied to improve herself in that art of which the countess could give her but a very imperfect knowledge. The hope of being able one day to pourtray the elegant features of Roger had animated her in her first attempts. Her hand, accustomed to depict the delicate forms and colours of flowers, was soon able to represent with exactness other objects; and in a short time the perfect copies she had produced of the figure of Achilles persuaded her that she might with equal success produce the likeness of other features much more dear to her heart. Those of Roger were in so lively a manner impressed on her memory, that his presence was not necessary to enable her to trace them. Were he present, to take his portrait might only give him uneasiness; and, besides, she despaired to equal the symmetry of his countenance. She felt the necessity, too, of concealing this secret from every person in the castle, and especially from Roger. A thousand times she threw aside and recommenced her work, and a thousand times she despaired of being able to approach to the beauty of her model. Each new attempt, however, improved the resemblance, and added new charms to the portrait; and that which she had left on the mossy bank, in the arbour, was the most perfect of them all; but it was also the only one which she had preserved.

While Roger surveyed it with

astonishment, while he covered it with kisses, and thought, with inexpressible happiness, that Elvige would have taken less care to conceal the perfection to which she had attained in this art, had it not been connected with the secret of her passion, she had returned to her apartment, and there, certain that she was exposed to no inquisitive eye, she wished again to inspect her favourite work. But how great was her alarm when she found that she had it not!—Where could it be?—She did not continue long in doubt: she recollected that she had been looking at it in the arbour; and there she must certainly have left it. She immediately hastened thither, and found there Roger, who held it in his hand, and, after having pressed it to his lips, concealed it in his bosom.

‘Give it me!’ exclaimed she, extending towards him her suppliant arms.

At this exclamation, at the sight of her, the young count could no longer restrain his transports. He fell at her feet, seized one of her hands, and, pressing it to his heart, ‘Do you not feel how it beats for you?’ said he. ‘Never will it cease to love you!’

Elvige, astonished and perplexed, had neither strength to repulse him nor to listen to him. She endeavoured to raise him, but the efforts of her feeble arms were insufficient. In vain she solicited that the portrait might be restored to her; Roger, before he would return it, asked a thousand questions. But while the ardour of his passion sought expressions, and could find none sufficiently forcible, a sudden shriek from Elvige compelled him to raise his head; and his confusion became extreme when he perceived his mother, who at this moment had come down the garden, and stood motionless with surprise before the arbour,

arbour, on seeing her son on his knees before the daughter of Robert. The young count arose, and, in the utmost confusion, entreated his mother to hear him.

A glance expressive of anger and contempt preceded the answer which he received—‘To your father,’ said she, ‘you must explain your conduct: I will not participate in your fault by suffering him to remain ignorant that you have so far forgotten your duty and your birth, as to throw yourself at the feet of the daughter of one of his vassals.’

In vain was it that Roger redoubled his entreaties, that he repeatedly declared that he alone was culpable, and followed her with the most pressing solicitations. She returned him no answer. At the moment they entered the castle the count met them; and his presence so terrified his son, that, without speaking a single word, he hastily retired to his apartment, to reflect on the means he should have recourse to to justify Elvige, and ward off from her the anger of his father.

The lively emotion that appeared in all the features of the countess soon induced the count to interrogate her. He had observed the precipitate retreat of Roger. The embarrassment which his questions evidently produced caused him to multiply them; and he insisted on an explanation. The countess now began to regret that she had not listened to what a son, whom she so tenderly loved, might have said in his justification. She feared the effects of the anger of his father.—But the recollection of her high birth mingling with her fears, she thought it was absolutely necessary to deprive Roger of every hope that any thing could ever favour the passion she suspected him to entertain, and which, in her eyes, was

only a shameful degradation of himself. This latter idea made her resolve to conceal no part of the scene to which she had been a witness.

The count, reddening with anger and indignation at the disgrace with which he conceived his son had already covered himself and his family, exclaimed that he would that instant treat him with the contempt he merited, and banish him from his presence.

At this threat, the countess, restored to all the tenderness of a mother, thought only of moderating his resentment. ‘Beware,’ said she, ‘of depriving him of your example. If you remind him of his great ancestors, and the elevation of his birth, he may soon be brought to blush at his weakness. Let us separate him from Elvige; it will be easy to remove her from his sight. Let him receive from you an absolute prohibition ever to seek, to see, or speak to her; and you may be certain that you will force him to obey your command, when you assure him that, if he shall dare to disregard it, your vengeance shall fall upon her. His friendship for Robert is also to be suspected; but it will be easy for us to watch them, and, when we shall think it necessary, our authority may separate them. Roger will soon set out on his travels, and the splendour of the courts he will visit will remind him of his illustrious origin; and, when he shall return from his tour, the humble daughter of Robert will no longer be to him a dangerous object.’

This advice was approved by the count, who sent his commands to his son to appear before him.—Roger well knew the inflexible character of his father, and felt that the least delay would render him criminal in his eyes, and increase his anger at Elvige. This powerful
consideration

consideration had its full effect, and he obeyed the summons, after having vowed to himself to submit without a murmur to every remonstrance and every injunction of his father, except he should command him to forget, or no longer to love, Elvige.

‘Be thankful,’ said the count, when he saw him, ‘to the indulgent prepossession of your mother. She assures me that you already blush at your humiliating error, and that you will, for the future, implicitly obey her commands and mine. Pass through the halls of the castle, and every object on which you can cast your eyes must remind you of the dignity of your ancestors. Be not reduced to blush in their presence, and to renounce their glory, by yielding to sentiments unworthy of you. Your youth and your inexperience shall now be admitted as your excuse: we will forget the indignity you have offered us; but be careful that you do not make the least attempt again to see the object of a passion so disgraceful both to yourself and your parents. Should you disobey, we will listen only to our just vengeance against an ungrateful vassal who has, no doubt, but too much encouraged your weakness. Resume your usual exercises. The moment of your departure approaches: soon shall you go to present your first homage at the feet of your king. I have obtained for you permission to appear at his court: he will receive you in an honourable manner. Redouble your care and your efforts that he may find you worthy of his bounty; and think only of the glory which it will be necessary for you to acquire, to equal your ancestors.’

Roger respectfully retired; the threat which his father had uttered against Elvige compelled him to be silent. He went in search of some solitary place, in which he might

freely abandon himself to his grief. He, however, felt a kind of satisfaction in recollecting that the name of Robert was not pronounced. He ventured to hope that suspicion would not attack the brother of Elvige, and that he might see him again. He wished to fly to him that instant; the tears which he should shed in his bosom it appeared to him would be in some degree consoling. But, too anxious and too doubtful to abandon himself to this eager wish, he walked with irresolute steps he scarcely knew whither. He wished that some fortunate chance might present to him the friend of his heart, and some hours elapsed while he hesitated between the fear and necessity of seeing him again.

The tranquillity which he observed to prevail in the castle, by degrees re-animated his confidence. He turned his steps towards the gardens, which he slowly traversed through their whole extent, and it was not till he approached the forest that he perceived Robert, who during a part of the day had wandered in the woods, and had no knowledge of the misfortune which menaced his sister and his friend. The moment they perceived each other they hastened their pace; and when they met, the eyes of Roger suffused with tears informed Robert that he was a prey to the severest grief. The latter eagerly inquired of his friend the cause of his affliction, and the young count related to him all that had passed.

Robert, in consternation at the recital, was sensible of the full extent of this misfortune; but the charms of friendship had the power to suspend, for a moment, their sufferings. At length long and plaintive sighs burst from the bosom of Roger; a torrent of tears flowed from his eyes; the weight which oppressed him appeared to be lightened;

ened; but nothing could revive hope now extinguished in his heart, and he soon relapsed into his former grief and despondency.

Robert made new efforts to rouse him from his gloomy melancholy. —‘Expect every thing from the future,’ said he; ‘the day of your departure approaches; in a short time you will leave these places where your grief cannot but perpetually increase.’

The idea of his departure only gave new force to the despair of Roger. ‘Alas!’ exclaimed he, ‘shall I abandon Elvige!—I, who am the cause of her misfortune?’

‘What can you do for her?’ answered Robert. ‘Would you increase the rigour of her captivity, by refusing to obey the commands of your father? Be more generous; it is her brother—it is your friend, who conjures you! Add not to the anger already conceived against her. Depart without a murmur, without the least sign of reluctance. Fly her!—May you forget her, and may she likewise forget you!’

He has never loved sincerely who can believe that his love can ever be extinguished. The exhortations of Robert tended only to irritate his friend. ‘You talk of the future,’ said he—‘to that alone I trust for happiness. My father flatters himself that the splendor of the courts I shall visit, or the beauty of the objects that may present themselves to my view, may change the sentiments of my heart. Let him rely on this frivolous hope: I will not attempt to undeceive him. Time, in the effect of which he confides, will teach him whether the lover of Elvige be capable of change. He cannot, at least, require that any other than Elvige should receive from me vows which would be as perfidious as odious to my heart. I swear to submit to death rather than betray

the fidelity which I dedicate to her from this moment.’

The voice of Roger grew animated while he uttered these words. It seemed to him that happiness was necessarily attached to his constancy; and this he felt that nothing could vanquish; an assurance which gave him additional strength to support his misfortune.

‘Yes, my friend!’ said he to Robert, ‘I promise to obey; but you, alone, for the future, shall know my real thoughts. My father shall not see my tears flow; he shall not hear my sighs: I will no more ask him to bestow on me happiness.’

These resolutions, which Robert dared not attempt to object to at this moment, rendered the young count more docile to the counsels of friendship. He promised the readiest obedience to the orders of his father, and vowed to make every sacrifice which might secure the tranquillity of Elvige. Hope, whose uncertain promises have ever the power to alleviate present calamities, rendered Roger more resigned and more calm.

When he appeared again in the presence of the count, he showed no indication of the troubled state of his mind; but all his strength seemed ready to forsake him, when, for the first time since he was surprised in the harbour, he again saw his mother. She was no longer accompanied by Elvige. When he perceived this, a dreadful pang shot through his heart. He, however, overcame his feelings, and suffered no expression of his emotions to escape him. The count and countess, satisfied with his silence and respectful submission, hoped every thing from absence and time.—They resumed their former tenderness towards him, and the indifference with which they avoided speaking of Robert at length dissipated the disquietude of the two friends,

friends, and relieved them from the fear of a separation.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE head-dresses *à la Ceres*, with ears of corn, as represented in the engraving, are a prevailing fashion. Hats of black velvet, which had gone out of fashion, have been again taken into favour. Shawls of Cashmere, whose fineness constitutes their value, would be much worn, were thirty-five *louis* (guineas) a price suitable to every one's pocket.—We see scarcely any long shawls. Black spencers are almost generally adopted. White straw-hats are the general fashion. In full dress, the head-dresses in hair are formed upon satin. At Longchamp we lately noticed a great many yellow straw hats, without a leaf, of an oval form, with a plume of frizzed straw on the left side; white hats, with a drapery of crape, jonquil or lilac, and some hats of pistachio green. Among the most tasteful head-dresses we have remarked crape *capotes*, of two colours, with transverse stripes, and antique helmets formed of these same crapes, and ornamented with two round plumes. Short *chignons* accompany some head-dresses *à la paysanne*. The Amazons appear to prefer yellow casimir, trimmed with black, to blue cloth.

The men, without changing the shape of their coats, have adopted very large buttons, from eleven to twelve lines in diameter (an inch and a half), of plain white metal, or yellow gilt, hollow, and finely polished.—With the exception of a few locks, which hang in twisted ringlets on the eyes and cheeks, our men of fashion wear their hair very short. The coat is not quite so

ridiculous as lately in the height of the collar; but what it has gained in that point, it has lost in an increase of plaiting on the shoulders, and is not besides less clumsy and short. The pantaloons, as also the *culottes*, reach almost up to the armpits, and the waistcoat just up to the top of the cravat.

The last brilliant assemblage at the opera concert presented nothing but an immense variety of imitations, more or less exact, of the antique head-dresses, formed of hair, of bands of a rose colour, or white satin; of fillets of diamonds or *jais*, and garlands of foliage or flowers, tastefully and elegantly disposed upon a *tout ensemble* of an oval shape.—We noticed also many white plumes, and some *esprits*, or demiturbans of white satin: veils *à la Iphigenie*, surmounted with a crown of roses; plain straw hats, and plain hats of black velvet, but no *paysannes*, or *capotes*, or head-dresses of hair. The most fashionable robes were white, rose, or black crape, with short sleeves.

LONDON FASHIONS.

FULL dress of fine white muslin; the bosom trimmed round with lace, and fastened on the shoulder with a gold button; the sleeves full and trimmed with lace; the bottom of the train trimmed round with gold trimming. Cap of point lace, ornamented with gold; three white ostrich feathers on the left side.—Gold necklace; &c.

Morning dress of thick white muslin drawn close round the bosom with a frill, and trimmed all round with the same; long sleeves made full, and confined in their places with bands. Hat of white silk or chip, with a deep loose veil.

Dress of white muslin, with a Spanish sleeve. Handkerchief of pink and black silk, crossed over the bosom

bosom and fastened behind. Cap of lace or muslin, trimmed with puffings of white ribbon; bows of white ribbon on the top; deep lace border.

Walking dress.—The cape robe made of thick white muslin, trimmed round the neck with lace; the sleeves long and very full. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with orange-coloured ribbon.

Black cloak lined with lilac, and trimmed with broad black lace.—Straw bonnet tied down with lilac.

Evening dress.—Flesh-coloured muslin, trimmed all round with black Vandykes; the bosom trimmed with broad black lace. The petticoat and under-body of white sarsnet. Cap of white lace, with a deep border on one side; band of white satin, and bugles round the front; white ostrich feathers.

Evening dress of white muslin and black silk; sleeve of lace and muslin. A white cap ornamented with flowers.

Dress of white muslin, with a black velvet spencer, trimmed all round with gold twist, and button-holes worked with gold. Cap of white crape or muslin, trimmed with gold; white ostrich feathers.

Observations.—In chips, straws, and Leghorns, several new shapes have been introduced, particularly the Bath slouch, the queen Elizabeth's and the witch's hat.—Sarsnets, in a variety of figures, are much used in bonnets. Bugles, beads, flowers, feathers, and very deep lace veils, are much worn. Spencers, cloaks, in silk and muslin, have been generally adopted.

RUSSIAN POETRY.

A POEM has lately appeared at Petersburg, which, if the critics of Russia are to be believed, may rival the productions of the Muse in more

temperate climates. It is the work of Michael Lomonossow, the professor of chemistry, and member of the Academy at Petersburg, and is addressed to his excellency Juan Iwanowitz Chouvalow, as an epistle. The subject of it is the 'Utility of Glass.'

The poet describes this as 'the wedlock of Fire and of Nature, anxious to produce a child worthy of them both.' Man, condemned to sufferings, seizes the prize, entrusts to it the precious deposit of juices extracted from different vegetables, and which are destined to restore health to him when in sickness.

From this useful employment of it, he soon diverts it to joyous and festive purposes; at his table it gives energy to his hospitality; on his toilet it enables him to appear with more elegance and dignity: it forms the ornament of the fair, rounded into beads: it serves as a fence between man and the inclement atmosphere, while it allows him to feel all the pleasures of light.

But its transparency is not merely to assist him in seeing what is at hand. He soon employs it to bring before his eyes what is removed to a very great distance from mortal ken, and, by means of it, explores the mechanism of the heavens.—Pushing his application of glass still farther, he robs the sun of a spark of its heat, and conveys it to himself by the electric cylinder.

From this sketch it will be seen that Lomonossow has taken a wide field; and he has, if, as we have already observed, our authority may be depended upon, treated it in a very able manner. The conquest of the New World, the fable of Prometheus, &c. form episodes.—The poem is said to have all the splendor of its subject, without its fragility.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LUCY GRAY.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

[From the Second Volume of 'Lyrical Ballads.']

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray,
And when I cross'd the wild,
I chanc'd to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wild moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.'

'That, father! will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.'

At this the father rais'd his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe,
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,
She wander'd up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of
wood
A furlong from their door.

And now they homeward turn'd, and
cry'd,

'In heav'n we all shall meet!'
When in the snow the mother 'spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's
edge

They track'd the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn
hedge,

And by the long stone-wall:

And then an open field they cross'd,
The marks were still the same;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
The foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

'Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ.'

Juv.

'MY ancestors acquir'd a name
That brilliant decks the roll of fame;
Laurels in war my grandsire won;
My father in the senate shone;
My ———' "Stop, sir—say what
you have done?"
'Done! all their honours I inherit!'
'True, great sir, all—except their
merit!'"

II.

‘Interdum Vultus rectum vidit.’

HOR.

PATRICIUS cried—‘While you’ve
existence,
Keep, son, plebeians at a distance!’
This speech a butcher overheard,
And quick replied—“I wish, my lord,
You’d thus advis’d, before your son
So deeply in my debt had run!”

THE SOLDIER’S FAREWELL.

NOW the sun, with splendor rising,
Glitter’d on our bay’nets bright;
And the colours, gayly waving,
Flutter’d on the mountain’s height.

Now the first battalions, marching,
Gain’d the neighb’ring rising
ground;
And the rear still slowly foll’wing,
At our right were wheeling round.

In the camp, the drum still sounding
Fill’d with thund’ring din the air;
And the trumpet, shrilly echoing,
Bade the cavalry prepare.

Henry ’spied the lovely Mary,
As the verdant plain she crost,
Drooping, like the tender flow’ret
Nipt by winter’s cruel frost.

Quick he flew to meet the maiden;
Transient joy o’erspread his face;
And, the blue-ey’d fair addressing,
Bade her fears to hope give place.

‘Ever dear and lovely Mary!
Stop those tears that flow for me.
Think I go to fight for glory!
Think I go to fight for thee!

‘Would’st thou have me then disho-
nour’d,
Branded with a coward’s name?
Would’st thou have me leave my stan-
dard,
And a soldier’s honest fame?

‘Well I know thy heart, my dearest!
True to honour—true to me:
For my safety thou’rt alarmed;
Distant danger thou canst see.

‘Sure a pair so fond and faithful,
Ruthless War could never part:

Sure such pangs as check my utt’rance,
Never rent the lover’s heart!

‘Yet, my dear, I know my duty;
Know my task, and must obey;
From thy dear, thy lov’d embraces,
I must tear myself away!

‘I must go to distant regions,
To assert my country’s right:
I’ll preserve my life with honour,
Or will perish in the fight.

‘Yet when thund’ring cannon roaring,
Hurl destruction on the foe,
O’er the wide-spread wat’ry ocean,
Still my thoughts to thee shall flow.

‘Smile, my love, once more upon me;
Cheer me with one parting smile.
Hark! the trumpet calls me from thee.
Yes, dear maid! we part awhile.

‘We shall meet again, my dearest!
Who my throbbing pain can feel?
See! our troop is ready mounted!
Once again, dear maid, farewell!’

J. HAWKSWORTH.

White-Lion-street, Pentonville, Feb. 7.

IMPROMPTU,

TO MISS W****W, WHOSE CHEEK
WAS WOUNDED IN STRUGGLING
TO AVOID A KISS.

FOOLISH Dorinda! why, with so
much care,
Elude the kiss of warm yet chaste
desire?
For this thy cheek, so rosy and so fair,
Bears the strong mark of Love’s
celestial ire!

Hadst thou but acted well thy sex’s
part,
And suffer’d me to join my lips to
thine,
Thy lovely cheek had then been free
from smart,
And all the anguish had been justly
mine!

For, ah! those ruby lips—for bliss de-
sign’d—
Convey most fatal poison to the mind.

SIMPLE SIMON.

Lichfield, March 12.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

An Imitation of which appeared in our Magazine for December last.

WHILE roaring in the sculptur'd chest

The wind forbade the sea to rest,
That heav'd and trembled at the blast;
Round Perseus her fond arm she cast,
'O child,' she said, 'what pangs I know!

Yet thou,' (nor ceas'd her tears to flow)
'With pure and peaceful slumbers blest,

Canst in this joyless mansion rest,
Where darkness pours its deepest shade,

And hardly does the moon pervade,
That glimmers through the brazen nails,

While thy sweet face the purple veils.
Thou, nor the waves that by thee flow,
Nor heed'st the winds that howling blow;

But did, to thee, this scene of fear,
Tremendous as it is, appear,
Thy little ear thou'dst surely lend,
And to thy mother's sorrows bend:
Sleep on, my child, I charge thee sleep;
O could I hush the angry deep!

Or my unmeasurable woes
Within my troubled breast compose!
But frustrate thou, O father † Jove,
This cruelty, these ills remove:
Bold as it is, I dare demand
Justice at thy almighty hand;
And to the injur'd mother done,
O be that justice, by her son ‡!

DAPHNE: A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. T****.

YOUNG Corydon retir'd beneath an oak,

All pensive, weeping, leaning on his crook:

His fleecy flock were straying wide around:

His pipe neglected laid upon the

* Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos,

† Father. Jupiter was the father of Perseus.

‡ Her son. Perseus afterwards killed Acrisius.

His grief was lovely Daphne, dead and gone; [his moan.

And thus the woeful shepherd made
"Ye groves, your fair umbrageous robes unbind,

That they may fall with every passing wind;

Ye lofty trees, your beauteous foliage shed;

Throw off your gaudy pride, for Daphne's dead!

O! come with me, the fate of Daphne mourn, [urn!

And shed your fading glories o'er her
Ye purling rills, that gently glide along, [muring song!

In silence creep, and quit your mur-
Ye gentle lambs, that crop the flow'ry mead, [feed!

Forsake your pasture, and forget to
Ye birds, on airy boughs that strain your throats,

Be silent, and forget your native notes;
No longer make the groves and forests ring, [sing.

For she, who once as well as you could
Is now no more!—the gentle Daphne's dead,

And all her pleasing notes for ever fled!
Come, all created beings! with me mourn [gone!

The fate of lovely Daphne, dead and
"But, see! where Daphne wond'r-ing mounts on high,

And seeks a refuge in the distant sky;
Where suns eternal in their spheres do shine, [reign:

And one successive spring for ever
Where fields and groves for ever fresh appear,

And grace the beauteous scene from year to year;

Where no cold blasts disturb the peaceful shore, [more:

But calms succeeding calms for ever—
"There she, with angels, joins the living choir, [lyre!

Exalts her voice, or strikes the golden
There, in perpetual sunshine, Daphne lives! [gives,

Lo! such the joys th' Almighty Being
And ever will, to such as here proclaim

His sacred word, and fear his holy name.

"O! may we all attain that happy shore,

When here below our time shall be no more!" T.

REFLECTIONS,

OCCASIONED BY VIEWING AN ASSEMBLAGE OF FLOWERS BLOOMING ON THE GRAVE OF AN ANCESTOR.

FAIR Spring's in full blossom; gay
 flow'rets arise,
 And deck the green turf where my
 ancestor lies;
 Whose selfish descendants no tribute
 have paid,
 To rescue his name from oblivion's
 shade.
 Though careless survivors no tribute
 will pay,
 Nor place a memorial to shelter his clay;
 Yet Nature, more grateful, presents
 her gay bloom,
 And bids her sweet offspring adorn his
 grass tomb.
 But soon, ye bright charmers! your
 tints will decay,
 Stern Winter will sweep all your beau-
 ties away;
 Keen frosts are approaching; loud Eu-
 rus will blow,
 And cover this spot with a mantle of
 snow.
 Significant emblems are ye of my state:
 Youth's joys though they blossom, how
 transient their date!
 Life's winter's advancing, and Time
 swiftly flies,
 To lay this frail frame where a grand-
 father lies.
 These eyes then no longer well pleas'd
 will survey
 Creation attir'd in her splendid array;
 No longer these ears will attend with
 delight,
 While Philomel chaunts her soft carol
 at night.
 This tongue must lie silent, this heart
 cease to beat;
 These hands lie inactive, and useless
 these feet;
 This curious structure, divested of
 breath!
 Must fall into ruins,—a prey to grim
 Death!
 Since Life's on the wing, and pale
 Death's on his way,
 To crumble this body to primitive clay,

May Wisdom instruct me the span to
 improve!

And at last may I mount to the regions
 of Love!

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

ADDRESS TO A VIOLET.

SWEET azure flow'r! thou bloom'st
 in humble beauty
 Within the thorny dell; and peep'st
 from earth,
 As if afraid to show thy velvet head,
 Whilst March, with sleety storm, and
 blast tempestuous,
 Holds his rough reign.
 Sweetest of Flora's offspring!
 Well may the sportive Zephyrs play
 around thee,
 Softly recline upon thy fragrant bosom,
 And load with odoriferous balm their
 wings!
 Sweet, lowly harbinger of rosy
 Spring!
 Although thou dwell'st with pointed
 thorns environ'd,
 The gorgeous robes that eastern mon-
 archs wear
 Boast not such purple; neither can
 Arabia,
 With all her spicy, aromatic groves,
 Dispense perfumes so grateful to the
 sense.
 If I should pluck thee from thy
 mossy bed,
 Withering, thou would'st retain thy
 native odours,
 And yield delicious fragrance after
 death.
 Sweet vi'let! emblem just of humble
 Virtue—
 Sequester'd from a world of noise and
 folly,
 She lives in scenes of rural solitude;
 Yet there, ev'n there, she sheds a ra-
 dian influence
 O'er all her little sphere; and, though
 stern Death
 Assault her with his all-benumbing
 touch,
 She shall not perish, but shall ever
 bloom:
 For virtuous actions blossom in the
 tomb.
Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

LINES

*Occasioned by the sudden Decease of the
Hon. HENRY HOBART, M. P.*

BY HENRY FRANCES.

O DEATH despotic! whose all-
conq'ring hand
O'ercomes alike the monarch and
the slave;
Whose tow'ring might no mortal can
withstand,
But bows submissive to thy throne—
the grave!
How oft, when Pleasure courts to festive
joys,
And all portends to jollity and ease,
Death unexpected comes—their mirth
annoys,
And bids at height of bliss the ban-
quet cease.
Ah! what avails to greatness, wealth,
or pow'r,
With all the pageantry of state be-
low,
In life's sad closing scene—terrific
hour!—
When Death remorseless gives his
fatal blow.
The trappings of parade afford not
peace;
They blaze, the meteors of a pre-
scrib'd time:
But virtue only 'tis, when life shall
cease,
That gives a passport to a happier
clime!

LOVE.

O LOVE! thou softest passion of the
mind!
Whose wond'rous chains the willing
captive bind!
Say, why with eager haste we run to
meet
Thy joys so painful, and thy pains so
sweet!
Fantastic charmer! shall we never
know
Whence springs this mighty weight of
human woe?
Slaves to thy power, to freedom born in
vain,
We hate our liberty, and hug thy chain.

TOBACCO.

HAIL, Indian plant! to ancient times
unknown;
A modern truly thou, and all our
own.
While through the tube thy virtues are
convey'd,
Thou giv'st the *statesman* schemes, the
student aid;
But soon as pulveris'd in smart rap-
pee,
Thou strik'st sir Fopling's brain—if
brain there be;
He shines in dedications, poems, plays;
Soars in Pindarics, and asserts the
bays.
Thus dost thou every *taste* and *fancy*
hit;
In *smoke* thou'rt *wisdom*, and in *snuff*
thou'rt *wit*.

SONNET TO VIRTUE.

THE foaming surges, which the fu-
rious storm
Has rous'd to vengeance, wreak
their dreadful ire
Upon yon frowning rock's terrific
form,
Against which winds and roaring
waves conspire.
But all in vain! his deepest pond'rous
base
Is fix'd in earth, immoveable and
sure—
In spite of persecution keeps its place,
And in its mighty strength abides
secure.

The virtuous man thus braves the
thund'ring shocks
Of envy, sickness, loss of friends,
and death;
Their fierce assaults, and wild com-
motion, mocks,
And calmly sees their fury sink be-
neath:
Serene and cheerful, lives his little
span,
And yields his breath in peace with
God and man.

Wolverhampton, February 18.

D. T. S.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Naples, Feb. 18.

CITIZEN Beaumont, aid-de-camp of general Murat, has arrived at Naples. The embargo has been placed upon all English ships. All the English merchants who are at Naples have demanded passports of general Murat, in order to repair to their native country.

Copenhagen, March 21. The English fleet which sailed from Yarmouth, under admirals Hyde Parker and Nelson, has now made its appearance near the island Anholt, in the Cattegat.

Yesterday afternoon an English frigate arrived at Elsineur with a flag of truce, and brought dispatches for Mr. Drummond, the English minister here, who, to-day, presented a note to the ministry, and had an interview with count Bernstorff. After this interview Mr. Drummond prepared for his departure, and has actually set out this evening for Elsineur, accompanied by Mr. Vansittart.—This afternoon orders were given to occupy the coast with military. For this purpose, the light infantry in garrison in the citadel will be detached till further orders.

We are assured that in the note or ultimatum, presented by Mr. Drummond, to the secretary of state, count Bernstorff, our government is required to secede from the northern alliance, to grant the free passage of the Sound to the English fleet, and that the Danish ships are no longer to sail with convoy. Should these terms not be acceded to, Mr. Drummond was to ask for passports, which have accordingly been given to him, as well as to Mr. Vansittart. On the part of England, it was demanded that our answer should be given in six hours. At first it was also reported that Mr. Drummond had had a second interview with count Bernstorff.

VOL. XXXII.

Paris, March 21. The legislative body formed itself into a secret committee, after which the president read the following law:—

“The legislative body, consisting of the number of members prescribed by the 90th article of the constitution, having heard the project of the law read on the presentation to the legislative body of the treaty of peace, concluded at Luneville; having also heard the orators of the tribunate, and those of the legislative body, and collected the suffrages in secret scrutiny, decrees:—

“The treaty, concluded at Luneville the 9th of February, 1801, and of which the ratifications have been exchanged at Paris the 16th of March, shall be promulgated as a law of the republic.”

Brunswick, March 22. We learn that the answer of the British cabinet to the Prussian declaration has been received, and that, in consequence, several regiments at Berlin have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march; the same orders have been sent to the Prussian army of observation in Westphalia. The military route of the duke of Brunswick has of course been changed: his highness is to command the Prussian army, and will arrive at Minden on the 28th inst. This army is to occupy part of the electorate of Hanover, particularly the mouths and banks of the Elbe, Weser and Ems.

Lisbon, March 25. Our situation here is very critical indeed; the question is now decided, and war, open war, is the result. The French have asked such exorbitant terms of this court as leave no doubt that Portugal has been promised to Spain, and that the French, in return, are to possess Galicia. The prince of Brazil attends the army in person. The soldiers,

diers, horse and foot, have already marched towards the frontiers. Government has 90,000 men able to bear arms, 30,000 of whom are regulars, and provisions for 100,000 for six months. At Fort St. Julian there are 360 pieces of cannon. The gentlemen of the factory are packing up their wines and effects, and preparing for their departure, if necessary. The plate in the churches is seized to assist in carrying on the war. The soldiers' pay has been advanced two vintems, about 2½d. per day.

Berlin, March 28. General Kleist is to command the troops destined to occupy Hanover. There was yesterday a grand conference between the king, the duke of Brunswick, and count Haugwitz.

A grand council of state has been held at Potsdam, at which the duke of Brunswick, count Haugwitz, &c. were present. Besides the corps forming the garrison of Berlin, several other regiments of hussars have received orders to march. The governor of Magdeburgh, general Kleist, commands the corps destined to take possession of part of the Hanoverian territories, and is already on its route.

Bremen, March 31. No change has hitherto taken place in the march and the movements of the Prussians, if we except that the Danes are to occupy Hamburg and the banks of the Elbe, while the Prussians are to confine themselves to the banks of the Weser and of the Ems.

We have this moment learnt, that the Danes took possession of Hamburg the day before yesterday (the 29th of March), at nine in the morning, by capitulation, and with the consent of the Prussian minister. The trade of the place is not interrupted, and the posts and couriers will travel as usual. The Danes have, however, sequestered every thing belonging to the English government. The duke of Brunswick is expected at Minden on the 5th inst. and the Prussian headquarters were to reach Bremen between the 6th and 10th inst.

Amsterdam, April 1. The enemy are still cruising before the Texel, with four sail of the line and several frigates: one of these frigates having

approached too near the harbour to examine the strength of our fleet, was sunk by the batteries. Two of our ships brought yesterday into port four English prizes richly laden. General Augereau is expected here to-morrow, and is going to Alkmaar.

Several merchants have received letters from Berlin, announcing the marching of 35,000 Prussians to seize Hanover. They add, that lord Crysler was to quit Berlin on the 26th ult. —Count Haugwitz has transmitted a fresh note to that ambassador, in which he declares, that the troops of his Prussian majesty are about to occupy Hanover, and that all these ports will be shut against the ships of his Britannic majesty.

Wesel, April 4. It is not the duke of Brunswick that is arrived at Minden, but several general officers. The duke is gone to receive his majesty's final orders at Potsdam. There is in Minden and the environs a corps of about 12 or 15,000 men: besides that, different regiments have already made movements for descending the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, to their mouths. In case the duke should refuse the command of the army, which is to change the face of Upper Germany, as is generally reported, general Kleist will be entrusted with the expedition.

Copenhagen, April 4. The day before yesterday, the 2d of April, was a truly glorious day for Denmark, and will be distinguished in the annals of Europe. The English fleet, under the command of admiral sir Hyde Parker, having passed the Sound the 30th of March, proceeded, on the 1st of April, about four in the afternoon, in two divisions, under the command of vice-admiral Nelson, and passed our line of defence at such a distance as to be out of the reach of our shot, and anchored about half a German mile to the eastward of the Lunette Quintus.

On the 2d of April, about half past ten in the morning, the two divisions of the English weighed anchor, and approached our line of defence. These divisions consisted of 15 ships of the line, and 25 smaller ships, and the right wing of our line of defence, which was attacked, consisted of 8
block

block ships, and five smaller vessels. The engagement was begun by one of the former, named the *Povesteen*, captain *Lasson*, and an English frigate. The battle lasted between four and five hours, during which time the cannonade was incessant. About three in the afternoon it somewhat slackened, and admiral *Nelson* sent a boat with a flag of truce on shore, with officers to negotiate. His proposals were—1st, That Denmark should recede from its alliance with Russia—2d, That he should be permitted to repair his ships in our docks—3d, That the wounded on board the English fleet should be taken care of in our hospitals. The two first of these articles were positively rejected, with the declaration that Denmark still possessed courage and strength sufficient to defend her independence; with respect to the third, it was answered that Denmark would never omit to exercise the duties of humanity even towards an enemy.

An armistice, however, was agreed on, which still continues.

Yesterday morning several more flags of truce came on shore, and about two in the afternoon admiral *Nelson* himself came on shore to hold a verbal conference with our hereditary prince. The issue of this conference is not yet known, but it is observed that the armistice still continues, and we entertain a hope that peace will be restored in a manner honourable to Denmark, for only such a peace is the general wish.

Konigsberg, April 4. According to some accounts from St. Petersburg, count *Woronzow*, the late ambassador to the court of London, has been appointed minister for foreign affairs.

Berlin, April 4. Yesterday the unexpected, but undoubtedly certain, intelligence was received here, that his Imperial Russian majesty, *Paul I.* died suddenly of an apoplexy, on the 24th of March. The dispatches to the Russian ambassador were brought by a courier, and were signed by the new emperor, *Alexander*. Early this morning his Prussian majesty received the same intelligence by an estafette.

Vienna, April 4. His Imperial ma-

jesty has resolved to make a journey, on the 9th, accompanied by the archduke *Charles*, to *Budweis*, to muster, and afterwards disband, the legions assembled there. After his return he will do the same by the Hungarian insurgents.

The following ordinance has been issued here: "As in consequence of the restoration of peace, the number of foreigners travelling in the Austrian states will be greatly augmented; the increased number of inhabitants in the capital and the principal provincial towns, and the consequent advance of the price of provisions, will require a continual attention: his Imperial majesty orders, that all well-disposed foreigners, or such as are engaged in actual business, shall receive every accommodation, both on their arrival and during their stay in the hereditary states; but that proper precautions shall be taken to prevent the entrance or stay in these states of all persons of doubtful and improper characters, and such as have no real business. With this view, his Imperial majesty directs that no person, of whatever rank he may be, shall enter the Austrian states without a pass, for the obtaining of which foreigners shall apply to the principal state chancery, or, in a foreign state, to the nearest Austrian minister, resident, or consul, and, with the exception of persons generally known or of distinguished character, shall apply, furnished with proper testimonies of their personal circumstances, character, and business." The next of the ordinance relates to the forms and particular regulations.

Hamburg, April 6. Early this morning a Russian officer, lieutenant *Beyder*, arrived here as a courier on his way to London, with an account of the death of his Imperial Russian majesty *Paul I.* who died of an apoplexy, in the night between the 23d and 24th of March. The grand duke *Alexander* was immediately proclaimed emperor by the title of *Alexander I.*—Lieutenant *Beyder* carried a letter from the new emperor to his Britannic majesty.

HOME NEWS.

Birmingham, March 24.

LAST night, between seven and eight o'clock, a number of working people assembled riotously in and about the market-place, and proceeded to the houses of the principal bakers, whom they have frequently visited in a similar way, from whence they carried off all the bread, demolished the windows, and departed. The military were soon under arms, and had little difficulty in dispersing them. In the house of Mr. Allen, Dale-end, four were taken into custody by the soldiers, and by them conveyed to the dungeon, amidst the groans and hisses of the riotous. Such excesses are always attended with fatal consequences to some, and a heavy expense to the whole town.

27. A dreadful accident happened about ten o'clock at night, at the dwelling-house of John Pearce, at Carlon, near Mitchell, in Dorsetshire, in consequence of the tremendous lightning. The house was torn in a most shocking manner; the planching burnt as it were with fire; J. Pearce and his family were very much hurt, particularly his wife, who was scorched in a most dreadful manner.—A travelling boy who was in bed, was buried in the ruins; also two other travellers, who were in bed, were so much scorched that their recovery is doubtful.

Sunderland, March 28. Yesterday afternoon a tumult took place in the corn-market here, in consequence of the price of wheat, 40s. being demanded by one of the dealers for a boll of that grain:—The populace immediately raked the kennels for dirt, with which they besmeared the farmer, who was glad to retreat to the Fountain Inn, the windows of which house were assailed with stones

and brick-bats, as were also those of the Half-Moon and Queen's-Head. Besides the damage sustained in the brittle materials of the houses attacked, a quantity of corn was madly trodden under foot, and several of the farmers carts were hurried into the Wear, one of which was seen floating to sea the next morning. A Justice of the Peace, with a few constables, seized upon one of the insurgents, and committed him to the cage; but he was soon after liberated by a detachment of the rioters.—Things continued thus till about nine o'clock, when the Justice, with an increased body of constables, again made his appearance, and read the riot-act on the steps of the George-inn, by candle-light; but with so little success, that it was deemed prudent to plant a military guard round his house during the night. In the midst of the fray a party of the Lancashire militia was called out; they loaded, but received no orders to fire.

Milford, April 1. A most scandalous transaction took place at Haverfordwest, on Saturday last (market-day): Some persons, from what motive cannot easily be imagined, posted a paper in a public part of the town, stating that barley and fine wheaten flour would on the following Monday be sold by a gentleman at Milford to the poor, at a price little more than half the average of the market, namely, barley at 5s. 6d. a Winchester bushel, and fine flour at 3½d. per lb. The disappointment occasioned by this hand-bill was not so great as it should seem the author intended; for, on the first intimation of it at this place, persons were sent in different directions to set the poor right on the subject; and although a few came from distant parts, the number was small,

small, compared with what otherwise would have been the case.

Dublin, April 2. On a speculation that the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act had expired, and that the account of its continuance could not have arrived, several of the state prisoners on Thursday and Friday caused themselves to be brought before the Judges by habeas corpus; but as the news of the royal assent to the suspension reached this city (by means of one of the wherries) in forty-one hours after it had occurred, they were remanded to their several prisons.

Yesterday arrived from England, 200 of the 21st light dragoons, with their horses, &c. They were immediately billeted, and found in comfortable quarters, by Mr. Dawson, the high constable.

That amiable young nobleman lord Cloncurry arrived in town last week from England, to the great joy of his tenantry and the poor on his estates. His lordship appears in good health and spirits, notwithstanding his long confinement.

Yarmouth, April 5. Last night arrived the Prince of Wales packet, *Deane*, from Cuxhaven, without mails, with a messenger from Egypt, and some passengers, by whom we learn, that several French ships laden with ammunition and stores for the service of the French army in Egypt, have been captured by our ships of war. It is said also that the Danes have taken possession of Hamburg and Lubeck, after some resistance from the inhabitants of the latter. Sailed the *Ranger* sloop for the Downs, with a fleet of merchantmen, which she convoyed from Hamburg. The *King George*, *Flynn*, and *Prince of Orange*, *Bridge*, are in the roads with the mails for Hamburg of the 31st ult. and 3d inst. waiting a wind to sail.

Lifford, April 7. The long depending trial of Napper Tandy is over. Several applications to put off the trial were refused by the court, and arguments in point of law over-ruled; on which Mr. Tandy's counsel threw up their brief.

Mr. Tandy then addressed the court in a short but impressive speech,

avowing every thing set forth in the indictment, and said his heart disdained a falsehood.

Judge Chamberlain begged he would weigh well the consequence of such a declaration: that sentence of death must instantly follow.

Mr. Tandy answered, he was not afraid to meet death in any shape; he knew well the awful sentence of the law—he was ready to receive it with the resignation of a christian, and with the firmness and fortitude of a man.

The Judge (Chamberlain) then passed sentence, which is to take place the 4th of next month.

Plymouth, April 7. Last night late, in apprehension of a riot at Dock, general England issued orders to all the troops, volunteer and associated cavalry and infantry, of Plymouth Dock, and Stonehouse and Stoke, to be under arms at their different parades at nine o'clock. At eight o'clock this morning the queen's dragoons, royal artillery, Wilts, 1st Devon regiment, Dock cavalry and infantry, with four light nine-pounders, and two howitzers, assembled in Fore-street Dock. At Stonehouse, Pridham's volunteers; at Stoke, Scobell's royal artillery; in their barracks, the West Hants, Bedford, and 2d royal Surrey regiments; on the glacis of the citadel here, the Plymouth regiment of volunteers, colonel Hawker; Langmead's volunteers; Plymouth blues, major Culm; Plymouth rangers, major Julian; and the Plymouth cavalry, captain Hilley, assembled in great strength, and sent the returns to general England, by lieut. col. Hawker. The general was so much pleased at their alacrity, in turning out so respectable a body of men under arms, that he sent a very handsome letter to all the volunteer corps, with his particular thanks, and desired their respective commanding officers to dismiss them for the present, as Dock was very quiet, but to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning, if necessary. A troop of the flying horse artillery, with their field-pieces, have just arrived from Bedmin. The butchers have agreed to sell, on Monday next, beef and mutton at 7d. per lb. and the bakers to sell

sell flour at 1s. 10d. per quarter; the bakers have also determined, by an advertisement, not to give more than three guineas per sack for flour, after Monday next.

Warminster, April 7. Tuesday morning a large body of people collected, who went with a paper to the gardeners, compelling them by threats to sell their potatoes at reduced prices; and towards the evening, the mob having much increased, and becoming more serious, the high constable, with other peace-officers, very spiritedly seized some of the ring-leaders, and lodged them in custody; and we are happy to say, that by their timely interference, and the assistance of a party of the 2d, or royal north British dragoons, the peace of the town and neighbourhood has been preserved.

London, April 7. By dispatches received yesterday from Constantinople, we learn that sir Ralph Abercrombie sailed from the bay of Macri on the 22d February, with a fair wind. His destination was Aboukir, which, being situate on a kind of point, so as to be enfiladed by a cross fire from the ships, offers the most eligible point of attack. They had been detained a fortnight by contrary winds. Lord Elgin writes, under date of the 6th of March, that the fleet was out of sight before the advices were sent off to him.

Bath, April 10. The colliers in the neighbourhood of Manglesfield, Kingswood, assembled yesterday to the amount of 2 or 3000, when they were met by some active magistrates, who remonstrating with them on the danger and absurdity of their conduct, they promised immediately to return to their duties, and we learn this morning that all are dispersed and every thing quiet.

A very decent looking woman arrived on Monday at Southampton, in the Cowes packet, from the Isle of Wight, and soon after set off in a returned post-chaise for Winchester; but she had no sooner left the town than she severed her head from her body; and had not the driver of a waggon passing by discovered the blood, and alarmed the postillion, it is probable the latter would not have

known the circumstance until his arrival at Winchester. The chaise was at the time near four miles from Southampton. The unfortunate woman, whose age appeared to be sixty, had been housekeeper near fourteen years to a respectable family in the Isle of Wight, and who, on leaving it, had expressed a wish that she should accompany them. A love affair with a butcher, who afterwards slighted her, is supposed to be the cause of her committing this rash action. She was brought back to Southampton, her head nearly off.

Bristol, April 14. The garrison of this city was under arms from Saturday se'nnight till Friday, in consequence of the colliers from the adjacent pits having threatened to regulate the markets. The Inniskillen dragoons have had constant patrols along the different avenues, to protect the property of the market people: many of the farmers, however, were deterred from attending the markets, and the city was in consequence subjected to some inconvenience.

Cork, April 14. Yesterday Robert Higgins was executed at Gallows-Green, pursuant to his sentence, for the murder of Daniel Haynes. This unhappy wretch made a full confession of his guilt, which for enormity has seldom been equalled: It having appeared that under the semblance of friendship he seduced the victim of his treachery from his family and home, and on the road to this city basely poisoned him, by inducing him to eat part of a sweet cake, which he had previously prepared for his diabolical purpose; he had hoped that the poison would have operated before his arrival at Cork, and that while on the road he would have an opportunity of robbing his murdered friend, who, it seems, had a considerable sum of money about him; but Providence ordered it otherwise, and Haynes survived long enough after he came to town to disclose sufficient for leading to such circumstances of guilt as caused the conviction of Higgins.

London, April 15. This morning captain Otway, of the London, arrived at the Admiralty, with dispatches from

sir

sir Hyde Parker, off Copenhagen. These dispatches contain the account of a most desperate action having taken place in the Baltic. The battle was fought on the 2d of April. Eighteen Danish ships were destroyed, and one taken. Two hundred and fifty British seamen are killed, and four hundred wounded. Among the officers killed, are captain Riou of the Amazon, and captain Mosse of the Monmouth. Sir T. B. Thompson has lost a leg.

The park and tower guns were fired to announce this news, and an Extraordinary Gazette was published in the evening.

16. Last night an Extraordinary Gazette was published, containing an account of the victory obtained near Copenhagen. The engagement was extremely severe, as severe, according to the opinion of lord Nelson, as any one in which his lordship was ever engaged. The Danes seemed to have made very formidable defensive dispositions. They had assembled ships of the line, pontoons, galleys, fire-ships, and gun-boats, which were flanked and supported by extensive batteries on the two islands called the Crowns; the largest battery was mounted with from 50 to 70 pieces of cannon. These were again commanded by two 74's, two 64's, and a large frigate: But what difficulties are too great for the valour and skill of British seamen to overcome? The Danes were attacked by twelve sail of the line and four frigates, commanded by lord Nelson. The result was, the capture or destruction of 18 sail of ships, including in that number seven sail of the line. Our loss was considerable: it consisted of 943 killed and wounded. The enemy lost four times that number.

BIRTHS.

March 25. At his house in Gower-street, the lady of William Busk, esq. of a daughter.

At Greenwich, the lady of J. H. Bond, esq. of a son.

31. The lady of Lambert Fowler, esq. of Soho-square, of a daughter.

The lady of Randle Wilbraham, esq. of Rode-hall, Cheshire, of a son and heir.

At West Moulsey, Surry, the lady of John George Nichols, esq. of a daughter.

Of a son, Mrs. H. Perigal, of Newington-place.

At Limerick, the hon. Mrs. Green, lady of John Green, esq. of Greenmount, of a son.

April 2. The lady of Edmond Thomas Waters, esq. of Bedford-row, of a daughter.

In Great Russell-street, the lady of Edward Shepherd, esq. of a son.

6. The Lady of G. H. Rose, esq. M. P. of a son.

7. The lady of John Allnutt, esq. of Mark-lane, of a daughter.

In Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of Henry Jackson, esq. of a daughter.

10. The lady of W. H. White, esq. of Parliament-place, Old Palace-yard, Westminster, of a son.

18. At his house in Great Cumberland-place, the lady of William Bushby, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 22. At Islington church, by the rev. W. Lucas, Lawrence Williams, esq. of the Army Pay-office, to miss Mary Barclay, daughter of James Barclay, esq. of Tyndale-place, Islington.

At St. James's church, by the right rev. the lord bishop of Gloucester, Thomas Gooch, esq. son of sir Thomas Gooch, bart. and major in the light dragoons, to Mrs. Ph. Sm. Webb, relict of the late Ph. Sm. Webb, esq. of Milford-house, Surry, and daughter of the late sir Robert Barker, bart.

26. At St. George's church, Bloomsbury, the rev. C. Pilkington, of Magdalen College, Oxford, to miss H. Williams, of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury.

By the Rev. T. Bracken, Thomas Clarke, esq. of Swakeley, Middlesex, to miss Hawkins, daughter of Charles Hawkins, esq. of Sackville-street.

28. At Hamburg, Samuel Petrie, esq. to Miss Harriet Jackson.

W. H. Surman, esq. of Oxendon-street, Leicester-square, to miss E. Jarvis, daughter of the late captain John Jarvis, of the royal navy.

31. At All-Hallows church, Thames-street, Mr. Francis Blacket, of South Shields, to Mrs. Janson, widow of the late Mr. Francis Janson, of Upper Thames-street.

April 2. At St. Peter's Lepoor, Broad-street, Thomas Reeves, esq. merchant, of New Court, Broad-street, to Mrs. Bradstreet, of Hem Hill, in the county of Surry.

David Garnett, of New Basinghall-street, esq. to miss Webster, of Clapton.

3. John Stubbs, esq. Banker, of Walsall, to miss Edge, of the same place.

6. At Dromore, in Ireland, the hon. and rev. Pierce Meade, son of the late earl of Clanwilliam, to miss Percy, youngest daughter of the lord bishop of Dromore.

7. By special licence, at Dorset-House, the right hon. lord Whitworth, K. B. to her grace the duchess of Dorset.

10. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Mr. Sherwood, of Bank-street, Cornhill, to miss Russell, of Holborn.

At St. James's church, John Emes, esq. of Paternoster-row, to miss Robins, of Itteringham, in Norfolk.

Henry Kolle, esq. of Addle-street, to miss Horton, of Newgate-street.

By the rev. T. Bracken, Thomas Clarke, esq. of Swakeley, Middlesex, to miss Hawkins, daughter of Charles Hawkins, esq. of Sackville-street.

15. At Spetchley, in the county of Worcester, Robert Canning, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Berkeley, eldest daughter of John Berkeley, esq. and niece and coheiress of the late sir Walter Compton, bart.

18. At Letton, Joseph Blisset, of Clifton, Gloucestershire, esq. to miss Elizabeth Freeman, second daughter of John Freeman, of Letton, in the county of Hereford, esq.

21. The hon. miss Lascelles, to Mr. York.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, major William Howe Campbell, of the

35th regiment, to miss Eliza Turner, daughter of sir Charles Turner, bart. of Kirkleatham, in the county of York.

DEATHS.

March 22. Miss Ann Smith, youngest daughter of Donald Smith, esq. banker, in Edinburgh.

25. Aged seven months, the hon. Joseph John Yorke, youngest son of the earl of Hardwicke.

At her house in John-street, Bedford-row, Mrs. Le Coq, relict of the late John Le Coq, esq.

In New Broad-street, Mrs. Taddy. Miss Eliza Dearsley, daughter of W. Dearsley, esq. of Weymouth-street.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Isabella Grant, daughter of the deceased lord Elchies.

At Yarmouth, aged 60 years, captain Philip Deane, of the Diana packet.

At Leicester, Mrs. Miller, wife of captain Miller, of the royal regiment of Horse Guards, and second daughter of David Staig, esq. of Dumfries.

31. In the 57th year of his age, Thomas Gill, of Birmingham, esq.

Suddenly, Mrs. Walsby, relict of the late Mr. Robert Walsby, of Bishopsgate-street.

At his house in Red Lion-square, William Fowle, esq. in the 74th year of his age.

The hon. Mrs. Howard, wife of the hon. and rev. Mr. Howard, rector of Handsworth, near Sheffield.

April 2. Of a decline, in the 18th year of her age, miss Mary Hopkins, daughter of Mr. William Hopkins, of Maiden-lane, Wood-street, Cheap-side, goldsmith.

3. At Lisle, in Flanders, William Parr, jun. son of William Parr, merchant, of Finsbury-place.

Henry Mason, esq. formerly an eminent solicitor, in Cursitor-street.

5. At Mickleham, near Leatherhead, Surrey, on his road to Brighton, Thomas Warner, esq. of Surrey-square, Kent-road.

6. At his house in Cavendish-square, the infant daughter of sir William Bangham, bart.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION
FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1801.

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- 3 PARIS DRESS, elegantly coloured.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC—INVOCATION TO HAPPINESS: Written by Miss MORE, and set to Music by Mr. W. BARRE.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Tale of *The Three Brothers of Bagdad* is intended for our next. Eugenia's Essay is received, and shall have a place.

C. B. Z. may observe that we no longer insert Enigmatical Lists.

The Lines addressed to Miss R. F. are very incorrect.

The Poem entitled *The Invitation* has many very good lines, but requires revision and correction.

The Elegy to the Memory of Miss Mary Francis; the Epitaph on Elizabeth Gray; Emma's Visit to her Mother's Tomb; and Spring Morn, addressed to Anna—are received.

Engraved for the Ladys Magazine.



The Rash Attempt.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
MAY, 1801.

THE RASH ATTEMPT;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

A LUXURIOUS, extravagant, and dissolute life, not unfrequently terminates in a miserable death: at all events real enjoyment is sacrificed for its shadow, and disgrace and want at length ensue. Happy those whom the sufferings they have thus brought on themselves reclaim from the paths of profusion and vice, and restore to those of moderation and virtue, which alone lead to true happiness!

Charles Winslow was the only son of an opulent merchant of the city of London, and by the death of his father became possessed of a very considerable fortune at the age of twenty-three. He immediately renounced all connection with any kind of trade, purchased an estate with a splendid seat in the country keeping at the same time a sumptuous house in town, kept hounds, hunters, running-horses, and lived in every respect in the very first style. This profuse expenditure, though the property left him by his father was very great, at length involved him in considerable debts, which, as he already lived beyond his annual income, it was impossible for him to discharge without a greater curtailment of his establishments, and a stricter œconomy, than he could condescend to adopt, or some extraneous assistance.

In a case of this extremity, marriage becomes, in the fashionable

world, an unavoidable resource.—Mr. Winslow, therefore, cast his eyes around to discover some young lady whose fortune might be sufficient to satisfy the importunate demands of his creditors, and enable him to continue for some years longer the same giddy round of dissipation and folly. Fortune was so propitious to him that he did not seek long before he found what he wished, in the aimable daughter of Mr. Mowbray, an opulent country gentleman, who had been the intimate friend of his father. As Mr. Winslow possessed elegant personal accomplishments, the most polite manners, and an insinuating address; and as, besides, to say the whole truth, he was not deficient in understanding or in generous sentiments, and his only vice was his love of luxurious dissipation and ostentatious expense,—though this vice, with respect to its effect in leading him to ruin, well supplied the place of all others,—he soon made an impression on the heart of the tender and innocent Maria, and gained her consent to be united to him for life. The approbation of Mr. Mowbray was likewise soon obtained, though he hesitated somewhat more than his daughter, from a suspicion that Mr. Winslow lived in too expensive a style for his fortune to defray; yet as he did not attempt to inquire into the real state

of his affairs, and there was as yet no external appearance of any diminution either of affluence or credit, he would not give a refusal to the man on whom his daughter evidently seemed to have placed her affections, and the marriage accordingly took place.

By this event the clear sum of thirty thousand pounds, which had been left to Maria by an uncle, came into the hands of Mr. Winslow. This was fully sufficient to satisfy his creditors, and to enable him to continue and even increase his extravagance and profusion. Much additional expense was incurred on account of his marriage. The old mansion-house in the country was pulled down and rebuilt, and the grounds about it were laid out in the modern taste; new furniture, equally sumptuous, elegant, and fashionably novel, was purchased; and nothing omitted, conducive either to real convenience or ostentatious magnificence, that money could procure.

In the winter an expense equally enormous was incurred in town.—Entertainments of every kind, card-parties, assemblies, routs, were continually given in a style the most costly and profuse. The invitations to most of these were in the name of the aimable and gentle Maria, though they were little agreeable to her taste; but she could no otherwise satisfy her husband's love of ostentation. Play, too, in which many people of the first fashion, who honoured Mr. Winslow with their company, were much more profoundly skilled than he was, drew no inconsiderable sums from his rapidly-diminishing fortune.

After two or three years of a life like this, it may be naturally imagined that the circumstances of Mr. Winslow became much embarrassed. He had recourse to mortgages,

and borrowing money at interest, with extravagant premiums, till, all these resources failing, the hungry meagre fiend Want pursued him close at his heels. His estates were sold, one after the other, and at length an execution came into his house to take all the property that remained to him. Overwhelmed with this complete ruin, and plunged in despair, he swallowed poison which he had purposely procured to end the misery his imprudence had brought upon himself.

But no sooner did the dreadful dose begin to operate, than the excruciating pains he endured, and the awful expectation of approaching dissolution, threw him into a most violent agony. His groans quickly brought to him the amiable Maria, whose terror and distress may be more easily imagined than described. Immediate medical assistance was procured; but the poison was of so virulent a kind, and had been so long swallowed, that the physician, after he had afforded him all the aid in his power, expressed but very feeble hopes of his recovery. The severity of his pains were indeed abated, but he was so faint and languid that scarcely any life was left in him. In this melancholy situation, when his strength at intervals returned, he would recline his distracted head on the bosom of his weeping wife, and exclaim: 'Oh, dearest, much-injured Maria! how does the prospect of death, and that unknown state into which I am about to plunge, change all my ideas!—how utterly do I now condemn that senseless pride and ostentation for which I have bartered my peace of mind, my life, and my hope of happiness hereafter! how do I now abhor the rash and wicked attempt I have made on my life; for most wicked it certainly must be, since it was my duty to soothe and render you

you all the service in my power, and not thus to desert and leave you plunged in all the wretchedness I had brought upon you!—But it is now too late—too late!

The violence of his feelings choked his utterance, and he sank down in an agony of remorse and despair.

He continued in this feeble state a considerable time, during which Mr. Mowbray, the father of Maria, frequently visited him, and endeavoured to console him, for he entertained the greatest hopes that his repentance was sincere, and that he would no more relapse into his former follies. Mr. Mowbray had privately bought up several portions of his estates, when they were offered to sale to satisfy his creditors and support his extravagance, though he found it entirely in vain to attempt to preserve him from the ruin into which he was plunging. With these he now presented him, and restored him—if not to his first state of affluence, at least to a comfortable independence. By degrees the constitution of Mr. Winslow triumphed over the injury that had been done to it, and he completely recovered his health. The affection his Maria had proved that she entertained for him, by her anxious attendance on him during his sufferings and illness, inspired his heart with the most ardent love for her; the kind and generous behaviour of Mr. Mowbray filled him with gratitude; and he afterwards enjoyed, in rural retirement, a felicity he had never known amid the giddy scenes of dissipation and ostentatious profusion.

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Charles-Anthony Domat, author of a voluminous treatise on the civil laws, was promoted

to the office of a judge of the provincial court of Clermont, in the territory of Auvergne, in the south of France. In this court he presided, with the public applause, for twenty-four years.

One day, a poor widow brought an action against the baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of a mill, which was her sole dependence. M. Domat heard the cause; and finding, by the clearest evidence, that she had ignorantly broken a covenant in the lease, which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the baron for a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any material injury. Nairac, however, being inexorable, the judge was obliged to pronounce a decree of ejectment, with the damages mentioned in the lease, and costs of suit; but he could not pronounce this just but cruel sentence without tears.

When an order of seizure, both of person and effects, was added, the poor widow exclaimed—‘Oh, just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!’ and immediately fainted away.

The compassionate judge assisted in raising the unfortunate woman; and, after inquiring into her character, number of children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with a hundred louis-d’ors, the amount of the damages and costs, which he prevailed on the baron to accept as a full compensation, and to let the widow again enter upon her mill.

‘Oh, my lord!’ said the poor woman, ‘when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?’

‘When my conscience,’ replied M. Domat, ‘shall tell me that I have done an improper act.’

THE

THE IMPERIAL BED.

AMONG the many new inventions which characterise the present age, we know of nothing so well deserving notice as the new-invented bed, which has lately made its appearance in the higher circles of fashionable life. The taste, elegance, and ingenuity, therein displayed, may deservedly rank the imperial bed among the most superb and beautiful articles which have lately appeared.

The following is a particular description of one valued at five hundred pounds. It is a four-post bedstead, about fourteen feet high; the pillars are beautifully painted in trellis work and reeds; the head-board forms a curve at each end, and is made of satin wood, painted and inlaid. Draperies of light blue silk overhang, with silk fringe and silver tassels. The foot-board is exactly the same. The vallance and tassels appear in rich double festoons, with superb fringe, showing, alternately, the lining and the outside furniture, which consists of the Turk's-head-cap chintz. The curtains and draperies are bordered with an inlay of blue Stormont, and the whole is lined with a fine yellow calico, with sprigs or flowers. The tester is supported inside by several elegant coves finely painted, a basket of flowers in the centre, and winged busts of Mercury on each side. It is finished with a gilt moulding. The tester, head-cloth, and the head and foot-boards, are quilted with calico, to suit the curtains. The curtains are looped up round the posts with ornamental screws; the hangings on the inside exhibit fourteen festoons or draperies. The down-bed rests on three wool-mattresses, and under is a pallias, which raises the bed about four feet high. The bed-

ding is covered with a superb counterpane of the same chintz as the curtains bordered in pannels, on an inlay of Stormont, and finished on the sides with festoons to the floor, instead of a plain vallance. The cornice on the outside finishes this magnificent and beautiful bed. It is of a noble size, and painted in a very superb style, with a tablet in relief, the frieze of which is *à la Greque*, with Turk's-cap twinings and mouldings, in burnished gold.

IDDA of TOKENBURG.

(Continued from page 175.)

IN the evening Idda went secretly from the castle to the tower in which was the dungeon, to wait the arrival of her beloved Henry. About midnight she heard a noise among the bushes, and repaired to the spot whence it proceeded. Tokenburg had advanced alone to reconnoitre the number and situation of the guards, for as yet no report had reached him of what had passed at Kiburg. When Idda came forward, the count knew her person, but could not believe his eyes. At length she exclaimed "Tokenburg!" and, with a rapturous cry of joy, he rushed into her arms. The feelings of Idda stifled her words, and Tokenburg, with a kind of violence, drew her down the rock without listening to what she said.

"Here is Idda, father!" exclaimed he, and gave the trembling maiden into the arms of Kirchberg.

"Think, Julia, what must have been the transports of these three happy friends!"

Idda now related all that had passed, while Tokenburg and her father listened eagerly, without interrupting her; only the former sometimes

sometimes clasped her in his arms, or threw himself on the ground and kissed the edge of her garment.— Her father raised his eyes to heaven; and, when she had ended, pressed her to his bosom. He then left her, and walked alone between the rocks. After some time he returned.

“Tokenburg,” said he, with the greatest emotion, “Kiburg is a noble-minded man. Oh! we ought not to gratify without restraint our anger and our vengeance, because it is in our power. Moments may succeed when we shall regret the acts in which we once rejoiced.— What would I not now give and do, that my sword had not been stained with the blood of the young count Kiburg!”

“When the morning rose, Tokenburg proposed to return.

“No,” said the aged Kirchberg, “I must first go yonder,” pointing to Kiburg.—“Return to Kirchberg,” exclaimed he to his soldiers.

“He and Tokenburg, with Idda between them, then took the road to Kiburg, and were admitted by the guard at the gate. Idda led her father and her lover into the garden to the grave of the youth they had slain.

“Wait here for me,” said she, and immediately hastened into the castle.

“She requested the old count to follow her into the garden, and brought him, by a side-walk, to the grave of his son. Kiburg now stood before his two most implacable enemies, and trembled. The aged Kirchberg took off his helmet, and laid it on the grave.

“Kiburg,” said he, sinking on his knee, “I have slain your son; and I here offer my grey head to your vengeance. You are a truly noble man: you are more just than I.”

“Tokenburg and Idda kneeled on the other side before the aged count,

who looked in silence, first on one and then on the other, till at length he extended his hand to Idda, and said, with much emotion, “I have sworn to thee, Idda, and I will keep my oath. Vengeance I renounce. Tell that to those who have slain my son!”

“He now offered to go; but Kirchberg, embracing his knees, exclaimed, “No, Kiburg; by heaven! no; here on the grave of thy son will I continue: no inclemency of the skies shall drive me hence till thou hast forgiven me.” He threw himself on the grave, shedding a torrent of tears.

“Kiburg reached out his hand to him, and said, in a low voice, “I forgive thee, Kirchberg; but now let me go: else wilt thou force me to love thee.”

“The aged Kirchberg flew to him with open arms. Kiburg stood for some time doubtful; but at length he met his embrace; then tore himself violently away, and left him.— After some hours the reconciliation was complete.

“Oh!” said both the fathers, “had we sooner known how sweet forgiveness is, we had not shed such bitter tears!” They frequently repeated their embraces, and at length separated perfect friends.

“In the evening Kirchberg returned home with his daughter and her lover. Tokenburg was alone with Idda, who tenderly observed to him that he scarcely appeared to be sufficiently sensible of the magnanimity of the old count Kiburg.

“How could it be expected that I should be, my Idda?” exclaimed Tokenburg. “How could I feel, how think of any thing but the exalted affection and resolution of her who exposed herself to death for my sake! Oh, Idda! now I know thy love—now I know thy constancy!”

“Now, for the first time,” replied

Idda, with a smile, "couldst thou ever doubt that I loved thee?"

"I have, indeed, doubted, Idda; for how many men have been deceived by women!—But now—now, though an angel should descend from heaven, and swear, by the awful mysteries of our religion, that thou wert false to me, I would brand him as a liar. Nay, though with my own eyes I should see thee in the arms of another, I would believe it to be hellish enchantment, and not doubt thy fidelity."

"That must thou not, that canst thou not; for the least doubt of that kind would render me as wretched as thy death. Oh, no, Tokenburg, thou canst not so reward me!"

"No, by heavens! no; I now know thy heart: I have seen it too open to leave the possibility of doubt. No, Idda, the tranquillity of my mind is now for ever secured."

Julia here interrupted her friend, by exclaiming—"Oh, if he could yet doubt! if he could yet"—

"Hear, Julia, with patience, the remainder of her history."

"A few days after the priest joined the hands of the two lovers, and blessed the bond of their eternal fidelity."

"So happy was no man throughout Switzerland as count Henry of Tokenburg when Idda became his in the presence of God and man. With princely pomp he led her home to his castle. Aged knights from far and near repaired to Kirchsberg to see the faithful Idda, the affectionate Idda, and accompany the retinue which attended her home."

"This is she!" exclaimed they, as they rode to Tokenburg; "the constant, the courageous Idda; who offered her life to rescue her lover!"

"The harpers celebrated the event in their songs, and the name of Idda was proclaimed by fame in all

the country around. Every maiden swore to her lover that she would be as faithful to him as Idda was to count Henry of Tokenburg, and that oath was sufficient to remove every doubt.

"For eight successive days count Tokenburg celebrated his marriage with Idda with sumptuous banquets and tournaments, to which all the owners of castles and knights were invited from a great distance around. But Idda still continued to act as she had ever been accustomed.—She came seldom to the feasts and tournaments, and when she did she remained but for a moment; and, instead of her, the young countess of Kiburg returned the thanks that were due to the congratulations of the company. When she appeared all the knights surrounded her, eager to see so extraordinary a woman, and were loud in her praises to each other. Idda noticed not their praises, but behaved with modest silence and discreet reserve. Count Henry thanked all the saints that he was in possession of so aimable and excellent a wife."

"Idda now passed her days in domestic industry, and tranquil love of her husband. She was ever mild, gentle, and affectionate; and the count found certain consolation in her love and prudence, if any care oppressed his heart, or any obstacles opposed his undertakings. When he was absent, the castle-gates were shut and guarded, the draw-bridge let down, Idda retired to her chamber, and the castle appeared as if deserted. She scarcely knew the 'squires and attendants of the count; her husband was almost the only man she saw, and by whom she was seen. Tokenburg left his castle and his beloved Idda but seldom, and when he parted from her tears always started into his eyes."

(To be continued.)

Some ACCOUNT of LAVATER the celebrated Physiognomist.

LAVATER, who lately died at Zurich, has been, for many years, one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was a humble country clergyman, of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment.

In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame, in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations, in this way, much farther than any other person had before advanced. Success inflamed his imagination; and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observation, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for the multitude: every man was eager to learn to read his neighbour's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became passionate admirers of the physiognomical science of Lavater.

His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. A servant would,

at one time, scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted, in careful comparison, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The same system was eagerly translated into the French language: and, as the insight into character and secret intention which it promised was infinitely grateful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

Two well executed translations naturalised the same books of Lavater in the English language: this naturalisation was requisite to show us the fallacy of his pretensions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no scientific principles, even the occasional effusions of sublimity and pathos which those books displayed, might interest the curious remarker on human genius and character; but served, at the same time, to evince to the sound sense and shrewd discernment of Englishmen, that physiognomy was but an idle study, the amusement—it might be—of the wise; the delusion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes; and, notwithstanding the labours of Dr. H. Hunter and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been since treated, in England, with a slighting disregard that does injustice to their genuine merits.

The physiognomical delirium of the weak excited also in Germany the derision of the witty and the wise. The *Physiognomical Travels*, or *Physiognomical Quixote* of

the celebrated Musæus, the Preceptor of Kotzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and pursuits of Lavater and his physiognomical disciples; and though to an Englishman its humour may not appear very happy, nor its wit admirably lively and pointed, yet its effect was in Germany powerful to the confusion of Lavaterism, and it raised its author at once to a splendid literary reputation.

But even after the first charm had been dissolved Lavater still retained many disciples. He continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers passing near the place of his residence. By some of his adversaries he was idly and unjustly accused as an insidious jesuit, who, under pretensions about physiognomy, pursued some vast and mischievous designs. His theological opinions took a colour from his physiognomical ones, and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 186.)

LETTER XXIV.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

THE very numerous members of the rat genus, which possess no very interesting or entertaining qualities, will induce me to specify their respective properties as briefly as possible. The animals of this class

or genus have two cutting teeth in each jaw; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind; a very slender taper tail, naked, or very slightly clothed with hair. As the means of distinguishing their peculiarities, the first species in the genus of animals is styled jerboid from the extraordinary length of their hind legs.

JERBOID LABRADOR RAT.

This animal has a blunt nose; the mouth placed far beneath; upper lip divided; ears large, naked, and round; fore legs short, on each four toes, and a protuberance instead of a thumb; the hind legs are long, and naked, like the jerboas; the thumb short; the toes long, slender, and distinct, the exterior the shortest. The length of the jerboid from nose to tail is about three inches and a quarter; the tail is four inches and three quarters long. The colour is deep brown above, and white beneath. The whole length of the body is separated by a yellow line on each side.

This species inhabit Hudson's bay and the Labrador coast; and also, according to Dr. Pallas, the regions between the Wolga and the Yaik, near the Caspian Sea. They burrow, and form a habitation with three entrances. Those found in Asia vary in colour from the natives of the new continent, being on the upper part of the body of a light gray hue mixed with tawny, and white underneath. The upper and lower regions are also separated by a stripe of dusky red, and the tail covered with longer and looser hair. To this variety may also be added another, called the Circassian rat. This animal has ears resembling those of a mouse; sharp teeth, and red sparkling eyes; a long body of an equal thickness; chesnut-coloured hair, long on the back; sharp

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Common Rat.



Water Rat.



Musk Rat.



sharp claws, and long bushy tail: the size is nearly that of the Hamster: This kind is found in the vicinage of the river Terek, which issues from Circassia, and falls into the Caspian Sea. They burrow, run fast up hill, and but very slowly down.

THE TAMARISK RAT.

The tamarisk rat has an oblong head; great whiskers; blunt nose, and nostrils covered with a valve or flap; yellow teeth; large brown eyes; ears naked, oval, and large; space round the nose and eyes and beyond the ears white; short neck; sides of the head and neck hoary; back and sides of a yellowish gray hue; tips of the hairs brown; breast and belly white; tail cinereous, on the upper part half annulated with brown; the hind legs long, on the fore feet a warty excrescence instead of a thumb. The body is about six inches long, the tail not quite that length.

This species inhabit the salt marshes in the vicinage of the Lower Yaik or Ural, and burrow under the knotty roots of the tamarisk bushes; each subterraneous recess is very deep, and has two entrances. They subsist on succulent marine plants.

The next class of rats are termed murine, and comprehend all the common species.

THE BLACK RAT.

This animal is of a deep iron gray colour, approaching to black; the belly is of a cinereous colour; the legs dusky, and almost destitute of hair; on the fore feet is a claw in lieu of a fifth toe; the length from nose to tail is seven inches; the tail is nearly eight inches long. This species inhabit most parts of Europe, but are less abundant than formerly, and in many countries are

extirpated. The propensities of the rat species are too well known to require elaborate discussion. I shall therefore only observe, that they are peculiarly destructive to young poultry, rabbits, and pigeons; corn, furniture, and various domestic articles, and will also gnaw the extremities of children when they find them sleeping. The female brings forth several times in the year, and has usually six or seven young at a litter; she makes her nest of cloth or straw, in some convenient recess. The weasel is the greatest enemy rats have to encounter, though the following species have greatly tended to the diminution of this annoying tribe. They were introduced to the southern parts of the new continent by the Europeans, and now infest those regions, and thereby prove incommodious to the inhabitants of those climes.

There appears to be a small variety of this kind about the Wolga, which are so minute as scarcely to weigh seven drams. Dr. Forster asserts, that common black rats swarm in Otaheite and the Society Islands, New Zealand, and New Holland. In Otaheite they are held in abhorrence, and the natives will not destroy them, lest they should be polluted by touching them, which occasions them to be so bold; they attack the human species when they are asleep; in these countries they subsist on the native fruits.

THE BROWN RAT.

The head, back, and sides of this animal are of a light brown hue, mixed with tawny and ash-colour; the breast and belly are of a dirty white; the feet are naked, and of a dull flesh-colour; the fore feet are furnished with four toes, and a claw in lieu of a fifth; the length from nose to tail is nine

inches; the tail is of the same dimensions.

This species inhabit the greater part of Europe, in which regions they were not known till the present century; they abound in Persia, where they burrow in the open lands, and in Hyrcania inhabit the porcupine's deserted nests. In general, these animals burrow like the water-rat, on the banks of ponds or ditches. They swim and dive with dexterity, subsist on grain, yet are destructive to poultry and game. They are very prolific, as the female often produces from fourteen to eighteen young at a litter. They are not only fierce, but courageous; as, when they are pursued, they have often the audacity to turn and seize the stick or hand of those that molest them. They dwell in fields great part of the year, but migrate in numerous bodies into houses, which they often undermine, and cause to fall. They have extirpated the black rat in most countries, as their strength is superior.

THE AMERICAN RAT.

The American rat has the upper jaw much longer than the lower; narrow pointed nose; long head; large naked ears; long fine whiskers; tail naked, like that of the black rat, but not so long. The colour is a deep brown, on the belly inclining to an ash hue. The hair is rougher than that of the preceding species. The dimensions are intermediate between those of the black and brown kind.

This species inhabits the northern parts of the new continent; whether it is wild or approaches human habitations is not ascertained. The *mus caraco*, described by Dr. Pallas, appears too similar to this species to be separated; the latter are found in great abundance about Lake Baikal, and are ima-

gined to be diffused as far as China, where they burrow in the banks of rivers.

THE WATER RAT.

This animal, in habitudes and propensities, approaches nearer to the otter than to any other quadruped; as it frequents the margins of rivers and brooks, and subsists chiefly on fishes and their fry, frogs, water insects, and the roots of aquatic plants. Though he is not web-footed, he swims with great speed and agility, keeps long under water, dives for prey, and carries it to the shore, or to his hole, to afford him a repast. The water rat, in his exterior form, has some resemblance to the beaver; he is about the size of a common rat; has a thick obtuse nose; small eyes; ears hid in the fur; yellow teeth; on each foot five toes, the inner one, on the fore feet, very small, and the first joint remarkably flexible. The head and body are covered with long black hairs, intermingled with some of a ferruginous hue; the belly is of an iron gray cast; the tail covered with short black hairs, the extremity whitish. The length from nose to tail is seven inches; the tail is only five inches long. This species are diffused over the northern latitudes of Asia and America. The females have six or seven young ones at a litter. The flesh of these animals is eaten in France on maigre days—probably only by the peasants.

THE MOUSE.

The word *rattus*, which implies a rat, is of modern fabrication and date; as the ancient Romans specified the whole genus by the term *mus*, which signifies a mouse. That species to which the appellation of mouse is peculiarly annexed is on a smaller scale, yet has the same propensities and habits as the rat varieties.

rieties. From the circumstance of being weaker, they are more timid, consequently less destructive in their operations. Notwithstanding these animals are considered as vermin, they have a pleasing form, harmless disposition, and a capability of being tamed; yet either from fear, or defect of susceptibility, manifest no attachment to their benefactors. These animals are too well known to require a minute description. Their skin is sleek, their eyes brilliant, and their form compact; constituting rather a pleasing than disgusting appearance; therefore the dislike many persons have to them proceeds rather from prejudice than from any noxious qualities they possess. There are some varieties in this species; but all are whitish on the belly. Some differ in their colour, being of a deeper or lighter shade, and others are uniformly white; the latter, like most other animals of that hue, have red eyes. These animals are generally diffused, and are found in all parts of the world, except the arctic latitudes. They are more numerous than the rat species, and from their inability to make defence, and the depredations they commit on the common articles of food, they have many enemies to encounter; as the feline tribe, rats, and birds of prey, are peculiarly hostile to them, and various snares are also laid for their destruction. Mice never come from their holes but in quest of food, and return thither on the slightest alarm; their natural agility, and minute dimensions, qualifying them for precipitate retreat. They usually follow the human species, and infest domestic dwellings. These little animals are very prolific, as the female brings forth at all seasons, and several times in the year. Their litter usually consists of five or six at a birth, which, in the short space

of fifteen days, acquire sufficient strength to provide for their own support. It is probable, from their attaining maturity thus early, that their existence is of short duration.

THE FIELD MOUSE.

This and the succeeding species have often been distinguished by the appellations of the long-tailed and less long-tailed field mouse. This animal is of an intermediate size between the rat and common mouse, and differs from those quadrupeds by not infesting houses, as it ranges at large in the fields and woods. It has prominent black eyes; its head, back, and sides, are of a yellowish-brown hue, intermixed with some dusky hairs. The breast is of an ochre colour; the belly white. The tail is four inches long, and slightly covered with hair. The length of the body four inches and a half. This species live in dry, elevated situations, and are found in great abundance in the woods and neighbouring fields; they retire into holes under brushwood, and the trunks of trees, and amass greater quantities of acorns, nuts, and beech mast, for their winter sustenance, than they can possibly devour. They materially injure nurseries, or young plantations of trees, eat the short-tailed field mouse, and various kinds of birds; and, when they are not amply supplied with food, prey on their own species. The female brings forth more than once in the year, and has often nine or ten young at a litter. This species is dispersed throughout all the European regions; wolves, foxes, birds of prey, and weasels, are their natural enemies. They make a nest for the reception of their offspring near the surface of the earth, or in a tuft of grass. There is an American variety of this species.

THE HARVEST MOUSE.

This is evidently the less long-tailed field-mouse; it has not such prominent eyes as the former kind. It has projecting ears, of a dark ferruginous hue above, and white underneath: a straight line, in a lateral direction, divides the colours.—The tail is slightly clothed with hair. Its length, from nose to tail, is two inches and a half. The tail is two inches long, and the weight of the animal only one-sixth part of an ounce. This species seem peculiar to Hampshire, where they appear in numerous bodies in harvest-time. They never infest houses, but dwell in hay-ricks, and in the winter season burrow very deep in the earth. The female has usually eight young at a litter, for which she prepares a nest among the standing-corn.

THE ORIENTAL MOUSE.

This elegant little animal is but half the size of a common mouse. It has round naked ears. Its colour is gray. The back and sides are beautifully marked with twelve rows of pearl-coloured spots, extending from the head to the rump.—The tail is the length of the body. This species inhabit the East Indies; where, as well as in Guinea, there is a small kind which emit the scent of musk. The bite of these animals is reported to be venomous.

THE BARBARY MOUSE.

This species are less than the common mouse. They are of a brown hue, and marked on the back with ten slender stripes. They have three toes, with claws on the fore feet. The tail is the length of the body.

THE MEXICAN MOUSE.

This animal is of a whitish hue blended with red; the head is of a whitish colour; and each side of

the belly marked with a large red spot.

THE VIRGINIAN MOUSE.

The Virginian mouse has a pointed nose and ears, the latter black; long whiskers; and slender, weak limbs. The tail at the base is thick, and gradually decreases till it terminates in a point: it is clothed with long hair. The hair on the body is short, and uniformly white.

THE WANDERING MOUSE.

From a propensity to migrate in the night, this species have obtained the appellation of 'wandering mice.' They inhabit the whole extent of the Tartarian deserts, where they subsist in the clefts of rocks, or the hollows of trees. They are of a frigid temperament, and soon become torpid. Even in the summer they sleep rolled up to exclude the cold. It is evident they have a carnivorous as well as granivorous appetite, as they prey on their own species when urged by hunger.—The 'wandering mouse' has a long head; an obtuse nose, with a red lip; and yellow cutting teeth, the upper ones truncated. The eyes are placed immediately between the nose and ears, which are large, oval, and naked, with the tips dusky and downy. Their limbs are slender. On the fore feet is a warty excrescence of a conic form, instead of a thumb. The tail is longer than the body, and very slender. The colour of the upper part of the body a pale ash, intermingled and waved with black. Along the back to the tail a black line extends. The extremities of the limbs are of a whitish colour. The length from nose to tail is between two and three inches. The tail is near three inches long. As these animals often traverse the country in great flocks, they have by the Tartars been denominated 'gregarious mice.'

THE BEECH MOUSE.

The beech mouse is less than the wandering kind. It has a sharp nose red at the tip; small ears of a brown hue, and bristly at the end. The limbs are slender; the toes long and distinctly separate; the tail is very long, exceeding the length of the body: it is brown on the upper part, and white underneath. The colour of the head and body is a cinereous rust, with a few dusky hairs interspersed. The breast and belly are of a pale ash hue.—On the ridge of the back is a dusky line. This animal inhabits the birch woods in the vicinage of the plains of Ischim and Baraba, and between the Oby and Jenesei.—They live in the concavities of decayed trees, are very tender, and fall into a torpid state in cold weather. They not only run up trees with great agility, but adhere to the boughs with their tail, and with their fingers or toes can attach themselves to any smooth surface.

THE RUSTIC MOUSE.

This animal has a pointed nose, an oblong head, and small ears lined with fur. The colour of the body and head is ferruginous, with a dusky line along the middle region of the back; the belly and limbs are of a whitish hue. Above each hind foot is a dusky circle. The rustic mouse is in size less than the field mouse. The tail is only half the length of the body. This species inhabit the temperate regions of Russia and Siberia, as far as the Irtysh: in the former country they chiefly dwell in the environs of villages and fields; in the latter principally in woods. In Russia they frequently migrate, and, from their depredations on grain, are called 'corn mice.' At particular periods they appear in great numbers, but at the approach of winter vanish.

Their habitations are but a little way under the surface of the earth, and are made in the form of a gallery, with an apartment at the end, where they deposit their winter sustenance, which consists of various kinds of seed.

THE LITTLE MOUSE.

The 'little mouse' has a sharp nose; it is of a dusky hue, and white at the corners of the mouth. The ears are small, and nearly hid in the fur. The body is of a more slender construction than that of the common mouse, and the tail is shorter and thinner. The colour on the upper part of the body is a deep tawny, on the lower white. The feet are gray. The length scarcely exceeds two inches from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the tail; and the weight is not more than half a drachm. This species seem to wander without any fixed place of residence, and accompany the preceding kind in corn-fields, &c.

The next class in the rat genus is distinguished by having the tail of a middling length: the first of this kind is

THE ROCK MOUSE.

This animal has an oblong head; the nose rather pointed; ears rising above the surface of the fur, of an oval form, downy, and dusky at the edges; short whiskers; and strong limbs. The tail is not half the length of the body, and has a few hairs scattered over it. The colour on the upper part of the body is brown blended with gray; the sides incline to cinereous; the belly is of a light ash colour, and the snout dusky, surrounded with a very slender ring of white. The body is four inches long. The length of the tail is an inch and a half. This species inhabit the Mongolian deserts and the regions beyond Lake Baikal. They burrow in the crannies of rock,

rocks, which is extraordinary, considering the delicate construction of their feet. Their habitation consists of a large winding oblique passage, with one or more holes, pointing downwards, at the bottom of which there is a nest of soft herbs. They chiefly subsist on astragali.

THE ŒCONOMIC MOUSE.

This animal is termed 'œconomic' from its peculiar mode of life, as with the most instinctive caution it avoids sandy soils, and chooses damp situations, in which it forms burrows beneath the surface of the turf, and in these subterraneous retreats has many chambers and distinct entrances. In these several apartments it forms magazines, in which to deposit its winter food, consisting of various plants, which it collects in summer with great assiduity and with remarkable care. When the sun shines with power, it draws its food from its nest to dry it effectually. These animals never touch their hoards till the winter, and in the summer subsist on vegetables.

The 'œconomic mouse' has small eyes, and naked ears, which are usually hid in the fur. It has strong limbs. The teeth are of a tawny hue. Its colour is black and yellow closely blended; but dusky on the back, and from the throat to the tail of a hoary hue. Beneath the hair is a dark down. The ends of the feet are dusky. The length of the body is four inches and a quarter; the tail is little more than an inch long.

These animals are very numerous in Siberia, Kamtschatka, and even in the regions within the arctic circle. In certain years they migrate in great bodies, collect in the spring, and proceed in a direct course, as neither rivers nor the arms of the sea stop their progress; which occasions them frequently to be devoured by rapacious fishes. They are super-

stitiously revered by the Kamtschatkans, who use every possible means to rescue them from danger. Many improbable stories are related of them; such as their covering their provisions with poisonous herbs before they migrate, and strangling themselves between forked plants if their magazines are pillaged.

THE RED MOUSE.

The nose and face of this animal are very bristly; the ears, like those of the preceding species, are naked, except at the tip, which is clothed with a rusty down. The tail is full of hair. The colour from the middle of the forehead along the back to the rump is a tawny red; that of the sides is a light gray and yellow. The under side of the body is whitish. The feet are white; the tail dusky on the top, and white underneath. The length of the body is four inches; the tail is rather more than an inch long.

These animals inhabit Siberia, from the Oby to Kamtschatka, and are even found within the arctic circle. They live under logs of wood, or trunks of trees, and sometimes force their entrance into habitations and granaries. They wander the whole winter, and even appear lively when the regions they dwell in are covered with snow. Their appetite is general, as they will eat flesh as well as grain.

There is a variety of this kind found about Casan which is less than the Siberian species.

THE GARLIC MOUSE.

This species are denominated 'garlic mice' because they chiefly subsist on a kind of angular garlic. They have large, open, naked ears very distinctly appearing above the fur. The tail is clothed with hair. The colour on the back is cinereous, intermingled with long hairs tipped with

with dusky grey; the sides are of a whitish ash hue; the breast, belly, and feet, white; the tail is marked along the top with a dusky line, the rest white. The length of the body is a little more than four inches; the tail is about an inch and a half long.

These animals inhabit the countries near the Jenesei and Lena.

THE SORICINE MOUSE.

The 'Soricine mouse' has a nose a little extended; four toes on the fore feet, with a tubercle instead of a thumb; five toes on the hind feet; and round ears covered with fur. The tail is of a middling length, and hairy. The colour on the upper part of the body is a yellowish grey; the belly is white.

This species inhabit the vicinity of Strasburg, and were first discovered by professor Herman.

(To be continued.)

ASSAD and ALANE; a TALE.

(Continued from p. 120.)

ALANE at length returned, with an air of seriousness and constraint in her countenance. She purposely avoided looking towards Assad, though she could not prevent her eyes from stealing some glances when unobserved.

'You will lodge with us again to-night?' said the old man to Assad.

Alane fixed her eyes on Assad's lips.

'If my stay should be agreeable to Alane,' replied Assad.

Alane blushed, her brother's wife laughed, and the old man said—'Helim, you will not despise my daughter because she has a heart? among us all, she loves you most.'

'Dear father!' said Alane, confused, and rose from her seat.

'Why should I not say so, child?' said the old man, taking hold of her hand. 'Thou feelest that thou art

alone, and needest not blush at the sensibility which the Lord of life hath given thee.'

Alane cast a hasty glance at Assad, sighed, and left the room.

'Ah!' said the little boy, 'Helim is here now, yet Alane is gone to walk under the palm trees.'

'Let her go,' said the old man, with a smile; 'the time will come when you will be as fond of being alone.'

Assad threw himself at the feet of the old man, who looked smilingly on him, while tears at the same time pressed into his eyes.—'My son!' exclaimed he, with a voice expressive of the tenderest emotion, and immediately left him, and retired into an adjoining chamber.

Assad followed Alane, and she felt herself seized with a trembling when she saw him coming. He went up to her, took her hand, pressed it to his heart, and, with a look of rapturous love, 'O beauteous innocent maiden!' said he, 'would Heaven grant——'

He said no more, but cast on her a mournful look. Alane met his eyes with a delicate confusion, and, without withdrawing her hand from his, said to him, 'Yes, Helim, what the prattle of my little brother intimated is true: what my father told you is true. The days when I saw thee not seemed to me melancholy and tedious; thy image was present with me, both waking and dreaming; I felt a delicious longing for thy return; and, to-day, when you came, my heart was ready to leap forth to meet you with inexpressible transport. Is this love? I know not. My father says it is; and my brother and my brother's wife say so too. My father thinks I need not blush for the sentiments of my heart. Indeed,' added she, in a faltering tone, 'I believe I love you.'

'O divine innocence!' exclaimed

Assad, as he clasped the ingenuous maiden in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. 'Receive, dearest Alane! my confession of the purest love; receive, in the presence of the Eternal Source of love and truth, my most sacred vow!'—A cloud overspread his countenance as he uttered the last words, and his eyes filled with tears. He clapped his hand to his forehead, and staggered, overpowered by his feelings, to a tree near which he stood.—'O Heaven!' exclaimed he, 'with a heart-rending sigh, 'why am I the heir to a throne? Why am I not the inhabitant of a poor and lowly cottage?'

He sat him down, overwhelmed with anguish. Alane viewed him with alarm and foreboding apprehension. She stood the image of despondency—tears trickled down her cheeks—and her head sank on her breast, which heaved with heavy sighs.

Assad looked up, and saw grief and fear depicted in the countenance of the lovely maiden.—'No!' exclaimed he, 'I cannot make thee happy; but neither will I deceive thee.'—He started up, and said, in a tone of the severest anguish, 'Alane!'—He could say no more, tears stifled his words.

A heavy sigh again heaved the breast of Alane, after which a gleam of returning lustre illumined her eyes.—'You wish,' said she, 'to declare to me my unhappiness?—Speak! I can suffer.'

'I love thee, Alane!' resumed Assad; 'but fate, cruel fate!—My heart, inflamed with love for thee, is thine, and thine alone; but my hand must be disposed of by other circumstances.'

'Must! Must it be so?' said Alane, and dried her eyes.

'It must.—A severe and inflexible destiny has rendered it my most sacred duty.'

Alane kissed the lips of the youth, and said to him with a sigh of heart-felt sorrow, 'This love gives thee; the fulfilment of thy duty will bestow on thee still more—tranquillity through life, and peace in death. Come, Helim, let us go.'

She put her trembling hand in his, and led him slowly back to the cottage. When they entered, Alane assumed a constrained smile; and, with an aching heart, said to her father, 'I thank thee that thou hast taught me to love virtue more than myself.'

She took the bow from the wall where it hung, and gave it to the youth; who, pale and silent, still lingered, unwilling to depart. She placed the quiver on his shoulders, and, presenting him her hand, 'Fare thou well, noble youth!' said she, with a faltering voice. 'Thou goest, and we never again see each other!'

Assad threw himself at her feet, bathed her hand with his tears, and exclaimed in an agony of sufferance, 'O Alane! Alane! excellent heavenly maiden! when does virtue receive reward?'

'In moments like these,' replied she, 'when we rise superior to the feelings of our hearts: fare thou well!'

He gave her his hand, faintly uttered farewell, and turned to depart. Alane became pale as a lily, and, throwing herself on her father's bosom, burst into a flood of tears, when the youth to whom her heart was devoted left the cottage.

Absorbed in grief and silent melancholy, Assad returned home.—Alas! by the loss alone did he learn what a heart he had lost. He tortured his invention to discover some means by which he might reconcile the decision of the priest with his love, and felt a transport of joy when he conceived the idea that possibly the priest might suffer himself to be bribed. He spoke to his
tutor

tutor on the subject, but only in distant and general terms.

Molhem took the hand of Assad, gazed on him with confidential affection, and said to him, with a tone of sincerity and tenderness—‘Though it were possible, Assad, couldst thou load the heart of any man with the guilt of deceit purchased by a bribe? Couldst thou, as a king, wish the first minister of the state to be capable of treachery? Would not such deceit be the cause of unhappiness likewise to thyself?—Couldst thou consent to be the deceiver of thy subjects? Even though its object were virtuous and commendable, it would still be deceit. But not the consequences, the means only, are in thy power. Should the consequences prove unfortunate, how painful must be the reflection that they proceeded from a deceit of which thou wast the author!—Assad couldst thou bear such a reflection?’

Assad turned from his tutor silent and in despair, for now he had lost all hope. He wandered alone through the woods around his dwelling, and taught the echoes of every wild and solitary place to repeat the complaints of his love, and the dear name of Alane.

With secret anxiety he waited the arrival of the day when he should complete his twentieth year. No sooner had the morning of that day dawned, than his father, accompanied by all the grandees of the kingdom, came to call Assad, now entitled to participate in the sovereign power, from the school of wisdom to the throne. Assad sank into his father’s arms, and moistened his venerable countenance with the tears of filial affection, but also with the tears of disappointed love. The train returned, with the youthful king and his tutors, to the city, where the people received both the father and

the son with the loudest gratulatory acclamations. ‘Assad—our hope! our happiness! our father!’ exclaimed a thousand voices, while a thousand blessings and wishes for the prosperity of his reign rent the skies.

Assad, with the utmost emotion, stretched forth his hands towards the people, while the tears of gratitude flowed down his cheeks.—Molhem, who rode by the side of Assad, took advantage of this moment: ‘Assad,’ said he, in a whisper, ‘is not this feeling that thou art the hope of a whole nation, at least as delightful as the enjoyments of successful love?’

‘More delightful! more delightful! my father!’ replied Assad, with sparkling eyes. ‘Alas!’ added he, in a lower tone, ‘how happy, how inexpressibly happy, might I be, if—’ He blushed at his unmanly complaint, and finished not the sentence.

They had now arrived at the gates of the palace which was to be the residence of Assad till his fate was determined, till the priest had named his consort. Into this palace, during that time, no person might enter, not even the father of Assad, nor his tutors. The heir to the throne was here served by mutes, and the doors were always shut.

Assad threw himself once more into the arms of the sage Molhem, then ascended the lofty steps and entered the palace. The golden doors were closed behind him. He stretched forth his arms towards heaven, and exclaimed: ‘Farewell, Alane! Alas, thou art lost, and I must never know happiness!’

The next morning the people assembled before the royal palace. On a lofty throne sat the father of Assad, and around him stood all the grandees of the kingdom. On the steps of the throne sat the tutors of Assad, and the governors of the distant provinces. Between the

throne and the people stood the high-priest; the other priests were arranged in long lines.

The king arose upon his throne, and cried aloud, 'Chief-priest, give my son a wife; I give my people a king.'

The high-priest ascended the steps of the throne, and, turning towards the people, who observed the most solemn silence, cried aloud, 'The daughter of the noblest man!—The people re-echoed the words.

'Name to me the noblest man among my people,' said the king to the grandes and governors who surrounded his throne.

Each named some person, and related the noblest action he had performed. Of those thus named, such as were in the city were sent for, and messengers dispatched to those residing at a distance. The assembly then broke up, and all waited with impatience for the tenth day from that time which was to be the great day of decision.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

Nº IV.

On DUELLING.

'Avant the deed! 'gainst Heav'n it militates: [sent,
That man should murder man by free con-
And take the breath that God alone can give.'

IN a country where the greatest refinement and polished manners obtain, is it not matter equally of astonishment and regret, that duelling, a practice so savage and inhuman, should prevail?—However, though its origin was in the periods of the grossest ignorance and superstition, false pride and imperious fashion have modelled that barbarous custom into a law; to which it is dishonourable to prove refractory, nay, worse than death to disobey:

Honour! that 'sacred tie, the law of kings,
To sword and pistols peers and poor men brings:

Ask but the lowest wranglers who were brought, [fought?

With pistols, front to front, for what they
His injur'd honour each of them will plead,
And by that plea defend the daring deed.

Be it as it may, I conceive duelling little inferior to murder; and, in fact, where persons deliberately meet for the purpose of fighting, if either of them fall, the law of the land recognises the other guilty of that crime; nor will any exoneration apply to the person challenged, though our juries upon such occasions, with that peculiar humanity that never ceases to feel for the failings and infirmities of nature, seldom return a verdict more severe than manslaughter. Might I hazard an opinion, I avow myself surprised it has not been suppressed by some immediate interdiction of legislative authority, attaching severe punishment or heavy ignominy upon its commission; but, indeed, so far from endeavours having been exerted to repel so foul a custom, at a period not very remote, we found its necessity, under *existing circumstances*, very gravely urged; both, *viva voce*, for the preservation of good manners, as well as enforced, *vi et armis*, for a safeguard against the intemperate sallies of unqualified censure. *Verbum sat!*—We might, with great propriety, presume our code of laws, so copious and diffuse, was sufficient, in its provisions, to check impertinence and restrain scurrility; and I believe, when properly resorted to, and it is clearly proved that character or reputation hath been unjustly defamed, or profession invidiously attacked, the laws usually appreciate the extent of the injury sustained, and seldom fail to award such damages as the enormity of the case shall require. It may also, perhaps, be justly observed, there is no species of real injury with

with which one individual may annoy another, but to which law will apply, and legal redress may be obtained. Yet admitting, for the sake of argument, offences may exist superior to the arm of law, it must manifest a shameful neglect in legislature, or a glaring defect in the capacity of those who are invested with its administration, if it be submitted to private individuals to obtain, by the most horrid and sanguinary of measures, that satisfaction the jurisprudence of their country had neglected to secure them.

The practice of duelling, as previously observed, seems vindicated from its supposed influence over the manners and passions of men—preserving that courtesy among gentlemen that is indispensable to the good order and harmony of society; though this, by the bye, argues but a weak preventative, and operates just in proportion as the paltry punishment would, as it were, awe the incorrigible school-boy, for a moment, without effectually eradicating those faults it was administered to correct. Moreover the virtuous, prudent, and religious characters will not require precedents so deadly to forewarn them of the commission of such actions, as neither habit nor inclination concur in the practice or support of them; and the dissipated and the vicious will seldom profit by examples, be they ever so awful or multiplied. In fact, the latter are the professed votaries of duelling; and none but the gambler, the debauchee, the seducer, and the adulterer, will, for the most part, be found among the polite patrons of the sword and pistol. How respectable the catalogue! and the several members detailed are in possession of a balsamic nostrum, which, if skilfully administered, infallibly cures all disorders, and gives immediate ease and satis-

faction. Nay, the wonderful efficacy it possesses is far beyond computation: it instantly assuages the fury of wounded honour, though it be at the loss of an eye, an ear, or a limb; and, at the expense of disfigurement for life, restores, at once, unresisting serenity! Yet this specific patent, for such honourable mention it obtains among licensed prerogatives, however wonderful in effects, but still comprises the simple bullet, which hath long been in requisition, either to reward the cowardice of a military dastard, or terminate (to use a familiar phrase) the life of a mad dog.

This very honourable mode of obtaining satisfaction might, if it were a subject less serious, surely deserve ridicule. Let any man consider what recompence he can derive from any injury received, by recurring to those means of redress which evidently place both the aggressor and the aggrieved on an equal footing, and to this argument duelling may apply in fact. It admits no discrimination between the innocent and the guilty, and threatens to both, alike, immediate destruction:—but honour (the specious pretext of the votaries of this practice) was concerned; and, though the party violating its immaculacy may have the infinite pleasure of blowing out the brains of the defamed, it is still restored inviolate; and every recompence, equivalent to the injury sustained, most fully discharged on the event of a duel, however tragical its catastrophe.

Is it the relict of honour we acknowledge, when we behold the lifeless body of the duellist weltering in its gore? and are we to suppose his character cleansed of the foul stains of calumny, by the blood that gushes from the mortal wound the hand of his adversary hath inflicted? Avunt such inconsistencies!—Can

honour

honour or character be attributable to the man void both of virtue and religion? and truly that mortal must be destitute of either, who can not only meditate, but calmly point the deadly weapon at the head of his fellow-creature, for the purpose of his destruction:—or, is it a proof of personal courage also, thus to send a friend into eternity?—No! rather be convinced, that noble magnanimity of mind, which can only be roused in the just defence of our country or our persons, is prostituted to the basest and most unworthy purpose—the support of our vices!—A fact, alas! too often essayed in the pride of despair, or spirit of revenge, to the utter contempt of the Supreme Being. The truly valiant, when espousing the cause of his injured country, will look to God for assistance:—he will implore his protection, as a shield in the “day of battle;” and then, with confidence, he may look forward to the happy termination of the contest. But can the duellist presume either to hope or expect favour in the sight of the Almighty, towards the cause he imaginarily maintained?—or that he will aid that arm which is immediately stretched forth to the outrage of society, and in direct opposition to his divine commands?—Oh! how vain, how foolish, must that mortal prove, who flatters himself with succour from that Law-giver whom he insults, and whose decrees he openly violates at the very moment he intreats his protection!

Hence it is evident, that the only support duelling can obtain is in that bugbear, honour!—a phantom as chimerical as it is absurd;—for where true honour exists, if it be invaded, it receives every assistance virtue and religion can afford. But this outrageous action finds no pious consideration to sanction it, nor

courage to defend it. To what then can it resort for support?—I beg leave to reply:—to that savage malignity, and thirst of revenge, which arrogantly despises the laws of God, and equally resists the whisperings of conscience.

I shall now conclude these remarks, with observing, I anticipate objection to my argument of those who insist that, in a particular instance, it will be impossible to avoid a duel, where a person having unintentionally given offence, though every endeavour had been exerted, and argument urged, to convince the party offended it was without design, yet the apology was deemed insufficient—nor could any recompence suffice but fighting him; which, if refused, would brand him with cowardice, and render him liable to a cudgelling.—Can any thing be more obvious than the conduct necessary to be adopted on such occasions. Let the challenge be declined—’Tis better to be supposed a coward than commence barbarian, to avoid such an appellation. After this rejection, should the demand be still asserted with menaces, &c. resort to juridical protection, which will afford every security against personal violence.—But supposing you availed not yourself of justiciary support, should any outrage be offered to your person, it will be equally as justifiable to repel the aggression by whatever summary means may present themselves, as it is lawful to defend your property against the midnight plunderer, or yourself from the dagger of the assassin.

May 1801. HENRY FRANCES.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

(Continued from page 179.)

AS he was yet speaking, Cupid suddenly raised from the bottom of the

the raft an elevated pole adorned with wreaths of flowers, which floated in the air, while the boat advanced slowly towards the island: for the god had ordered a part of the zephyrs to swell the garlands, and waft him gently from the shore. Some were charged to separate the waves before his little bark, and smooth the fluid road; others had the care of refreshing him: for, seized with a sacred surprise, he now perceived that he was assisted by a divinity. At this moment, his soul was filled with unusual courage; and as he proceeded forward, Cupid flew invisible before him.

The tritons and the nereides, crowned with rushes, ascended from the watery abyss, and surrounded his boat in an extensive circle, astonished at the boldness of the first mortal who had dared to trust himself in a frail vessel on the immense ocean.

"Be happy!" they sang, "we all favour thy voyage, most courageous youth! Love shall recompense thee. Love, who has rendered thee hardy enough to venture upon the swelling waves in the hollow trunk of a tree. How delightful is it to view thee row upon the transparent surface, like the majestic swan, who divides the water with his active feet?—Love flutters before thee, and he is happy whom love takes under his protection. Receive him, crowned with success, ye solitary shades! it is among you he shall obtain the reward, the sweet reward, of his industry and resolution.

"We foresee this art brought to perfection. Nations will cover the ocean with their fleets, and sail to distant climes. Men different in manners, and separated by extensive seas, shall meet each other with surprise upon their peaceable coasts. The treasures of the foreigner shall be found and reported; his super-

fluities, his sciences, and his arts, shall be made known. Then will the mariner be seen to ride without fear upon the ocean, and trace his way through unknown waters. He will bravely face the furious tempest, while his vessel shall be the sport of the waves. Such is the boldness and the industry of the race of Prometheus: 'the fire of the God shall burn in the hearts of men, and threatening perils shall but inflame their untameable courage!'"

Thus sang the nereides and the watery gods, while they formed their tumultuous dance; and, to the harmony of their song, the tritons joined the sound of their sea-shells.

In the mean time the youth rowed onwards with prosperous gales, and arrived safe at the shore of the island, where he landed under the cool and refreshing shades.

In an ecstasy of joy he leaped out of his boat, which he drew upon the sand to place under shelter, and afterwards returned thanks to the gods who had protected him, and auspiciously smiled on his daring enterprise.

Animated by the most sanguine hope, he traversed the groves of the island, where, at every step, he remarked with delight the traces of laborious hands. He saw the fig, apple, and pear trees, planted in rows, and abundant in fruits, while the spreading vine was so plentifully laden with clusters that the branches bent under their weight. The jessamine and the myrtle formed delightful bowers, and a thousand little rivulets, the banks of which were enamelled with beauteous flowers, flowed with an agreeable murmur under the vaulted arbours.

While he was occupied in contemplating these new scenes, Melida was with her mother in their cottage. Her head declined on her

bosom,

bosom, and she remained a considerable time in profound silence. At length Semira addressed her thus: "Whence is it, my child, that I continually observe you in a reverie? Why is it you thus grieve, my dear girl?"—Melida, whose eyes overflowed with tears, replied:—"Alas! I have not power to tell the cause of my wandering thoughts; I am ignorant why my heart palpitates; I know not what it is which so greatly oppresses me; I only feel that I am more unhappy than all other creatures."

"Ah! why, my dear Melida!" (replied her mother sorrowfully) "do you thus anticipate misery? such chimerical ideas as these produce it. What is it you wish? Every plant flourishes as you would desire; in all you undertake you are successful. Our bower produces the most agreeable shades to receive you; the trees which you plant are the finest in the island; every thing is eager to caress and wish you joy. Why are not thy flocks then an entertaining occupation?"

"Yes," replied Melida, "formerly joy beamed upon me every hour; but I am strangely altered. The shady groves now no longer delight me, but because in them I can indulge my melancholy. The sight of every plant used to inspire me with pleasure, and I breathed with happiness the perfume of each scented flower. But, alas! there is now no comfort for me—I am the most wretched of all living beings. When I view the assembled birds chanting with joy on the trees—When I see my united sheep bound in the meadows where they tranquilly repose, and are happy in being together, it is then that I cannot forbear to wish for similar felicity."

"Ungrateful child! ungrateful to the gods!" answered Semira, "why always the same complaints? Fear

you not to offend the powers above, in thus attempting to discover things which you cannot name, and things which are not in nature? Alas! might not I also murmur, because yonder sea is not an earth, or that I cannot fly as the birds, or converse with the trees? nevertheless these complaints would be less fantastical than those which you utter."

Melida replied—"No, my mother, I find not these desires so unreasonable: why should *we only* be deprived of a benefit which every animal enjoys? Do we not resemble them in all other respects? They eat, they sleep, they hear, they feel as we do. They rejoice; and they grieve, particularly when they are separated. Why, then, having so many things in common with them, do we not resemble them in this?"

"It is of the gods," answered her mother with an angry tone, "that you must demand why they have not given us other society than your sheep or the birds. If such is their will, cease to complain."

"But," replied Melida, with a timid voice, "the sheep takes no pleasure in the society of the goat, nor the dove in that of the duck; every creature searches only for that of its own species; and are we not, too, of a particular species? The sheep, which nourishes me the most, are better pleased with their own company than with mine."

"Well," continued Semira, "am not I society of thine own species? I love thee much more than the sheep love the sheep, or the birds love the birds."

"Yes," replied Melida, tenderly, "Alas! yes, mother; but you, I perceive, are melancholy; perhaps you would grieve less if we were a greater number—our amusements then would be more various. What pleasures could we not enjoy if we were

were more numerous. If we had but found here a creature like ourselves, a being who could have taken a part in our little pleasures, who could have been always by our side, it seems to me I should have loved it above all others: but, alas! I believe this heart is susceptible of another love, and that for an object I can neither find nor describe."

Semira answered with a sigh, "What are these fatal desires which trouble your soul? The gods refuse to accomplish them because thou art too importunate: out of every stone, out of every tree, they could form creatures like thyself, but"—

Melida interrupted her mother hastily—"What, are they able to produce such a prodigy?—Oh, ye gods! near every tree, near every stone, I will sacrifice to you; I will offer the finest of every thing that the season produces; I will implore you without ceasing."

Suddenly Semira turned her head: "Heavens!" exclaimed she, "what is it I see?" At these words she remained immoveable as a statue.

The youth had arrived at the door of the cottage—"It is she! it is she," exclaimed he, "whom I saw in my dream."

Semira, astonished and alarmed, rose hastily from her seat—"If thou art an inhabitant of Olympus, and come to visit us in our cottage," said she, "ah! look upon us with pity. But you stand at the door, and appear not less astonished than ourselves. Whoever you are, you are welcome."

At length the young man entered the cottage, and addressed them thus—"Receive me favourably in your dwelling: I am not an inhabitant of Olympus: I have arrived in your island by extraordinary means, and I claim your benevolence."

(To be continued.)

VOL. XXXII.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE of Professor JUNKER, of the University of HALLE.

(From a Foreign Journal.)

MANY, who were personally acquainted with this celebrated character, have frequently heard him relate the following anecdote.

Being professor of anatomy, he once procured, for dissection, the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting-room not being immediately at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a closet which opened into his own apartment. The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours before he retired to rest. It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that, by some mistake, the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and, taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack which contained the two bodies was rent through the middle! He approached, and found that one of them was gone.

The doors and windows were well secured, and he thought it impossible the body could have been stolen. He tremblingly looked round the closet, and observed the dead man seated in a corner.

Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him: he moved both to the right and left; but the dead man still kept his eyes upon him.

The professor then retired, step by step, with his eye still fixed upon the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up, and followed him.

him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion—the lateness of the hour—the deep silence which prevailed—every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which he had burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his bed-chamber, and threw himself on the bed; thither, however, he was pursued; and he soon felt the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing.

Repeated cries of “Leave me! leave me!” released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, “Ah! good executioner! good executioner! have mercy upon me!”

Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer who he really was, and made a motion in order to call up some of the family. “You wish then to destroy me!” exclaimed the criminal. “If you call any one, my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of humanity, I implore you to save my life.”

The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night-gown, and, having made him take off a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet. “It would have been a truly singular exhibition,” observed Junker, “to have seen me, at that late hour, engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with a *dead* man, decked out in a night-gown.”

The poor wretch informed him that he had enlisted as a soldier; but that, having no great attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert; that he had unfortunately entrusted his secret to a kind of crimp, a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman in whose house he was to remain concealed; that this woman had

discovered his retreat to the officers of police, &c.

Junker was extremely perplexed how to save the poor man. It was impossible to retain him in his own house, and keep the affair a secret; and to turn him out of doors was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign jurisdiction; but it was necessary to pass the gates of the city, which were strictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dressed the man in some of his old clothes, covered him with a cloak, and, at an early hour, set out for the country with his *protégé* behind him. On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he said in a hurried tone, that he had been sent for to visit a sick person who was dying in the suburbs. He was permitted to pass. Having both got into the open fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and, after receiving some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after, Junker, having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the Exchange by a man well dressed and of the best appearance, who, he had been informed, was one of the most respectable merchants in that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, inquired whether he was not Professor Junker, of Halle; and on being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in an earnest manner, his company to dinner. The professor consented. Having reached the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where he found a beautiful wife and two fine healthy children; but he could scarcely suppress his astonishment at meeting so cordial a reception from a family with whom, he thought, he was entirely unacquainted.

After

After dinner, the merchant, taking him into his counting-room, said, "You do not recollect me?"—"Not at all."—"But I well recollect you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor. I am the person who came to life in your closet, and to whom you paid so much attention. On parting from you, I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, was tolerably expert at accounts; my figure was somewhat interesting, and I soon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the interests of my patron, procured me his confidence and his daughter's love. On his retiring from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law. But for you, however, I should not have lived to experience all these enjoyments.—Henceforth look upon my house, my fortune, and myself, as at your disposal."

Those who possess the smallest portion of sensibility can easily represent to themselves the feelings of Junker.

ACCOUNT of WIELAND, the celebrated German Writer.

WEIMAR is justly reputed to be at present the favourite abode of the German Muses; the names of the most distinguished literary characters of that city are as follow:—

Wieland, Von Gothe, Herder, Richter, Bottiger, Bertuch, Falk, Von Kotzebue, Von Einsiedel, Von Linkert, Von Knebel, Jagemann, Maier the painter, Maier the historian, Hunnius, Von Seckendorf, Vulpius;—of the fair sex, madame Von Wohlzogen, mademoiselle Von Imhof, madame Von Kalb.

Wieland is counsellor to the duke of Weimar. This venerable laurel-crowned patriarch of the Ger-

man Muses passes now his last halcyon days, remote from the bustle and troublesome constraints of the great world, at his peaceful country-seat, Ossmannstadt, in the vicinity of Weimar. There he divides his tranquil but still diligently-employed hours, betwixt the Bucolic and Parnassian Muse; on the altar of which latter we have hitherto seen the offerings of the aged bard still burn with the bright flame of youth.

Wieland married his favourite daughter Charlotte, who had accompanied the Danish poet Baggesen and his lady in a tour to Switzerland, to a bookseller in Zurich, a son of the celebrated poet Salomon Gessner. Wieland had resided during the most delightful period of his life at Zurich, where he formed a friendship with the German Theocritus; and it gave him infinite pleasure to embrace as his son-in-law the son of his friend.

In the year 1797 he made, with his family, a journey to Zurich, to visit his children there, and inhabited for some months a pleasant country-house in a romantic situation, on the borders of the lake of Zurich, where he was visited by the most esteemed literati of Switzerland—a Hess, Fussly, Hottinger, Pestalozzi, Bronner, &c. With Lavater, however, he had no intercourse.

Here he was seized with an irresistible longing for a country life; and therefore, when late in the autumn of the same year he returned to Weimar, he sold his commodious house in the city, and purchased the small estate where he now resides. The lands belonging to this estate are not extensive; but the dwelling-house is very spacious and convenient; having been built on a large scale by count Bunau, celebrated author of a 'History of Germany.' Wieland retains his estate in his own hands, and has it cultivated under the directions of his sons:

but has at first to contend with great æconomical difficulties. He is not rich; for he has always been very beneficent and liberal; and in the early part of his literary career was badly paid by the booksellers who published his works. For some of his best early poems, for his *Amadis* and his *Musarion*, he scarcely received a few hundred dollars.

Wieland has assisted many distressed young poets and authors, in whom he thought he discovered promising talents, much more liberally than could have been expected from a man of his fortune; and frequently paid more than their value for their contributions to the '*German Mercury*,' a periodical work which he publishes since the year 1773; that he might thus generously relieve their distresses without hurting their feelings. Thus he received with open arms the ex-monk Reinhold, who had made his escape from Vienna; and at last gave him one of his daughters in marriage. This is the same Mr. Reinhold who is at present professor of philosophy at Kiel in Holstein. At a later period another monk fled to him from a Cistercian monastery in Suabia; and him too he supported for some years, whilst studying philosophy at the university of Jena.

To only a few favourites of nature it is given to arrive to so advanced an age, with the powers of their mind so fresh and unimpaired. Around him plays yet the sunshine of a youthful gaiety and humour, which are communicated as by enchantment to all who approach him. Under the snow of old age, his genius seems to enjoy an eternal spring. Simplicity, mildness, and philanthropy, are distinguishing traits in his character; and, as in an angelic picture of Raphael, there beams forth in his countenance the tranquil transfiguration of a perfected spirit and of a sainted heart.

What chiefly causes him vexation, is that mankind, in his opinion, are continually growing worse and more depraved. It is a remarkable circumstance, that this kind of scepticism is mostly observable in men of the noblest minds. And there is a point of view in which it may be explained. The measure by which a man judges the world without, is his own heart; and the nobler his own heart is, the greater are his demands from the world; and it may often happen, that the world seems to have gone backward, and still to go backward, in the path of morality; whilst in fact it is only he that has gone forward, and still goes forward.

Mankind at large cannot keep pace with the individual striving after perfection, and steadily pursuing his course without interruption. From the same turbid source of scepticism probably flow the rapid changes of opinion which his enemies object to this great man with respect to politics; as in a lucid moment his heart again becomes reconciled with mankind, but immediately after, perhaps on reading the next news-paper, again gives itself up to unbelief and despair. A mind like his fluctuates in a continual attraction and repulsion, love for, and indignation against, the human race, which in no age or country shows a firm and stable character.

Yes, who could believe it? so firmly has this opinion laid hold of the mind of Wieland, that he is willing to sacrifice to it even his own merit as an author. If he be asked, why, notwithstanding his unbelief of the progressive amelioration of man, he still employs his pen towards bettering him, and seems to wish to promote that improvement the existence of which he denied? he replies: "I do not know how that happens; I cannot help writing;

writing; it comes upon me like bleeding at the nose, and I let it run."

Notwithstanding the extreme weakness of his frame, this singular man still enjoys the most perfect health; and the Goddesses of Destiny seem willing to add, under the benign influence of a country air, many a serenely cheerful year to the life of their favourite. His labours are to him the best medicine and refreshment. On the other hand, a few idle hours are sufficient to bring a fit of sickness upon him. Nothing in nature is so hateful and dangerous to him as the wind.

Wieland has a numerous family: three sons and six daughters. Two of the sons apply to rural economy, and superintend the cultivation of their father's estate; the third is pursuing his studies. Of the daughters, three are married, and two are widows, which latter reside with their children in their father's house at Ossmannstadt.

An affecting picture it is, to conceive to oneself the fond and happy father in the midst of his family, in his peaceful retreat at Ossmannstadt, free, and in the possession of a long wished for estate: but still more affecting it is, to see this *sacra familia* itself under the palms of Ossmannstadt, where Love, Concord, and Content, hold them entwined with their unfading flowery wreaths.

To his friends who here visit him in his rural retreat, Wieland appears a true Jupiter Xénius; only he requires on their part a taste for, and anticipation in, his tranquil felicity. Nor is there any necessity for the guests making empty compliments. It is a charming place. Wieland's estate is situated in a tranquil pleasant valley. The garden, the poet's favourite haunt, and, in its present form, mostly the work of the em-

bellishing hand of its possessor, is a most delightful spot. A long row of lime trees leads to a very romantic grove, below which the neighbouring Ilm with soft murmuring hastens along. Here, during the sultry hours of the day, one generally finds the happy poet, surrounded by the harmonious choirs of the birds, sitting under the shadow of an umbrageous tree, with a book in his hand. Horace cannot have felt himself happier in his beloved much-sung Sabinum, than Wieland is in his beloved unsung Ossmannstadt. Wieland takes great pleasure in husbandry: he consults for instruction every good book on the science of rural economy; and, as in himself, so all around him we see the useful and the beautiful joined in amicable union.

The poet, however, thus happily saved from the storms of the world, is not so wholly absorpt in the enjoyment of this rural felicity as to have bidden adieu for ever to his maternal Weimar, whom he first encircled with a laurel wreath, and to whose name he first communicated poetic harmony. He from time to time visits her operas and her theatres; and, while listening to the strains of a Mozart, or to the sublime productions of a Schiller, willingly forgets for a few hours his beloved Tibur.

At the time when Schiller's *Wallenstein* was first acted on the Weimar stage, he remained eight days in that city.

Martini's *Una cosa rara*, likewise, whose dulcet tones are above all pleasing to his ear, sometimes entices him back again within the walls he has left.—The vicinity of Tinfurt, the usual summer residence of his old faithful friend the duchess Amelia, mother of the reigning duke of Weimar, often induces Wieland to exchange his beloved shades for that

that sacred vale of friendship, there in confidential conversation, or at the exhilarating banquet, to recal to recollection the cheerful hours of former times.

The most lively picture of the manner of living at our patriarch poet's house is to be found in a book published a few months ago, and entitled, *Schattenrisse meiner Erinnerungen von Offenbach, Weimar und Leipzig*, Leipzig, Graff, 1800; of which a translation would undoubtedly be received with approbation by the English public. These sketches were written by the sexagenary venerable German authoress Sophia La Roche, Wieland's oldest friend and beloved, who in the summer of 1799 paid him a visit at Ossmannstadt, and in that publication eloquently describes the scenes of her happy meeting and sojournment with the friend of her youth.

Wieland was born at Biberach, a small Imperial free city in the circle of Suabia, where his father was chief Calvinist pastor. In his youth he was seized with religious enthusiasm; an almost unavoidable consequence of the manner of his education, and of the extreme liveliness of his imagination. His filial affection for his bigoted mother, who followed him to Weimar, kept him probably longer in this crisis than otherwise would have happened. Some pious edifying bursts of this holy enthusiasm in the church style have been preserved by him as memorials of his then temper of mind, and may now be read in the supplements to his works.

At that time the pious poet Bodmer with joy enlisted the young enthusiast under his biblico-poetic banner, and invited him into Switzerland. But soon his powerful genius irresistibly seized him, and raised him by rapid and splendid flights above the misty horizon of

his master. Bodmer now with bitter affliction pronounced Wieland a fallen angel.

Our poet began his poem on the Nature of Things in his seventeenth year. His native city, Biberach, honoured him by appointing him a director of the chancery: but he soon became tired of this unpoetic office. It was the old Hamburg poet Brokus who gave the first impulse of poetic inspiration to Wieland, and, as I am told, likewise to Klopstock. In the library of Ossmannstadt an honourable place is assigned to this Adam of German poetry, and Wieland still points him out to his visitors with grateful respect. Two persons, who are most intimately connected with the history of Wieland's youth, had the greatest influence in completely developing and perfectionating the powers of his mind.

Julia Bondely, a beautiful lady of Bern, of one of the first families of that city, became the object of his love during his residence of five years in Switzerland, and, herself nurtured with the sweetest floscules of French and Italian poets and bels-esprits, her honeyed mouth breathed into the soul of the fiery youth a strong inclination towards these heroes of literature, and first dispelled religious enthusiasm from his breast. What Julia Bondely had begun, was completed by the count von Stadion, who, at the time when Wieland was appointed recorder of his native city, lived with princely splendour at Warthausen, a castle only a mile and a half distant from Biberach. Count Stadion had been prime minister to the elector of Mentz, was an admirer of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, a man of various knowledge, polished manners, and possessing an exquisitely cultivated understanding. He conceived so great an affection for

Wieland,

Wieland, that he could hardly live without him. Wieland had an apartment assigned to him in the castle, and was almost daily at the count's, who had an extensive library, and every necessary apparatus of literature, and a rich fund of knowledge in his own mind. Here he conceived and collected the ideas for his *Agathon*, his *New Amadis*, his *Golden Mirror*, and most of the other poetic productions by which he first excited the admiration of all Germany.

That our poet had raised himself to his present envied eminence merely by his own study and application, and by the strength of his genius, I need not inform those who have perused his earlier writings, where he so often and so feelingly complained of the severe constraint which his poetic Muse endured from unfavourable circumstances; and in him we have an additional proof, that a great man is not a creature of circumstances, but is formed by his own exertions and the culture and proper application of his own inherent powers. No one becomes a great man without willing to become a great man.

Except the above-mentioned versatility in politics, which might perhaps be interpreted rather to his honour as a genuine cosmopolite, Wieland possesses an unchangeable firmness of opinion. This he proved against the violent impetus of the Kantian proselytism, which left no man of literary distinction untempted, and, like an irresistible hurricane, swept men and systems along with it.—Wieland's character is irréproachable, and his heart generous:—When Fichte was dismissed from his professorship at Jena, the noble-minded Wieland expressed his regard for him and his concern for his hard fate by the following exclamation: “On such

occasions it vexes me that I am not a prince, that I might be able to offer a suitable pension to so deserving a man.” This wish does the more honour to his heart, as he belonged to the party which opposed Fichte, whose philosophy was odious to him, as being a texture of useless and noxious subtilties. With such a heart, nothing excites his indignation so much as to hear himself called the German Voltaire.

To the above particulars I must yet add, that he is at present employed on a new work, “*Aristippus*,” one half of which is already finished, and in the composition of which all the juvenile spirit of the poet seems again to have animated him. The philosophy of Aristippus, so often misunderstood, always approved itself as the most proper to the inward conviction of Wieland; and already several years ago he explained himself with great animation on this subject in his excellent *Annotations on Horace*, whose satires and epistles he translated in a masterly manner, and published in four volumes. After Aristippus, the celebrated and here vindicated *Lais* acts a principal part in this epistolary correspondence, for the whole consists of letters supposed to have passed between Aristippus and his contemporaries. Wieland intended to write the history of his own mind. May it not happen to him, in execution of this excellent design, as to Lichtenberg, out of whose hand Death snatched the pen, and closed the history of his life just as he was going to begin the history of his mind? But we have every reason to hope that Wieland will be more fortunate; he enjoys at the age of seventy as good a state of health as formerly, and his genius still blooms with the vigour of youth. For, few things has he willed, which he has not sooner or later put in execution:

execution : and herein, in my opinion, is shown the true greatness of mind possessed by this eminent man, who always accurately knew both his own powers and the extent of his undertakings, and with persevering diligence completed the designs he had once conceived.

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from p. 210.)

WHILE Roger was in the greatest affliction on account of the absence of Elvige, and in the utmost alarm for her future fate, though he did not venture to ask any question concerning her, but even avoided pronouncing her name, she was consigned, as it were, to complete oblivion. The count disdained to interrogate his son on such a subject, and the countess deemed it the most sure and effectual method to abandon him to all the disquietude which he must feel. Elvige was strictly commanded not to quit her apartment, and it was certain that she would obey, without suffering her complaints to be heard. She did not, in fact, regret to remain in it, without any witness to her tears. Confused and disconcerted by the scene in the harbour, but relying on her innocence, and not daring to suffer her thoughts to dwell on the certainty, that she had inspired the breast of the youthful count with a generous and ardent passion, she contented herself with breathing wishes for the happiness of Roger. After an interval of several days, perceiving that no person came to interrupt the solitude of her prison, she resumed her former occupations. She could not avoid feeling a transient emotion of joy, when she recollected that the miniature portrait

had not been noticed by the countess, and that Roger had placed it in his bosom. She doubted not that he would carefully keep this secret. It was a long time, however, before she again attempted to trace the features which were so dear to her. She at length resumed her pencil : but it at first produced only flowers ; and it was not till after a thousand fears and struggles that her trembling hand renewed its attempts of this kind, which every day she recommenced, and every evening again destroyed.

The moment of the departure of Roger now approached. The equipages which were to enable him to appear with splendour were prepared : he waited only for the orders of his father ; and since the fatal moment which had caused his misfortune and his anguish, no happy accident had presented Elvige to his sight. The thought of removing to a great distance from her, without first assuring her of his affection and constancy, pierced his heart with despair. His imagination was continually occupied, and exhausted all its resources in endeavouring to contrive, how he might, though but for a single instant, overcome the obstacles which separated him from her. Convinced of the impossibility of succeeding, unless he could obtain some assistance to facilitate his design, he cast his eyes on the various persons who surrounded him, to discover who was most proper to afford him this aid.

The count had already appointed the attendants who were to accompany his son, and Roger saw, with pleasure, that he had placed at their head the equerry who had instructed himself and Robert in their exercises on horseback. This man, delighted and proud at having had such pupils, loved them as if they had been his own sons, and gladly
availed

availed himself of every opportunity, to prove to his young lord how affectionately and respectfully he was devoted to him. Roger could not avoid observing his eagerness to oblige and serve him, and had frequently expressed his gratitude for it. Urged by the fear of his approaching departure, and by the imperious necessity of seeing Elvige, he resolved to interrogate this equerry, and make trial how far he was disposed to render him the service he wished. One day, therefore, when no person was present with them, he called him to him, surveyed him with tenderness, and asked him with all the openness of confidence, whether he could rely on his zeal, his discretion, and his fidelity? 'My dear Rainulf,' said he, 'I wish to confide to you the secret to which the happiness of my life is attached will you faithfully keep it, and will you serve me?' At this question Rainulf threw himself on his knees, and swore to the young count, that he might dispose even of his life. Roger, having received such an oath, could no longer hesitate, but immediately discovered to Rainulf the passion he entertained for Elvige, and represented in the most lively colours the anger of his father, his own feelings at the thought of his approaching departure, and his ardent wish again to see, though but for a single moment, her who was so dear to his heart.

Rainulf had loved. He had not ceased to regret and lament the death of an amiable wife, who had long rendered him the most happy of husbands. He could not listen to his young lord without taking a lively interest in sentiments which he had formerly experienced himself in all their force. 'I am devoted to your service,' said he; 'I do not think that I have a right to

judge between you and your father; but though all his vengeance should fall upon my head, you shall not have cause to repent the proof you have given me of your confidence in me. I will endeavour to discover and employ every possible means of serving you; and though my efforts should meet with insurmountable obstacles, you shall, at least, be compelled to do justice to my fidelity and zeal.' These promises, of the sincerity of which Roger could have no reason to doubt, made hope sparkle in his eyes, and calmed, in some degree, the emotions of his heart.

The employment which Rainulf exercised in the house of the count gave him the command of the stables, and the general inspection of the horse-furniture and armour, of which latter the most magnificent was carefully preserved in a gallery adjoining the apartments of the countess; and the chamber occupied by Elvige was close to this gallery, of which Rainulf had the key, as well as of the tower that terminated this part of the castle; for through this tower it was necessary to pass, to arrive at the count's stud of stallions and brood-mares, which was without the walls of the castle, in a place where Rainulf had his residence, and where nothing was done but by his directions. Actuated by the desire of gratifying the wishes of his young lord, Rainulf informed him, that one of the doors in the gallery of armour, which was scarcely ever made use of, led to the apartments occupied by the female attendants of the countess.

At the first moment of receiving this information, Roger felt a transport of joy; but too affectionate, and too delicate, not to be under the influence of a respectful awe approaching to timidity, he feared

that he should surprise and alarm Elvige. He thought it, therefore, indispensable to obtain her consent to this interview, before he should present himself before her. Rainulf was acquainted with the female servant who usually attended her, and promised to speak to her, and through her to procure the consent of Elvige. The delicacy and the heart of Roger likewise suggested to him that it was also proper to consult his friend. This duty appeared to him sacred, and he conceived besides, that, by taking such a witness to his vows, Elvige would be deprived of the power of rejecting them, and could not but receive them with greater confidence. Yielding to this idea, he deferred giving a positive answer to Rainulf, and hastened in quest of Robert.

When the two friends met, hope illumined the countenance of Roger, and his eyes expressed the most lively joy. 'My friend,' exclaimed he, clasping Robert in his arms, 'attempt no longer to combat my resolution, you can only occasion me new pains; you cannot persuade me to relinquish it. I adore Elvige, and my heart can never change. I will not despair of happiness. I know well that my father will never yield to my wishes, however ardent; but he cannot command me to be perfidious and perjured; and I have taken heaven and thyself for my witnesses, that no other than Elvige shall ever possess my affection and my vows. This oath has given me the right to shed my tears in thy bosom, and thou owest to me the sentiments of a brother. Be, then, my comforter and my guide; but prove to me that you love me, by ceasing to oppose to my passion a generous but useless resistance. The time of our departure approaches, and I feel that a fearful despair, for ever fol-

lowing me, and preying on my heart, must destroy my life, if I am forced to leave this place without again seeing Elvige, and swearing to her that I will never cease to love her.—You are alarmed: dismiss all fear: the faithful Rainulf knows my secret, and has promised to keep it, and to serve me. You know that he loves me tenderly. He has found the means of introducing me to the apartment of your sister. Consent to accompany me to her. Your presence is necessary to give her confidence, and I feel that my oaths will be more sacred and more dear, when pronounced before her brother.'

The youth of Robert, an age ever liable to imprudence; the tender friendship which united him to the young count; the persuasion that all efforts to eradicate this fatal passion would prove fruitless; fear of the effects of despair; and the conviction that his presence would render this interview less dangerous, all combined to induce Robert to consent to accompany Roger, and defer any attempt to combat his passion till absence and time should have produced such an effect on him as might give it some chance of success.

Roger, delighted and encouraged by the support of his friend, returned to Rainulf, to inform him, with transport, that Robert would accompany him to his sister, and engaged him to make application on that same day to the female attendant of Elvige.

Rainulf easily persuaded this attendant, that she would acquire a claim to the eternal gratitude of the son of her master, by favouring an interview which the presence of Robert seemed to authorize, and which was never to be repeated. He learned from her that Elvige passed a part of the nights employed

ployed at her drawings, and observed that the most favourable time would be that when sleep had closed all eyes. She promised to remain awake, and to inform Elvige the moment the means of reaching her apartment with sufficient secrecy were adjusted. Rainulf then informed her that the two friends would come that same evening by the door in the gallery. He requested her to be attentive to the slightest noise, and left her, to go and give an account to Roger of the success of his proceedings.

Transported by the hope of again seeing her he loved, Roger was incapable of fearing any adverse accident. He flew to Robert, told him all that Rainulf had done, and was astonished to find that a brother could learn with a kind of coldness mingled with alarm, that he should soon again see a sister so amiable and so dear to him. All his wishes called for the close of day; and during the remainder of it, the only words he could utter were repeated protestations to his friend, that no change could take place in his love, and that he must for ever adore Elvige.

How long did this day appear to the impatient Roger! Night at length covered the castle with her veil; and a darkness thicker than usual seemed ordained to favour their plan. All in the castle appeared to be asleep, when the two friends arrived at the tower. They hastily traversed the gallery of armour, and the last door opened with some small noise. Immediately the attendant of Elvige came to meet them, and, entering the apartment of Elvige, excited equally her surprise and alarm. 'What motive,' said she, 'can have brought you here at this late hour?' The servant answered, that her brother and his young master requested to speak to

her, though it were but for a moment. 'My brother!'—The impatient Roger, without giving her time to express her astonishment or her fears, rushed in, threw himself at her feet, and was instantly followed by Robert.—The presence of her brother gave confidence to Elvige, and her heart could no longer refuse to yield to the happiness inspired by the sight of two persons so dear to her. Without power to interrupt Roger, she could only answer him by forming wishes. In vain was it that Robert attempted to indulge his fraternal tenderness: he could not make himself heard till his friend had a thousand times repeated that he would never cease to adore Elvige, and that death alone should separate him from her. When Roger had at length given utterance to these tumultuous sentiments of his heart, he announced his approaching departure, declared his unalterable constancy, inveighed against the vain expectations of his father, and exulted in the hopes which he entertained from futurity. He earnestly entreated Elvige to assure him that neither time, absence, nor the prayers or threats of his father, should ever change her sentiments; and she promised that the happiness of Roger should be the continual object of her wishes.—But while thus absorbed in the most delightful sensations, they forgot the whole world besides: their adverse fortune was preparing for them new sufferings.

The slight noise, without causing which it was impossible to open the door of the gallery, had been heard by the attendant of the countess who was most in her favour. Alarmed at this unusual noise, she listened, and presently heard persons talking in a low voice, and in an animated manner. Her terror increased every instant, she leaped from her bed,

dressed herself in haste, and flew to the apartment of the countess. She there found the count, who was still awake, and who interrogated her strictly concerning the noises she had heard. Her answers strongly excited his suspicions, and seizing a flambeau, he proceeded with haste to the apartment of Elvige. He entered. At the sight of him, Robert, transfixed with consternation, stood motionless; Elvige raised her hands towards heaven, and uttered a loud shriek; while Roger, actuated only by despair, advanced hastily to his father, to meet alone the first emotions of his rage. The count surveyed for a moment the victims. — ‘Insolent boy!’ exclaimed he, addressing Robert, ‘is it thus you repay my goodness? I shall know how to punish you. Leave my presence this moment. And as for you, whom I am ashamed to call my son, I will take proper measures to save you from the infamy into which you are ready to plunge.’ After these words he preserved a profound silence, which Roger dared not interrupt. He did not even attempt to deprecate his anger, as he knew well that his tears would only tend to irritate him more. The count, after having darted on Elvige a look expressive of rage mingled with contempt, left her, and ordered his son to follow him to the apartment of the countess. Robert, in the mean time, made his escape through the gallery of arms, without meeting with any obstacle, and the unhappy Elvige remained alone, overwhelmed with despair.

The count, when he proceeded to consider in what manner he should act, found the presence of his son a restraint upon him. — ‘Begone,’ said he, therefore, ‘I cannot look on you without blushing. Go, and wait elsewhere the orders I shall send you.’ Roger obeyed, and retired.

As soon as he was gone, the count and countess consulted together. The attendant of the latter, who had given so great a proof of her zeal, could not be suspected by them; they therefore spoke aloud, and without reserve, before her. They resolved that the ungrateful Robert should be shut up in a strong castle; that Elvige should be confined in one of the towers; and that Roger should not be suffered to set out on his travels, till he should be brought to blush at his fault, entreat the pardon of his father, and solemnly engage for ever to forget Elvige.

The amiable disposition and generosity of Roger had gained him the hearts of all around him: he was adored by the whole family. The female attendant, who had been the occasion of the discovery of his interview with Elvige, had nursed him in his infancy, and could not remain insensible to the misfortunes she had involuntarily brought on him by her alarm. She felt that it was not in her power to alter what had passed; but she wished at least to prove the sincerity of her regret and her zeal, by making known to him the resolutions that had been taken. She even hoped to assuage his grief, and remove his resentment, by promising that she would continually attend to Elvige, and give her all the assistance and procure her every comfort in her power. She therefore found a pretext to retire as soon as with propriety she could, and, hastening to the young count, informed him of every thing that she had heard.

The danger that threatened Robert restored to Roger all his activity. The moments were too precious to be lost in deliberation: it was necessary to act immediately. Happily the night, already far advanced, did not permit the count to give his orders;

orders, which he therefore postponed to the next day. In the mean time, Roger flew to his friend.

‘Let us fly,’ said he, ‘while we have yet time to escape. To-morrow you will be seized, and shut up in one of the strong castles of my father: we have not a moment to lose.’

The urgency of this danger roused Robert from the consternation in which he had remained plunged since the humiliating and terrible scene that he had witnessed.

‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I will fly for ever places where I am only an object of hatred and contempt. But you!—you whom I love with so tender a friendship, and whose suffering and grief I so sincerely lament, never forget the sacrifices you owe to your duty and the tranquillity of my sister. I implore pity for her: it is only by obedience to the commands of your father that you can prove to us that we are ever dear to you.—Farewell!—May you regain happiness and peace!’

‘What!’ exclaimed Roger, ‘can my friend believe I can be so mean as to abandon him, when I alone have caused all his misfortunes?—Do not imagine I will suffer you to escape from my friendship. Nothing shall prevent me from following you; and never again will I revisit this wretched dwelling, till my father, convinced that I alone was guilty, shall act with justice towards you. It is only when at a distance from him that I can obtain of him a hearing, and prove to him that his son has a right to demand of him happiness.’

Robert made every effort to induce him to change his resolution, but without effect. Roger repeated his oath a thousand times that he would follow him, and was about to take his way towards the forest and scale the walls, when Rainulf

came up to them. He, too, dreading the vengeance of the count, had resolved to fly, but he joined Robert in entreating Roger to remain.—They both fell at his knees; but he answered only by an exclamation of despair, and fled precipitately towards the forest.

‘I yield then,’ exclaimed Rainulf with violent agitation; ‘but suffer me at least to attend and serve you.’

At these words, Roger returned, and clasped him in his arms, but conjured him not to lose a single moment. Rainulf led them to the gate of which he had the key, as it led to his residence in the count’s stud, where the horse-furniture and armour not used on days of ceremony was kept, and confided to his care.

‘Make no delay,’ said he; ‘take the armour and weapons you think proper, while I go and prepare horses.’

Roger, after some reflection, chose the arms usually borne by those who aspired to the order of knighthood; and Robert was preparing to select those carried by the esquires; for it was in that quality that he proposed to follow the son of his lord.

‘What are you doing?’ hastily exclaimed Roger. ‘I have need of a brother and companion in arms, will Robert refuse to accept these titles? Let him recollect that the choice he shall make must determine mine.’

Robert still hesitated till his friend threw down the arms he had at first taken. He then yielded, and consented to arm himself in the same manner.

Rainulf soon brought them horses—‘Depart immediately,’ said he; ‘follow the walls of the park, and at its extremity you will find woods that will conceal you from every eye. I will there again join you,
—Wait

—Wait for me, without alarm or anxiety: I must stay a few minutes, during which I hope I shall be able to render you service.'

He then left them, without waiting for an answer, and the two friends took the way he had pointed out to them.

Rainulf, in the mean time, returned to the castle, where he found every thing perfectly quiet. He proceeded to the gallery of arms, and with equal speed and silence carried away a great part of the dresses and other things that had been provided for the use of Roger when he should set out on his travels. These he placed on a strong horse, which he led by the bridle, and soon rejoined the two friends.

A few hours of hard riding were sufficient entirely to dissipate all their fears of being overtaken. Another wood, with the windings of which Rainulf was well acquainted, became a safe asylum; and when they had gone through it they had passed the limits of the territory subject to the authority of the count, and discovered at a little distance an habitation occupied by a kinsman of Rainulf's, where, by his advice, they stopped to give rest to their horses, and consider in what manner they should proceed to act.

(To be continued.)

ON INTEMPERANCE.

'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe

All pleasures that from health or strength can flow;

Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiment refin'd.'

CHANDLER.

INTEMPERANCE, which leads to all other vices, is at once the most pernicious and dangerous failing to

which a man can possibly be addicted, as in its nature it is so much at variance with reason, the noblest faculty of man, and possessed by him alone. Like an able general, intemperance conquers as if by stratagem, and leads the person who (perhaps, unthinkingly, at the outset suffers himself to be deluded) accepts and cherishes the false allurements presented to his view, till at length the long-beset fortress of Reason yields to the dreadful impulse, and involves the unfortunate victim in destruction. That intemperance is the forerunner of a long train of evils, vices, and distempers, I think, needs not be observed, as living examples are constantly before the eye, whose riotous and indecent behaviour one would think sufficient to disgust the spectator, and make every one avoid with the utmost caution the dangerous temptation. Nay, one would suppose, could a man see the despicable appearance he makes in a state of inebriety, he would relinquish the murderous pursuit, and return to life; for that state is scarcely to be called existence. And, when we consider man as a free agent, and that he has also the power of judging betwixt right and wrong, it is wonderful that the charms of intoxication should so easily gain the upper hand of our understandings, and by overpowering the reasonable faculty, which ennoble the human soul, and raises us almost to a level with beings of a superior order, sink us below the surface, and render us inferior to the meanest brute in the creation.—Alas! man, thou favoured, thou envied being!—gifted by nature beyond all others of the earth!—how irreconcilable are thy proceedings! how little are thy pleasures, and how debased thy ideas!

Intemperance (considered as it tends to destroy the constitution, and

and impair those faculties which should distinguish man from the common partners of our native clay) is no other than a voluntary suicide, more deliberately carried on than when the man who, in the heat of phrensy at a supposed loss of fame or fortune, snatches the loaded pistol, and welcomes death as a more kind and agreeable companion, than can be afforded by a world where such accumulated misfortunes, or aggravated insults, have driven him to the verge of madness, and overwhelmed him in ruin:—and though the conduct of either is highly reprehensible—of the two, the drunkard deserves the greater share of censure. He deliberately opens a vein, and suffers the blood to ooze away drop by drop—sees the wound, and will not apply a remedy; while the other, hurried away by a phrensy bordering on madness, without deliberation, pulls the fatal trigger, or swallows the noxious draught, that puts an end to his existence.

The man who is constantly, or frequently, in a state of inebriation, is continually creating for himself new sources of pain, sorrow, and distress. The faculties both of mind and body become impaired; and, before the years of youth are past, he becomes a miserable being, continually haunted with the reflection of his past misconduct, which is too galling for him to bear.—But, ‘too far gone, he cannot now retract;’ and, in order to drown such reflections as produce shame and remorse, he quaffs the poisoning bowl till the moment of his dissolution arrives, and he is snatched away, ‘with all his imperfections on his head.’—On the other hand, sobriety and temperance, which are certainly necessary for the health of the body, enable us to lead a long and happy life; to enjoy the blessings of a contented mind in our old age, when, in

a manner, we are as robust as youths; but, by permitting luxury and intemperance to govern us, we become infirm and impotent.

Philautus, and Decius were brought up at the same school, under one tutor; and, in their early days, each displayed a lively genius, such as to give their aged preceptor favourable hopes that they would one day become characters of eminence and worth. They studied the languages and sciences together, and from an intimacy a firmly-rooted friendship grew. Their parents were rich, and the expectations of the youths were equally great. Each parent was happy in his son.

Philautus, whose father died before the conclusion of his regular course of studies, was a youth whose irritability and impetuosity of temper had frequently involved him in quarrels and disputes with his fellow-students. Become now possessed of his deceased father’s fortune and estates, he determined to travel in order to gain a knowledge of the world. Possessed of a good understanding, a lively disposition, and a constitution as yet unimpaired, he intended to take a view of mankind, by which he considered he should gain instructions for the better regulating his future conduct through life. With this view he set out, attended by a companion of approved merit, and visited France, Italy, Spain, Germany; and many other countries; in which, notwithstanding his determination to profit by the conduct of others, and avoid those enormities he could not help blaming—urged by the example of young dissolute men, into whose company he frequently came, he was so carried away by the vain idea of supporting the character of a man of spirit and fortune, that he became a votary at the shrine of Bacchus;
from

from which sprang such a numerous list of evils as overturned the balance of prudence, and, in the end, overwhelmed him in destruction. Callos to the voice of reason, that constantly urged him to reform, day after day he followed his unpardonable career, and night after night was he encompassed in the dark garb of delirious inebriety. Reflection produced remorse, remorse—too poignant to be endured—produced another bowl; till, at length, reflection was totally banished, as a monitor too intruding to be admitted; and reason, as a rival to his pursuits, too reproachful to gain a moment's attention. Constant revelry brought on debility of constitution, and every noble sentiment and faculty of the mind was drowned in the murderous stream of intoxication.

Decius, whose heart was susceptible of the finest feelings of humanity, and stored with every manly virtue, wept at parting with his friend. He wished him success; and that honour, prosperity, health, happiness, and (what alone can produce it) virtue, might be the companions of his journey. A short time elapsed after the departure of Philautus, Decius was likewise invested with his father's fortune by the death of that honoured and affectionate parent. A generous heart, a friendly disposition, a natural inclination to study, and a desire to glide down the rapid stream of life with happiness and pleasure, so as to prepare for one hereafter, and a wish to benefit, if possible, those around him,—made him rather court the closet conference with the world than beat the open field for information, where so many ups and downs are spread around, and where the traveller is for ever encompassed with danger. He learned the habits, customs, manners, and dispositions, of other countries, from the

best-selected authors—contrasted them with his own. He saw and ardently wished a correction of those vices which tend to the destruction of mankind, and which argue a contempt of the Supreme Being. He saw and emulated those great heroes, who not like Alexander had conquered a world in arms, but who had made a greater conquest over their own passions. He patronised and encouraged virtue, and every pursuit that stimulated to its advancement. He studied his present health, and how to obtain health hereafter. His pleasures were tempered by moderation, his passions curbed by prudence, and his whole conduct regulated by reason; inso-much that each night, when his head pressed the downy pillow where vice had never planted a thorn, he would say—‘This day have I spent well. No embittering act have I committed; no unlawful word have I uttered; no vicious thought have I conceived.’—Then would a gentle sleep ensue, revive and invigorate the manly soul, and stimulate a conduct for to-day equal to the unblemished one of yesterday. Thus Decius lived two lengthened years—Oh, how envied! and oh, how happy!—At the end of this period, he saw the blooming and lovely Amanda, at once the grace and ornament of her sex—liberally educated—endowed with sense, and every charm to please and captivate mankind—he saw, he loved, and married her; and Heaven increased their mutual happiness by presenting them with a son, who was nearly a twelvemonth old when Philautus—the dissipated Philautus—returned from his travels, and flew in haste to congratulate his friend Decius on his increase of happiness by marriage, and the birth of a son. Decius, who expected to find his friend much improved in every manly virtue,

He, cordially embraced him, welcomed him to his native land, and invited him to spend some time with him. This invitation Philautus accepted; but Decius was soon convinced of the fallacy of his conjectures. Instead of the generous, the affable Philautus, he had known in his youth, he found a man addicted to all the vicious habits of a heedless profligate, indulging in every species of debauchery, and deaf to every remonstrance on such improprieties. Philautus, who had gone on progressively, step by step, from one vice to another, had contracted a violent passion for gaming, by which he had greatly reduced his fortune; and very soon after his arrival he was obliged to apply to Decius for a supply of cash. This Decius complied with, tendering him the money with such observations and advice as became a friend. He wept for his conduct, warned him of the consequences likely to be the result of such enormities as he daily saw him commit, and used every effort in his power to produce a reformation in him; but all in vain;—a constant repetition will make the heart and mind, attached to any object or pursuit, good or bad, and steel the sense against conviction. Thus all remonstrances sounded harshly to his ear, and never gained attention.

Decius who, before the arrival of Philautus, had been as unruffled as the waters of a standing pool, now became more uncomfortable; yet sought consolation in the justness of his own conduct, and was concerned only for the conduct of Philautus, whom he saw so frequently precipitated into the most ignoble dissipation and debauchery. At length, finding him callous to any reasonable sentiment, he rather avoided than cherished his company, meeting him only at the ordinary meal-times, while he visited at his house.—

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This gave Philautus a frequent opportunity of meeting and conversing with the lovely Amanda, with whose charms he had been long enamoured, and whose person and sentiments needed but be known to be admired. Inured to every species of dissipation, and not unskilled in the insidious arts of hypocrisy and deceit, he endeavoured to seduce the wife of Decius—of his friend; but her prudence and virtue were proof against his insinuating designs, and his attempt upon the chastity of the fair Amanda proved fruitless.—Burning with desire, and frantic with rage and disappointment, he applied to his general recipe,—and, in the heat of inebriety, made a forcible attack upon the aimable female.—From the execution of his detested purpose he was, however, prevented by Decius, who flew (alarmed by the cries of his beloved wife) to her assistance. But what was his surprise and astonishment to find her struggling in the arms of Philautus! He immediately drove him from his house, and resolved never to see him more. Hatred and detestation of Decius, and desire for Amanda, immediately reared their standards in his bosom; and, resolving to execute the purpose of his soul, to which he knew no other barrier than her husband, he murdered the generous Decius, flew to the apartment of Amanda, and enforced compliance with his desires:—then, torn with the contending pangs of guilt, terror, and remorse, he looked around at the horrid devastation he had made, and put a period to his own existence, which disgraced humanity.

If then such atrocious crimes are the result of inebriety, (and that they are I think experience will prove to be true) how necessary is it for youths to check the first advances of this vice; to recollect that their health,

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their

their strength, their reason, nay—what is still more dear—their soul, may probably be the price; and begin at an early age to exercise their reason, by which they may shun those fatal allurements which generally end in pain and remorse. Could youth be made to see clearly the contrasted picture of a sober man and the drunkard, I trust there are few but would chuse to copy the former:—but, alas! their judgments are not ripe; their passions are strong, and they see as it were through a mist, which presents a confused prospect to their sight.—They think it time enough to reflect, and no prudential lessons can restrain youthful impetuosity,

‘Till dire experience proves, alas! too late,
The horrors of a vitiated state.’

From the foregoing observations may be plainly seen the baneful effects of inebriety, the destructive consequences to be dreaded from it; and the real and permanent advantages to be gained by a temperate life—the calm, collected pre-eminence afforded by sobriety; by which we are enabled to soar above the prejudiced opinions of a gross world, and form an idea of a future state;—by which we are blest with health and strength,—with an unruffled mind, and conscience unburthened. A youth of sobriety and industry is crowned with a happy and peaceful old age; and when Death, that awful leveller, appears, we view his terrors with a smile, and yield our breath without a pang.

TOM JONES.

Norwich, May 10, 1801.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

ONE of the newest and most elegant articles in the ball *costume* is the

mantle of Venus. It consists of a long drapery, rose-colour or sky-blue, trimmed with acorns and silver fringe all round. This is gathered into a clasp, which attaches to the point of the right shoulder, leaving one-third of it floating loose behind, while the remaining two-thirds of the whole length are brought round, and hang down before, or are fastened at the side, or tucked up in a festoon in the hand. This dress accommodates itself with great felicity to all the movements of the dance, and is well calculated to display to advantage the graceful attitudes of the wearer. The head-dress, to correspond, is generally the *coiffure au diademe*, being a close cap of the same colour as the mantle; the hair appearing in ringlets on the forehead and at the sides, ornamented with crescents in front, and a single ostrich feather fastened at the left side, and inclining over to the right. The mantle is worn over a white *chemise*, very short in the sleeves, and open at the bosom, with Vandyke trimming at the bottom. The slippers white satin, with very long quarters.—With the exception of some loose hair that flows negligently over the eyes and the cheeks, our *élégantes* generally wear their hair short.

The late brilliant assemblage at the opera did not display any variety, although there were several exact imitations of antique head-dresses, disposed in hair, and embellished with bands of white and rose-coloured satin. Some of the *élégantes* wore bracelets of diamonds, and garlands of leaves or flowers on their head-dresses. There was very little else worth remarking, with the exception of *esprits* in half-turbans of white satin, of veils in the Iphigenia style, surmounted with a crown of white roses. The robes were, in general, of white and rose-colour, or of black crape, and with short sleeves.

Next

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine May 1801.



H. Mather Jr. Boston 18th

PARIS DRESS.

Next to head-dresses in simple hair, which increases with the progress of the season, straw hats are the most common ornaments of the head. The hats *à la hulan* are still very rare, because it is difficult to copy them, and therefore costly. —White *capotes* are worn with a drapery of lilac crape, and the rose-coloured one with a drapery of white twisted silk. The most fashionable of them are of white satin, and ornamented with two white feathers. The newest garlands are of peach-tree blossoms, and the newest ribbons are of two different sorts of stripes, either orange or rose stripes upon a white ground, or jonquil stripes upon a ground of Egyptian earth. Muslin *canezous* have succeeded the cloth Spencers, some plaited before like a *chemise* handkerchief, and others resembling a Spencer: most of them are trimmed with lace. —From the women of the highest rank and fashion to the little milliner's girl, our females universally prefer head-dresses of hair. —A yellow straw hat, with a full crown and scarce any rim, is likewise worn. —The ribbons are of an Egyptian earth-brown, with coloured borders, variously radiated or spotted.

The ladies, in all their dress, and the furniture of their apartments, show an enthusiastic partiality for the forms and fashions which were preferred among the ancient Greeks and Romans.

The men are, in many instances, equally far gone in the Anglo-mania. The coats are deep blue: not so high in the collar, but crimped in the shoulders, and not near so graceful as before. Velvet collars are not worn. Round broad metal buttons are in use, seven on each side: the lapels are short. The pantaloons, like the breeches, reach almost up to the breast, and the waistcoat is as high as the neck-handkerchief.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Full Dress.

THE patent rustic hat. — This light and elegant hat, or bonnet, is made of crimped straw, wove in a frame with silk; turned up on side, or in front, with a bunch of straw and wild-corn flowers, or a bunch of oats; finished at top with a straw rosette. — Cap of white muslin, with a deep lace border, ornamented with green plaited ribbon, and green flower in front. — Turban of white muslin, ornamented with beads and white ostrich feathers. — Hat made of blue silk, and turned up in front. — Half-dress cap made of white muslin, and ornamented with green wreaths. — Hat of straw and ribbon interwoven; turned up in front, and ornamented with a bunch of roses. — Dress hat of silk; turned up in front, and ornamented with white ostrich feathers. — Cap of muslin, ornamented with red roses and white ostrich feathers. — Large straw hat, trimmed and tied under the chin with blue ribbons.

Full-length Walking-Dresses.

Round dress of white muslin. — Spencer cloak of worked muslin, trimmed all round with white lace. Bonnet of white muslin; the crown full, and confined across with white ribbon; bows of white ribbon before and behind.

Blue habit, trimmed with gold cord. Hat trimmed with gold band, and black feather in front.

Miscellaneous Observations. — The colours are lilac, pea-green, yellow, and navy-blue. Split straws, and fine chips, in the pilgrim and Obi shapes, prevail in hats. A new bouffant girdle and trimming is beginning to be much worn round the shoulder and arms. Several new bonnets, in crape and satin, have, as usual, been invented at this season. Spencer cloaks, and short pelices, made of white and coloured muslin, trimmed with lace, are becoming general.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES,

*Written on seeing a Rose still blooming
at a Cottage Door on Eggham Hill,
October 29, 1800.*

WHY dost thou linger still, sweet
flower ?

Why yet remain thy leaves to
flaunt ?

This is for thee no fost'ring hour—
The cold wind blows,
And many a chilling, ruthless shower
Will now assail thee! beauteous
rose !

Around thee hardy trees may shew
Their verdant branches later still;
But thy soft blushes, taught to glow
For summer's day,
Must, when the wintry tempests
blow—

Like Beauty's cheek, fade fast
away !

Youth's glowing emblem ! wherefore
stay,

And waste thy balmy breath around ?

This is for thee a killing day :

Then, wherefore here

Exhaust thy life in sighs away,
Bath'd in chill winter's frozen tear.

Thou emblemest the beauteous mind,
Thrown on misfortune's gloomy
scene !

Unheeded, with the wild - weeds
twin'd—

Thou here art plac'd !

Thou ! whom, by Nature's hand de-
sign'd,

Might'st Beauty's breast have
proudly grac'd.

Sweet rose ! methinks I hear thee say,
I might have bask'd in Beauty's
smile !

Have fainted in the blue eye's ray,
And shrunk in death !

For short had been my glowing day,
And quickly past — my fleeting
breath !

I might have bound the golden hair,
Whose folds in wavy lustre glow ;
Or sported on the forehead fair !
But one short day
Had seen my beauties rich and rare—
Droop—and for ever fade away !

Here, the poor hovel still displays
My ling'ring form, while rival
flowers

Long since have seen their sunny days,
And shed their sweets ;—

Yet here—my bosom, morning's rays
And morning's tears—unvanquish'd
meets !

Then, happier far the lowly cot,
Where Nature's modest children
reign,

Than e'en Ambition's loftier lot ;
For wealth and power,
In blank Oblivion's gloom forgot—
Are phantoms, like a summer
flower !

THE WEDDING RING.

ANNETTE was milder than the
dew

That spangles Arno's scented grove ;
And Lubin, constant, fond, and true,
As ever told the tale of love.

One eve, with chaste yet mantling
smile,

He bade her " guess what he could
bring,"

Then, from a bosom void of guile,
He blush'd, and, trembling, took a
ring.

The maiden flutter'd, sidled, sigh'd—
Oh, Cupid ! 'twas a charming
scene !—

And, with affected coyness cried,
" Dear ! what can such a trinket
mean ? "

" Mean ! "

"Mean!" said the youth, with
 glowing cheek,
 And hurried that she so mistook;
 "A ring-dove dropt it from his beak,
 "I pick'd it up in yonder brook.
 "And much we owe, my lovely fair,
 "To this kind token of the dove,
 "Who dropt it for the purpose there,
 "A faithful emblem of our love.
 "It is of *clearest gold*, refin'd,
 "Affection's chastest sign, be sure;
 "And *polish'd*, like my Annette's
 mind,
 "As simply elegant and pure.
 "It's *round* too—what is that to prove?
 "To what can such an emblem
 tend?
 "What! but th' eternity of love,—
 "A love, like mine, that knows no
 end.
 "Annette, they say—nay, in this
 curve,
 "No sorc'ry lurks nor lawless art,—
 "That in this finger there's a nerve
 "Which leads directly to the heart.
 "Touch'd by this gold—for raptur'd
 there
 "Love's charming witcheries are
 such,
 "Fancy would falter to declare
 "The thrilling pleasure—shall I
 touch?"
 It struck her finger—raptur'd quite,
 She cried, "You're foolish, get you
 gone;
 "Yet, if the touch be such delight,
 "What happiness to put it on!"
 He seiz'd the hint; the willing maid
 Scarce knew what she had said or
 done—
 But Love's sweet influence obey'd,
 And kiss'd the ring that made them
 one.
 And now, when rude or playful jest
 At happy wedlock has its fling,
 She clasps her Lubin to her breast,
 And smiling shews her—Wedding-
 Ring.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

(From Poems by Anne Bannerman.)

BE hush'd, ye angry winds, that
 sweep,
 Resistless, o'er the polar coast:

Thou swell'st no more, tremendous
 deep!
 I lock thee in eternal frost.
 My will supreme, mine awful sway,
 The earth, the air, the sea obey;
 My glance pervades the realms of
 space;
 Each hidden spring this arm can
 trace;
 O'er all the prostrate world my power
 extends,
 Alike on Zembla's ice, on Zaara's
 burning sands.

Amid the lightning's forked flame,
 While, driven on high, the billows
 roll; [frame,
 'Tis mine to loose the struggling
 And mine to soothe the parting
 soul:
 I come, on viewless winds reclin'd,
 To cheer the wretch, whom fetters
 bind,
 To crush the oppressor's giant crest,
 To hurl destruction on his breast;
 Amid the spoil his abject soul adores,
 While trembling earth recoils along
 her utmost shores.

What form is that, half-hid in air,
 Round whose pale brow the tor-
 rents roar?
 'Tis Freedom! mark her deep
 despair;
 She points to Afric's bleeding
 shore.
 Hark! what a groan!—with horror
 wild,
 I see the mother clasp her child;
 "My son, my son!" she madly
 cries;—
 Spare, monsters, spare her ago-
 nies!—
 Too late, for, rapid, to the vessel's
 side
 She flies, and, plunging, sinks be-
 neath the billowy tide.

Proceed unmov'd, ye men of
 blood!
 Your course along the waters
 urge;
 No winds shall vex the unruffled
 flood,
 Nor toss on high the deaf'ning
 surge.
 Now, for your happy homes prepare;
 But, curb your joy, I meet you
 there.

Then,

Then, as your friends, your infant
race,
Rush wildly to your fond embrace,
Before your eyes a ghastly form shall
stand,
And o'er her infant weep, and wave
her beck'ning hand.

Fierce thro' the desert's frightful
sand,
When Cancer rules the burning
day,
The Arab leads his daring band,
Exulting on their perilous way.
"Prepare!" he cries, "prepare
for war!
Mark yonder sandy cloud afar;
We share the blood, we share the
toil,
And we shall share the glorious
spoil;
Collect your courage, now the foe is
nigh;
Victorious, we return; — subdued,
revenge and die."

But, vengeful, on the rushing
wind,
I come to toss the sandy waves;
To whelm the spoilers of their kind,
Inglorious, in untimely graves.
Yon livid flame, that flings on high
Its terrors thro' the redd'ning sky;
Glares on your van, in awful state,
The herald of impending fate.
I speak—the suffocating blast descends
In clouds of fluid fire; and Nature's
conflict ends.

Where the wild ocean's heaving
waves
Boil round Magellan's stormy
coast; [raves.
When long and loud the tempest
I mark the straining vessel tost,
By night along unfathom'd seas,
I see the living current freeze;
As horror grasps each fainting
form,
High mid the fury of the storm:
Till the tall masts in scatter'd frag-
ments lie,
And, plung'd amid the surge, the
sufferers sink, and die.
Soft be your bed, and sweet your
rest,
Ye luckless tenants of the deep!
And, o'er each cold and shroudless
breast,
May spirits of the waters weep!

And still, when awful midnight
reigns,
My harp shall join in solemn strains;
My voice shall echo to the waves,
That dash above your coral graves;
Blest be the gloom, that wraps each
sacred head,
And blest th' unbroken sleep, and
silence of the dead!

High on yon cloud's cerulean seat,
I ride sublime thro' æther blue,
To fling, while reigns the power of
heat,
On fainting earth the summer
dew:
I bid the rose in crimson glow,
And spread the lily's robe of snow;
I waft from heaven the balmy breeze,
That sighs along the sleeping seas;
What time the spirit of the rock is
nigh,
To pour upon the night his heaven-
taught melody.

But, far beyond the solar blaze,
Again I wing my rapid flight;
Again I cleave the liquid maze,
Exulting in immortal might.
O'er me nor cold, nor heat, prevails,
Nor poison from malignant gales;
I glide along the trackless coast,
That binds the magazines of frost;
Encompass'd by the raging storm,
I smile at danger's threat'ning form;
I mock destruction on his tow'ring
seat,
And leave the roaring winds, contend-
ing at my feet.

SONGS in the New COMIC OPERA of the BLIND GIRL.

FREDERICK. Mazinghi.

THE British tar no peril knows,
But, fearless, braves the angry deep;
The ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep.
He, though the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
When the steersman sings
Steady she goes—all's well.
While to the main-top yard he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks, but it no letter brings
From bonny Kate, he lov'd so true.
Then

Then sighs he for his native dell,
 Yet to hope he clings,
 When the seaman sings
 'Steady she goes—all's well !'
 The storm is pass'd, the battle's o'er,
 Nature and man repose in peace;
 Then, homeward bound, on England's
 shore
 He hopes for joys that ne'er will
 cease.
 His Kate's sweet voice those joys fore-
 tell,
 And his big heart springs
 While the steersman sings
 'Steady she goes—all's well !'

SPLASH.

TO tell where I've been,
 Or what fair ones I've seen,
 In places where I my abode took,
 I'm sure it wou'd fill
 A Chancery bill,
 Or as long be as Paterson's road-
 book.
 First at Acton and Ealing,
 Their faces I'm peeling,
 At Ilchester and Dorchester,
 And Chichester and Porchester,
 At Woolwich and Highgate,
 And Dulwich and Ryegate,
 At Beckington and Oakingham,
 At Buckingham and Rockingham,
 At Brummagem
 I rummage 'em,
 At Deptford and Hampton,
 And Bedford and Bampton,
 At Harlow and Charmouth,
 And Marlow and Yarmouth,
 At Dartford and Darking,
 And Harford and Barking,
 At Wor'ster and Chester,
 And Glo'ster and Leicester,
 At Teddington and Amersham,
 And Paddington and Feversham,
 And Holyhead and Riverhead,
 Maidenhead and Leatherhead.
 In chaises and four, I've rattled off to
 Daventry,
 And many is the time that I've been
sent to Coventry.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

SUCH charming lines, and from a
 hand so fair,
 How shall I strive to praise, or how
 forbear!

Such heavenly sense with so much
 beauty join'd,
 An angel form, and a seraphic mind;
 Transported with variety of charms,
 Th' inviting theme my glowing bosom
 warms;
 But when I would my Fair's perfec-
 tion write,
 With awful fear I view the distant
 height,
 Confess my weakness, and correct
 my flight.
 Her lovely shape, her graceful air and
 mien,
 And snowy bosom, dangerous to be
 seen;
 Her beauteous face, her all-observing
 eye,
 And hands that with the fairest lilies
 vie;
 Her charms innumerable, all conspire
 To waken love, and kindle soft desire;
 Blest with each grace, that we per-
 fection call,
 She knows their worth, and yet dis-
 dains them all—
 All but the charms of virtuous inno-
 cence,
 Her joy, her hope, her portion, her
 defence,—
 Happiest of mortals! only happier he,
 Whom heav'n shall bless with such a
 nymph as thee.

6th May 1801.

L. G.

GAIA;

OR, WILLY RHYMER'S ADDRESS TO
 HIS LONDON LANDLADIES.

[Taken from *G. Dyer's Poems*, just
published.]

YE landladies jolly and gay,
 Who flirt in the great London town,
 Who dress and look fine ev'ry day;—
 Ev'ry day brings you many a crown.
 Too proud your trim lodgings to shew,
 Such chambers no shelter afford,—
 But to him who looks spruce as a beau,
 But to him who can strut like a lord.
 Oh! hear a poor poet complain,
 With many sad sons of the quill,
 How deeply their pockets you drain,
 How quickly your purses you fill.
 Awhile cease to flirt in the ring,—
 Perchance you are playing at loo,
 Of Gaia, good Gaia I sing,
 A landlady honest and true.

Remote.

Remote from the noise of a town,
Unread in the jargon of schools,
This landlady lives in renown,
And squares by the wisest of rules.

She toils in her own humble cot,
The village is full of her praise—
The rustics all envy her lot,
Her poet shall grace her with lays.

Her cottage, so decent and neat,
Might gladden a lady most fine,
Her table so cleanly and sweet,
That with her a princess might dine.

Her provident hands never spare,
Her friends she will help to the best,
For, tho' she maintains, friends are rare,
She soon makes a friend of her guest.

Do her friends e'er complain they are
ill,

She will act the Samaritan's part,
Tho' boasting no medical skill,
She knows how to comfort the heart.

On Sundays at church she is seen,
With silks and with posy so sweet,
And, as she walks over the green,
Each neighbour she kindly will
greet.

For Gaia loves king and her church,
And thinks it a maxim most true,
That who leaves a poor priest in the
church

Would soon rob the king of his due.

Yet her's is a catholic heart;—
Good Noncons kind Gaia could love;
To all she will kindness impart,
As mercy she looks for above.

Her garden, tho' small, can afford
A portion for pleasure and use;
To cousins, when seen at her board,
She cakes and good wine can pro-
duce.

A neat little damsel is by,
Who waits, and who works at her
will;
And a spinning-wheel always is nigh,
That Molly may never stand still.

She gives to each rosy-fac'd boy
A cake, if he reads his book well;—
The scraps gives the beggar-man joy;
Gipsy Bet all her praises will tell.

Like the bee and the provident ant,
She toils, and she spends, and she
spares;

And tho' she looks shy at a cant,
Yet Gaia will oft say her pray'rs.

Ye landladies jolly and gay;
Give Gaia the praise that is due,
And call her,—for call her you may,
A landlady honest and true.

And now I have finish'd my lays,
To her tho' mere virtues belong;—
But Gaia ne'er ask'd for my praise;
And therefore I give her a song.

SONNET.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

DRY be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
Not season's day, nor fate shall prove
More fix'd—more true than I!
Hush'd be that sigh—be dry that tear,
Cease, boding doubt—cease, anxious
fear.

Ask'st thou how long my vows shall
stay
When all that's new is past?
How long—ah, Delia! can I say
How long my life will last?
Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die!

And does that thought affect thee
too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he, who only breathes for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here!

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

LOST in the bloom of life, lamented
maid,
Sweet bethy slumbers in death's dreary
shade;
And when thou leav'st thy lowly bed
of rest,
O may'st thou mount, and mingle with
the blest!

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersburgh, March 7.

THE emperor has published an ukase, in which he declares, that to give the sovereign order of St. John of Jerusalem a proof of his affection, he has resolved to take it under Imperial protection, and will use every means to maintain its rights, honour, privileges, and property: he has therefore appointed count Soltikow to exercise the functions and authority of lieutenant or vicar of the grand-master of the order, till a proper place and means may be agreed on by the different courts of Europe for holding a general chapter of the order, to choose a grand-master worthy to preside over it, and restore it to its ancient dignity.

Constantinople, April 8. Lord Elgin, the English ambassador at this place, has received the following important news:

After the affair of Aboukir, and the well-contested action of the 13th of March, general Menou assembled his whole force, and flew to oppose the English, who had pushed forward to the neighbourhood of Alexandria.

The English general Abercromby found it necessary to attack the French. He gave them battle on the 22d of March, beat them, and obliged them to retreat. About 2000 French were left on the field of battle, 500 were taken, and their cavalry, consisting of 2500 men, were wholly dispersed.

The remaining part of the troops of general Menou retreated, some towards Cairo, and some towards Alexandria.

The English army, on the 24th of March, began its march against Alexandria, in expectation of making a conquest of that important city.

In the battle of the 22d, the loss of the English was very considerable indeed, for the French fought with a degree of bravery almost incredible.

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The English fleet chased a French squadron that was bringing supplies to Egypt. In the course of its cruise it captured a fleet of Danish and Swedish ships convoyed by two frigates. This fleet consisted of nearly 100 merchantmen, mostly laden with corn, which the English fleet sent to England.

General Abercromby on the 25th of March expected a corps of 6000 Arnauts, which the grand vizier had sent to join him.

Lisbon, April 8. The conditions upon which Portugal will be allowed to purchase the forbearance of France from the meditated invasion, are said to be, that Portugal shall shut its ports against England, sequester British property, and cede to Spain some part of the Brazils. As we have no force adequate to resist an invading army, it is thought that the pretensions of France must be granted. The English merchants, therefore, will shortly quit Portugal.

It is reported, however, that the French will keep up a body of troops in Spain, for the purpose of watching the execution of the treaty; and if English ships shall receive any assistance in our ports, garrisons will be marched into our towns, and a cordon drawn along the coast.

Count Pombeira is shortly expected from London, with pacific assurances from the cabinet of St. James's, as England had the option of sending an army for our defence, or permitting us to make the best terms which circumstances would permit.

10. Though war is declared against this kingdom by Spain, no hostilities have begun. The Spaniards bring their effects by land as usual, though our troops are sent to the frontiers, fresh recruits raising, and a vigorous defence resolved on by this government.

Aranjo, till lately resident in France, during

during the revolution, is ready to sail for that country with a flag of truce, and we hope will be successful in his embassy; however, the prince regent has declared he will do nothing against the interest of England.—There are 30 millions of dollars at the Rio de Janeiro, Spanish property, to come under the Portuguese flag. This clashes with the Spanish declaration of war, and the inactivity of Spain makes it look like a farce.—We are, however, in dread, though our hopes are favourable.

Bayonne, April 15. General Leclerc, commanding the corps of observation of Gironde, has reviewed the first division of the French army destined to act against Portugal, consisting of 10,000 men, and a train of artillery of 30 pieces of cannon. After the review, he recommended to the officers and soldiers to behave with the necessary attention to the customs and habits of a friendly people, with whom they were going to fight the only allies which England possessed upon the continent.

Copenhagen, April 17. The Russian ambassador, M. Lisakewitz, yesterday received a courier from his court, with directions to declare to admiral Parker, that his majesty, the emperor, was desirous of accommodating the differences between Russia and England. A swift sailing cutter was sent off after admiral Parker, to communicate this intelligence to him, if possible, before the English fleet falls in with the Russian, which is at sea in the Baltic.—Other instructions have already been sent off to the Russian fleet.

Vienna, April 18. In the night between the 16th and 17th instant, the English ambassador, lord Minto, received, by a courier from Constantinople, an account of the successful landing of the English in Egypt on the 8th of March. The fort of Aboukir, it is said, was afterwards carried by storm. General Abercromby was on his march towards Cairo, as was also the grand vizier. The English have there a number of friends; 15,000 Copts had joined the French army; preparations were making at Aboukir to receive the troops of the captain pacha.

Lisbon, April 20. The Earl Gower packet was chased into port by the Spaniards, who have a man of war and three frigates off the coast, with which they have taken several Portuguese vessels, and are hovering about in expectation of capturing some valuable Brazil ships on their return. Two English merchantmen, that were sent hither without freight, merely to run home with fruit, were taken by them.

Mr. Drummond and his family leave this place in the *Endymion* frigate; and it is expected that prince Adolphus is also about to take his departure.

Before this arrives in England an ambassador will have left this for France; it is understood that the terms of Bonaparte must be acceded to.

Several riots have taken place in consequence of the extreme scarcity of bread.

In imitation of the English, the Portuguese have begun to levy taxes; they have laid a tax on hats, and three per cent. on all their own manufactures.

The French have 20,000 men on their march towards Portugal. The plague at this moment rages dreadfully in Gallicia.

21. We are now perfectly easy respecting the threatened invasion of this kingdom by France and Spain. A negotiation is on foot that will terminate the difference.—A convoy will sail from hence for England on the 3d of May.

Wesel, April 25. The Prussian troops have taken possession of Bremerlehe, as well as of all the ports of the electorate of Hanover which are situated in the North Sea. The mouths of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, are shut. Besides that, small Prussian garrisons are posted at equal distances on the coast. Several regiments of cavalry and infantry are already arrived from the interior of Prussia in Hanover, and we expect more troops. The fort of Hameln, which is considered as the key of the electorate of Hanover, has at present a numerous Prussian garrison. On the other side, we continue to form magazines of provisions at Minden and

and at Ham for the troops who arrive daily from Brandenburg and Silesia, as well as for those expected from Pomerania.

Copenhagen, April 25. The fleet of admiral Parker is now returned from the Baltic.

It was probably before Carlsrona when the intelligence from Russia was communicated to admiral Parker, signifying the wish of the emperor to enter into an amicable accommodation of the present misunderstanding.

The fleet of admiral Dickson is in sight in the Cattegat.

Yesterday an English courier arrived here; he brought dispatches to our government, and others to admiral Parker, which were immediately sent off to the latter.

26. The English fleet having been come up with by the swift sailing cutter which carried an officer with dispatches from the Russian ambassador, M. Lisakewitz, to admiral Parker, has now returned from the Baltic. The greater part of it has, since yesterday evening, lain in the bay of Kloger: some ships have to-day sailed for the Sound.

28. The English admiral, sir Hyde Parker, has written a very polite answer to the Russian ambassador, M. Lisakewitz, in which he expresses his happiness at learning the pacific dispositions of his Russian majesty, and that he had immediately given orders for all hostilities against the Russians, Danes, and Swedes, to cease.

It is now said that the English fleet, which returned from before Carlsrona to Copenhagen, on receiving advice of the pacific inclinations of his Russian majesty, will sail for England with the first fair wind. The hope that the dispute between England and the Northern Powers will soon be finally accommodated gains new strength every day.

To-day a courier will set out from our court for St. Petersburg, who will carry to major-general count Lowendahl his credentials as Danish ambassador at the court of Russia.

Paris, May 1. In consequence of the decision of the Porte to release all the French prisoners detained at Constantinople and in the forts of the Black

Sea, general Salcette, citizens Bessieres, Charbonnel, and several other officers of artillery, are already arrived at Ancona. Letters from Constantinople of the 25th of March announce that it was said there that general Abercromby, who had succeeded in landing in Egypt, had been attacked by general Menou, who killed 3000 men and made 5000 prisoners.

6. By the *arrêt* of the consuls of the 20th of October, the inscriptions on the lists of emigrants, which were to be erased, are divided into eleven classes.

The most numerous is that of persons described as labourers, artisans, &c. This part of the work is finished: and near 21,000 persons are erased from the list.

The part which relates to women is also finished: and the names of 11,000 women have been erased.

The government has also pronounced upon the erasures proposed by the two last commissioners; and has withdrawn the number of 6875.

The examination of the other classes who are to be erased is pursued with activity.

Letters from the Hague of the 21st of April mention, that bets to a considerable amount have been made at Amsterdam, that a peace will be concluded with England in two months.

The Dutch fleet, which is stated, in an article from the Hague of the 28th of April, to be completely armed and equipped, consists of the following force, according to the same article:—The division of the Texel, 13 ships of the line, several frigates, and other vessels of inferior size. The division of the Meuse, five ships of the line and several other vessels. The division of the Scheldt, one ship of the line, two frigates, and several cutters, or brigs. Exclusive of the above, there are one hundred gun-boats, which defend the several mouths of the rivers of the Batavian republic.

Letters from Mannheim of the 27th of April state, that the elector of Bavaria had requested and obtained from general Moreau three French officers, to assist him to organise his troops on the French plan.

HOME NEWS.

Perth, April 21.

A Very singular accident happened here last night, about five o'clock, in one of the buildings in the King's-Arms Inn, long possessed by Mrs. Marshall, and now by Mr. John Martin; the ground story of which was occupied, as the kitchen, the first floor being a large dining-room, and the upper one garrets. The roof suddenly gave way, and by the great weight of the grey stone slates, with which it was covered, precipitated the whole mass through the garrets and dining-room to the kitchen. Immediately before the accident happened, the justiciary court now sitting here was about to pronounce sentence of death upon an unfortunate man, named West, for house-breaking and theft; and as the King's-Arms Tavern is almost adjacent to the court, from this circumstance there was no person in the house, but one of the maid servants in the kitchen. Mrs. Martin being in the close, and seeing the building begin to give way, called to the maid to run out, as the house was falling. There was a large dresser in the middle of the kitchen, and the maid running round it to get out at the door, just as she was turning the farthest corner of the dresser, the whole suddenly fell in. Very providentially, however, the floor above that side of the kitchen where the maid was did not fall flat in, but formed, as it were, the hypotenuse of a triangle, by which circumstance the maid escaped with very little hurt. About an hour before the accident, a considerable company had got dinner in the dining room. Mr. Martin's loss, in furniture, &c. will be considerable. There were twelve bolls of corn on the garret floor when the roof fell in.

Jersey, April 27. Every information from France more and more confirms

the hostile resolution of the enemy against these islands. Government being at a considerable expence, we have the very best intelligence from those employed on the coast of France. By a gentleman just arrived, we learn, that general Humbert, who commanded the expedition to Ireland, is now at St. Maloes, where he has resided more than a month, to make, by order of the first consul, the necessary arrangements for another expedition. Troops were hourly expected at St. Maloes from Rennes. Several frigates, some of which lately slipped out of Brest, were at St. Maloes, at which place there were also 75 gun-boats, and such a variety of flat-bottomed boats as were capable of accommodating nearly 9000 men, with field artillery, &c. &c. for a descent. Recollecting the late observations of Bonaparte, that he would, when necessitated, look upon these islands as stepping stones to England, we begin, I assure you, to consider seriously of our unfortunate approximation to France. Since the last reconnoitre, we learn, that the troops expected have arrived at St. Maloes; that the enemy's strength had consequently very much increased; and that, knowing an immediate object was a descent on these islands, our apprehensions, but not our fears, have also multiplied with our critical emergency.

London, April 29. This day, immediately after the arrival of messengers from Hamburg and Berlin, the secretary of state transmitted the following letter to the lord mayor:

Downing-street,

" MY LORD, *April 29.*

" I have great satisfaction in informing you, that, by letters received this day from lord Carysfort and sir James Crawford, the courts of Berlin and Copenhagen

Copenhagen have determined to re-open the rivers of the North of Germany, and that all vessels whatever will be allowed to navigate those rivers without molestation. I beg your lordship will have the goodness to make this intelligence as public as possible in the city.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "HAWKESBURY."

Dublin, May 2. Last Wednesday morning, a respite was sent off from Dublin to Lifford for Mr. Napper Tandy, until the 28th of May.

4. The intelligence which reached us on Saturday, viz. of the courts of Berlin and Copenhagen having agreed to re-permit the free intercourse of trade, by British shipping, with Hamburg, Lubeck, and the other Northern ports of Germany, gave a wonderful elevation to the spirits of the merchants and manufacturers; the five per cents. experienced an immediate rise of one half per cent. at the commercial buildings.

A little after nine o'clock on Saturday night one of the upper lofts of the Commissary's store-house (a large warehouse built by Mr. Williamson in South Lime-street, near Rogerson's quay) was discovered to be on fire. In less than an hour, notwithstanding the exertions of the people and the aid of the engines from the neighbouring parishes, the fire had reached the roof, which fell in about eleven. It then communicated irresistibly to the lower floors, and in a few hours the whole of the inside of the building, with its contents, was reduced to ashes.

London, May 5. Yesterday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, a most horrid murder was perpetrated at Stepney Common, on a woman of the name of Johnson, wife of a milk carrier, in the employment of Mr. Egg, of Narrow-street, Limehouse. The husband of the deceased, on his return home, found his wife bleeding on the floor, with her head beat in with a hammer, which was lying on the floor close by her. All the clothes they possessed were tied up in a bundle ready to be taken away: the murderer took twelve shillings, being the whole that

the poor people had saved the preceding week.

Dublin, May 6. Monday evening last, a farmer residing near the demesne of the right hon. Mr. Conolly, at Castletown, was stopped by two villains, and robbed of upwards of 300 guineas, and some silver. They also took from him his horse. After they had robbed him and retired, the farmer made what haste he could, to give the alarm to the guard at Mr. Conolly's. They immediately assisted, and, with a party of that gentleman's servants, commenced a pursuit; the villains took to a wood, and were so closely followed that one of them was observed throwing a blunderbuss he had away—the other was fired at by a fisherman of Mr. Conolly's, which fire the offender returned, but neither had effect. Both were at length apprehended. One of them has acknowledged to have been guilty of many atrocities. He confessed to be one of a party who robbed the house of Mr. Conolly of arms some time since, and directed where two blunderbusses concealed were discovered, that were taken at the time belonging to that gentleman.

Plymouth, May 7. This morning arrived the Joseph hired armed cutter, of 14 guns, from Minorca, with dispatches for government, which were landed on Tuesday last, at Mount's Bay. The Joseph, on the 22d ult. saw four sail of Spanish ships of war standing to the southward; and on the following day, saw five other Spanish line of battle ships, one of which chased the Joseph a considerable distance: they are supposed to have escaped from Brest. Advices were received at Minorca, by the Mutine sloop of war, that the squadrons of rear-admiral sir J. B. Warren and admiral Gantheaume were in sight of each other on the 4th ult. between Sardinia and Malta; that two of the enemy's ships had lost their foremasts, and were retreating to Toulon, and that the British squadron were in pursuit, and gaining fast on them. The Mutine sloop of war sailed on the 7th ultimo, from Minorca, with dispatches for

for Egypt. The *Joseph* arrived at Gibraltar on the 16th; the *San Fiorenzo* frigate, and *Louisa* sloop of war, were in the Bay, and a French brig privateer, of 14 guns, brought in the preceding day by the *Louisa*. Four of the transports which sailed from England, under convoy of the *San Fiorenzo* frigate, have been captured by the Spanish gun-boats in the Gut of Gibraltar. Arrived the French brig privateer *Jupiter*, of 14 guns, with 80 men, captured on the 1st inst. by the *Leda* frigate.

Portsmouth, May 9. On Wednesday a court-martial was held on board the *Gladiator*, in the harbour, on captain Dunn, for the loss of his majesty's ship *Incendiary*, which was taken by admiral Gantheaume's squadron, in the Mediterranean. Lieutenant Jump, commander of the *Sprightly* cutter, was also tried for her being taken by the same squadron. They were both acquitted. On Thursday Mr. J. R. Payne, purser of his Majesty's ship *Hindustan*, was tried by a court-martial, for absenting himself without leave, and defrauding several of the officers and ship's crew of money due to them. The charge being proved, the court adjudged him to be mulcted of all his pay, and other allowances due to him as purser of the *Hindustan*, and to be imprisoned in the *Marshalsea* six months.

Dublin, May 9. We are informed from the county of Wicklow, that last week a dreadful conflagration took place in the woods of Ballyarthur, the seat of the rev. James Symes, near Arklow. It raged for some time with the utmost fury, and threatened total destruction to one of the most sublimely beautiful scenes which that country boasts. Fortunately the wind was moderate, and Mr. Symes had an extraordinary number of workmen collected for the purpose of finishing his spring farming work. By their unremitting exertions, in cutting lanes through the wood to prevent the spreading of the fire, and in carrying water from an adjoining pond, the flames were at length, with much difficulty and hazard, suppressed. It is

computed that five acres of wood, valued at above 200*l.* have been consumed. This accident was occasioned by the negligence of some hoop cutters employed in the wood, who had kindled a fire for the purposes of their work, and at dinner hour fell asleep, when the fire communicated to some chips, dry leaves, &c. and before they awoke had nearly enclosed them. They, and some of the persons employed in extinguishing the fire, were severely scorched.

London, May 11. On the evening of the 29th of April last, a trunk was stolen out of a cart near Covent-garden, containing a quantity of jewels, pearls, &c. to the value of upwards of 1000*l.* and to discover which every means was taken by advertisement, &c. but nothing transpired respecting it till Friday morning last, when intelligence was gained by some of the Bow-street officers, that the trunk had been stolen by a soldier belonging to the guards, who had immediately conveyed it in a hackney coach to a public-house in Golden-lane, where it was said to have been opened by himself and the landlady, who purchased the contents for the small sum of *seven pounds*. In consequence of this information, the soldier was immediately taken into custody, and in his possession was found a writing-desk, which there is every reason to believe was stolen, containing twenty-one guineas and a half, and for the possession of which, on his examination the same evening at Bow-street, before Mr. Bond, he could give no probable account. The publican, his wife, and daughter, were also taken into custody, and on searching them, a silk handkerchief was found on the person of the wife, and a small trinket on the daughter, which were identified as being part of the property contained in the trunk when stolen, and the soldier was positively sworn to as being the man that brought the said trunk to their house. They were therefore all, except the daughter, who is not twelve years of age, ordered to be detained. The property belonged to a French emigrant, who had just arrived in England, and

who

who was intrusted with a number of letters and papers of the greatest consequence. They were unfortunately in the same trunk.

12. Yesterday captain M'Mahon, aid-de-camp to lieutenant-general Trigge, commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in the West-Indies, and captain Erskine, of the navy, arrived with dispatches, announcing the capture of St. Bartholomew, St. Martin, St. Thomas, and St. Croix. These islands were taken possession of by our troops with little resistance and loss. St. Martin was the only island in which the defence was vigorous. The 64th foot, and the 8th West-India regiment, were employed in the reduction of it. After a sharp resistance the enemy were compelled to enter into articles of capitulation.

BIRTHS.

April 22. At Brechin Castle, the lady of the honourable William Maule, of a son and heir.

Lady Elizabeth Palk, of a son, at her house, in Bruton-street.

The lady of lieutenant-colonel Vane, of the Coldstream-Guards, of a son.

23. The lady of Henry Howard, esq. of Corby Castle, Cumberland, of a son.

At Egham, lady Caroline Stuart Wortley, of a son.

May 2. At her father's house in Saviile-row, the lady of George Seel Marten, esq. of Gaddeden, Herts, of a son.

At Cowes, Isle of Wight, Mrs. Busigny, wife of Edward Busigny, esq. banker, of a son.

4. In Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of colonel Brownrigg, of a son.

10. Mrs. Pope, of Covent-Garden Theatre, of a daughter.

11. In Wimpole-street, the wife of Edward Long, jun. esq. of a daughter.

13. The honourable lady Dallas, Upper Harley-street, of a daughter.

14. The lady of Henry Martin, esq. of a daughter, at his house in Bloomsbury Place.

The lady of John Wenham Lewis, esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

April 20. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Mr. Thomas Helps, of Wood-street, merchant, to miss Plucknett, daughter of Mrs. Watson, of Walcot-place.

At St. Giles's, by the rev. Hugh Austin, John Austin, esq. of the island of Barbadoes, to miss Lætitia Cartwright, of Notting Hill.

26. At Bideford, lieutenant-colonel Kirkman, of the 52d regiment, to Mrs. Buck, relict of the late G. S. Buck, esq. of Dadson, in the county of Devon.

At St. Luke's, Old-street, Mr. William Stanton, to miss Westcott.

At Stepney church, Mr. James Dams, of Barford, Nottingham, to miss Jones, of Blackwall.

27. By special licence, by the rev. Mr. Lewis, at his house, Farningham, Kent, Alexander Macleod, of Mulravenside, esq. late of Jamaica, to miss Dalmahoy, sister to the late rev. sir John Dalmahoy, bart.

Mr. Haslewood, of Hoxton, to miss Green, of Jermyn-street.

28. In Holles-street, Dublin, John Campbell, esq. captain in the royal artillery, to Mrs. Sneyd, widow of the late colonel Sneyd, of said regiment.

At St. Paul's church, Covent-Garden, Witney Melbourn West, esq. of Hammersmith, to miss Cromie, only daughter of sir Michael Cromie, bart.

At St. Mary's, Whitechapel, Mr. William Heale, of Queen-street, Cheapside, sugar-broker, to miss Christian Hill, of Aldgate High-street, niece to Mr. Henry Newton, of same place, wine-merchant.

30. At St. George's church, Southwark, Thomas Dickenson, esq. of Crutched Friars, to Mrs. Elizabeth Spyring, of Exeter.

W. D. Dawson, of Lemon-street, to miss Sophia Henderson, daughter of Mr. John Henderson, of Belgrave-place, Pimlico.

Mr. Frederic Garling, of King-street, Bloomsbury, to miss Spratt, of the same street.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Wm. Walker, esq. of the Inner Temple, to miss Champain, of Guilford-street.

May 2. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Arthur Davies, esq. of Forest-hall, in Carmarthenshire, to miss Sophia Browning, of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury.

At St. Mary-le-bone church, John Allsop, esq. of New Road, to miss Chambers, daughter of James Chambers, esq. of St. Pancras.

3. Henry Parnel, esq. son to sir John Parnel, bart. to the hon. miss Dawson, sister to earl Portarlington, and niece to the lord primate.

6. Mrs. Wilkinson, the rich Oxfordshire widow, of eighty, to Mr. Connor Field, an Hibernian, of twenty-five.

At Hanwell church, by the rev. Dr. Glasse, Mr. William Saxton, corn-merchant, of New Brentford, to miss C. Scott, daughter of Edward Scott, esq. of Seymour-street, Portman-square.

By the rev. Mr. Blinkinsop, Mr. Robert Meyrick, of Eton, to miss Sharratt, of Windsor.

10. At St. Mary-le-bone church, Mr. J. R. Vincent, of the East-India House, to miss Margaret Gilchrist, of Berners-street.

12. Mr. Archdale Palmer, of Fen-church-street, to miss Quilter, daughter of James Quilter, esq. of Hadley, near Barnet.

At Margate, Mr. Wright, of Lambeth, to miss Dixon, of Margate.

At St. Mary's, Newington Butts, Mr. James Crouch, to miss Sarah Browne.

13. At St. Vedast, Mr. Roberts, of Cullum-street, son of Mr. Roberts, of Gutter-lane, to miss Spencer, daughter of Mr. Spencer, of Walworth, Surrey.

At Queen-square chapel, in Bath, by the rev. Nathaniel Morgan, the rev. Daniel Lyons, to miss Hardy, eldest daughter of the late col. Hardy.

16. At Mary-le-bone church, John Purcell, esq. jun. to miss Mary Frances

Fitzgerald, daughter to John Fitzgerald, esq. of Alsop's-buildings, New Road.

DEATHS.

March 22. At Liverpool, Mr. Geo. Hutchison, merchant, of a deep decline.

April 22. After an illness of near 15 years, Mrs. Simson, wife of Mr. Thomas Simson, of Hertford.

23. Mrs. Mary Slack, wife of Mr. Henry Slack, of South Audley-street, aged 64 years.

Drowned, bathing in the Serpentine River, Mr. Charles Brome, engraver, late of Air-street, Piccadilly.

25. At Ashley, near Bath, in consequence of a fall from her horse, the lady of John M'Clintock, esq. of Drumcar, county of Louth, Ireland.

At Hampstead, John Bond, esq. lord of the manor of Hendon.

At Ripley, in Surrey, in the 82d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Harrison.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Harriot Neale, youngest daughter of the late George J. Bruere, esq. governor of Bermuda.

Mrs. Hannah Palmer, aged 81, of Charlton-place, Islington.

26. At Twickenham, Richard Hammond, esq.

Peregrine Philips, esq. of Sloane-square.

At Richmond, master Richard Gomm, third son of the late colonel Gomm.

27. At her house, at Acton, Mrs. Price, late of London-street.

In Great Cumberland-street, Mrs. Jennings, wife of J. C. Jennings, esq. barrister at law.

At the Vicarage, Yarcombe, Devon, Mrs. Palmer, wife of the rev. William Palmer, and niece of the celebrated Mrs. Carter.

At a very advanced age, Mrs. Hill, relict of the late rev. Thomas Hill, at the Close, Salisbury.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1801.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Tale of the *Three Brothers of Bagdad* shall certainly appear in our next.

Alonzo's Verses are too exceptionable in more respects than one.

The Lines on a Walk in Richmond Gardens are extremely incorrect.

Sylvio's Essay is under consideration.

The Lines to the Memory of General Abercromby—Verses written in Kew Gardens—Address to Summer—Lines to the Memory of Miss A. B. by Selinda—Ode to Happiness—Lines on the Prospect of approaching Plenty—are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Reward of Valour.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
JUNE, 1801.

THE REWARD OF VALOUR:

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

SIR Philip Melcombe was a gentleman who possessed a large estate in one of the western counties of England. His disinterestedness, generosity, and hospitality, gained him the affection and esteem of all his neighbours, and especially of the honest and industrious poor, of whom he was the friend and the father; for the healthy and strong he provided with employment, and the infirm he maintained by his charity. None who were really necessitous ever passed his gate unrelieved; and every species of distress found alleviation in his compassion and his bounty.

In his domestic life, his happiness all centred in an only daughter, whose beauty and accomplishments were the admiration of all who were acquainted with her. Miss Sophia Melcombe was a young lady of a truly amiable disposition, an excellent understanding, and most pleasing vivacity. A sense of the endowments, natural and acquired, which she possessed, and a recollection of the fortune to which she was heiress, might, perhaps, occasionally afford some just cause for the charge of vanity and self-admi-

ration, which was very freely brought against her by several of her sex, whom deficiency of charms, and still more of good humour, had condemned to antiquated celibacy. But if Sophia at any time indulged for a moment in that pardonable exultation in herself, from which we cannot expect any female similarly circumstanced to be entirely free, the justness of her understanding, and the delicate sensibility of her heart, soon restored her to that unassuming and modest demeanour which was most congenial to her character.

Sir Philip Melcombe had, from his earliest years, been intimate with a gentleman of the name of Somerville, whose country residence was near his estate, and who, having filled several public employments, was created a peer, by the title of baron Somerville. The younger son of this nobleman, Mr. Ernest Somerville, had conceived an ardent passion for Sophia, but did not appear to have made a corresponding impression on the heart of the young lady. Her father, who entertained a very favourable opinion of the character and disposition of the

young gentleman, was entirely his friend, and even spoke to her in his behalf. Sophia frankly admitted that she felt the utmost esteem for his good qualities; but whether it were that she wished to put his love to the proof, and exult for a time in the power of her charms, or whether he had not as yet any place in her affections, there was a coolness and indifference in her behaviour towards him, which all his assiduities were insufficient to remove.

After some time, Lord Somerville having obtained a captain's commission for his son Ernest, the latter was ordered abroad with his regiment, which was to be employed in the West-Indies. Before he went, he waited on his Sophia to take his leave, and found her now much more attentive and kind to him than he had before known her to be. She even shed tears at parting, and gave him permission to write to her. These symptoms of dawning kindness inspired the youth with a kind of enthusiastic transport. He repeatedly vowed that his heart should be eternally devoted to her, and that she should either never see him return, or he would acquire such honour as should render him more deserving of the happiness to which he aspired.

On the arrival of the troops at the place of their destination, an attack was made on one of the French islands. The assault was a service of the utmost difficulty and danger, and young Ernest was among the foremost. A post of great importance indeed was carried almost entirely by his valour, and the presence of mind with which he took advantage of some favourable circumstances. In the accounts transmitted home by the commander-in-chief, justice was done to the heroism and judicious conduct of Ernest; and Sophia, in almost every

company into which she went, found his brave achievements the constant theme of admiration and of praise. She secretly exulted that this hero was her lover. She felt a real pleasure at hearing the praises of a man, whose heart she knew to be devoted to her; but she, as yet, scarcely suspected that this pleasure was love.

By the same packet which brought the dispatches to government, stating the progress of the operations, Sophia received a letter from Ernest, written in all the enthusiasm of ardent passion. In it he briefly mentioned the success of the troops, but said not a word of himself. His dear Sophia was alone the object of his attention, and prayers for her welfare, and vows of eternal constancy, were repeated with all the fond extravagance of love. Sophia read this letter again and again, and every time felt a new pleasure in reading it. Her lover continually appeared to her more amiable. She admired his modesty, and rejoiced in his constancy: in fine, she loved, and began to know that she loved.

Soon after, other advices were received of the further progress of the same expedition, and Ernest again was not passed over in silence. But the accounts, now, though equally honourable to his valour, were of a more melancholy tenor. In another attack on the enemy, his colonel, who, from admiration of his merit, had on many occasions shown the greatest friendship to him, having advanced with too much ardour, was surrounded, and must have been either killed or taken prisoner, had not Ernest rescued him by a most desperate exertion, in which he received so many and such dangerous wounds, that he was carried off the field with scarcely any hope of recovery.

This

This sad intelligence at once revealed to Sophia the real state of her heart. The pang she felt sufficiently convinced her that she loved. And how hard was her fate, to lose a treasure she had long possessed without knowing its worth, at the moment she discovered its value! She now severely upbraided herself with her former coldness and indifference towards a youth so good, so brave, so generous, so noble-minded, and, above all, so affectionately devoted to her. Anxiously did she hope, day after day, to hear from him, and learn that he was recovering; but no letter arrived. Her uneasiness cherished her rising passion, and she conceived the warmest affection for her lover while absent, though she had treated him with slight and disregard while he remained with her. But now this repentance appeared to come too late; for though no accounts were received either from him or the troops, some persons who arrived from one of the West-India islands brought a report that he was dead. Sophia heard this with the utmost agitation, and lamented his fate and her own with the sincerest and most heart-felt grief.

But a few days after, as she was sitting in the parlour with her father, and listening to the consoling discourse with which he endeavoured to dispel the melancholy to which she seemed too much inclined in consequence of the supposed death of Mr. Somerville, the door suddenly opened, and Ernest himself entered. Sophia, overpowered at once with surprise and joy, flew into his arms, and fainted. Mr. Somerville, equally astonished and transported at such a reception, threw himself on his knees as he clasped her in his embrace; while her father, who hastened to support his daughter, viewed with pleasure

this triumph of love. It is scarcely necessary to add, that they were soon after united by the tenderest of ties; on which occasion, sir Philip, when he gave the hand of his daughter to Mr. Somerville, thus addressed him: ‘Receive, sir, this *reward*, obtained and well-merited by your *valour*; doubly happy in the reflection that, by bravely serving your country, and defending your friend, you have won the heart of her, the possession of whose affections you prize above all other earthly enjoyments.’

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

Nº V.

On PHILOSOPHY.

Quid præstantius? quid homine melius? quid homine dignius? hanc igitur qui expetunt, philosophi nominantur: nec quidquam aliud est philosophia, si interpretari velis, quam studium sapientiæ. Sapientia autem est, ut a veteribus philosophis definitum est, rerum divinarum & humanarum, causarumque quibus hæres continentur, scientia. CICERO.

IT were almost needless to explore the pages of ancient history in praise of the subject before us; our own age and nation bear abundant evidence to its use and importance. In fact, the benefits of philosophy are so numberless, that I believe I may with justice affirm, every art and trade is indebted to it for its present perfection; and I am bold to say, every individual, in whatever situation of life he is placed, participates in its blessings,

‘Philosophia est mater omnium bonarum artium.’ CICERO.

The purpose, however, of this essay is not intended to enumerate its various branches, or the many benefits we thence derive: it will be chiefly

chiefly directed to the consideration of its advantages when applied to the works of nature—a study that at once blends pleasure with utility; for, while it affords real profit, what can yield more rational satisfaction than the contemplation of the various phænomena of nature, and remarking the minutiae of its stupendous operations, with such reflections as will indubitably arise from a just sense of an almighty and superintendent Providence?

Philosophical researches impress the most just perception of the works of God, which, becoming the subjects of serious inquiry and meditation, leave those indelible impressions of reverence and awe towards 'Heaven's Supreme,' that will naturally incline us rather to the performance of all that is virtuous, honourable, and valuable in life, than the practice of vice and immorality.

It is, nevertheless, objected to knowledge and philosophy, that they have a tendency to swell men with vanity and self-conceit. Yet, in their genuine sense, it is impossible they should produce such effects. However, I am ready to admit, there are those, who, with scarce a shadow of learning, and at the best but possessing the most superficial gleanings of science, aspire to the title of philosophers, and, probably while advancing the most crude and insignificant arguments in opposition to the generally received conclusions upon the powers and operations of nature, contend with the most provoking pride and self-sufficiency. But can the folly and the arrogance of a *few*, who are the mere pretenders to science, conclude against the principles of its *real* professors?—As well might the existence of the infidel controvert christianity, or his want of faith be an argument against the truth and true beauty of holiness.

I must be understood here as not intending to decide that important question: 'How far learning accompanied with a profound genius is productive of moral conduct;' as it stands indisputable, that, with all the advantages of knowledge and refined conception, too many sacrifice either to the shrine of the grossest folly, or are the professed votaries of absolute notoriety. Indeed, many, too many instances occur, where the greatest abilities fatally degenerate to the purposes of vice and immorality.

Philosophy has nevertheless been acknowledged, by wise and truly good men, as the strongest incentive to moral conduct—and certainly whilst it ameliorates our prejudices, it opens to our misguided passions the light of reason, and effectually removes the errors of premature conceptions. More especially as we advance in the study of the wonderful works of the Almighty, we become convinced of his omnipotence, and silently adore his attributes divine. Let us then range through the works of God, enter deeply into the wide field of nature, and trace the uniformity of her operations: there let us behold the dependence each of her parts hath to the complete union of the whole. Whether we contemplate the heavenly luminaries, and view their regular and alternate motions, or investigate the organisation of human beings, alike our adoration must arise to the great Author of the universe, who in wisdom infinite hath made them all.

'And 'bove the heavens this great Jehovah reigns,
Protector, Parent, Friend, and Lord of all:
Throughout the amplitude of all his works
His care extends, and Mercy sheds her
beams.

Blessings unnumber'd as the countless sands
On Ocean's shore, with liberal hand are
shower'd
O'er all the human race.'

OFFLEY.

The

The study and contemplation of the scenes of nature are attended with peculiar admiration and delight.—Order, wisdom, goodness, and infinite perfection pervade and crown the whole, and elevate our thoughts to the fountain of OMNIPOTENCE. Then will our hearts glow with the purest devotion, our minds expand with fear and humility, and our souls be exalted to the communion of God.

When we contemplate the powers and faculties of man, their various and diversified operations;—how each and every of them is so contrived as to perform its destined purpose, either to assist or further some grand design,—are we not convinced that such an admirable piece of mechanism could not derive its being from chance?—Reason must acknowledge a supreme agent, who, as a Creator, in gratitude demands the tributes due—obedience, love and praise! How incomprehensible the structure of the human frame! not an atom of which but is appropriated to some peculiar and noble end. How inadequate our capacity to demonstrate the connection and dependency of the body and soul! How apt is the conformity of the *one* to the wishes and desires of the *other*! Indeed, there is not an instance, throughout the varied operations of nature, however trivial in its action, but displays an almighty and superintendent Power. Such are the reflections that arise from a just investigation of nature, and such will ever present themselves to the mind of the philosopher.

Let not then those censorious stigmas of arrogance and ambition be attributed to philosophers: for ostentation is contrary to the very essence of science, which, far from inflating the minds of men, inculcates every social virtue; and while

we advance in the knowledge of God and his attributes, we imperceptibly acquire that understanding without which all learning is vain and superficial—that which leads us to the due *knowledge of ourselves*.

To conclude: I would briefly subjoin, The philosopher will find undiminished pleasure in every period and gradation of this mortal existence. In *youth*, an investigation of the powers of nature will furnish him mental exercitation and profitable amusement:—when arrived at the *years of maturity*, the season of life more subject to vexation and disappointment, and more flexibly susceptible of the pressure of calamity, philosophy affords an invariable retreat in which to unbend the languor of his mind, and serves as a friendly companion to dispel that uneasiness which renders life disagreeable:—in *old age*, when the natural infirmities concomitant with an advanced stage of existence discover as it were symptoms of childish puerility, this study, by anticipating the fulness of bliss which is enjoyed in the mansions of eternity, will tend to comfort and console him in a state of feebleness, and imperceptibly dissipate the languors of imbecility.

Cherish, then, my young readers, the love of philosophy; and be assured, while it comprehends all that is great, good, or glorious, it will serve as “*a light to thy feet*,” and an “*unextinguishable lamp to thy path*.”

ORIENTAL MAXIMS and PROVERBS.

THE life of man is a journal, in which nothing should be written but good actions.

Thy parents rejoiced at thy birth
while

while thou wast crying. Live then in such a manner, that, while thou rejoicest at the moment of thy death, thou mayst behold others weeping.

Which of the two doth heaven behold with the most complacency—the rich man who is beneficent to the poor man, or the poor man who envies not the rich?

A monarch truly attentive to the interests of his people, is on his throne what the rose is on the bush: he is constantly surrounded by thorns.

The worst of all princes is he, who inspires the wicked with hope, and excites terror only in the bosom of the good.

I prefer, without hesitation, the patient ass that bears his burden, to the destructive lion that preys upon man.

The world would perish, were there none in it but learned men.

Woe to him once, that is ignorant of every thing! but seven-fold woe to the man, who, when he understands what is right and good, in some point conducive to the welfare and happiness of mankind, does not practise what he knows!

Kings cannot do without the counsels of the wise and good; but the wise and good may be happy without the favour and patronage of kings.

The most virtuous among those that are called the great, is he who delights in the society of the wise and good. The most depraved character among those that are called philosophers, is he who cultivates only the friendship of the great.

Woe to the nation in which the young people have already the vices of the aged, and in which the aged still retain all the irregularities of youth!

The restless part of mankind may be divided into two classes—those

who seek, and cannot find, and those who find, and know not how to enjoy.

One may live without a brother, but not without a friend.

Were one to lead an ass to Mecca, it would return thence nothing but an ass.

The real orphan is not he that has lost his father, but he whom his father has left destitute of education.

It is with a word as it is with an arrow: once discharged, the latter returns no more to the bow-string, nor the former to the lips.

My secret is my slave; were it to escape from me, it would become my master.

When the work to be performed is but a slight one, why should you employ superfluous means? Why take a pike when a needle is sufficient?

Of all the different kinds of hatred, the most irreconcilable is the hatred of the envious: it is an incurable ulcer.

The most trifling things are difficult before they become easy.

Patience is the key of every door, and the remedy for every evil.

The sorrow which precedes joy is not so melancholy as that which comes after it.

A coquette resembles the shadow that accompanies us: if we run after it, it flies from us; if we fly from it, it follows us.

Impatience under affliction is the very depth of affliction.

The cat is a lion to the mouse; but it is a mouse only to the tiger.

Dogs bark at the moon; but the moon shines not the less on that account.

The porter at the door of a sot may always say with truth, "There is nobody at home."

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES
and REFLECTIONS.

THE following mode of getting rid of a disagreeable governor argues a kind of shrewdness which we might have expected from a more polished people. The inhabitants of Coufah, a city of Chaldeæ, being naturally difficult to please, and of a tumultuous disposition, were constantly complaining of their governors, and one day came to the tribunal of the caliph Al Mamon with complaints against one of his officers, whom they charged with being no mussulman, but either a very devil, or one of the devil's attendants. The caliph observing the impertinence of the charge, and that it consisted of nothing in particular, began to take his officer's part, and commended him for having, in the exercise of his office, always behaved with justice, honesty, and integrity. On this, one of the accusers replied, that what the caliph said was indeed true, and that all they had said against his officer was mere calumny; but, said he, as justice is due to every one, it is not just that the inhabitants of Coufah only should have the happiness to possess so good and just an officer, and thereby deprive the other provinces of the empire of so great and invaluable a blessing; and we entreat your majesty, that you would send him to govern some other of your provinces, that he may be equally a blessing to them as he has been to us.

The antiquity of certain proverbs is among the most striking singularities of the human mind. Abdalmalek, one of the caliphs of the race of Omniades, was surnamed, by way of sarcasm, *Raschal Hegiarat*, that is, the skinner of a flint; and to this day we call an avaricious man a *skin-flint*.

It is utterly impossible, says a very sensible writer, that genius or capacity can be national, though there have not been wanting some who have asserted this as a fact, and who have been as liberal in the commendations of the genius of the Italians and French as they have been industrious in decrying that of their own countrymen; but these idolaters of foreign genius ought to be informed, that custom, or the mode of education, has a greater share in the formation of this admired genius of foreigners than they may perhaps be able to comprehend. In order to explain this more fully, let an infant be supposed to be brought from China, and educated in England, and it may be easily conceived that he will turn out as arrant an Englishman as if he had been born of English parents; his pursuits, of whatever kind, will be perfectly English, nor can it be imagined, that though, according to the supposition of the above-mentioned gentlemen, such a person's genius must be purely Chinese, the porcelain manufacture in this kingdom would receive any extraordinary improvement from the acquisition of this extraordinary foreigner.

The important office of guardian has not been always filled by men of the greatest integrity; although, from the confidence bestowed with this office, one would suppose that it should bind men to a more than ordinary punctuality in the performance. Erasmus's guardians had no relish for his being sent to the university: their intention was to force him into a monastery, that they might possess his patrimony; and they feared that an university might create in him a disgust to that way of life. The chief in this plot was one Winkell, a schoolmaster, to whom there is an ingenious epistle of Erasmus, in which

he expostulates with him for his ill-management and behaviour. By persevering, however, his guardians effected their purpose, and he entered among the regular canons at Stein in 1486. How well he was reconciled to his life his whole works show.

When king Richard Cœur de Lion conquered Comnenes, the despot of Cyprus, he imprisoned and loaded him with irons. The Greek prince complained of the little respect with which he was treated. Richard then ordered *silver fetters* to be made for him, and this phantom of an emperor was so pleased with the distinction, that he expressed a sense of the generosity of his conqueror.

Naturalists have been very prolix in their descriptions of the horse. Philosophers, poets, and jockeys, have been no less profuse in their encomiums on this noble animal, and in enumerating his various properties. How eloquent are they upon his strength, his docility, his swiftness, his usefulness in trade, husbandry, and correspondence. But there is one property of this creature which they have all omitted, and I am surprised at it: I mean the vast advantage many very clever young men derive from being able to talk about a horse. It is the constant subject of their conversation, it affords the only logic, narrations, and *bons mots*, in which they can appear to any advantage: and what a pity would it be if so many rich, well-bred, and well-dressed gentlemen, were to be dumb!

To the inhabitants of Lapland six months in the year are perpetual night, during which they hear nothing round them but the whistling of the winds, and the howling of the wolves, who are running every where in search of their prey. How could we bear the climate and

way of life of these people?—but they cannot help it.—There is *another country*, where more than six months in the year are perpetual night, during which they hear nothing round them but the flapping of cards, the rattling of the dice-box, and the howling of the rooks and sharpers, who are running every where in search of their prey. How could we bear the customs and way of life of these people?—and yet they *can* help it.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 241.)

THE next division comprehends those species of the rat genus that have short tails.

THE LEMMUS.

The lemmus has also been called the leming or Lapland marmot. It resembles a mouse in form, except in its tail, which is shorter. The hair on the body and head of the lemmus is fine, and spotted with various shades of tawny and black. It has two very long cutting teeth in each jaw; a pointed head; long whiskers; black small eyes, and small mouth. The upper lip is divided. The ears are small, obtuse, and reclining backwards. The fore legs are very short; they have four slender toes covered with hair, and, in lieu of a thumb, a sharp claw, like a cock's spur; on the hind feet are five toes. The length of this animal, from nose to tail, is about five inches; the tail is nearly half an inch long, and in some individuals rather larger.

These animals chiefly inhabit the mountainous parts of Lapland and Norway, the countries in the vicinity of the river Oby, and the northern extremity of the Uralian chain;

chain; and from thence come in innumerable bodies, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants of those parts, who consider them as a formidable scourge, as they destroy every species of vegetables and grain, and seize every thing not secured in houses, which they never presume to enter. They have a kind of bark resembling that of a small dog. When they are assaulted they make a resolute resistance, and seize the weapons used against them. When they have thus fastened on a stick, or any other instrument, they suffer themselves to be dragged to a great distance, as they never quit their hold. They associate to carry on hostilities, and often die in large parties rather than yield. They feed on grass, and various vegetables. During the winter they wander under the snow, and form a spiral aperture through it to supply them with air. In summer they burrow, and form shallow habitations under the turf, but make no provision for their winter support, which obliges them to migrate in search of food. They breed several times in the year, and have five or six young at a litter; some of which, in their peregrinations, they carry in their mouths, and others on their backs. The prevalent opinion of their being poisonous is erroneous; as the Laplanders eat them, and think them similar in flavour to the squirrel. These animals are so courageous, that nothing impedes their course; they are neither intimidated by fire, water, or the most tremendous rocks. They are the prey of lynxes, foxes, ermines, &c. and perish frequently for want of food, or by being drowned in the sea, or other great waters. It is not clearly ascertained whence these animals come, as a native country; it is however sufficiently certain that they never return, but

pursue their course to meet certain destruction. It is happy for the inhabitants of the regions they infest, that their migrations are not frequent, as these numerous and destructive colonies do not issue forth above once or twice in the space of about twenty years.

THE RINGED MOUSE.

This animal has a blunt nose; ears hid in the fur; strong short legs; the soles of the feet covered with hair; the claws very strong, and hooked at the end. The hair is very fine; on the upper part of the body it is of a ferrugineous hue, mixed with grey and yellow; in some parts pale grey, clouded with waved lines of a dusky rust colour; from the ears down each cheek is a bed of the same colour, and behind that a stripe of white, which produces the effect of a collar on the neck, behind which there is a bed of the former colour. The length of the head and body, to the base of the tail, is about three inches; the tail measures one inch, and terminates with a bristly tuft. This species inhabit the northern parts of the river Oby. They burrow, and form many passages. Their nests are usually filled with rein-deer herb, and snowy liver-worts. They are reported to migrate with the lemmus.

THE HUDSON'S MOUSE.

This kind has probably received its name from being a native inhabitant of the regions near Hudson's Bay. It has slender brown whiskers; very long soft hair; on the back of a cinereous hue, tinged with tawny; on the spine a dusky stripe, with a pale tawny line on each side; the belly is of a pale cinereous colour. It has short limbs. The fore feet are very strong; the two middle claws of the male are thick, compressed, and divided at the end.

The tail is very short, and terminating with bristles. The length is about five inches.

THE HARE-TAILED MOUSE.

The hare-tailed mouse has a long head, and obtuse nose; rough swelled lips; short ears, round, flat, and but slightly perceptible above the fur. The tail is the shortest of the whole genus, and scarcely apparent. The limbs are short, and slender; the fur is soft and full, cinereous on the upper part, intermingled with dusky; along the back is a dark line. The feet and belly are of a pale ash colour. The length of the head and body is about three or four inches. These animals inhabit the regions about the Yaik, Irtish, and Janesei; they have a predilection for dry, firm soils, in which they burrow, and form habitations with two entrances, one oblique, and the other perpendicular, that both terminate at the nest, which is made of grass, or extend beyond it. The male usually dwells in a different habitation from the female. At certain periods they emit a musky scent. They sleep a great deal, and, like the marmot tribe, rolled up. They chiefly subsist on seeds, yet have a carnivorous appetite, as they not only destroy many of their own species, but some other kinds of small animals. They are slow in their motions; migrate in great troops; and have commonly six young at a birth, which they often bring out into the air.

THE SOCIAL MOUSE.

The denomination 'social' evidently implies that this animal has convivial qualities; and was probably bestowed on that species because they live in pairs, or are found with a family, or numerous society.

This animal has a head of a thick

construction; a blunt nose; oval naked ears; strong short limbs; a slender tail. The nose is of a dusky hue; the upper part of the body of a light grey colour, palest on the sides; the sides, shoulders, and belly, are white. The length is about three inches; the tail is half an inch long. This species inhabit the regions of Hyrcania and the Caspian desert, between the Volga and Yaik; they choose sandy low situations, amply stored with herbs, and form a subterraneous dwelling about a span deep, with at least eight passages or entrances. They are seen in great numbers in the spring, and but rarely appear in the autumn, when it is reported they migrate, or conceal themselves amongst the herbage; and in winter secrete themselves in hay-ricks. These little animals are the prey of weasels, and various other quadrupeds.

THE MEADOW MOUSE.

This animal is unquestionably the short-tailed field-mouse. It has a large head; blunt nose; short ears, hid in the fur; prominent eyes, and a short tail. The colour of the head and upper part of the body is ferrugineous, blended with black; the belly is of a deep ash colour, and the feet are dusky. The length from nose to tail is six inches. The tail, which is thinly covered with hair, and terminates with a tuft, is nearly an inch and half in length. This species inhabit Europe, and are found in great numbers in Newfoundland, where they materially injure cultivated grounds. In England they very rarely molest gardens, but dwell in damp or marshy meadows, where they make a nest. They have eight young at a birth, for which they have exemplary affection. They dwell in subterraneous retreats, and subsist on nuts, acorns, and grain.

THE GREGARIOUS MOUSE.

From the appellation of 'gregarious' we may conclude that this animal lives in companies or detached societies. It has an obtuse nose; small mouth; and naked ears, perceptible above the fur. The hair on the upper regions of the body is black at the roots and extremity, but of a ferrugineous cast at the centre. The tail, belly, and feet, are of a whitish colour. The tail is one third the length of the body: it is slightly covered with white hairs; the extremity is black and ash colour. The dimensions of this animal rather exceed those of a common mouse. This kind inhabit Sweden and various parts of Germany. They burrow, and eat sitting up, like the squirrel tribe.

THE HAMSTER.

This animal by many naturalists has been termed the German marmot; it is a species of rat, which seems to possess the most destructive qualities of any of that genus. The colour of the head and back is a reddish brown; the cheeks are red. It has large round ears, and prominent black eyes. Under each ear there is a white spot, another under each shoulder, and a third near the hind legs. The breast, belly, and the upper part of the fore legs, are black. The tail is short, and nearly destitute of hair. It has four toes, and a fifth claw on the fore feet; and five toes on the hinder ones. The body is about nine inches long, and the tail nearly three. The hamsters dwell in subterraneous dwellings, which they begin to dig when they are about two months old. These habitations consist of several cavities, which they extend as they advance in age. The males and females always dwell in separate burrows, and the whole species are too malevolent to

have any amicable intercourse, as they will not only engage in fierce encounters with their own kind, but the conqueror will eat the vanquished, which proves they are of a carnivorous nature. The female brings forth two or three times in a year, and has usually sixteen or eighteen young at a birth, which she excludes from her retreat when they have attained the age of three weeks. Each infant individual is lodged in a separate apartment, as the female sinks several entrances into her recess. The male forms one perpendicular hole. These animals collect a store of provisions, which they deposit in magazines, and convey their treasures to the place of distinction in the pouches situated in their cheeks. They begin to amass their stock in the month of August, and, when their repository is full, they conceal the avenues leading to it with earth. Notwithstanding this precaution, however, the hunters pursue the hamsters at this season, and not only seize them as a just punishment for their noxious depredations, but also materially profit by their labours, as they usually find great store of corn and other grain. These animals are the most abundant in moist seasons; in times of drought scarcely any are seen. When they are numerous, they become formidable from the havoc they make, which is so extensive as to have sometimes occasioned, in the countries where they abound, a scarcity of corn.

On the approach of winter the hamsters seek refuge in their subterraneous habitations, and remain there in perfect tranquillity till the frost absorbs them in sleep, and reduces them to a torpid state; from which, when the severity of the weather abates, they recover, and resume the exercise of their limbs.

This

This transition is effected by a gradual process, as their corporeal faculties are some time regaining their pliancy and powers of action. Their respiration is also at first performed by faint efforts and at long intervals.

The hamsters bark like dogs, manifest an ardent desire to encounter, and, when they have once engaged, will rather die than yield. They never forego their hold of any object they seize till their rage is satiated. Pole cats are the greatest enemies they have, as those animals pursue them to their holes, and kill great numbers of them. Their general appetite is granivorous, though they prey also on mice and birds. They drink but very little. They inhabit Austria, Silesia, and various parts of Germany, Poland, and the Ukraine, the southern parts of Russia and Siberia, and the deserts of Tartary. The male is always larger than the female. This whole species are very various in their colour.—The vormela is probably a variety of the hamster species, or the same as the Sarmatian weesel.

THE YAIK MOUSE.

This species, which inhabit the regions in the environs of the Yaik, burrow in the earth, and leave their habitations in the night. They migrate in large bodies from the deserts, and are supposed to presage a good hunting season. The Yaik mouse, like the preceding species, and those that immediately follow, has cheek pouches in each jaw; a large thick snout; a blunt nose; very fleshy lips, the upper one deeply cleft; the upper fore teeth small and yellow, convex on the outer part, and truncated; the lower teeth slender and pointed; large ears of an oblong oval form; and prominent eyes. The tail is very short, and of a cylindrical shape.

The colour of the face is white; the upper regions of the body are of a cinereous yellow, mixed with brown; the under parts of the body are white. The length is near four inches.

ZARIZIN MOUSE.

This animal has an elevated forehead; the borders of the eyelids black; and naked oval ears projecting far out of the fur. The tail is very short, and slightly clothed with hair. The colour of the upper part of the body is a hoary ash, with long dusky hairs extending along the spine of the back; the sides are of a whitish hue. The under part of the body, the extremity of the limbs, and about the mouth, are of a beautiful clear white. The length is about three inches and a half. This species are common in the Hyrcanian mountains and Persian villages, and in the deserts of Astracan, in the vicinage of Zarizin. They commit great depredations on the rice plantations; and do not fall into a torpid state in the winter season.

THE SAND MOUSE.

The sand mouse has very large cheek pouches; the head and snout inclining to be long; a sharp nose; large oval brownish ears; a short body, and white nails. The upper regions of the body are of a hoary hue; the sides, belly, limbs, and tail, of a clear white. The length of the body is four inches, of the tail one. These animals are found in the sandy plains of Baraba, bordering on the river Irtysh. The male inhabits a subterraneous retreat, with one entrance; the female has usually several entrances to her abode. They are of a fierce, untractable nature, and courageous enough to bite, as a means of defence.

THE SONGAR MOUSE.

This animal has a thick head, blunt nose, and very thin oval ears, thinly covered with hoary down. The tail very short, blunt, thick, and hairy. The colour of the upper part of the body is a cinereous grey. On the ridge of the back is a black line. The sides of the head and body are marked with large white spots. The belly and legs white. The length is three inches. These animals inhabit the same countries as the former, and prefer dry soils with salt particles. They burrow also in a similar manner, but differ from other mice by soon becoming familiar. They eat sitting erect; wander about in the day, and sleep in the night rolled up in a compact form. They have a bat-like voice, which they but seldom exert.

THE BARABA MOUSE.

The Baraba mouse is a native inhabitant of the sandy plain of that name. It has a sharp nose, large, broad, naked ears, of a dusky hue, edged with white. The tail is a longer tail than in the preceding kind. The colour of the upper part of the body is a cinereous yellow; the under regions are of a dirty white. From the hind part of the neck a black line extends almost to the tail. The tail is marked on the upper part with a dusky line, and is about an inch long; the body is three inches and a quarter in length.

The next class of mice consists of those kinds which live entirely a subterraneous life; these are denominated, by Pennant, mole-rats.

THE BLIND MOLE-RAT.

In this animal there is not the smallest aperture, or external appearance of visual organs, though under the skin there are evidently

the bases of eyes, yet so minute as scarcely to exceed the dimensions of a poppy seed. Its head is broader than its body. It has no external ears. The end of its nose is covered with a thick skin; the nostrils are remote, and situated beneath. The mouth is extended wide, and the teeth are consequently exposed. The upper fore teeth are very short; the lower very long. The body is of a cylindrical form; the limbs are short. It has five toes on each foot, all of which are separate, except by being connected near the base with a thin membrane. The claws are short. The hair is uniformly short, soft, and thick; dusky at the roots, and cinereous at the tips. The regions about the nose and above the mouth are white. The length of this animal is between seven and eight inches. This species inhabit the southern Russian districts, from Poland to the Wolga, and are found in great abundance on the banks of the Don. They frequent the same regions as the earless marmots, and have often been denominated the Podolian marmots. These animals burrow under the turf in moist situations, and form several subterraneous passages of considerable length, as the means of searching for roots, on which they subsist: at certain distances there are communications with the surface of the earth. In the formation of these recesses the blind mole-rat manifests wonderful skill and industry, as it works with its teeth to force its entrance into the ground, which it disperses with its fore and hind feet; and in cases of inevitable danger speedily makes a perpendicular burrow, as an effectual asylum from pursuit. These animals bite desperately; and, notwithstanding they have no ocular perception of their adversaries, lift up their heads in token of resentment, and in an irritated state snort and

and gnash their teeth, but never cry or make any noise. They often emerge from their retreat, especially in the morning. Whether they fall into a torpid state, or provide for their winter sustenance, is not clearly ascertained. The lower class of people in the Ukraine believe that the touch of a person's hand that has killed the blind mole-rat is a specific cure for the scrofula or king's-evil.

THE DAURIAN MOLE-RAT.

The Daurian mole-rat has a thick flat head, a short snout, and an obtuse nose. The upper fore teeth are naked; the lower teeth covered with a moveable lip. There are no external auricular organs. The eyes are very small, and sunk in a deep concavity, which is so minute as scarcely to contain a grain of millet. The body is short and compressed; the limbs are of a strong construction, particularly the fore legs, the feet of which are large, and adapted for digging. They are destitute of hair, and furnished with five toes, and very long strong claws. The hind feet are naked as far as the heel: they have on each five toes, with small claws. The tail is short. The hair is soft and loose, at the roots of a dusky hue, and at the tips of a cinereous or ash cast. In some individuals of this species, there is a white line on the hinder part of the head. The dimensions vary in different countries; those animals that are found on the Alsaic chain are near nine inches in length, and have a tail two inches long; whilst those that inhabit the regions of Lake Baikal do not measure more than six inches from nose to tail. These animals burrow like the preceding species. Their voice is weak and plaintive. From their clumsy construction they are called, by the Russians, earth-bears.

THE AFRICAN MOLE-RAT.

This animal has a large head; a black nose, wrinkled and flat at the extremity; small eyes, very nearly concealed in the fur; no external ears; very long upper teeth, measuring one third of an inch; the lower teeth one inch and a quarter long, and exposed to view. Its legs short; on the fore legs are four toes, and a thumb quite detached; the inner toe considerably exceeding the others in length, which decline gradually; on the thumb there is a short claw, on the other toes very long claws, bent in a slight degree. The soles are naked, and distinguished by two great tubercles. The hind feet are very long, large, and naked; on them the animal rests as far as the heel. On each hind foot there are five toes, armed with short claws. The tail is compressed, and covered on the upper and under part with short hairs; on the sides there are long bristles, disposed in an horizontal direction. The colour of the body is a cinereous or ash brown, of a paler cast on the lower parts. The length from nose to tail is thirteen inches; the tail is two inches long. This species inhabit the sandy country in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, where they are called 'sand-moles.' They burrow like the other kind of mole-rats, subsist on roots, and are esteemed by some persons desirable food.

THE CAPE MOLE-RAT.

From the extraordinary length of its teeth, this animal has been denominated the long-toothed marmot. It has an obtuse nose; small round nostrils; minute eyes, but larger than those of the African mole-rat, and no auricular organs. The upper fore teeth are truncated and contiguous; the lower fore teeth are an inch long, bending upwards, separate,

parate, and excavated on the upper surface. The tip of the nose is naked and black; the remaining part white; the chin and lower sides of the cheeks are of the same hue. The space round the ears and eyes is white. On the hinder part of the head is a white spot; the rest of the head, cheeks, back, and sides, are of a rusty brown and ash colour. The belly is cinereous or grey. There are five slender toes on each foot, furnished with small claws. The tail short, and clothed with bristles. The length from nose to tail is about seven inches. This species are found in great abundance in the environs of the Cape. They subsist on roots, are destructive to gardens, and other cultivated grounds, and fling up hillocks like the preceding kind, in forming their subterraneous habitations.

THE TALPINE MOLE RAT.

This animal has a large short head; a thick snout; truncated nose; upper teeth long and flat, and extending beyond the mouth; the lower teeth longer, and rounded at the extremity. The eyes are small, and concealed in the fur. It has no external ears; the auricular orifice bounded by a small rim. The body is short. The fore feet are strong, and, as well as the hind feet, have five toes furnished with small claws. The tail is so short as to be scarcely visible beyond the fur. The colour of the head, nose, back, and sides, is dusky. The cheeks are greyish; the chin white; the belly and limbs of a whitish cast. The length from the nose to the base of the tail is about four inches. These animals inhabit open countries, in the temperate regions of Russia, and the western districts of Siberia. They frequent meadows in the vicinage of villages; prefer a black turfy soil to any other, and

are but seldom found in sandy or damp situations. Their residence is known by the hillocks they fling up, in forming their burrows, which are of great extent; whence the Russians denominate the talpine mole rat the earth-digger. In these capacious recesses they dwell in the day, as the full light is incommodious to them; and therefore they only issue from their holes in the twilight of the morning, and at the approach of night. This species vary in colour, some being found uniformly black. They do not sink into a torpid state in winter, but make a nest deep in the ground, under a shrub or hay-rick, and often form a recess, which they store with tuberos roots. During the rigorous cold of winter their fur is thicker and longer. The females produce three or four young at a birth, and in the spring season diffuse a musky smell. These animals are easily taken, but pine in confinement, for want of earth, which is their native element. Their voice, which consists of a puling note, is but seldom heard. They often gnash their teeth, with apparent intent to sharpen them.

In the various species of the rat genus, we may trace different habits, various propensities, yet, in many respects, similar qualities, so arranged, by separate or combined properties, as to form a collateral connection with the preceding and succeeding genera. Those animals which we have been accustomed to regard as vermin, and from whose noxious depredations we have sustained injury, we naturally view with abhorrence, blended with apprehension; yet by far the greater part of this numerous class do not infest our habitations, seize our property, or disturb our peace; as the several varieties are diffusely dispersed;

and those which are the most daring and hurtful are but rarely seen. Those which live a subterraneous life are, as a natural consequence, the most harmless; since their native element represses ardent pursuits, and extinguishes vivid efforts of animal exertion. Thus your ladyship will perceive the beneficial effects the human species derive from the Great Author of Nature consigning so large a portion of the animal world to a subterraneous course of life; as thereby their destructive operations are restrained to a limited sphere, and their dispositions modified to a harmless temperament. In the allotment of station, the wisdom of our bounteous Creator is peculiarly manifested, to the brute as well as to the human race; he has assigned a convenient space, and a certain routine of action, which those simply endued with instinct amply and invariably fulfil; while those ennobled by reason show their unworthiness of being thus distinguished, by disobedience to the divine command, and general inconsistency of conduct; and also by blindness to their own interest, and inattention to friendly reproof, evidently testify that they have eyes, and see not, and ears, and hear not; which sinks them beneath the level of those brutes, to which the visual and auricular organs have been judiciously denied, as the means of perfectly accommodating their construction to their course of life. If we attentively view every apparent defect in the construction of the animated works of nature, we must candidly acknowledge they are latent modes of perfection, which require no other proof than a minute survey, and a due consideration of their operative tendency. To animals which subsist in the earth, a quick perception of sight would be

not only an inconvenient but a mortifying dispensation; and an acute auricular sense is evidently unnecessary in an element obnoxious to few modes of assault. If eyes and ears, endued with fine and delicate sensations, were granted to most animals resident in the ground, those organs would be materially injured, not only by the consequent dust they would imbibe, but also by being for long periods involved in silence and impenetrable darkness. As the deprivation of one sense in the just æconomy of nature is ever recompensed by the grant of a superior or equivalent blessing, animals destined to a subterraneous course of life are endued with feet and teeth, peculiarly constructed to accelerate their progress in forming their burrows or domestic recesses. Thus are all things balanced in the scale of being, and every requisite granted to preserve the due equilibrium!

Let me entreat your ladyship to accept these reflections, as a just tribute to the universal cause that excites them; and as a symbol of that affection which exists on your behalf, in the heart of your attached

EUGENIA.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 201.)

CHAP. XXVII.

FOR a considerable space did Juliet remain speechless and insensible, till at length the remedies Innocent applied began to take effect, and by slow degrees her mental powers resumed their functions. With returning perception, the remembrance that the loved and revered friend of her heart, who had compassionated her sorrows; who

had

had supported her when sinking beneath them; and whose society had often alleviated the dejection that was settled upon her spirits, was now no more, rushed on her fancy, and a seasonable gush of tears alone preserved her from a relapse.

Innocent quitted her not till he had seen her completely restored to recollection; then, having persuaded his patient to swallow a composing medicine, left her to the care of her women, and returned to the chamber of the deceased lady, where he found two friars of his convent employed in prayers for her soul. Tancred, who was in the apartment adjoining, conversing with his confessor, heard him speaking to his brethren, and immediately joined him, impatient to hear somewhat touching the health of the lady Juliet. Innocent was answering his inquiries, when a sudden exclamation from one of the monks, followed by a faint groan from the lady, interrupted him. 'Holy mother!' exclaimed he, running towards the bed, 'she lives!'—'Cursed fortune!' cried Tancred, 'our hopes are ruined.' He paused; his countenance expressed the tumultuous emotions this unexpected incident had raised in his breast, and in manifest confusion he surveyed the object before him, as life slowly reanimated her frame.

The livid hue of death now began to vanish from her features; her respiration grew apparent, and with a deep-drawn sigh she opened her eyes; but, fixing them for a minute on Apostolico, who had followed Tancred into the apartment, a convulsive motion shook her frame; she groaned heavily, and presently sunk again into a state of insensibility, which, however, exhibited much stronger appearances of life than before. 'We will not

be again deceived,' said the prior, 'but make the business sure, and dispatch her instantly. The home thrust of a friendly dagger is a short and sure method to settle it. Poison,' 'tis true, is excellently good for removing an obstacle; but, since circumstances have thus befallen, a dagger is the more convenient instrument for our purpose.'

'But will not such a procedure,' rejoined Tancred, 'infallibly expose us to detection?'

'Fear not,' replied Apostolico, 'be it my care to guard against all danger of that sort. Let me but see the deed done, and I warrant I will find means to conceal it; but we must be quick. It is now past midnight. The domestics long ere this are buried in sleep; the coast is clear. Now, while we have an opportunity, let us make use of it, and forthwith bear her hence to some place better fitted for our purpose than this.'

'What if we convey her then,' said Tancred, 'to the subterraneous passages of the castle? Many of them are to all, but myself, unknown, and we may have immediate access to them without danger.'

The prior seemed at first somewhat startled at this proposition; but immediately recovering himself, he consented to it.—'Now then to the business,' continued he; 'the night wears apace; we have not a moment to lose.'

At these words, he, assisted by Innocent, bore from the bed the almost lifeless Rodigona; and, having commanded the other two friars to wait their return, the party moved forward, preceded by Tancred bearing a lamp. With slow and cautious steps they moved along the corridor, descended the great stair-case, crossed the grand hall of the castle, and entered an apart-

ment contiguous. Elevating the tapestry with which it was hung, they disclosed a recess, in which appeared a narrow and winding flight of stone steps. Down these they hastened, with less caution and more speed; and, having arrived at the bottom, proceeded along a vaulted passage of considerable length, till they were stopped by another flight of steps. Ascending these, and proceeding through to a recess concealed, like that they had passed, by the hangings of the apartment it was in, they soon made their way to the chapel of the castle, and from thence, by a low and narrow door in the wall, into a small chamber.

Without a minute's pause, Tancred sought for, and, after some time, found the concealed spring that fastened a moveable pannel in the wainscot, and the party passed immediately down to the caverns beneath. Scarcely had they descended the narrow stone steps that led to them, when Tancred, who led the way, suddenly stopped. 'Hark!' exclaimed he in a startled tone, 'methought I heard a noise.'

A momentary panic seized the groupe. They paused, and, for some minutes, listened in mute anxiety and alarm; but not the slightest sound broke upon the awful silence of the place. 'We are undone,' whispered Innocent, 'if any one is in the vaults here.'

'That is impossible,' replied Tancred; 'no human soul can gain admittance here without my knowledge.'—'You must surely be mistaken then, my lord,' said the prior, 'I could have sworn I heard it; and it seemed to come from a distance down yon passage.'

'It was the wind, perhaps, rushing through these caverns,' rejoined Apostolico; 'but be it what it may, let us not waste time in idle conjecture, but execute our purpose, and

return with what speed we may. It is needless to proceed further, therefore halt we here.' He said, and placed the yet insensible Rodrigona at the feet of her lord.

'Others, it should seem,' said Innocent, directing his eyes towards a lamp and a dagger on the ground at a little distance, 'have been here on an errand similar to ours.'

The prior turned pale at these words, and, looking at the lamp and dagger as they lay, seemed much disturbed. He took no notice of what his brother monk had said, but endeavoured to dissemble the disquietude this circumstance had raised in his breast, while Innocent advanced to the spot where the dagger lay, that he might examine it more closely; but at the very moment when he put forth his hand to take it up, he started back with evident tokens of consternation.

(To be continued.)

LADIES' DRESSES on his MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

HER MAJESTY. Petticoat of a rich silver taffety, with a drapery and sash of fine British net, ornamented with broad fine Valenciennes lace and brown ribbon. The mantua of silver taffety, with Valenciennes lace, &c. to correspond. On each side over the pocket-holes of the petticoat was a bunch of brown ribbons. In the centre of each there was a large rose of diamonds, about two inches and a half diameter. From hence a beautiful brilliant chain of net-work of diamonds; also two large dropping bands of beautiful diamonds, with two large tassels of the same. Close to the pocket on the left side was placed a large diamond knot, at least eight inches diameter; and on the

the right, below the drapery, a knot of diamonds, equally as large, to correspond. The drapery of the petticoat, which formed a beautiful rose, was looped up with wreaths of diamonds and several rows of roses of large brilliants. In the centre was placed a large plume of diamonds, forming the prince of Wales's crest, and appeared to be eight inches long, and three wide. At the bottom of the plume, a fine crescent of diamonds; near the top, on the right side, was a chain of diamonds of considerable length, with rosettes of fine brilliants, and the drapery finely interwoven with beautiful brilliants of rosettes of a considerable size; the drapery looped up with chains of diamonds. In her majesty's stomacher we observed three large brilliant roses in the centre, with an elegant brilliant knot, forming a true lover's knot of great beauty. Her head-dress, a crown of diamonds; in the centre a star, with nine large diamonds, and beautiful feathers; two drop girandole ear-rings of great beauty; her neck-lace, a row of brilliant diamonds; on the whole, the most rich and valuable we ever witnessed.

The Princess of Wales wore a petticoat of rich summer point lace, elegantly ornamented with a crown and plume of diamond festoons, with a wreath and bunch of the same. This beautiful lace was worn over lilac, which, with the diamonds, gave a most splendid and brilliant appearance. The train of lilac sarsnet, trimmed with point lace; body and sleeves of the same, elegantly fancied, with diamonds; the whole to correspond with the petticoat. Her royal highness's head-dress was also most beautifully ornamented with diamonds and feathers.

Princess Elizabeth. A yellow

crape petticoat of superb embroidery in silver, of an entire novel and elegant pattern; yellow crape drapery of varied mosaic pattern, in silver rings and spangles, with an elegant border of deep Vandykes of silver foil, spangled; the drapery being separated by a rich wreath of sweet scavia, forming an uncommon taste of beauty and elegance; foil border and rich tassel fringe at the bottom, completed by elegant cord and tassels; train of rich yellow and silver tissue. The whole bore the most splendid appearance.

Princess Augusta. A crape embroidered petticoat, richly ornamented with silver and purple, rich tassels, &c. with bouquets of corn, flowers, and anemones, silver Vandyke fringe, laurel, &c.; the train purple and silver silk; net sleeves of silver, with tassels.

Princess Mary. A yellow crape petticoat, richly embroidered in the varied mosaic pattern, with silver rings and spangles; yellow crape spangled draperies, formed by rich foil shells, in silver and spangles, united by handsome bunches of yellow roses and lilacs; a handkerchief drapery of small silver rings, with silver foil pointed border, and a rich wreath of yellow roses and lilacs, elegant tassel fringe, and foil border at the bottom, completed by rich cords and tassels; train of yellow and silver tissue, and silver fringe.

Princess Amelia, the elegance and simplicity of whose taste so much attracted universal admiration, wore a petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered with silver; the under drapery bordered with lilies of the valley on the right side, and a smaller drapery above, in rays of silver spangles, richly decorated with broad silver fringes, large silver cords, tassels, &c. and terminating on the left with a fall
of

of crape, richly ornamented, to correspond; body and train blue and silver tissue, sleeves and front of white crape, richly spangled, trimmed with silver and Valenciennes lace.

Princess Sophia. The same as Princess Mary, in white crape and silver, with white roses and white lilacs; which, with the former, had a most elegant appearance.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York wore a most superb dress; the petticoat was of white crape, richly embroidered with silver, in bunches of oats; the drapery with a rich border in large silver Vandykes, beautifully intermixed with raised silver leaves, rich fringe, cords, and tassels; the whole was fastened up with large stars and bands of most superb diamonds; body and train white and silver.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester. A beautiful pink sarsnet petticoat, superbly embroidered with silver wreaths of raised grape leaves, and elegant silver feathers, bordered with spangled festoons, fastened with beautiful embroidered knots, ornamented with pink and silver laurel and tassels; train, pink and silver checked tissue, richly trimmed with silver; spangled sleeves of the same, fastened with silver straps; head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Duchess of Rutland. A white crape petticoat, richly ornamented with yellow embossed satin, and bead cord and tassels; the drapery of yellow crape, elegantly fancied; the train of yellow crape trimmed with rich point lace.

The Duchess of Marlborough was dressed in a white crape petticoat, embroidered with a beautiful green flower border, and tassels to correspond; train of rich white striped satin; head-dress, white crape with green sprigs ornamented with dia-

monds, together with diamond earrings and necklace.

Duchess of Devonshire. Petticoat of puce-coloured crape, with an elegant silver spangled border, decorated with drapery of the same crape, with silver to correspond, fastened in a peculiarly elegant style with rich embroidered bands and tassels; the train of the same elegance; the whole indicating that elegance of taste for which her grace was ever so admirably conspicuous.

Duchess of Northumberland. White crape petticoat, with a deep mosaic border of silver spangles; drapery of the same, placed in the eastern style, terminated with elegant silver tassel fringe; brown sarsnet train trimmed with silver and beautiful point lace; the whole forming an elegant effect.

Duchess of Dorset. White crape petticoat, elegantly spangled with silver, decorated in a most beautiful style, with a rich drapery, embroidered in the mosaic; the borders of the petticoat having a wove straw introduced with the silver embroidery, which had an admirable effect; the train of imperial gauze, with rich embroidered sleeves. The whole indicated her grace's elegance of taste.

Marchioness of Salisbury. Yellow crape petticoat, with a Circassian drapery of the same, edged with silver, embroidered bands, and beautiful blond de fil; crape train of the same, with sleeves elegantly embroidered in stripes.

Marchioness of Exeter. Petticoat of lilac crape, with a border *à la Grecque*, and elegant silver embroidered drapery, decorated with silver tassels; robe *à la Turque*, with borders to correspond with the petticoat, and beautiful embroidered sleeves, with point ruffles.

Countess Cholmondeley. White crape

crape petticoat, embroidered in the most superb and brilliant style; the draperies bordered in festoons of silver, with large sea-weeds, which appeared to be fastened with white flowers, drawn up on the left side with rich silver boullion, and tassels; train of white crape, with silver lace, &c.

Countess of Cardigan in her dress displayed a degree of novel elegance well suited to the season, and her ladyship's admirable taste; the petticoat consisted of a rich Brussels lace, of immense value, forming three distinct draperies, thrown over lilac crape, fastened with bunches of lilac ribbon—the whole had a most beautiful effect, and was considered as one of the most elegant dresses worn on this occasion; the train of lilac crape, with Brussels lace, &c.

Countess of Barrymore. A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver and silver fringe; the train of white sarsnet, trimmed with silver; the head-dress of a Grecian form, of blond and silver, and three white ostrich feathers; emerald and diamond necklace and ear-rings. The beauty and elegance of dress in this lady attracted the attention of the whole Court.

Countess of Carlisle. A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered with silver spangles, and a double drapery differently spangled; the one drawn up in festoons, with real silver wreaths and laurel, and a rich spangled silver flounce round the bottom of the coat and pocket-holes; the body and train of blue sarsnet, ornamented with spangled crape, Circassian tops and silver trimmings.

Countess of Clare was in the first style of elegant taste; forming, in the *tout ensemble*, the most lovely figure that graced the Court. Her ladyship's dress consisted of lilac

crape, superbly embroidered in silver; the petticoat crossed by a rich sash of silver net, the ends embroidered with an elegant border, and fastened with rich tassels; a mantle of rich embroidery in lilac and silver: head-dress a turban, *à la Turque*, of lilac, superbly decorated with a profusion of diamonds, and a plumage of fine feathers.

Countess of Aylesbury was most magnificently dressed; her petticoat was richly embroidered with silver; the drapery was looped up with silver tassels, and trimmed with rich silver fringe; the train was tissue colour, richly ornamented with silver: head dress, a silver cap, with five fine white ostrich feathers and diamonds.

Lady Viscountess Nelson was most sumptuously dressed in white and gold, consisting of a rich Venetian net thrown over crape, elegantly ornamented with gold tassels, gold laurel fringes, &c.; robe of white, with rich embroidered body and sleeves, in gold net-work: head-dress to correspond, with plumage of ostrich feathers and bird of paradise. Her ladyship was dressed altogether in the first style of taste and elegance, and looked most beautifully interesting.

Viscountess Lewisham in a dress of steel-coloured crape elegantly embroidered with silver in stripes; a rich drapery fastened with silver laurel and tassels, the robe and head-dress corresponding, and forming altogether a dress of great novelty and taste.

Viscountess Hampden. Body and train of white crape, ornamented with white bugles; crape petticoat, richly embroidered in wave stripes of bugles, the bottom trimmed with tassel fringe to correspond. In the choice of this dress her ladyship displayed great taste and elegance.

Lady Charlotte Jenkinson. Lilac crape

crape petticoat, with a rich silver Vandyke border; and drapery beautifully embroidered, and edged with silver tassels. Train of the same.

Lady Parker. Petticoat of white crape, with a beautifully embroidered lilac crape, placed in a double festoon, and deep points, trimmed with Brussels point, and silver tassels, with a superb spangled border; the train an elegant and rich white and silver gauze, ornamented with Brussels point and silver cord. This dress was particularly admired.

Lady Kenyon. A crape petticoat, appliqued with stripes of white satin; train of white sarsnet, trimmed with lace, &c.

Lady Delaware. Petticoat of white crape, appliqued with brown and gold, which appeared rather heavy for the present season; train of white crape, trimmed with gold and Brussels lace.

Lady Holland. White crape petticoat, richly spangled with silver; a drapery of the same, drawn up in Vandyke festoons, ornamented with elegant silver tassel fringe, and beautiful branches of oak leaves; the border a rich embroidery of silver, in a new style of chequered work; train of white sarsnet, with elegant embroidered sleeves; the drapery of each fastened with a diamond star.

Lady Huntingfield. Petticoat white and silver embroidery, intermixed with perpendicular stripes of shaded green foil leaves, and richly ornamented with silver laurel cord and tassels; body and train of pea-green crape, spangled, and ornamented with silver.

Lady Deerhurst. A white crape petticoat, with a drapery of the same, ornamented with real silver laurel, drawn in festoons, with real silver wreath ditto, cord, and rich

dress tassels, body and train of lilac spot twilled sarsnet, ornamented with silver trimming, and spangled.

Lady Mathew. White crape petticoat, embroidered with silver; drapery, white crape, elegantly bordered with embroidered festoons and knots, ornamented with silver tassels; white crape robe, spangled body and sleeves trimmed with silver; beautiful spangled bandeau and feathers.

Lady Hartop. A very elegant petticoat of crape, richly embroidered in silver spots, with a superb drapery of silver sprigs, bordered with bunches of silver wheat-ears fastened with knots of silver; a lilac robe with rich embroidered body and sleeves; head-dress to correspond, with a profusion of diamonds.

Lady Mount Edgcumbe was particularly noticed for the taste and elegance she displayed in her dress; it was white crape, richly ornamented with beads.

Lady Cawdor. A white crape petticoat, richly ornamented with real silver laurel in festoons, and a real silver cord and dress tassels; over the right corner flowed a lilac crape drapery, with a rich silver embroidered border, ornamented with silver laurel: body and train of lilac crape, trimmed and spangled with silver.

Lady Calthorpe. The elegant simplicity of her ladyship's dress surpassed any thing of the kind at the drawing-room; the petticoat of crape, trimmed with deep blond lace and beads, with a drapery of crape elegantly ornamented with lilies of the valley and wild purple flowers, intermixed with great taste; the drapery trimmed with blond lace and beads; body and train white crape trimmed with blond; head-dress to correspond.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

(Concluded from p. 249.)

MELIDA, during their discourse, remained motionless, occupied in observing the fine form of the youth: At length she spoke thus:

‘Yes—the gods have at last listened favourably to my wishes, and have produced this charming being to be my companion:—Come near me, that I may touch your hand and your cheeks, which are coloured like the rose. Tell me in what manner the gods created you? Ah! continually will I return them thanks for their goodness. Tell me what was you a short time past—a tree or a stone.’

While talking thus, she pressed the hand of the trembling youth to her palpitating bosom.—He replied, with a sigh, ‘Oh! my beloved, if I may be permitted to call you so:—’ Me’—interrupted Melida, ‘Oh! speak to me without ceasing; I hear you with ravishment. Behold I am at last happy! all my desires are accomplished in you.—Oh! how my heart beats with joy; my hand trembles in thine; never did I know so much joy; never did I experience what I now feel!’

‘Ye gods! how great is my felicity!’ exclaimed the youth: ‘Long have I loved you above every other. How fortunate has been my perilous voyage! how highly am I recompensed for my rash enterprise!’

As he spoke thus, he pressed the fingers of the young girl to his lips.

‘What is it you do? How delightful are my sensations!’ cried Melida:—‘But will you always remain with me, assist me in all my occupations, and partake with me in all my pleasures?’

‘How,’ replied the youth, ‘can I act otherwise? When I am convinced I never shall be happy without possessing you!’

‘Oh! mother,’ said Melida, ‘how kind are the gods! they have heard with lenity my rash vows, and produced this amiable creature to keep us company!—Look, mother, it is as tall as I am!—it is not little, as when you found me under the rose-tree!’

‘Let us,’ said Semira, ‘recover from our surprise; seat yourselves near me:—young man we bless you, for you cannot have arrived here with bad designs. Relate to us from whence you come, and how you gained our solitary habitation: you surely must have experienced some extraordinary events?’

They accordingly sat down, Melida and the young man hand in hand, while the latter began to relate how a god had presented to him in a dream the figure of the charming Melida;—how he loved;—how he was at first abandoned without hope, seeing himself separated from her by the immense sea;—how he at last constructed his boat, and was exposed upon the waves, in the hollow trunk of a tree, which he guided with feet of wood;—and how, by the assistance of the gods, he had landed on that shore.

They heard with surprise these wondrous adventures;—and Semira replied:

‘It must have been indeed some superior power who inspired you with the design, and the courage to traverse the waves in this dangerous voyage.—We bless you, and offer up our thanks to the gods, who have conducted you here for our happiness, unwilling to leave us to sink under the anxiety by which we were consumed.’

Melida proceeded thus:—‘We find then there is another shore, and other inhabitants beyond that sea:—It is thus I have rightly conjectured. But why my mother have

you so carefully concealed it from me?—And you, stranger—ah! never return to that shore in the hollow trunk; but remain with me, and let us be as one. It seems as if I could not suffer you to love any society but my own.—Yet, tell me, you are not made as I am—a slight down which I have not adorns your chin.'

'It is,' replied the youth, 'because I am a man, and you are a maiden.'

'A man,' replied Melida: 'how you astonish me! Nevertheless I could not love you more, if you were made exactly like myself. Oh! how many things, my mother, have you concealed from me!'

Semira smiled at these words, and ordered her daughter to prepare the finest fruits for their supper.

Immediately Melida, accompanied by the young man, went to gather the repast. Insensibly, amidst their embraces and tender discourse, they forgot their errand, and wandered towards the shore, where he had left his boat. 'Look!' said the youth, 'look, my dear girl! there is the trunk in which I travelled on the waves, and which has conducted me to your arms.'

Melida turning suddenly, replied with lively admiration—'Oh! wondrous invention! Oh! rashness! to venture on such a vast sea, in a vessel which might have become the sport of the waves, as the flying leaf of the flower is to the sweet breezes! And is it your love for me which has inspired you with this courage?—Oh! my dear friend! how can I return such love?—But tell me what is it I see attached to the sides of your bark? Are they not two feet of wood to enable you to make way through the water? Like the swan, you must have directed your voyage.—I salute thee, shattered trunk! I salute thee, tree

of distant shores! Thou art more pleasing to my eyes, thus extended and despoiled of thy ornaments, than adorned like others in the fine dress of spring. Blessed be the place thou hast shaded! blessed be the remains of those who planted thee! May the spring lavish all its beauties on the spot where they repose!—Then turning to the youth, as he tenderly embraced her, a tear of tenderness escaped from her eye. Ah! I conjure you, abandon me not,' she continued, 'nor enter again yon shattered trunk to quit this shore! Oh! if ever you leave me thus, may the irritated waves, sensible to my complaints of your inconstancy, throw you again into my arms!'

'Ah! Melida,' replied the youth, washing away with a thousand kisses the tears which fell upon her cheeks, 'how unjust are your fears! May the first wave swallow me in its dreadful abyss, if ever I quit you with that detestable design!—How could I resolve on such an act, since you are my only happiness, my only joy? I will build upon this fortunate spot two temples; The one shall be consecrated to the beautiful Venus and her powerful son; for it is he who produced in my heart this invincible love, this hardy resolution: The other to the God of the Seas, who has protected me upon the ocean.'

They then took their way to the cottage, and strewed the fruits they had gathered on the table. In the midst of delightful conversation, night advanced, Cupid conducted the lovers to a couch of jessamine and roses, by the side of which ran a murmuring stream. The little Loves hovered over their bed; and the Zephyrs, spreading their perfumed wings, played around them.

Their descendants perfected the art of navigating the seas. They erected

erected upon the shore a flourishing town, and peopled Cythera. The Laconian Sea reflected afar the grandeur and splendor of their buildings. The most magnificent of the edifices was a temple surrounded by a double range of columns, and dedicated to the God of Love.

Happiness and abundance reigned within the walls of their city, and the ships of the ocean, richly laden, arrived from all parts to anchor in its commodious port.



ASSAD and ALANE; a TALE.

(Concluded from page 244.)

AFTER the expiration of nine days, the king, the grantees, the governors, the tutors of Assad, the priests, and the people, assembled before the royal palace. Amid the joyful acclamations of the people, appeared before the throne of the monarch the noblest of his subjects, with their daughters, all in festive attire, and crowned with wreaths of flowers. It was an impressive scene; old men, and men of all conditions, poor and rich, were there assembled—at once the admiration of the people, and the envy of the grantees.

In a wide half-circle they stood before the throne, and a solemn silence, as if the divinity himself were present, reigned among the multitude. The splendor of royalty, the magnificence of grandeur and wealth, were all unnoticed; for here stood sacred Virtue, and solemnised her noblest triumph.

The king descended from his throne, and passed in silence to these the noblest of his people. He ranged them on each side, and his eyes overflowed with tears of joy worthy of a king, in perceiving

that they were so many. He then entered the circle, and here pressed to his heart a poor old man, there reached out his hand to a peasant, and inquired the name of another, which he sought in the list that had been delivered to him. He then made a sign to the circle to range themselves around him, and exclaimed aloud, and with transport—‘See, my people, your king surrounded by the truly great and noble of his kingdom!’ The people answered with loud shouts of joy, and the monarch again ascended his throne, when a profound silence was immediately restored.

The men whom virtue had ennobled were then called successively, and each, leading his daughter by the hand, ascended to the highest step of the throne. All their noble acts, which entitled them to admiration, were recounted, and recorded in a book.

The last among them was an old man, by whose side stood a young and beautiful maiden. When he was called by his name—Salud—he came forward with a dignified, but modest simplicity, and appeared much more intent on comforting his daughter, than rejoiced at the honour of being numbered among the noblest of the people.

When he stood before the throne, the king cast his eyes around, to see which of his grantees would bear testimony to his virtue. Molhem, the tutor of Assad, immediately stood up, and said aloud: ‘I call this man the noblest man. His name is Salud, and he lives unknown, unhonoured, unadmired, subsisting by the labour of himself and his children.—Hear, king, the noblest action of this man:—He had, in the person of Ochuz, to whom he had never given any cause of offence, the most cruel and implacable enemy.’

‘O! I intreat you,’ said the old man, with unaffected emotion, ‘say no more! Ochuz was my enemy; but repeat nothing ill of a man, who, before his death, saw his error, and was reconciled to me.’

‘Let me speak,’ continued Molhem: ‘Twice did Ochuz burn down the cottage of this noble-minded man, and reduce him to indigence; yet, far from seeking vengeance, he did not even make a complaint.’

‘He did it in anger; and what man when in anger is master of himself? I built me another cottage, and the Almighty has blessed me double-fold. Why then should I complain?’

‘Ochuz secretly attempted his life; Salud detected him in the fact, but forgave him; and magnanimously defended him, in the same moment, against two of his enemies, who attacked him with drawn daggers.’

‘That I owed to myself: my heart commanded and rewarded the deed.’

‘The house of Ochuz was burned down; and Salud, privately, built him a new one.’

‘I did that from self-interest; I believed I might thus reconcile my enemy.’

‘Ochuz murdered the son of this man, while hunting.’

‘Yes, by the eternal power of Heaven!’ exclaimed Salud, with violent agitation, ‘he did murder him. I daily pray to God to forgive him, and take from me all memory of the atrocious deed.’—He wiped from his eyes the starting tears.

‘Ochuz was poor, and this man was secretly his benefactor.’

‘Openly I could not be so; I feared he would refuse my assistance. The Almighty bestows the fruits of the earth on the wicked as well as on the good. Shall I, who am but

dust, show less mercy than he who formed me from the dust?’

‘Ochuz was attacked by a dangerous malady. Salud attended, and took care of him, when he was forsaken by all. Ochuz lamented the fate of his daughter, to whom he had nothing to leave. Salud brought his only son, and gave him the daughter of Ochuz for a wife, in the presence of the dying father.’

‘Alas!’ cried Salud, folding his hands sorrowfully on his breast, ‘What other comfort can a dying man have, than to know that his children are happy? Heaven be praised that it was in my power to bestow this comfort on a dying man, and thus be entitled to hope that my children likewise may be happy!’—At these words, he clasped his daughter in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

The king now arose from his throne, and pressed the old man to his heart. The grandees and persons of distinction surrounded the aged Salud, and viewed him with reverence. His name ascended to heaven from the lips of thousands. The people, the priests, and the king, unanimously adjudged to him the prize of the noblest action, and his daughter sank pale and fainting in her father’s arms.

Molhem now came forward the second time, and said, ‘The decree of the priest is as yet but half fulfilled. The wife of Assad shall be the noblest maiden. The daughter of Salud is the image of her father. She loved a youth inexpressibly; she loves him still; but nobly sacrifices her heart and her love to her duty. When she only conjectured that the hand of the youth was bestowed, she bade him go, even while, enchanted with her virtues, he forgot his duty, and fell at her feet in all the ecstasy of love. Nor has she yet repented the great sacrifice

sacrifice she made to virtue.'—
'Salud and Alane!' exclaimed the people, 'the noblest man—the noblest maiden!'

The king, with a paternal smile, took Alane in his arms, blessed her, and said, 'Come to my embrace, my daughter!'

Alane turned pale, and trembled. She threw herself suddenly at the feet of the monarch, and cried, with a voice of anguish:—'Oh! by that love which still fills my heart with grief, and which I am required to sacrifice to a too rigid duty, compel me not, great king, to give my hand to thy son without my heart! Let me be unhappy alone, and not communicate my unhappiness to another!' Her father raised her in his arms, and she sank upon his breast, sighing, with a feeble voice, 'O Helim!'

The king was moved: 'Shall I,' said he, aloud, 'break still more a broken heart? Choose another maiden!'—Molhem exclaimed: 'O king! fate has pronounced the decree: Give to Assad the noblest maiden, the daughter of the noblest man. Teach not thy people to condemn the sacred laws. I require, in the name of the people, that the decree of the temple be fulfilled. Salud is the noblest man; Alane is the noblest maiden. She must be the wife of Assad.'—Then, turning to the trembling maiden—'Canst thou wish,' said he, 'that the people and the king should abrogate a law only because its fulfilment is painful to thyself? Thy duty to thy country is not less sacred than thy duty to the Divinity.'

'Cruel man!' sighed Alane, 'I must obey thee! May heaven bestow on me forgetfulness!'

The king gave the sign, and the gates of the palace in which Assad was were thrown open. Assad had long heard the joyful ex-

clamations of the people, and at each shout turned pale, for he seemed to hear in it his sentence of death. When the doors of the palace opened, he trembled, and an agonising emotion shot through his heart. A number of the grandees, with Molhem at their head, conducted him from the palace to the throne of his father. 'Assad,' exclaimed Molhem, 'the noblest maiden in thy kingdom is thy wife!'—Assad threw himself into his arms, and with a heavy sigh said: 'O Molhem! lead the victim to the altar.' 'Dost thou, Assad,' said Molhem, with a smile, 'offer thy heart to thy people willingly?'

'Ask me no more, Molhem: it is sufficient that I offer it.'

'And thou believest, Assad, that virtue shall be rewarded?'

'Oh! forgive me, teacher of my youth, if my heart only acknowledges and desires one reward!'

Molhem then took the hand of the youth, and led him through the long ranks of the shouting people to the throne of his father.—'Here is thy wife, Assad,' said the king, and presented to him Alane.

Assad viewed Alane with doubtful astonishment; but soon the most ecstatic joy overspread his countenance. 'Alane!' exclaimed he, in a tone of indescribable transport, and sank at the feet of the beloved maid.

Alane, who recognised the voice, lifting her eyes, saw Assad, and gazed on him, pale and breathless, the image of wonder. 'Helim!' sighed she, at last; and laying her hand on his breast, said, in a voice of entreaty, 'Oh, leave me!'—'I am Assad,' cried he, 'not Helim!'—'Assad!' exclaimed she, in a tone of indescribable joy, and sank with transported heart into the embraces of the young king.

'Thus does the Source of all
Goodness

Goodness reward virtue!' exclaimed Molhem to the happy pair, and then related to the joyful father of Assad the history of their loves. The people shouted, and the king offered up the most heart-felt thanks to eternal Providence. Assad and Alane, clasped in each other's arms, heard neither the shouts of the rejoicing people, nor the congratulation of the grandees.—'Art thou indeed Assad? Art thou indeed Alane?' said they, still scarcely believing their happiness real, and ardently clasped each other in still closer embrace.

'O! Author of our being!' exclaimed Salud, 'thou rewardest virtue. Alane is happy, and I shall go contented to my grave.'

Blessed with the love of his Alane, Assad at length ascended the throne; while the people and the grandees all cried with one voice: 'The Eternal Being rewards virtue: he hath blessed Assad and Alane!'

The History of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 262.)

WHEN the morning rose, the old count, whose sleep had been rendered restless and short by his indignation, prepared to punish the offences which had provoked his anger. He called four of his armed men, and ordered them to seize the person of Robert. But they sought him in vain. It was expected that he would be found with Roger; but their astonishment redoubled, when it was discovered that both had disappeared. They traversed the gardens, and the forests, and called them with loud shouts, but were answered only by the echoes. They returned to the castle, where

the alarm was soon spread, and made inquiries of every one who could be supposed capable of giving them any information; but all the answers they received only tended to increase the suspicions which now began to arise. Apprehensive of the anger of the count, they shunned his presence, till, impatient at the delay with which his orders were executed, he came to inquire the cause of it. He then learned that all attempts to find his son and Robert had been fruitless. He renewed the search in person, and soon could no longer doubt their flight. His anger became vehement; he was desirous to pursue them, but knew not which way to direct his course. All his inquiries only produced such uncertain answers as increased his embarrassment. He felt that he must wait till repentance or necessity should bring back his son to his feet. He hoped that he would be repulsed wherever he should present himself without the protection and support of his father, and that the ungrateful Robert would not be able to find any asylum which might shelter him from his vengeance. This hope was sufficient to prevent him from attempting a pursuit, but not to diminish his rage, which had now no other object on which it could satiate itself but the unhappy Elvige.

The fatal surprise of the preceding night had such an effect on the delicate frame of the innocent but hapless sister of Robert, that her blood was inflamed with a violent fever. When the count entered her apartment, he reproached her with the flight of his son, renewed his threats against Robert, and commanded his attendants to seize Elvige, and drag her to one of the towers of the castle, which he destined to be her prison. She attempted to throw herself at his knees

knees to implore his compassion, but at the same moment her strength forsook her, and she fell on the ground senseless and motionless. Tears flowed from the eye of all present, except the count, whose anger rendered him insensible; and he persisted in his orders that she should be immediately conveyed to the tower, whence no person expected ever to see her come out.

The favourite of the countess, faithful to the promise she had made to Roger, and certain that she would be less suspected than any one else, now offered to attend and guard Elvige, and the count applauded this new proof of her zeal.

Elvige, a few hours after she had been carried to the tower, was seized with violent convulsions, which lasted a long time, and were succeeded by a total enfeeblement and languor, the evident forerunner of a very dangerous fit of illness. During her continuance in this state, the woman who had undertaken to attend her was indefatigable in her endeavours to procure her relief, and waited on her with the utmost solicitude, though for a considerable time she had little hope of her recovery. At length, however, the youth and constitution of Elvige triumphed over the disorder, and she recovered her strength; though, alas! by that recovery, she only became more sensible to the rigour of her fate.

The heart of Elvige was far from being insensible to gratitude. She was not long before she found some consolation, and even a delicate pleasure, in the attention with which she was treated by her new companion. She at first could only express what she felt by her tears, with which her affectionate attendant profusely mingled hers.

This gave her more confidence; and though she dared not pronounce

the name of Roger, she ventured to ask some questions relative to the son of the count, in some ill-articulated sounds, which seemed to die on her trembling lips.—‘Alas! madam,’ said her sympathising attendant, ‘suffer your heart to speak freely: I alone have caused your misfortunes, but do not think that I am your enemy: I am far from being so; and I have never ceased to feel the most poignant regret since the fatal scene of which I was the occasion.’ She then related to her the alarm, her flight to the chamber of the countess, and the promptitude with which she had informed Roger of the dangers that threatened Robert; she told her likewise of the promise she had made to endeavour to repair the consequences of her mistake, by being continually attentive to her, and making every exertion in her power to serve her.

At this recital the eyes of Elvige overflowed with tears. Distrust is unknown to generous minds. She threw herself into the arms of her new friend, and her confinement, from that moment, had in it nothing which she dreaded. It was of little importance to her that she was debarred from traversing places which Roger no longer inhabited; since were she permitted to frequent them, she must have feared that every step would give birth to new grief and anxiety, too difficult to conceal. Soon, placing entire confidence in the affection of her attendant, of which she every moment received new proofs, she communicated to her all her thoughts without reserve. She described the birth and progress of the delicate passion she felt, and the delicious recollection gave animation to her narrative. She recounted how much she had suffered, how much she had struggled against her rising affection, and with how little effect. She related

lated in what manner she had left the portrait of Roger in the arbour; the surprise she felt when she saw him bedew it with his tears; and the ardour with which he threw himself at her feet. In fine, she concealed nothing of all she had done or felt.

True friendship is always eager to anticipate those wishes which delicacy would be unwilling to express. The protectress of Elvige knew that she could not make her a more acceptable present than by restoring to her her colours and pencils. She ran with haste to find them, and soon returned, and presented them to her with the most lively expression of joy. Elvige received them with the most grateful acknowledgments, and grief was no longer the only companion of her solitude.

The beloved image of Roger was soon retraced; and when it was finished, she found a consolation in having a friend whose opinion she could ask with respect to a likeness which was so dear to her heart, and which she always portrayed with the most perfect exactness.

While Elvige was thus employed, and found in the kindness of her attendant a soothing consolation amid all her grief and fears, the two friends entered into serious deliberation on the manner in which they should act. Roger was in the utmost uncertainty; while Robert, without departing from that respect and obedience which he owed his lord, made new efforts to persuade him to return to his father; but perceiving that all his representations to that effect only excited in him a violent and painful impatience, he submitted for some time to what he considered as necessity. 'Follow then, at least, the intentions of your father,' said he, 'by proceeding to France, and wait his orders at the

court of Philip. That monarch is already informed of your intended arrival, and will receive you with kindness. Prove to him your courage and zeal, by soliciting permission to fight under his banners. Your illustrious birth and your personal qualities will cause you to be received with eagerness; and as soon as you shall have distinguished yourself by deeds of arms, you may, without fear, avow your flight from your paternal house. The king, flattered by your confidence, and less severe than a father, will perceive that absence and time may restore tranquillity to your heart; he will become your protector, and his powerful mediation will cause your fault to be forgotten. Rainulf and myself will serve you as esquires; we will follow wherever you lead; and doubt not but the count will receive with transport his son when he returns crowned with laurels. For myself, I am too well convinced of his generous sentiments to hesitate a moment to accompany you at your return; your obedience, and the remembrance of my father, will obtain my pardon.'

For the first time, the young count assumed a severe air in speaking to his friend. 'Will the brother of Elvige,' replied he, 'continually compel me to remind him of what he owes to his sister, and, I think I may add, what he owes to my friendship? He considers it as a happiness to me to see myself restored to the favour of my father. Can he suppose that, less generous than himself, I can ever abandon him, or lead him myself to the feet of my father, to solicit pardon for a fault of which I alone am guilty? Give me other advice if you wish me to follow it.' These words were succeeded by a silence, which was only interrupted by the arrival of Rainulf, who came to Roger, and presented

presented him with a purse filled with gold.

‘Here,’ said he, ‘is a small portion of what I have received from your family. Permit one, who is so tenderly and respectfully devoted to you, to have the honour to offer you this feeble resource, which is now become necessary to you. I have lost a wife in whom centred all the happiness of my life. I have seen this money increase from year to year, without annexing any value to it; render it dear to me by deigning to accept it.’

‘Yes, my dear Rainulf, I do accept it,’ exclaimed Roger with transport, ‘and I think I do myself honour in receiving it.’—‘And you, Robert, you have heard this offer; will you now advise me to abandon both him and yourself, and to deliver you both up to the vengeance of my father?’—At this exclamation, so noble and affecting, tears of gratitude and tenderness inundated the countenance of Robert. He could not express what he felt. He threw himself on the neck of his friend; and while their arms clasped each other, the worthy and modest Rainulf left them, to avoid receiving the thanks of his young lord, and went to look after the horses. Robert was no longer able to resist—‘Command,’ said he to his friend, ‘and I will obey; lead me wherever you please: I can only love and follow you.’

Roger retired for a moment to recover the composure of his mind, that he might the better decide what course to take. The remembrance of Elvige united with every thought; she appeared to him worthy of a throne; but he was compelled to acknowledge that she wanted the splendour of birth, and he long revolved in his mind how this obstacle might be surmounted. He recollected that Robert had al-

ways proved himself his equal in all their exercises and sports; and he conceived that the efforts he had made to obtain that success, would become much greater and more ardent when real laurels should be the prize. ‘And who,’ said he to himself, ‘shall dare to repulse him when he shall be crowned with glory?’ This noble idea was a ray of light that led to new prospects of the imagination, to which the young count gave himself up with a pleasing enthusiasm. He seemed already to behold his friend forcing all who were witnesses to his actions to admire and respect him. But under what title could he appear? This embarrassing question led him to recollect that he must himself present him, without the knowledge and support of his father, in the places to which they might repair. He felt that every where it would be necessary to solicit a protection that might with right be refused. This thought disturbed and irritated him, and he extricated himself from the difficulty by resolving not to make known his name, but to offer his services in the quality of a simple candidate for the order of knighthood. He would receive no rewards but those he should merit. The road to honour is open to all, and Robert and he might enter it together, without making known their names till they should have acquired sufficient glory not to have need of the support derived from the splendour of birth.

No sooner had this idea presented itself to the mind of Roger, than he considered this plan as the only one that could satisfy all wishes, and he resolved to seek no other. ‘Come hither, come hither, my dear Robert,’ exclaimed he with transport, ‘there yet exists a means to render us happy; and it is on you that my future fate must de-

pend.' Robert pressed him to explain his meaning. 'My friend,' said he, 'I claim all the rights I may have obtained over your heart. For the last time I give you a command; promise me that you will faithfully obey.' 'I promise,' replied Robert with a noble confidence; 'I am certain that you will command nothing that honour or virtue can disavow.' 'Well, then, from henceforth we are equals; misfortune and friendship unite us. Let us employ our courage to render ourselves illustrious, and by our actions compel the world to pay us homage. Your heroic deeds shall raise you above the honours which birth alone can confer; and my father himself, dazzled with your glory, shall acknowledge every obstacle that can oppose my happiness removed, when your laurels entwine your sister.'

Robert admired the ardent hope of his friend; but his great soul was not astonished at it. He felt that he could acquire honour and renown. 'I swear to obey you,' said he; 'my desire to contribute to your happiness will redouble my strength and my courage, and I shall be able to employ them in such a manner as to justify your confidence.'

This project, inspired by honour, love, and friendship, ended all the doubts and uncertainty of Roger. It was communicated to the faithful Rainulf, who learned with the most sincere and lively joy, that his young lord had chosen Robert to be his companion in arms. He felt all the importance of such a secret; and they all three resolved, that, the more certainly to escape the researches of the count, the two friends should offer their services in quality of simple candidates for the order of knighthood, but under the express condition that they should not be required to make known

their real names and their birth, till they had rendered themselves illustrious by honourable achievements.

The proposal of proceeding to the court of France was now again examined. 'Why,' said Roger, 'should we remove to such a distance from places which are dear to us? Shall we not be in danger of being lost among the crowd of warriors which incessantly surround the throne of the king of France? Since his defeats in Flanders, Philip no longer annexes the same value to martial glory, and appears to prefer peace. The means of signalizing ourselves may be rare; and if we do not find frequent opportunities to prove our valour, we cannot acquire renown and honours. The fame of the count of Toulouse seems to present us with a more extensive field, and one in which it will be more easy to gather laurels. His courage and his power make him feared; but, surrounded as he is by jealous and ambitious princes, he is obliged to be almost continually at war to support himself against them. To him we will offer our services. He will willingly receive warriors who only ask permission to fight under his orders. When he shall have engaged his honour to us, we are certain of his protection against any violence. No sovereign better knows to appreciate courage: he will not require us to disclose our names, and my father will never suspect that we have chosen an asylum in his court: I even foresee, that irritated at my flight, and the silence I must for some time observe, he will resolve to punish me by appearing to have entirely forgotten me.'

This last plan was adopted. The two friends resolved to carry it immediately into execution, and the same evening directed their course towards Toulouse.

(To be continued.)

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from page 195.)

A Short time only had elapsed, when Emily and her adopted sister were walking in the garden. Belac surprised them; and with an air of gallantry, evidently mingled with vexation, inquired after their health and that of Mr. Veronne, and what was their motive for leaving him in such an abrupt manner, when the unfortunate accident he had met with deprived him of power to accompany them. The answer they returned was not very satisfactory, but did not entirely defeat his designs. He remained with them some time, conversing with them alternately on subjects not very agreeable to their refined understandings. But finding Mr. Veronne did not make his appearance to give him an invitation to dinner, he took his leave, much chagrined, after vainly attempting to persuade Emily to accompany him in a ride round the parks. 'Ah! Susan,' exclaimed her friend, as he crossed the lawn, 'what a contrast do the gentle unassuming manners of Lucius exhibit to those of such a vain coxcomical modern beau as this Belac, who, I have been informed, has spent his whole time in the unbounded indulgence of every destructive vice, regardless of the voice of reason, and exulting in infamy! Oh! Susan, what must be his sensations if reflection ever enters his callous breast! One would think even a momentary view of what must inevitably overtake those votaries of dissipation, would be sufficient to deter the most assiduous in their pursuits; but daily occurrences convince every observer, there are persons who never reflect at all, but rush on from one scene of luxurious enjoyment to another, till Time, that sure finisher of all sub-

lunary things, terminates by death their useless existence, burthensome to themselves, and beneficial to no one. What a crisis! when this earthly career is ended, and that undiscovered country from which no traveller returns, is opened to their eyes. Is it not strange they should never reflect?—

'There's not a day, but to the man of thought
 Betrays some secret, that throws a new reproach
 On life; and makes him sick of seeing more.
 The scenes of business tell us—what are men:
 The scenes of pleasure—what is all beside.'
 YOUNG.

Susan acquiesced in these sentiments, and they then retired to their drawing, which generally filled up their time when they did not ride out. Music and ornamental works employed another interval, while some part of each day was appropriated to visiting and relieving the necessitous poor in the neighbourhood.

Belac visited them very often, till Mr. Veronne accidentally overheard one of his servants say, he actually had formed a design of carrying Emily off by force, if she persisted in rejecting his proposals. Convinced then of his libertine principles, he desired him to come no more to his house. In vain he wrote, entreated forgiveness, declaring his honourable intentions to Miss Veronne. Her father, at her express desire, insisted on his keeping quite away from his house; which he did, after finding neither persuasions nor entreaties had any effect on either father or daughter.

A long time now passed without any thing particular occurring to Emily and Susan; no intelligence whatever of Norton had been received, even the delusive hope of seeing him again was almost effaced

from their bosoms. Secluded almost from the public eye they passed their days, as they wished for no society, no company, but their own family.

One evening they rather deviated from their plan of seclusion, by each expressing a particular wish to see Shakespeare's *King Richard the Third* performed. Mr. Veronne, who always indulged them to the utmost of his power, said he would very willingly accompany them. They accordingly set out, and spent a very pleasant evening; when, just as the curtain dropped, each at the same moment fixed their eyes on a box opposite, in which was a gentleman standing up, attentively viewing them. Emily, in the fervency of her heart, exclaimed, 'Gracious heaven! it must be Norton himself. My eyes cannot so deceive me!' Before Susan could give her opinion, he was vanished from their sight, having instantly turned round on seeing they noticed him. Every person was out of the house before they could be prevailed upon to leave it; and then very reluctantly they entered their carriage, thinking, if it was Norton, he could not again find them. They had scarcely time to mention their doubts, ere their carriage, which was going very fast, broke down; an accident that had nearly proved fatal to Emily; as the door on the side she sat, by the violence of the shock, flew open, and she was consequently in a very perilous situation; when a person on horseback came up, and extricated her from the danger she was in, without her having sustained any injury. She soon recovered from the fright, and was going to thank her deliverer, when a chariot at that moment passing, with three blazing lamps in front, the light gleaming full on the face of the person who had thus assisted her,

discovered to them both the long-regretted features of Norton. Joy for a moment suspended all power of utterance in either party. Tears at length relieved the emotion of Emily, but Susan remained like a motionless statue. Mr. Veronne, who was a silent though delighted spectator of an event so unexpected, seeing the impropriety of remaining thus exposed to the mob which had collected around them on their accident, proposed walking home, as there was no conveyance on the spot, and it was a delightful night. Mr. Norton resigned his horse to Mr. Veronne, saying he would escort the ladies; tenderly uttering, as he took of each a hand, 'It is long, very long, since I had this happiness, and little did I think of ever experiencing it again.'

When they had arrived at their house, Norton would have taken his leave, with permission to call on the morrow; but Mr. Veronne pressed him to stay the night, which he very readily agreed to. But how were they shocked to see the ravages which grief, and other latent enemies to beauty, had made on the once fine countenance of Mr. Norton! his haggard, pallid face, dim hollow eyes, and emaciated frame. Emily wondered how she traced even his likeness in the theatre; and yet, thought she to herself, how could I be deceived in seeing the original, when his semblance was so deeply engraven on my heart? I'm sure no circumstance could ever obliterate it. Ah! once more do I see the air of dignity with which he addresses me. The interesting dejection of his face, the affecting gentleness of his voice, are to me more delightful than ever. If nought has shaken his unavailing constancy, which I flatter myself is the case, I shall in his society once more taste happiness. Susan requested

quested to know when he arrived in England. He answered, 'The preceding week.' He had landed at Holyhead, and proceeded directly to Orvill Castle, where he found the baron overwhelmed with grief and vexation at the conduct of his daughter Theresa, who had very recently eloped with a Frenchman, a visitor at Belac's. 'He appeared,' said Mr. Norton, 'to be much hurt at the unkindness which he had exercised towards Mr. and Miss Veronne; but expressed a hope that his sincere contrition had, in some small degree, expiated his fault. He desired to be kindly remembered to you, if ever we should meet. 'Tell him,' said he in a faltering voice, which must have aroused any one's compassion, 'tell him I have no friend, no one near me, to alleviate my anguish; I know the generous disposition of the friend of my youth will forgive my errors, and commiserate my distress.' Finding I could not gain the information I wished, I left the castle, pensive and disconsolate, not knowing whither to direct my steps, as I had received some intimation of my family having left their former residence; and to be convinced of the truth of this assertion, I crossed the park, where methought every object around seemed ominous of ill; I fancied the wind never whistled in such hollow murmurs through the dark majestic woods, striking horror in every blast to my agitated bosom. Methought, to my estranged imagination, not a vestige remained of the former objects; around, every spot wore an altered appearance, except our favourite ruins, which looked as if no human being had ever visited them since last we were there.'—Here he cast an expressive glance on Emily, whose looks seemed to contradict this assertion.—'Too soon I learned the

sad misfortune which had befallen my unhappy family, and that my poor parent, borne down by such disasters, and after being long in a state of mental derangement, had resigned his soul to his Maker about a fortnight since.' Susan was distressed beyond measure, to think she had not seen him before his death. Norton's wounded spirit could scarce suffer him to conceal his anguish; he wiped away the tear of sensibility which glistened in his eye; and Susan re-assuming a constrained composure to hear more of his narration, he continued as follows:

'I was informed Jesse was at Mrs. Gregory's, and thither I hasted; but no other account could I obtain, than that Miss Veronne had visited her some time since, accompanied by her father, and had taken away Susan; when the pleasing hope that I still held some place in her remembrance, that you still, my Emily, regarded me with unshaken fidelity, again entered my bosom. My aunt appeared overjoyed to see me, asked me numberless questions concerning my friends in England, mentioned some insult which she said she had received from your father, and desired me, as long as I kept myself unsullied by any plebeian connexion, to make her house my future residence as long as I thought proper. Finding no consolation with either my sister or my aunt, I hasted to London, and exerted my utmost endeavours to discover your retreat, frequenting every public place of resort, but in vain, till that fortunate evening on which I met with you at the theatre. I had been to the other house, and, being disappointed, almost despaired of ever seeing you again; but fortunately entering just before the curtain dropped, I saw you, and saw you accompanied by my dear invaluable sister,

sister. I flew to the door, but, by some means or other, missed your carriage. I immediately made every inquiry which way you had taken, and was returning to my apartments, hopeless and desponding, yet a little pleased to think you preferred the company of my sister to any other. As I crossed the street I saw your carriage fall, and Heaven directed me in time to the spot, to render miss Emily assistance when she so much needed it.'

Mr. Veronne now requested his daughters to suspend all farther inquiries till the morrow; adding, 'I am sure captain Norton requires some refreshment and rest, after his harassing duty; but, notwithstanding his having suffered such anxiety on your account, my girls, tell him, yours for his safety has, if possible, exceeded his.'

Norton, after he had ended this account, appeared thoughtful and reserved; he thought Emily did not receive him with that pleasure he expected, after so long an absence; he feared it was but too probable that her affections might have undergone a change: yet, if so, again thought he, why should she seem so much attached to my sister? Yet, surrounded as she was by affluence, and possessed of such attractions, he thought it almost impossible she should so long retain her regard for him, when every person believed him dead. While these ideas were revolving in his mind, he met her eyes steadfastly fixed on him, beaming with the same tenderness, the same candid simplicity, which had first gained his heart; he reproached himself for suspecting for a moment her fidelity, half conscious his suppositions proceeded from his own imagination only. Yet there actually was an indifference in Emily, which originated from the same source as his own. She knew

not of the misfortunes he had met with; but she knew he was promoted, and thought very possibly he might have formed another engagement, and the apparent neglect she had received might proceed from that cause.

It was evident, the next morning, that neither had derived much benefit from rest; their pallid faces betrayed minds ill at ease; but, after breakfast, when they were alone, Mr. Norton had an opportunity to disclose the pressure of his heart. 'Miss Veronne,' said he, 'I see you in far different circumstances from those in which I left you. Surrounded by affluence, protected by an indulgent parent, and enjoying almost every blessing you can wish, may a veteran, a reduced soldier, long buffeted by the storms of life, yet hope for your favour? Are those affections with which I once was honoured effaced from your remembrance? those affections, the hope of enjoying which has alone supported my spirits in all my troubles? Is there no tender pleader in that heart which once was acknowledged mine by every tie of sympathy? or does a more happy person possess that love which I would again venture my life to gain? If so, I will again return to those perils I have escaped, and invoke Heaven to put an end to my miserable existence.'

Emily could endure those unjust suspicions no longer, but burst into tears; her glowing face, and intelligent eyes, told him he was beloved. No greater confession was required; yet Emily, to convince him he should not so easily be led to reproach her, replied: 'Mr. Norton, how could you thus mistrust my constancy? Could you suppose me guilty of such duplicity? When to you my vows were plighted of eternal love, could you think pro-

sperity

perity would have any influence over my sentiments? No! Thank Heaven, my heart is not so formed. I hope you will for the future consider me as incapable of disguise; for I sincerely avow, that had you never returned, Susan and myself would have worn out our existence in calling to mind the happy hours we have spent in your society.'

Norton, enraptured with her ingenuousness, seized her half-extended hand, and pressed it with fervour to his lips, exclaiming, 'Now is my bliss complete!' Mr. Veronne entered, and put an end to their conversation on the subject.

He seated himself by Mr. Norton, who commenced a discourse on various topics, in which he displayed an understanding of a superior order, and hinted his love for his daughter. He likewise spoke of the sufferings that he had undergone during his long absence from England; which excited Mr. Veronne's curiosity, to hear a full narration of all that had passed since his departure. This the ladies were likewise very anxious to hear, and Mr. Norton accordingly commenced his account of his adventures in the following words.

(To be continued.)

IDDA of TOKENBURG.

(Continued from p. 232.)

AT the end of a twelvemonth from the happy day of marriage, count Henry left his castle, at the head of his warriors, to go to the aid of the old count Kiburg, who had engaged in hostilities with a neighbouring knight. Great was the anxiety of Idda, as this was the first time her husband had left her to repair to the martial field; and with earnest tears she besought him, for

her sake, to be as careful of his safety as might become a valiant knight. The count embraced her tenderly, and promised her that he would not wantonly expose his life, and that he would return home as soon as should be in his power.

When he departed, Idda accompanied him to a considerable distance; then returned pensive and melancholy to the castle, where, according to her usual custom when her lord was absent, she caused the draw-bridge to be let down, and the gates to be bolted. She then shut herself up in her husband's chamber, where, while surrounded by his arms, she considered herself as not wholly separated from him. She kissed the visor of his helmet, and pressed his breast-plate to her beating heart. In the same moment she recollected, with trembling, the dangers that surrounded her Henry, and viewed his arms with dread and aversion; but again she pressed them to her breast with tearful eyes, when she reflected that they protected her beloved. She then prayed for the safe return of her husband, and vowed to the holy Virgin, that, during his absence, she would fast, lay aside all gold and silver ornaments, silk, and precious stones, and wear only the habit of a repenting pilgrim.

She now took the pearls out of her hair, and the rich silk handkerchief from her bosom; even the golden wedding ring, which her husband had presented to her as the pledge of his eternal fidelity, she drew from her finger. But this she laid not up with the others, but held it in her hand, gazing on it with eyes overflowing with tears, while she read with tenderest emotion the name of Tokenburg engraven on its inner surface. After some time she went with the ring in her hand to the window which looked towards Kiburg.

Kiburg. Her anxious eyes wandered over the country where her husband then was, while a thousand fears harassed her mind. Absorbed in thought, she laid the ring in the window, and sunk into a chair. The brilliancy of the gold allured a raven, which flew to the ring, seized it in its beak, and carried it away*.

'Idda, terrified, started up, and looked after the raven, which, however, quickly disappeared from her eyes. She instantly conceived that this must be the foreboding of some heavy calamity, and severely the fear pressed upon her heart.—'Oh, Heaven!' exclaimed she, 'let it signify only misfortune to myself, and not death to my dear husband.'—With anxious eagerness she immediately sent off messengers to Kiburg, to inquire after the welfare of the count. Tokenburg himself gave them their answer, and resolved, as the danger of his ally was not pressing, to return sooner than he had intended to his Idda. He therefore left his armed followers in Kiburg, and hastened again to his wife.

'Where the valley through which he returned opened toward the castle, he alighted from his horse, and, ordering his esquires to remain there, proceeded forwards alone, to surprise his Idda amid her tears, and unexpectedly change her sorrow into joy. When he came near to the castle, he saw one of his pages sitting under the shade of an oak, and gazing with apparent admiration on something he held in his hand. He came silently behind him, looked over his shoulder and

saw—the blazing lightning from opening heaven could not have shocked him more—saw in the hands of the youth the wedding ring which he had given to Idda as a pledge of his eternal fidelity. His cheeks became pale, his trembling lips livid. Jealousy poured her consuming poison into his agonizing breast, and his hand seized his sword.'

"O Clara, Clara!" exclaimed Julia, starting up, "can this be true? Jealous! Still jealous!"

'Hear, Julia:—The immediate death of the offender appeared to the furious count not to be sufficient. He retired a step backwards, and called the page by his name. The latter hastily concealed the ring, which the raven had dropped at his feet. He blushed when he saw the count, fearing he might have noticed the valuable trinket which a lucky accident had bestowed on him. "What are you doing here?" said the count with an angry frown. The youth, terrified at the sternness of his manner, blushed still deeper, and stammered out an unintelligible answer. "Follow me," cried the count, and proceeded to the castle. Loud and sharply he blew his clarion, and thus gave the signal of his arrival. The draw-bridges fell, the gates flew open, and the seneschal and the attendants hastened to meet their lord. "Carry that rascal in chains to the dungeon," said the count, as he ascended the winding stair-case. Idda heard his footstep. "It is he!" exclaimed she with transport, and ran to receive him with open arms. But the count walked coldly into his chamber, without even offering his hand to receive her welcome.

'Confounded and alarmed at the coldness of her husband, and trembling with anxiety on account of her lost ring, which she considered

* It is thus the ancient chronicles relate the cause of Tokenburg's jealousy, and the misfortunes of his noble consort. The story is, likewise, told in the same manner by J. Muller, in his *History of Switzerland*, vol. ii.

as an omen of misfortune already in part fulfilled, Idda stood for some time at the door of the count's apartment, and then mournfully passed through the long gallery which led to her own chamber. As she went she met the seneschal, who told her that the count had ordered the page Ulric to be confined in chains, and entreated her to intercede with his lord in behalf of the youth, whom he believed to be innocent.

'Idda now returned to the chamber of her husband, entered it, but stood anxious and trembling at the door. The count turned his eyes upon her—but with so stern a countenance, that she could not look stedfastly on him. He considered her anxious timidity as a sign of guilt, and asked, with cold severity, "What wouldest thou, Idda?"—She answered, in a low voice, "My dearest husband, I come a petitioner in behalf of your page Ulric." A gloomy redness instantly suffused the face of the count, and he started up violently; but, checking himself, he walked slowly up to Idda, and, taking her hand, asked with a malicious coldness, "Why do you tremble, Idda?—Why do you no longer wear the ring I gave you?"

'Idda, terrified at the fierceness of his looks, at first would not tell him the cause. At length she answered, blushing, "I laid it aside, in consequence of a vow which I made for your welfare."

"Idda, I advise you never to let that ring go out of your hands.—You have it, beyond a doubt?"

"I had it in my hand but an hour since," said she in a low voice, and again blushing.

'Henry, reddening with rage, abruptly passed into the balcony on the steepest side of the lofty rock on which the castle stood. Idda followed him, with tears in her eyes,

and said, "Let me entreat you, by the love you bear me, to release from the dungeon the page Ulric!" The count turned suddenly upon her, and with a furious countenance, and menacing tone, said: "Tell me, where is the ring that I gave you?" "I laid it in that window," answered Idda terrified, "and a raven came and flew away with it."

"Flew away with it! abominable hypocrite!" exclaimed Tokenburg with terrible fury; "I saw that ring in the hands of your paramour. Fly, now, after the raven, accursed strumpet!" Foaming with dreadful rage, he seized the chaste, the innocent Idda, and threw her over the balcony into the yawning abyss beneath. "Have mercy on me, O Saviour of the world! I am innocent!" exclaimed Idda, and fell between the craggy cliffs and precipices, down into the tremendous cavern.

"O gracious Heaven!" cried Julia, clasping her hands with indescribable emotion, "what a hateful, what a horrid monster is jealousy! O Clara! Clara! it is impossible to express what I feel while I listen to your narrative."

'The great and dreadful sacrifice to jealousy had now been offered up; the lesser victim still remained to be immolated. The rage of the count was inflamed tenfold by the tortures his conscience inflicted. He rushed down the stairs of the castle, while in his eyes flashed the murder he had already committed, and that which he was about to command. He ordered twelve men to bring from his stables a wild horse that had been taken among the rocks, and at the same time sent others to bring up Ulric from the dungeon. "What offence have I committed, my lord?" cried the trembling youth. "Canst thou still ask, villain?" exclaimed the

Ulric raised his hands, and called upon Heaven to witness his innocence. The count ordered that his hands should be instantly bound to the tail of the wild horse; and then asked him, with a cruel taunt: "Do you lie there as much at your ease as in the arms of your strumpet?"

The horse was loosed, and furiously ran among the craggy rocks, dashing the miserable youth against the pointed stones. At length the bands broke by which his hands were fastened, and he lay torn, mangled, bleeding, and scarcely breathing, in a bye road. A monk, who chanced to be going that way, saw the dying youth, went to him, revived him with wine, and heard his confession.

The unhappy Ulric died in the arms of the monk; and at his request the latter went to Tokenburg, where he found the count, who sat absorbed in gloomy melancholy. His gluttoned vengeance now turned the dagger on his own heart. He thought he still heard the shrieks of Idda from the balcony, and rushed out of the chamber; but the dreadful cries followed wherever he went.

"Count Tokenburg," said the monk, "I come from Ulric, your page, to whose soul may God be merciful! I heard his confession, and he died in my arms. You, count, have put him to a miserable death, and yet in his last moments he called upon Heaven in the most solemn manner to witness his innocence. He could not even conjecture what the offence was, for which you had inflicted so terrible a punishment. God must be the judge between you and him. He sends me to you with a request that you will be kind to her on whom he had fixed his affections, and who now, since he is no more, is without protection."

"Her on whom he had fixed his affections?" exclaimed the count, clasping his hands in a kind of agony.

"Gertrude, the daughter of your late seneschal. She resides—"

"Gertrude? Gertrude? O no! O tell me more! — All-righteous Heaven! if he were innocent—if she—"

The monk continued—"And he sends to you by me a ring, which a raven let fall from his beak at his feet. He asked me to read for him the name that is engraven on it, and when he found that it was yours, he requested me to carry it to you. I have fulfilled my commission. God must judge you, count. Your page was more righteous than you are."—The monk departed with his heart filled with sorrow.

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE most fashionable ball-dress is either the round tunic, after the Russian manner (as in the engraving), or the Grecian, with points.

The success of the colour, yellow, is not yet fully established, though the white and the rose, which have reigned so long, have no longer the same vogue.

Straw hats, *à la Babet*, and *à la Lisbeth*, with a corner of the *toquet* appearing below, are worn. The head-dress in hair still holds to the antique. The *capotes* are white crape, or gauze, corresponding in shape. Within the last eight days we observe round hats, of white taffeta, open behind, and trimmed above the opening with three rows of hollow plaits, in form of a ruff, with a large knot of white taffeta

on

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, June 1801.



H. Mulrow & Co. Regdell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

on the front. About the same length of time we also notice undress bonnets of white crape, of a round shape, with a broad ribbon tied under the chin, and another ribbon in front, in wolf's teeth. In half-dress they wear cloaks open at the edges, or trimmed with lace; but chemise handkerchiefs are more common. Long muslin gloves are preferred to skin.

White satin hats are now the most fashionable for full dress. Of these some are made to resemble the head-dresses of uncovered hair; others are in the fashion of the rounded straw hats. They are ornamented with smooth feathers.

Straw hats are still worn in half-dress.

The favourite head-dresses are of argandis, or crape, covering the hair, and fastened with gold or silver bandelets. The richest of these are, at the bottom, embroidered with tinsel. Some have a veil, which falls upon the left shoulder.

Some of the robes are of sky-blue crape. Others are black, or rose-coloured; the greater number are white. The backs of the robes, extremities of the sleeves, and the borders of the shawls, are adorned with radiations. The girdles are crossed on the back.

Endeavours are made, in different parts of France, to bring silks again into fashion, in preference to muslins.

The oblong head-dress in crape, with silver fillets, still continues in vogue. Yellow straw hats, with

satin-puckered backs, are worn in half-dress. The *négligé* cap is still the *ton* in *dishabille*. Our *elegantes* sport the robe sleeve, mostly plain in the work, but enriched with variegated embroidery. *Les fichus chemises*, ornamented in a similar manner, are in general requisition. The ribbons form a perfect rose in the crown of the hat. Very few flowers or feathers are now worn. Tinsel and light embellishments are the rage. The trains of the robes are superbly embroidered.

ANECDOTE of QUIN.

MACKLIN having written a comedy many years ago, showed it to his friend Quin, and asked his opinion of it; who gave him some hopes of its success, but desired him to wait a little before he brought it out.—His advice was complied with, and the next season he was called upon again for his interest with Mr. Rich, to have it performed; but Quin had the address to satisfy Macklin a second time, by recommending him to *wait* a little longer. Shylock retired growling, but complied. Next year he applied again, confident of success, but was astonished at receiving the same answer as before. Unable now to contain himself, he asked his patron, pettishly, ‘how much longer he would have him wait?’ ‘Till the day of judgment,’ replied Quin, ‘when you and your play may be *d—d* together.’

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S
BIRTH-DAY, 1801.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

STILL, still must War's discordant
noteUsurp the Muse's votive lay;
Must the shrill clarion's brazen throat
Proclaim our monarch's natal day:
While the stern foe, with haughty
brow,Frowns on the olive's sacred bough,
Throws from his land the proffer'd gift
of Peace, [cease.

Nor bids the raging storm of Desolation

Oh, Britain! not from abject Fear,
Or pale Mistrust, or weaken'd Pow-
er,Springs in thy breast the vow sincere,
Which woos fair Concord's lenient
hour:Uncheck'd by threats of vengeful foes,
Thy breast with warlike ardour glows;
Thy sons, with unabated force,
Right onward keep their daring course.
The chief, who, from Canopus' sultry
shore,The burning meed of conquest bore,
Now through the Baltic's freezing
surge [urge;Bids his bold prows their way resistless
And while Britannia's ensign flies
Aloft in Hyperborean skies,
Denmark, astonish'd from her threat-
en'd towers,Yields up her naval boast to Albion's
happier powers.And lo! where Philip's mightier son
Bade the proud city's rising walls pro-
claimTo distant time their founder's name,
Fresh trophies by Britannia's legions
won,When from the veteran bands of Gal-
lia's shoreTheir dauntless arms the blood-stain'd
banner tore;Which, like a baleful meteor, spread,
To fields of death the infuriate war-
riors led;Yet, 'mid the deeds of endless fame,
Shall not a tear the dying victor claim?
No:—o'er his tomb, with guardian
wingsHovering, the eternal pæan Glory sings,
Chaunting, with notes triumphant, to
the skies,'His name through ages lives, who for
his country dies.'Enough of war!—while Britain sees,
Before Hygeia's healing hand,
The pallid Dæmon of diseaseLead far away her sickly band:
While to a nation's present pray'r
The Arm Omnipotent to spare
Gives her ador'd, her patriot lord,
Again to life, to health restor'd;
To hail that day to Britain dear
Selected from the circling year,
Which Fame shall ever make the
birthOf regal duty, and of private worth;
Strains that affection forms, that trans-
port breathes,The fragrant offerings join that June
ambrosial wreathes.

THE MADMAN.

COLLECTED BY THE AUTHOR FROM
SEVERAL CHARACTERS SEEN IN
DIFFERENT MAD-HOUSES.

[From G. Dyer's Poems.]

YES—yes: 'tis he!—I see the light-
ning-flashDart from his eye; but soon that eye
is chang'd,Fix'd in deep gaze on heav'n, and
now on earth.Lank falls his dark-brown hair—for
on his headKnows not to play its tricks the wanton
curl.

Now

Now silent, sad he sits! like student
 pale,
 By watching wearied, couching his
 faint eye
 In stealthy slumbers. Upwards soon
 he starts;
 Swift—swift he flies, with wild irre-
 gular pace,
 As driv'n by Fury: then, as thunder-
 smitten,
 Or as outstripp'd by some thin-mantled
 ghost,
 Violent he stops; till, with pale shri-
 vell'd hand,
 He strikes his forehead,—like one
 lab'ring deep
 With vast concerns. 'Ah! wretched,
 poor forlorn,
 Where art thou hurried?—What thy
 great resolve?'
 To these my questions answer none
 he gives,
 While a weak female backward turns
 his steps,
 As the light helm the vessel tempest-
 tost.
 But soon, unask'd, he vaunts, in royal
 strains,
 Of kingdoms, empires:—his dread
 navies ride
 On seas unknown, and known: huge
 continents
 Bow to his armies; and his stern de-
 crees
 Balance and settle the tumultuous
 world.
 Crowns, diadems, mere parti-colour'd
 wreaths,
 These are his play-things, and he
 throws them down,
 Or gives away as baubles: now he
 laughs
 At Superstition with her triple crown;
 Proclaims her hag, and strumpet with
 lawn sleeves:
 And ever and anon, with screaming
 voice,
 He calls the fiend of war, and carnage
 dire;
 While Revolution stalks, and mows
 down worlds.
 Then will he stately rise upon his
 stool;
 Call it his throne, his high imperial
 throne,
 And with his straw-made sceptre point
 around.

'Where sleep my nobles?' Like a
 gathering cloud
 Then scowls his face, till, kicking
 down his stool,
 'Thus, thus,' he cries, 'I crowns and
 sceptres crush,
 Lord paramount of a base vassal
 world!'
 Nor does he finish here—I hear him
 curse [him life:
 Some great majestic Being, who gave
 Wretched existence! Him with flam-
 ing arm,
 And direful thunderbolts, he assaults,
 resolv'd,
 As Briareus of old the mighty Jove,
 Soon to dethrone the tyranny of heav'n.
 Oh! then he stops, and howls so hi-
 deous-wild,
 As some damn'd fiend had fast en-
 grasp'd him round.
 Thou miserable man! If e'er the
 milk [breast,
 Of Sympathy stream'd soft within this
 While Nature sigh'd for utt'rance,
 flows it now
 With female softness: Oh! had I but
 a harp [touch
 Of varied melodies, I would strive to
 Some magic chord, and calm thy
 troublous spirit.
 Yes! I would hold thy soul, as by a
 spell,
 Enchain'd with sound, till thou
 shouldst bless that harp.
 —But no—that may not be, thou
 wretched man!
 What sounds can charm a soul so lost
 as thine?
 Anon, as though his eye had ne'er till
 now
 Perceiv'd me, loud he screams—'And
 art thou there,
 Thou fiend of hell? How didst thou
 dare to curse
 Those burning eyes? Heav'n's curses
 crowd on thee
 Torrents of vengeance!—Hence, thou
 fire-ey'd devil,
 Or I will burn'—
 Oh! how my head turns round
 While I thy form behold, thou wretch-
 ed man!—
 How language wanders, and how
 thought runs wild!
 Poor creature!—Hope-bereav'd—Oh!
 I must leave thee!—

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
FEMALE MANIAC IN BEDLAM.

[From the same.]

SWEET maid! when sickness pales
that angel-face,
Like the rude worm that riots on
the rose,
Still goodness in thy gentle bosom
glows,
And Beauty will not leave her fav'rite
place.
Still round thy languid eye would
beam a smile;
As near a cloud the sparkling
sun-beams play,
Kind harbingers of more resplen-
dent day,
Though the full orb conceal himself
awhile:
But, ah! if Melancholy's baleful hand
Vile poppy dew hath o'er thy tem-
ples spread;
If moon-struck horrors still will
haunt thy head,
All hopeless Pity here shall take her
stand.
Pity for thee shall spare her softest
sigh,
For thou wast Pity's child,—the
friend of Misery.

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER TO
HER INFANT AT THE BREAST.

UNHAPPY Child of Indiscretion!
Poor slumb'rer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of past transgres-
sion,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born!
For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heav'n, thy mother fain would
dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.
But, spite of these, my mind unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.
And, lest th' injurious world upbraid
thee,
For mine, or for thy father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And though, to rank and place a stran-
ger,

Thy life an humble course must run,
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd valleys,
Here mayst thou rest in safe con-
tent;

For Innocence may smile at Malice,
And thou, O thou, art innocent.

Here to thine infant wants are giv'n
Shelter and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure—but, mercy, Hea-
ven!

My tears have dropt, and mingled
there.

ACROSTICAL ADDRESS

TO JOHN MAXIMILIAN WEBB,

Aged seven Years.

JOY gilds thy morn of life, my bloom-
ing boy!

On thy fresh cheek appears the smile
of joy.

Henceforth may sickness ne'er thy
frame invade,

Nor sorrow turn thy sunshine into
shade!

May Heaven on thee bestow its gifts
benign!

All a fond father can request bethine,
'Xceeding his best wishes!—May'st
thou be

In full possession of felicity!

May Health on thee her rosy blessings
shower,

I llume thy path, and gladden every
hour!

Let virtue be thy choice in early youth;
Instruction love, and always speak the
truth.

And, oh, my boy! let Conscience thee
correct:

Nor fail to pay that bosom judge re-
spect.

Where'er thy residence, whate'er thy
lot,

Eternal things should never be forgot:
Be wise; and then, if Fortune smile
or frown,

Bright bliss awaits thee, and a heav'n-
ly crown.

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

VERSES

WRITTEN WHILE LABOURING UNDER A SEVERE INDISPOSITION,
FEB. 1801.

BRIGHT Sol displays his cheering
beams,

And sheds delight around;
Warms the cold regions of the air,
And thaws the frozen ground.

High-pois'd in æther, the gay lark
Salutes his genial rays;
While the blythe redbreast, from a
thorn,

A humbler tribute pays.

The snowdrop lifts its hardy head,
And frost-defying form:
Boldly it rears its snowy front,
And dares the wint'ry storm.

While Health's bright comforts bless'd
my frame,

And Pleasure wing'd each hour;
With pleasing rapture, oft I hail'd
Fair Flora's first-born flower:

I hail'd the simple, scentless plant,
As harbinger of spring:
Blest season, when gay Nature smiles,
And birds their carols sing!

But, ah! while sickness pales my
cheek,

And pains my vitals seize;
Nor singing-birds, nor blooming flow-
ers,

Possess the power to please.

My fav'rite walks no longer charm,
Though violets paint my way:
Cheerless, surrounding sweets I view,
And comfortless I stray.

Night brings no rest—Sleep's downy
god

Denies his blessings now:
He flies the bed of pain, and seeks
The weary peasant's brow.

In sighs and groans, and troubled
dreams,

Pass the dull hours away:
I chide the loit'ring wheels of Time,
And long for cheerful day.

But what can cheerful day present
To give my mind delight?
I sicken at the bustling scene,
And wish for silent night.

Great Source of Health, and all its joys,
The balmy gift impart!
And may my gratitude to thee
Bespeak a grateful heart!
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

ON SEEING A CHILD RELIEVE
A BEGGAR.

' Sweet is the act, when little children give
The copper'd wealth to bid the wretched
live.' ANON.

SEE, yonder hapless beggar, lame and
old,

Whose head is silver'd by the hand of
Time;

Whose fluent tongue, in language most
persuasive,

Solicits our compassionate attention.

Go, my Horatio, give this copper
mite

To that forlorn, decrepit, shivering
wretch:

With gratitude he'll take the humble
gift,

And will invoke a blessing on thy head.
Though much afraid, thy little

trembling hand
Has dealt the bounty, and thy dear
black eyes

Beam conscious satisfaction at the deed.

Perhaps, my boy, yon miserable out-
cast

Once liv'd in affluence, and knew
better days;

Once bask'd in fickle Fortune's flatter-
ing sun-shine,

Or lay reclin'd in Pleasure's roseate
bowers.

Though now a houseless wand' rer, once
perhaps

He had a happy home, the cheerful
seat

Of each domestic comfort, where a
train

Of rosy prattlers fill'd his heart with
rapture.

Oh, my Horatio! may a kinder fate
Smile on thy future footsteps!—mayst
thou never

Be driv'n, by hard Necessity, to crave
From ' Charity's cold hand' thy daily
bread!

Haverhill.

JOHN WEBB.

SONNET TO CHARITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
'THE CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.'

WHEN adverse Fortune frowns, and
woes oppress,
And scarce the sinking mind knows
where to turn,
'Tis thine, oh Charity! to soothe di-
stress,
And bid Serenity, sweet pow'r! re-
turn.
E'er let that gen'rous virtue sway my
breast;
Nor suffer, Heav'n, my heart to
slight thy laws!
Teach me to feel the wants of those
distrest:
And, as my means, be bounteous in
their cause!
How sweet the thought! to cheer the
broken heart,—
To heal the ravages of poignant
grief,—
To suff'ring innocence a shield t' im-
part,—
And save the virtuous by a kind re-
lief!
Such be my aim! So shall my heart
exult,
And find repose amid the world's tu-
mult.

VERSES

BY A YOUTH OF FIFTEEN.

AH! who is she beneath that shade
reclin'd,
Where the wan moon emits a paler
gleam,
Whose hair, dishevell'd, floats upon
the wind,
Whose eyes are fix'd on yonder
murm'ring stream?
Ah! 'tis the maid, who, soon as eve
returns,
With anxious step hastes o'er the
dewy lawn:
There, in that silent grove, she pen-
sive mourns
Her Damon's cruel fate—till peeps
the dawn.

Ah! see her soul's with keenest woe
oppress!

Ah! see how swift the vivid roses
fade!

Clos'd are her eyes—she strikes her
throbbing breast!

The tear-wash'd turf receives the
dying maid!

On that sad cypress which o'ershades
her grave,

Sweet Philomel shall pour her woe-
fraught tale:

Whoever treads that cruel turf shall
heave

A pensive sigh—and cry, 'Sweet
Maid, farewell!'

PASTOR.

TO MRS. SIDDONS.

DELUSIVE charmer! whose trans-
cendent pow'rs

Can awe or melt at will man's stub-
born breast,

Does busy meddling Memory trace
the hours

When kindred sorrows robb'd thee
of thy rest?

Or hast thou liv'd from pain and an-
guish free,

And learn'd from their pale victims
worn with care,

Whilst in their tortur'd hearts kind
sympathy

Has strove to mellow griefs that
rankled there?

Whether thou feel'st those visionary
woes

That swell thy breast, and mark
thy varying face,

I search not; piercing tones too well
disclose

Thy melting suff'rings with afflic-
tive grace,

When Nature's accents from so fair a
frame

Burst forth, and paint the soul from
whence they came.

W. B.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, April 25.

WE are informed that the harbour of Rosetta has been taken by the English; but the French continue to hold out vigorously at Alexandria, which the former had bombarded, and attempted to take by assault, but were repulsed with great loss. It still, however, continues to be blockaded both by land and sea. By the bombardment a few houses only are said to have remained undamaged. The French, it is reported, demanded a truce of thirty-one days, which was granted them.—While some persons expect the speedy surrender of Alexandria, and the evacuation of Egypt by the French, others assert that a great part of the inhabitants are their partisans, and will support them.

The death of Paul I. has caused a great sensation here, and is expected to be attended with many changes.

Leghorn, May 15. The French continue the siege of Porto Ferrajo. It is said that the order to surrender the place will arrive from Vienna before the English can introduce reinforcements, and get entire possession.—Admiral Gantheaume's squadron sailed several days ago for the place of its destination.

Petersburg, May 18. The embargo on the English ships, and the sequestration on English property, were taken off yesterday. The Russian admiralty has received orders to get all the British ships in the Russian harbours repaired, at the expense of Russia. The twenty-four ships at Riga, which were given to the heirs of Zuckerbecker, to discharge a demand which they made upon the English government, have likewise been returned to their lawful owners.

Hague, May 19. The committee appointed for the revision of the constitution has this day given in its report to the first chambers. It is asserted, that,

according to the new constitution, the directory of five members will continue; the two chambers which compose the legislative body will likewise remain, but will consist of a much smaller number of members than before. A council of elders will likewise be introduced to choose the members of the legislative body. The members of the departmental administration will be endowed with considerable authority, and have a great resemblance to the late states of the provinces. It is also said, that these states will be restored to the same footing as at the commencement of the revolution, instead of the eight departments, which now form the territorial division.

Hamburg, May 22. The Vienna letters of the 13th instant contain the important intelligence, that lord Minto was informed on the 10th instant, by a courier from Constantinople, that the English had made themselves masters of a height before Alexandria which commands a part of that city. When the courier left Alexandria, intelligence had reached the English headquarters that the grand vizier was advancing to join the British army. As Alexandria is not so strong on the land side as on the sea side, the English flatter themselves they will be able to take it by storm.

On the 9th instant a courier from the British court arrived at lord Minto's, and soon after continued his way to Constantinople. He brings instructions to lord Elgin, for lord Keith to abstain from all hostilities against the Russians, and their navigation.

On the 16th of April some French commissaries arrived at Naples, demanding of the government a list of the men of war in a state to be got ready for sea, a list of the naval stores in the arsenal, and timber for ship-building. The French intend to fit out at Naples an expedition against

Egypt, and also to send troops against the Porte into the Morea. On the part of Austria, representations have been made at Paris not to unite Piedmont with France, as its possession would have the greatest influence in Italy.

Petersburg, May 22. English captains and sailors are now daily arriving from the interior of the empire, who will be sent to Cronstadt, where they will have their ships restored to them, which have been repaired by order of his imperial Russian majesty. The office of liquidation has received orders to give up the property that was under sequestration, which order will be notified to the English and Russian merchants to-morrow. The English are to give in their own estimates; and every thing will be placed, as much as possible, on the same footing as on the 23d of October of last year; trade will now soon revive. At Riga several English captains have already taken possession of their ships.

Genoa, May 23. We have learnt by the last courier from Spain that two French frigates had appeared before Ferrol, and that there immediately sailed from that port a squadron of seven sail of the line and several frigates with two thousand troops. It is now said that this squadron has got into Cadiz, in order to join ten more sail of the line, with which it is to set sail.—At Barcelona and Carthagena other naval expeditions are preparing.

Frankfort, May 26. We have received from Paris the most agreeable intelligence with respect to the maintaining our political independence and constitution. The magistrate deputed from the city is therefore commissioned to express to the first consul the utmost thankfulness on the part of the city for this his especial protection.

The duke of Würtemberg, after his return to his states, published, on the 18th instant, a rescript, in which, among other things, he says; that he was compelled to take a part in the war against his inclination; that not the smallest part of the money of the English subsidies ever came into his private treasury, but that the whole was applied to the use of the military;

that of the contributions levied by the enemy, several millions were paid from the ducal rent-chamber, and considerable sums from his own private property. He adds, that it is with the utmost pleasure he perceives that the example of a few mistaken persons, and the dangerous circumstances of the times, have not been able to make a disadvantageous impression on his subjects during his absence.

Hague, May 30. Last night orders were received by the French and Batavian troops here to get ready to march immediately. They were all in motion, and the most extraordinary reports were circulated. We afterwards learned that some English ships had appeared off Goree, and that a part of the troops were to march thither.—Counter orders were however received; and all the troops continue here.

The primary and elective assemblies are employed in choosing the successors to the third of the legislative body, which goes out this year. Several members have been re-elected. The director Huet will go out this time.

Vienna, May 30. The king of Prussia has declared to our court that the occupation of the electorate of Hanover by his troops was only a simple measure of precaution, rendered necessary by circumstances; and which would be revoked as soon as the reasons which produced it shall cease to exist; it was at the same time insinuated that that epoch was not far off.

The Russian envoy extraordinary, M. de Morriawiew, is just arrived.

Hamburg, June 2. Count Bernstorff the Danish minister of state, who goes as ambassador extraordinary to London, is arrived here on his way to Cuxhaven.

Banks of the Maine, June 2. All the reports that have been circulated of the French passing to the right bank of the Rhine with a considerable force are hitherto entirely without foundation; nor have they again occupied Ehrenbreitstein. The levying of the Jew-tax on the French citizens of the Jewish nation gave the first occasion for their re-occupying Cassel.

The elector of Bavaria on the 28th of May arrived at Carlsruhe, whence

on the 30th he returned with his consort to Munich. At Augsburg he received a visit from the elector of Treves.

Frankfort, June 2. The fort of Cassel, near Mentz, is not occupied by the French as was reported; there are only in the arsenal a French inferior officer and four grenadiers. The commandant at Cassel has received orders only to yield to force, and this has not yet been employed by the French.—The prefect Jollivet has sent a courier to Paris for further orders. In the Rheingau an affray has taken place between the Mentzers and the French, relative to a quantity of wine belonging to the ecclesiastical seminaries in Mentz, and which was carried off by force.

Paris, June 2. A courier extraordinary from Madrid, who arrived today at the count of Leghorn's, has brought him a letter from the king of Spain, who informs him that the left of the Spanish army has entered Portugal by the Bay of Badajos, following the Guadiano; that it has taken Olivenza, Monte-Maggiore, and surrounded the fortress of Elvas: the court of Portugal hastened to send M. de Pinto to demand a truce, showing his full powers to negotiate and sign a definitive treaty; but that his catholic majesty had ordered the army to continue its march, until, as a preliminary, an embargo has been placed upon English ships, and the ports of Portugal shut against England. M. de Pinto proceeded towards Lisbon, to wait for fresh instructions, and the army has continued its march.

Mentz, June 4. Two hundred French troops passed the Rhine this evening at six o'clock, to occupy Cassel.

Brussels, June 4. A secretary of the marquis Lucchesini, with dispatches from Paris, passed through this city on his way to Berlin.

The French troops along the Maese will still be kept on the war establishment; and the regiments which have not their complement will be completed as soon as possible. There are fifteen thousand troops in the department of the Roer, and as many along

the Maese; so that a very large army may be collected at a short notice.

The negotiations for a peace between England and France are greatly promoted by count Cobentzel at Paris. Several points will now be conceded by France, which would not have been yielded before the late change of government in Russia.

Lower Rhine, June 6. According to accounts from Dusseldorf, a small detachment of French troops took possession of that city in the beginning of the present month.

Strasburg, June 7. The rumours of war, circulated anew throughout Germany, are unfounded. It appears that they have been invented by those who have a great interest in the renewal of hostilities.

Kehl is again occupied by a detachment of French chasseurs.

Rome, June 19. According to report, the pope has made an offer to give up his temporal dominions—a resignation probably suggested by a superior power.

20. The fate of his Sicilian majesty is much to be lamented; this unfortunate sovereign being surrounded with Jacobinical enemies, whom he is compelled to embrace as friends. It is rumoured that the king of Sardinia has agreed to give up this island to France, on condition of being placed on the throne of St. Peter. This event will not prove an indifferent compensation for Charles Emanuel, although it is probable that he will enjoy but little share of the papal territory; the port of Ancona, in particular, will certainly remain in the hands of France. As from that port a vessel may reach Macedonia in a very short time, it has been supposed that the First Consul might avail himself of this circumstance to forward a reinforcement to the French in Egypt; but the obstacles that present themselves in the execution of such a plan render it an absolute chimera. Of the deliverance of Egypt little doubt can be entertained. What the intentions of the British cabinet may be, in the event of a conquest, time only can determine.

HOME NEWS.

Greenock, May 29.

AT no period during this war has our trade been so flourishing as at present: upwards of one hundred sail of vessels have arrived from, and as many sailed to America, since the 1st of January last. Upwards of twenty have arrived from the West Indies; and a fleet of about twenty-five sail are looked for every day. All the vessels for America and the West Indies carried more or less goods.

Thursday morning a Swedish vessel appeared off Sunderland harbour, and, on a gun being fired as a signal of distress, some of the foy boats went off and brought her in. It seems that the Blazer gun-boat, which sailed with the Baltic fleet for Copenhagen, was, by stress of weather, obliged to proceed to a port in Sweden; when the crew were marched up the country, but eleven of them found means to escape, and with a boat went on board a ship, when they sent all the crew of the Swedish ship (except the master) on shore in the boat, and proceeded with the vessel to Sunderland. The men escaped on shore as soon as they came off the coast, being afraid of the press.

Bath, June 3. Friday night last a hawker and pedlar, commonly called American Jack, murdered George Sellaway, a blacksmith, of Radstock. It appeared that the deceased was drinking at the Swan public-house, in the above parish, with a set of men who travel the country with goods for keeping fairs, when a quarrel ensued about the goodness of a half-crown piece; and a battle commenced with sticks, when a person advised them to go out and fight like men; at which instant Jack stabbed Sellaway with a knife, which penetrated through his ribs and stuck into his heart, where it remained until the Coroner's Inquest sat on the body.

The murderer is committed to Shepton gaol.

London, June 4. A female maniac, of most wretched appearance, was taken into custody, at St. James's, for throwing a stone at one of the serjeants of the guard, and assaulting one of the sentinels at the garden-gate, just as his majesty was going in: at the time of her apprehension she had a large stone in her hand and another in her pocket. In the evening she was brought before Mr. Ford, at Bow-street, where, on being interrogated, she shewed evident signs of mental derangement, calling herself Britannia, and other incoherent expressions. She was sent to Tothill-fields bridewell, till she can be otherwise disposed of.

Newcastle-under-Line, June 5. The riots still continue to an alarming degree in several parts of Lancashire. Troops have been for several days past passing through here, by forced marches, with artillery, from the inland district. Last night and this morning, part of the first dragoon guards, and some troops of the 17th dragoons, went through, and more are expected this evening.

Penzance, June 6. A melancholy accident happened here on Thursday last, which cast a gloom over the spirit of rejoicing on the return of his majesty's birth-day. As the sea fencibles, under the command of Capt. Burgess, were saluting with artillery on the battery, a spark of fire fell upon a quantity of gun-powder, which immediately exploded, and burnt and mangled nine or ten persons—some of them in a most shocking manner. One man had his leg broke in three places; and the lives of two were despaired of.

Falmouth, June 6. The King George packet, Captain Yescombe, which arrived yesterday, in twelve days, from

Lisbon, brings intelligence that the long meditated war between Spain and Portugal has at length commenced, with a battle between the main bodies of the Spanish and Portuguese armies, in which the latter were victorious, and in which the Spaniards are said to have lost upwards of 1000 men. This intelligence reached Lisbon only the night before the packet sailed; and no official account of the affair had been published when she left the Tagus.

We have seen a letter from a respectable merchant at Lisbon, in which it is stated, that the Spaniards commenced the attack, by driving in the advanced posts of the Portuguese, who, retiring to the main body, concentrated their forces, and fell upon the Spaniards with such fury as compelled them to retreat, leaving 1500 dead on the field of battle.

The advanced guard of the French army were within two or three days' march of the Spanish head-quarters; and, on their junction, it was expected that another attack would be made on the Portuguese.

Two French frigates had arrived at Corunna, with battering artillery.

The packet had been only two days at Lisbon, and was sent off immediately with the account of the above affair to the Court of London.

London, June 6. The magistrates and council of Edinburgh have, we learn, resolved, that a monument, in honour of the late General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, be placed on the wall of the High Church. They at the same time authorised a collection to be made in all churches and chapels to-morrow, the 7th of June, towards a fund for affording relief to the widows, wives, and orphans of the soldiers, sailors, and marines, killed or wounded in Egypt.

The building at Brighton continues with much spirit. A field at the entrance of the town, of about three quarters of an acre, lately sold for three thousand guineas; and a piece of ground, at present occupied by a pile of old stables, near the Duke of Marlborough's, has been sold at fifteen guineas per foot. Portland-place cost only twenty-five shillings

per foot, and that price was deemed inordinate.

On Wednesday last, Lieutenant McNiven, who belonged to the Danaë frigate at the time the crew mutinied and carried her into Brest, in passing through Wapping, met a seaman who was captain of the fore-castle when the mutiny took place. He instantly seized him, and conveyed him on board the tender off the Tower, from whence he will be conveyed to the Nore for trial. It appeared that he had been for some time on board an American schooner, which had lain for a fortnight alongside the tender. He had an American protection, and was disguised as an American, with ear-rings in his ears.

Portsmouth, June 10. By the appearance of some shipping off the coast about midnight, between Monday and Tuesday, a considerable alarm took place here, and in the neighbouring country, under an apprehension that it was an enemy's fleet. The lieutenant-governor of Portsmouth went out upon the fortifications at three o'clock in the morning, and all the troops were ordered to be in readiness at a moment's warning. At nine o'clock the same morning, the king's own infantry, at Winchester, received orders to march, at the shortest notice. In the course of twenty minutes the corps was ready, and every man eager to march against any enemy who might dare to oppose this country. They were lying on their arms when our letter came away. —Similar preparations took place in other towns: but the whole we can assert to be only an unfounded alarm, arising from a circumstance of a much more agreeable nature, we mean the safe arrival of the East-India fleet, under convoy of the Argo frigate, in the channel, which has been announced by the telegraph, and was yesterday morning made known in the city.

London, June 10. Monday evening a young woman in the Broadway Westminster got through the railing in St. James's park, and immediately precipitated herself into the canal. She was some time under water before she was taken up. The means pre-

prescribed by the Humane Society were used with the desired effect. The account she gave of herself was, that she had lost her husband and a brother in Egypt, and did not wish to survive them.

11. His majesty, in his excursion to Weymouth, goes by water in the Royal Charlotte yacht from Lymington; the yacht is ordered to be out of dock this day.

A council of his majesty's ministers was yesterday held at lord Hawkesbury's office in Downing-street; his grace the duke of Portland attended. After the meeting broke up, dispatches were sent off to the court of Petersburg.

His majesty has been pleased to order a kind of uniform, which will be worn at Weymouth, and which, at his majesty's desire, the princesses will adopt. It is scarlet, with a narrow gold lace, the same which is to be worn by the knights of the garter.

Her majesty's German band is to go round to Weymouth in the Augusta yacht. The aquatic entertainments there are to be upon a grander scale than they have hitherto been.

Mr. Ford, the magistrate, goes to Weymouth during his majesty's residence there.

On Monday, after the review, the prince of Wales gave a superb entertainment to the officers, at the Bush Tavern, Staines. The company consisted of their royal highnesses the dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cumberland, monsieur of France, the duke of Orleans, the earl of Moira, and many other persons of distinction. A number of songs were sung by Dignum, Inledon, Bannister, &c. and the whole of the entertainment was equally distinguished for its elegance and conviviality.

Yesterday morning, about four o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out at the sugar-house of Messrs. Warren and Co. sugar-bakers, in Woodstreet, which burnt with great fury for several hours, and entirely consumed the whole of the inside of the premises, together with the stock in trade, to a considerable amount.

Dublin, June 13. The seven Danish

vessels embargoed in Ringsend dock, were on Tuesday evening released from arrest, and will clear out from the Custom-house to sail the first fair wind.

There are six Swedish vessels detained here.

On Tuesday general Sir William Meadows, commander in chief of the forces in this kingdom, arrived here, and immediately entered upon the arduous duties of his high station; which duties, from the former conduct of this general, and his exalted character, will, we doubt not, be fulfilled to the satisfaction of his majesty, and the benefit of his empire.

General Dundas has again resumed the command of the eastern district.

On Thursday a very dreadful fire broke out in the town of Athlone, which destroyed a number of houses, and continued burning when the post came away.

Leaves, June 22. The hop gardens both in this county and in Kent afford the prospect of an abundant crop, to the great discomfiture of the speculators, who, we are informed, hold nearly the whole of last year's growth, and whose consequent loss, according to present appearances, must be immense.

The Brighton fishermen last week complained the mackarel run so large, that they could not contrive to mesh them, and that on taking up their nets they in consequence could not save more than one in four which they encompassed.

The above fishermen have not hitherto derived much profit from the season, in some degree owing to the annoyance they have experienced from the unusual number of dog-fish, which have not only made great havoc amongst the mackarel, but also proved farther injurious by having, from their activity and strength, done considerable damage to their nets.

On the coast of Kent the boats have been much more successful. At Dover the catches have of late been so plentiful, that, in the neighbourhood of that place, mackarel weighing a pound and a half each have been sold at the rate of fourteen and fifteen for a shilling.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

May 27. The hon. Mrs. Ryder, of a daughter.

The lady of J. T. Stanley, esq. of a daughter, at Alderly-park, Cheshire.

29. Of a daughter, Mrs. Canes, wife of Edward Jekyll Canes, esq. captain in the royal navy.

June 2. At Goodnestone, of a son, the lady of sir Brook Bridges, bart.

At the Rectory, Wigan, Lancashire, the right hon. lady Lucy Bridgeman, of twins, a son and a daughter.

The lady of George Smith, esq. of George-street, Mansion-house, of a daughter.

3. In Russell-place, of a son, the lady of Wyndham Knatchbull, esq.

At Amport-house, the marchioness of Winchester, of a son.

4. The lady of John Beauclerk, esq. of New-street, Spring-gardens, of a daughter.

5. At Chapel-house, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Scott, of a daughter.

In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of sir Grenville Temple, bart. of a son.

9. Of a daughter, the lady of B. Hobhouse, esq. M. P.

12. At Greensted-hall, in Essex, the lady of Craven Ord, esq. of a son.

16. At the Abbey, Shrewsbury, the lady of sir Cha. Oakley, bart. of a son.

The lady of major Bordes, of the 73d, of a son.

17. At his lordship's house, in Arlington-street, the countess of Sutherland, of a son.

18. At Betley, the right hon. lady Templetown, of a daughter.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, the lady of lieutenant-colonel D. Robertson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 1. The rev. Charles Davie, rector of Heanton, Devonshire, to miss Bridget Boyfield, daughter of the late William Boyfield, esq.

At Ingatestone, John Needham, esq. of Bickham, Somersetshire, to miss Havers, sister to Thomas Havers, esq.

Charles Hamerton, esq. of Whitefriars, London, to miss Mary Hamerton, of Lynn, Norfolk.

The hon. Frederick Cavendish, to the right hon. lady Eleanor Gore.

6. R. Wells, esq. to miss Este, daughter of the rev. Mr. Este.

John Fane, esq. son of John Fane, esq. M. P. to miss Lowndes, daughter of William Lowndes Stone, esq.

Robert Copeland Pease, esq. of Kirk Ella, near Hull, to miss Richardson, daughter of Rowland Richardson, esq.

7. Mr. Thomas Hensley, of Hackney, to miss Lydia Mills, daughter of Mr. Mills, upholster, of Bedford-row.

8. John Platt, esq. to miss Harris, of Wandsworth.

Mr. William Shone, of Mincing-lane, merchant, to miss Elizabeth-Ann Chamberlaine, daughter of John Chamberlaine, esq. Brompton.

9. Lieutenant-colonel D. I. Cameron, of Browning's-lodge, Sussex, to miss Kinloch, eldest daughter of the late G. F. Kinloch, esq. merchant.

11. At St. Mary-Over church, Mr. Forkner, to miss Vann, daughter of Mrs. Vann (now West.)

At Flaxley, Gloucestershire, Richard Iremonger, esq. of Pembroke-college, Oxford, to miss Eleanor Crawley, third daughter of sir Thomas Crawley, bart.

15. At Bath, lieutenant-col. St. John Fancourt, of the 69th regiment, to miss Amelia Farrer, youngest daughter of Ja. Farrer, esq. Green-park-buildings.

16. At Chester, John Hill, of Lincoln's-inn, esq. to miss Wilkinson, daughter of Thomas Wilkinson, esq.

Mr. Chas. Law, of Avenaria-lane, to miss Eliza Sophia Stedman, of Winchester-place, Pentonville.

17. Capt. Joseph L. Popham, of the royal navy, to miss Wallis, only daughter of Christopher Wallis, esq. of Trevanno, near Helston, in Cornwall.

Mr. Bradley, surgeon, of John-street, Berkeley-square, to miss Hope, of St. James's-palace.

At St. Mary's, Stoke-Newington, capt. Compton, late of the East-India service, aged 72, to miss Jeffries, teacher, at the boarding-school, aged 66, of the same place.

The hon. F. N. Burton, M. P. colonel of the Clare regiment, to the hon. Valentina Lawless, sister to lord Cloncurry.

20. Capt.

20. Capt. Joseph Bullen, of the royal navy, to miss Scafe, daughter of Wm. Scafe, esq. barrister-at-law.

Thomas Artemidorus Russell, esq. to miss Cromwell, daughter of Oliver Cromwell, esq. of Cheshunt-park.

21. The rev. John Bramston Stane, of Forest-hall, Essex, to miss Maria Newton, only daughter of Samuel Newton, esq. of Baker-street.

The right hon. lord Loyaine, to miss Louisa Wortley, of Grosvenor-square.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. John Bellamy, jun. of the House of Commons, to miss Kier, of Bridge-street.

DEATHS.

May 26. Suddenly, Mr. Jas. Grant, of Dundee, surgeon, eldest son of the rev. A. Grant, D.D. formerly of Hornsey, Middlesex, but now of Dundee.

At Clifton, the lady of major Millesfont, of the tenth regiment of foot.

At Parson's-green, Fulham, Mr. Thomas Clark, late of Delahay-street, Westminster.

27. At her lodgings, in South Moulton-street, Mrs. Eliz. Gray, relict of the late T. Gray, of Woodstock-street.

30. Peter Burrell, esq. of the Pay-office, Whitehall.

June 1. At Farnhill, Somersetshire, capt. Henry Combe, of the royal navy.

Aged 20, of a decline, miss Sophia Nisbett, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Nisbett, of Kingsland-place.

At Chelsea, Mr. William Carr, son of Mr. Carr, mercer, New Bond-street.

6. At his house in Paternoster-row, Mr. George Robinson, senior, bookseller; a gentleman to whose liberality literature in general is deeply indebted, and whose death is sincerely regretted by all his relatives and numerous friends.

7. At Clewer, near Windsor, aged 80, Mr. John Davis, who, with his father and grandfather, were successively locksmiths to the crowned heads of this realm for more than 150 years.

At his house in Baker-street, Matthew Bazett, esq.

Miss Mary-Anne Mapleton, second daughter of Dr. Mapleton, Bath.

At Bellevue, colonel Gardener.

9. Mrs. Mary Duncan, relict of Alex. Duncan, esq. late of Camberwell.

James Cranmer, esq. of Mitcham, Surrey, in the 82d year of his age.

The infant daughter of the hon. and rev. George Bridgeman.

10. Of an apoplexy, Arthur Rothwell, esq. of New Bond-street, Hanover-square, aged 67.

At Belmont-lodge, in Hertfordshire, John-Henry Warre, esq.

At his house in Gloucester-place, brigadier-general Arnold.

At Worcester, in her 31st year, Mrs. Robson, wife of Mr. Robson, solicitor, Castle-street, Leicester-fields.

Of an apoplectic stroke, at the seat of Mr. Latouche, in the county of Wicklow, lieutenant-general Charles Eustace.

17. At his father's house, in Grosvenor-place, Robert Moss, esq. of the duke of Portland's office, and youngest son of the bishop of Bath and Wells.

Mrs. Attwick, wife of William Attwick, esq. of Portman-square.

At Reddish's hotel, St. James's-street, Charles Edwin, esq. of Clear Well, Gloucestershire, many years M. P. for the county of Glamorgan.

At Leatherhead, in Surrey, in consequence of the bursting of a blood-vessel, Mrs. Harvey, wife of the rev. Richard Harvey, vicar of that parish.

At Walsingham-place, after a short illness, Thomas Dickons, esq. lately returned from Jamaica.

20. In Finsbury-square, in his 59th year, Rd. Huddleston, esq. of Gray's-inn.

At the house of the hon. and rev. Philip Howard, at Handsworth, in Yorkshire, Mrs. Barbara Idle, relict of the late lord chief-baron Idle, of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, and sister to the late sir Philip Musgrave, bart.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JULY, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 Portrait of KOTZEBUE, the celebrated German Dramatist.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—The JERBOA and DORMOUSE.
- 3 Fashionable PARIS DRESS, beautifully coloured.
- 4 A New and Elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC.—A favorite CANZONET, composed by the celebrated VINCENZIO MARTINI, Author of LA COSA RARA, &c. &c. — The Poetry by MR. RANNIE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;
Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE would recommend to our correspondent who favours us with the *Monks and the Robbers* to transmit longer continuations, that the story may be the sooner brought to a *conclusion*; for which several of our readers have, and we think not without reason, intimated a wish.

The Tale entitled *Zoe, or Contrasts in Love*, is intended for insertion.

E. D.'s Essay is received, and shall have a place.

The Lines by Elvira require correction.

The Invocation—Ode to Health—The Fisherman, a true story—and the Village Wake, are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



KOTZEBU.

London. Published by G. & J. Robinson. Paternoster Row. August 1. 1801.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
JULY, 1801.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF KOTZEBUE.

(With an elegant Portrait.)

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE, the celebrated German dramatist, was born at Weimar, in Upper Saxony, a town remarkable for being the birth-place, or the residence, of a great number of the most distinguished German writers. His mother, who was early left a widow, denied herself many of the pleasures she might have enjoyed, that she might dedicate her whole time and attention to the education of her children. She engaged tutors for the instruction of her son; but he has declared that he was much more indebted for his acquirements to her taste and discernment than to their exertions and abilities. From his mother, he tells us, he imbibed a taste for reading, almost at the breast, so that, even when he was not more than four or five years old, books were more the objects of his notice than the toys in which children usually delight. Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe were the books which in his early years made the greatest impression on his mind, especially the latter, of which he was so enthusiastically fond, that his most ardent wish was to make a voyage in a leaky ship, be wrecked on an uninhabited coast, where he alone of all the crew being saved should build him a house with the shattered remains of the vessel.

His first attempts in verse were made when he was about five years old, and soon afterwards he wrote what he considered and called a comedy, though it would not more than fill an octavo page. He was sensible that to bear any resemblance to a real comedy it ought to be much longer, but was, as he says, unacquainted with the art of spinning his thread to a proper length.

The following anecdote, relative to this part of his life, we shall give in his own words:

‘I met with an accident which, by checking a growing propensity in my heart to avarice, was the occasion of my being transformed from a semi-miser to a semi-spendthrift.

‘The circumstance occurred when I might be about nine or ten years old, at which time I lived with my mother in the Yellow Castle, as it is called, at Weimar. —She constantly gave me a few *groschen* every week, to spend according to my own fancy; but, instead of spending, I used to hoard them up carefully in a green silk purse, which soon became my idol. It was laid under my pillow at night, and was my play-thing by day, often serving me as a ball to throw up into the air, or against

the wall, and catch again with my hand.

My little treasure already amounted to some dollars, when one day I happened to be going up stairs, playing, according to custom, with my beloved purse as a ball. It was a quadrangular stair-case, forming a well from the top of the house down to the very cellars.—When I was at the top, my purse fell, as I thought, to the bottom. But in this I was perhaps mistaken, since, though I ran down immediately, and searched all about for it most carefully, it was no where to be found. It is probable, therefore, that it might lodge upon the steps of the stair-case, and was caught up by somebody then passing. Be that as it may, it was gone irrevocably; and with it went my propensity to saving. From that hour the *groschen* were always spent almost as soon as received. Thank God! I have never since been tormented with avarice.

Who can say what might be the consequences of this apparently insignificant adventure? what might have been my fate had I never lost my purse? and what influence this unexpected turn in my character may not have had upon the fate of many other of my fellow-creatures. And, to carry our speculations still farther, who knows what might be the situation of the person who found the purse, or by whom it may perhaps yet be found? It is very possible that it might, or may, fall into the hands of one to whom the possession of a few dollars was, or may be at the moment, an object of the greatest importance. In short, what prophet or seer can develope the many adventures to which the falling of my purse has led, or may lead.

He attributes to the following incident the cause of his becoming a

dramatic writer. The late player Abbott came with his strolling company to Weimar, and fitted up the riding-house as a theatre. Never within the memory of young Kotzebue had Weimar been visited by any players, and his curiosity was excited beyond all bounds. It will easily be imagined, therefore, how great were his transports when Musæus, the amiable and admirable Musæus, who had always noticed him in a very particular manner, came and requested his mother to let him accompany him to the play.

He entered the theatre with a kind of sacred awe, and his expectations were raised to the highest pitch. The piece was Klopstock's *Death of Adam*. Musæus placed him on a bench, that he might see over the heads of the other spectators. When the curtain drew up he was all attention; not a word, a look, or an attitude escaped him, and he returned home in an intoxication of delight and enthusiasm.

As a theatre was soon after established at Weimar, under the patronage of the duchess Amelia, our young author was gratified with an opportunity of frequently enjoying these representations; and so often did he resort to them, and so great was his attention, that he assures us he could repeat the whole of Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*, without ever having seen the book.

At this time he was a pupil of Musæus, in the gymnasium of Weimar, who encouraged his scholars to make voluntary essays in composition and read them to him. At that time ballads, formed on terrific legends of knights and ghosts, were, as indeed they now are, much in vogue. Young Kotzebue, therefore, composed a ballad in the very highest flights of the ruling taste. It contained a sumptuous banquet and a horrible murder; a ghost appeared

appeared preaching repentance, and the obdurate sinner was at length carried away by the devil. The versification was, however, easy and correct.

‘On the following Saturday,’ says he, ‘I scarce knew how to wait for the appointed hour before I produced this master-piece. The important moment arrived—my heart palpitated—I ascended the rostrum, and read my performance with a tremulous voice.—But how did my eyes sparkle, how did my bosom swell with transport, when, at the conclusion, Musæus said,—Oh words never to be forgotten!—“Good! very good!—from what almanack did you borrow it?”—Conceive, reader, if thou canst—but no, it is impossible to conceive with what exultation I answered—“It is my own writing.”—“Indeed!” said Musæus. “Well, well, bravo! go on!”—I was almost beside myself, and would not have parted with the feelings of that moment to purchase a kingdom. With cheeks glowing with delight, I returned to my seat; and, as I observed that the eyes of all my school-fellows were fixed upon me, I concealed my face, with ostentatious modesty, in the blue coat which all the scholars were obliged to wear.’

Our young author soon after proceeded to write a comedy which he entitled *All's well that ends well*, which had a strong resemblance to the *Count of Otsbach*, and which the celebrated Goethe, who frequently visited at his mother's house, expressed a wish to read, and honoured with his perusal.

At the age of sixteen Kotzebue left Weimar to become a student in the great academy of Jena, where he made a considerable proficiency in the ancient and several of the modern languages. But these stu-

dies did not damp his ardour for the stage; they rather tended to increase it. As the students had erected a private theatre there, it may be supposed that he was not long before he applied to be admitted to take a part in this amusement. His request was immediately granted; and as it was not customary for ladies to appear on this stage, the youth and delicate appearance of Kotzebue occasioned female characters to be frequently allotted him, and he performed them with very considerable applause.

After continuing at Jena a year, his sister married, and settled at Duisburg on the Rhine, whither he accompanied her, proposing to spend a year at that miniature university. Here one of his first anxieties was to establish a private theatre. He found little difficulty in collecting together a number of young men all ready to strut their hours as kings, heroes, or generals; but it was a more arduous task to find a place suitable for these representations. ‘This little town,’ says he, ‘as is commonly the case with little towns, was enveloped by a thick cloud of prejudices. The few who possessed taste had no room large enough to answer our purpose, and those who had rooms would not suffer them to undergo such profanation. In this distress, from whom will it be supposed we received assistance?—But that would never be guessed. It was even from the venerable fathers of the convent of the Minorets. With the utmost courtesy and politeness they offered us the use of their cloister, attended at our rehearsals, laughed at our jokes, and related with no small pleasure how they themselves had formerly played Scripture stories.—In the cloister of the Minorets' convent, to the astonishment, the delight, and the scandal, of the Duisburg public, we performed

performed the play of *The Rivals**. Since the creation of the world never probably was the cloister of a convent so profaned; and whoever had seen such a place crowded with females dressed in their best attire might well have asked himself—"Where am I?—Is this a dream, or am I really within monastic walls?"—The most ridiculous part of the story was, that, for want of a sufficient number of performers, I played two characters; no less than Julia and the young 'squire Ackerland. Wherever these two were to appear together, I providently made such alterations as would adapt it to my purpose; and in the damsel's character I wore a dress so contrived that it might be changed in an instant when I was to make my appearance as the clownish 'squire. By these, and the like means, did I compelevery difficulty to vanish before my theatrical rage.

About this time our young author made several attempts in different species of composition.—'But still,' says he, 'in writing, my mind did not emit one spark of originality. A romance which I began at Duisburg was the exact counterpart of *Sophy's Journey from Memel to Saxony*. No more than four sheets of this were ever completed. Two other productions I did finish; the first was a comedy called *The Ring, or Avarice is the Root of all Evil*, founded, as usual, upon an old and worn-out story. A young woman, supposed to be dead, was, by desire of her lover, buried with a valuable ring he had presented to her, upon her finger, which in the night the ghostly father comes to take away, when she awakes to his no small astonishment and confusion.—This piece I had the assurance to

send to Schröder, who returned it with a very polite letter of rejection, which I received at the moment I was meditating in triumphant exultation on the vast honours that awaited me on its performance. I railed unmercifully at Schröder, for not understanding his own interest better; and in the warmth of my indignation quarrelled with the ungrateful dramatic muse, whom I resolved to forswear for ever. To console myself, I immediately wrote a romance of eight or ten sheets, which in my own opinion was no way inferior to Werter. The story was indeed much more terrific, since the hero threw himself from a rock, and was dashed in pieces. Weigand, at Leipsick, was at that time the principal publisher of all the fashionable romances, and to him, therefore, was my offspring sent for his decision upon its merits. For some time I hastened anxiously twice in the week to the post-house, in hopes of receiving tidings of my darling. At last came a letter, and a letter only, by which it was plain that my manuscript was not returned, and I instantly concluded for certain that it was already consigned to the press. Think, then, with what humiliation and confusion, on opening the letter, I read that Mr. Weigand was amply supplied with such articles for several fairs to come, and that my manuscript should be at my service whenever I would have the goodness to pay the postage. The latter clause was added, because, in full confidence of the value of my merchandize, I had sent the parcel unfranked, meaning the carriage to be deducted from the profits of the work. He doubtless supposed that here he had me secure, and that, from paternal affection, I should readily pay whatever was necessary for the release of my child. But he

* Probably a translation of Mr. Sheridan's comedy of that title.

he was terribly mistaken. What! should my hero not merely throw himself from a rock for nothing, but must I even pay for it?—No: this was too much! this was a humiliation not to be endured!—In short, our author made no further inquiry after his manuscript.

He now (in the year 1779) returned to Jena, and applied himself with tolerable diligence to the study of the law, at the same time attending lectures on history from Muller, studying logic and metaphysics with counsellor Ulric, and improving himself in languages under Boulet and Valenti. His leisure hours, he tells us, were devoted heart and soul to the private theatre, at which he produced a tragedy called *Charlotte Frank*, and performed one of the principal characters in it; but it was not very favourably received. He soon after, however, ventured upon a comedy, called *Wives-a-la-Mode*, which succeeded much better, and contained some strokes of genuine comic humour. Several anecdotes of the town were covertly interspersed in it, and these obtained the piece more applause than perhaps it deserved. He was about this time the principal cause of instituting a club, from which he derived considerable improvement.

In his nineteenth year he closed his academical career at Jena, when, in order to give a public proof that he was not trifling away his time solely with the belles lettres, he took the character of an opponent at the conferring of a doctor's degree. Soon after he returned to Weimar, where he studied the pandects very diligently, was examined by the principals in the law, and admitted as an advocate. 'Here,' says he, 'while I was waiting for clients, I continued to be myself a zealous client of the Muses.' He

produced several poetical trifles; a collection of tales published by Dyck at Leipzig, and a comedy, in three acts, called *The Triple Vow*, written with the intention of being played at a private theatre at Weimar, after the duchess's delivery, if the child proved a son; but, as she unluckily produced only a daughter, the performance fell to the ground, nor has the piece ever appeared in print. He also wrote, at the request of a friend, some criticisms in a literary publication.

In the year 1781 Kotzebue went to Petersburg, where he was appointed to a public employment; but of what nature does not distinctly appear. His predecessor in this office, the celebrated poet Lenz, had excited, he tells us, much dissatisfaction, because, instead of attending regularly to the necessary public business, his attention was frequently diverted to some poem he was writing, for which there was no necessity at all. He resolved, therefore, to take warning from his example, and, avoiding the rock upon which he had split, to forgo the muses entirely. But general Bawr, under whose superintendence the office he held was placed, meeting by chance with the collection of tales already noticed, the name caught his attention, and, on inquiring particulars concerning the author, he learned, to his no small surprise, that it was the same Kotzebue who then laboured under him at a very different employment. He purchased the book, and producing it unexpectedly to our author, bestowed on it so much applause, that his ruling passion soon revived, and he began to devote all his leisure hours to his former literary pursuits.

A German theatre had been for some little time established at Petersburg, but the receipts of the house

house were very small, and the whole institution was on the point of falling to the ground, when an intriguing actress of the name of Fiala applied to general Bawr, intreating him, as a German, to take it under his protection, and to use his influence with the empress for procuring its enrollment among her imperial theatres. This was accordingly done, Bawr undertook the direction himself, and from that moment Kotzebue was restored to his true element.

He now wrote a tragedy in five acts, called *Demetrius, Czar of Moscow*, taken from the well-known story of the true or false Demetrius, who, according to report, was murdered when a child at Uglitsch, but who afterwards appeared, supported by the Poles, and dethroned the traitor Boris Godunow. Historians are divided on the question whether or not this Demetrius was an impostor; but Kotzebue did not think it proper to make the hero of his piece an impostor, and therefore represented him as the rightful dethroned prince. Verily splendid dresses and decorations, after the old Russian costume, were prepared for the representation of this piece; and as the czarina had consigned the entire management of the theatre to Bawr, he thought his own approbation sufficient, and that it was unnecessary to lay the manuscript before the theatrical censor. But when the intended day of representation approached, and had been announced in the public prints, the governor of the police sent one morning to the theatre, prohibiting the performance. Fiala, thunderstruck, hastened to general Bawr, and the general to the governor, to assure him that the tragedy was perfectly inoffensive. But this signified little. It appeared that Peter the Great had issued a ukase expressly declaring Demetrius an impostor;

and this being still in force, was more incontestable evidence against him than any other could be in his favour. In vain did our author urge that he was wholly ignorant of such a ukase; it was still asked how he dared, in the very face of an imperial decree, to present his hero to the public under the title of Czar of Moscow.

The governor of the police at length, however, consented to the representation of the piece, out of respect to general Bawr, but not without first sending an officer to enjoin the author to make such alterations, that Demetrius should be publicly unmasked, and displayed before all the people in his true character of an impostor. Kotzebue replied that the piece might as well be thrown at once into the fire as thus mutilated. At length, however, through the intercession of the general, the performance of the play, as it was written, was permitted, on condition the author should, in his own person, make a solemn declaration that he was firmly convinced that Demetrius was an impostor, and in representing him otherwise had only been guilty of a poetical licence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MODERN REFINEMENT.

A Lady not many days ago took her daughter to a boarding-school in the country, for the purpose of tuition; when, after the first salutations were over, the matron fixed her eyes upon some worked picture-subjects in the parlour; and pointing to one more attractive than the rest, asked 'What is that?'—'That,' replied the tutoress, 'is Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter.'—'Well I vow,' rejoined the lady, 'it is vastly beautiful.—Betsey, my dear, you shall work *Charlotte in a Tub of Water*!'

The

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 298.)

LETTER XXV.

From *Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady* ———.

TO your ladyship, whose piety excites you to contemplate the works of nature with intent to delineate their beauties, and ascribe their perfections to their native source, every genus of animals is a varied prospect of divine skill, as each abounds with evident proofs of the wisdom of the Supreme Being. As in a journey we esteem a variegated country the most desirable, so, in our mental progressions, various and different views are not only the most pleasing, but the most edifying mode of research. If the eyes were constantly employed on one object, however pleasing or harmless its tendency, the optic nerves would be weary, and naturally seek new subjects for contemplation. As Providence has ordered all things for our delight and convenience, he has wisely ordained a perpetual variety in the change of the seasons, the succession of day and night, and an infinitude of variations in the material substances that immediately strike our senses; and thus, amongst many other instances, the animal genera present innumerable distinctions, to improve our minds, and relieve our ocular perceptions.

The next tribe of animals I shall recommend to the attention of your ladyship is the shrew genus, which forms the link between the rat and mole genera. The distinctive properties of this class are two cutting teeth in each jaw, pointing forward; long slender nose; small ears; and five toes on each foot.

THE MUSKY SHREW MOUSE.

This animal has been denominated the Muscovy or musk rat,
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and the long-nosed beaver; because it affords a kind of perfume nearly resembling the genuine musk, and in some parts of its construction and mode of life is similar to the castor beaver.

The musky shrew mouse has a long slender nose; very small eyes; no external ears; and a tail compressed sideways, not horizontally like the beaver's. The head and back are of a dusky colour; the belly of a whitish ash hue. The length from nose to tail is seven inches; the tail is eight inches long.

This species inhabit the river Volga, and the neighbouring lakes; and, as they are slow in their motions, never migrate far from the banks of the waters they frequent. They dwell in holes which they make in the cliffs, with an entrance far beneath the lowest fall of the water. They subsist on fish, and are devoured by the pikes and siluri, to which they give so strong a flavour of musk as to render them uneatable. The skins of these animals are esteemed by many as an antidote against infectious diseases, and as an effectual preservative from moths.

THE PERFUMING SHREW MOUSE.

The very name of this animal implies that it possesses an odoriferous quality; which is of such a strong musky nature, as to render every thing highly perfumed that it approaches. This species inhabit Java, and some other oriental islands; they subsist on rice, and are not hostilely pursued by the feline race. The perfuming shrew mouse has a long slender nose. The upper jaw extends far beyond the lower. The upper fore teeth are short; the lower long, slender, and incurvated. It has long white whiskers, small eyes, and transparent broad round ears;
2 Y the

the hair on the head is short; the body is of a pale sky blue colour; the belly of a lighter cast; the feet are white. The length from nose to tail is about eight inches; the tail is three inches long.

THE MEXICAN SHREW MOUSE.

This animal has been ranked as a mole by M. de Buffon, though it is evident, from the construction of its ears, that it is of the shrew genus. That able naturalist has given a description of this species by the name of Tucan. The Mexican shrew mouse has a sharp nose, and small round ears. It has no visual organs. In the upper and under jaw are two long fore-teeth. This animal is so thick and fleshy, and its legs are so short, that its belly nearly touches the ground; it has long crooked claws, a short tail, and tawny hair; the length from nose to tail is nine inches. This species inhabit Mexico. They burrow, and make a great number of subterraneous recesses; but they have so slight a portion of memory as not to find their habitation when once they quit it. They subsist on roots, pulse, and grain, and their flesh is eatable.

THE BRASILIAN SHREW MOUSE.

This animal has a sharp nose, and teeth; it is of a dusky colour, and marked along the back with three broad black strokes. The length from nose to tail five inches; the tail is two inches long. This species inhabit Brazil: they are not fearful of cats, or pursued by them.

THE MURINE SHREW MOUSE.

The murine shrew mouse has a long nose, hollowed on the under part; very long hairs about the nostrils; and round ash-coloured ears, almost destitute of hair; the body and head of a cinereous hue. The size nearly that of a common mouse.

The tail is a little shorter than the body, but not so hairy. This species are found in Java.

THE FÆTID SHREW MOUSE.

This animal is evidently the shrew mouse described by Buffon; and undoubtedly had the appellation of fœtid annexed to it, from the offensive odour it diffuses, which is of an extremely noxious quality; the feline race will kill this kind of shrew mouse, but never eat it. This animal has short round ears; small eyes nearly hid in the fur, and a long slender nose. The head and upper part of the body are of a brownish red hue; the belly is of a dirty white cast. The length from nose to tail is two inches and a half; the tail is an inch and a half long. This species are diffusively dispersed; they inhabit various parts of Europe, Kamtschatka, the environs of the Caspian Sea and the Arctic regions; they dwell in old walls, heaps of stones, or holes in the earth, and frequently infest hayricks, dunghills, or any situation replete with filth. They subsist on corn, insects, or any sort of gross food they can obtain; as, like the swine species, they delight in every kind of impurity. The females of this species have usually four or five young at a birth. In the month of August there appears to be a great mortality amongst these animals, numbers of them being found dead at that season.

THE WATER SHREW MOUSE.

This animal, according to M. de Buffon, was discovered by M. Daubenton; though Pennant seems to assert it was known in England long before, and thus describes it: The water shrew mouse has a long slender nose; very minute ears; and small eyes, nearly concealed in the fur. The colour of the head and upper part of the body is black; the

throat, breast, and belly, are of a light ash colour. Beneath the tail is a triangular dusky spot. Its dimensions are larger than those of the preceding kind; as its length from head to tail is near four inches, and the tail is about two inches long. This species inhabit Europe and Siberia; they burrow in the banks of lakes and rivers, and are often found in fenny situations. They are reported to swim under the water, and chirp so much like a grasshopper as often to deceive the ear. These animals have been called blind mice, though they have eyes.

The water shrew mice are usually taken at the head of fountains or springs, at the rising or setting of the sun; as, during the day, they generally secrete themselves. The female brings forth in the spring, and has usually nine young ones at a litter.

THE MINUTE SHREW MOUSE.

The minute shrew mouse is of a disproportionate construction, as its head is nearly as big as its body. It has a very slender nose; broad, short, naked ears; whiskers reaching to the eyes; and small eyes, capable of being drawn in. Its hair is of a fine glossy appearance, grey on the upper part of the body, and white underneath. This animal has no tail.

This species inhabit Siberia, in the vicinage of the Oby and Kama. They frequent moist situations, and live in nests beneath the roots of trees; they have the faculty of digging; run swift; subsist on seeds, and have the voice of a bat. According to Linnæus, this animal is the smallest of the quadruped tribes; but Dr. Pallas is of opinion, the next species, which is denominated the pygmy shrew mouse, is still smaller; as the weight of one of

that kind does but very little, if at all, exceed half a dram.

THE PYGMY SHREW MOUSE.

The pygmy shrew mouse is of the same construction and colour as the fœtid kind, but of a paler hue. The tail is slender at the base, and suddenly grows to a remarkable degree of thickness and rotundity, but gradually lessens to the extremity. This species are very numerous about the rivers Jeneise and Oby.

THE WHITE-TOOTHED SHREW MOUSE.

This animal is of a dusky cinereous colour; has a white belly, a slender hairy tail, and remarkable white cutting teeth.

THE SQUARE-TAILED SHREW MOUSE.

The term 'square-tailed' implies that that part of this species is inclined to a quadrangular construction. This animal is of a dusky ash colour; but the belly of a paler cast, and the cutting teeth of a brownish hue. This kind of shrew mouse diffuses no offensive odour.

THE CARINATED SHREW MOUSE.

This animal is denominated the carinated shrew mouse, because its tail, which is slender and taper, is ridged on the under part. The body is of a dusky, cinereous, or ash colour, whitish on the belly. The fore teeth are of a brownish cast. There is a white spot beyond each eye.

THE UNICOLOR SHREW MOUSE.

This animal is uniformly of a dusky ash colour. The base of the tail is narrow, and of a compressed or flatted make. This and the three preceding species were discovered by professor Herman in the vicinity of Strasburg.

In a class of animals remarkable for no superior instinctive faculties, we are only enabled to trace the progress of common operations; which, with justice and propriety, we may conclude, serve some wise purpose, tending to complete the general unison of systematic accordance. It is consistent with the universal harmony that subsists, that many of the brute tribes should be but moderately endued; as by a commixture of active principles and passive qualities the balance of animal perfection is preserved. Your ladyship, whose comprehensive mind ever seeks to revert to moral causes for every apparent consequence, will, I am persuaded, with your accustomed candour, grant, that in the animal world, even to the highest class endued with rationality, moderate abilities serve particular and essential purposes, and are conducive to the general good. If all were brilliant, all sagacious, in the lower order of beings, the invention of man, and the utmost exertion of his powers, would be required to restrain their varied efforts, and to counteract their pernicious consequences. In the dispensation of instinct, as well as in every other allotment, that portion is bestowed which perfectly accords with the circumstances and construction of the being to whom the gift is assigned: to those who are destined to range the forests in quest of food,—speed, courage, and strength, are amply granted; to others who are to live by stratagem, wily and provident qualities are given; and to many who live in reclusive situations, and subsist on those articles of food which their residence conveniently presents, no further degree of instinct is necessary, than what immediately conduces to the preservation of the species, and the local accommodation

of each individual. Your ladyship, who is liberally endowed by nature, and embellished by mental cultivation, affords an evident proof, that superior abilities are the highest and most distinguished blessing that can be dispensed; as wisdom, when it is duly blended with piety, which comprehends the whole class of virtues, elevates the human mind to almost a celestial state of beatification, and inspires that genuine reverence and affection which actuates your ladyship's faithful

EUGENIA.

LETTER XXVI.

*From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.*

YOUR ladyship will, I trust, be not displeased with the next class of subterranean inhabitants, which are comprehended in the mole genus. The principal generic characteristics of this tribe are, a long nose; the upper jaw much longer than the lower; no external ears; scarcely any apparent fore legs; very broad fore feet; and very small hind ones. From the circumstance of having canine teeth in each jaw, this genus forms an exception to the class in which it is placed, but agrees in every other property.

THE EUROPEAN MOLE.

This animal, though he is not wholly destitute of the organs of sight, has such minute eyes, so thickly concealed in the fur, as to afford him but a very slight portion of visual perception; but this defect is amply supplied by a delicate sense of touching and smelling, a skin of a superlative soft texture, and propensities tending to insure domestic peace. With respect to his external construction, the mole

has a long nose or snout; the upper jaw much longer than the lower one; no external auditory passages, except an orifice; very small eyes hid in the fur; six cutting teeth in the upper, and eight in the lower jaw, and two canine teeth in each. The anterior part of the body is thick and muscular; the hinder part of a tapering form. The fore feet are broad, formed like hands, with five toes, and placed obliquely; on each toe are strong claws. The hind feet are small, with five toes on each. The tail is short; the skin of so tough a texture as to be scarcely penetrated with a knife; the hair short and close set, and of a softer texture than velvet, commonly of a black hue, sometimes spotted with white, and in some individuals quite of that colour. The length of the head and body is nearly six inches; the tail is one inch long. This species inhabit Europe (though none are found in Ireland), the temperate and southern regions of Russia and Siberia. There is such a mutual attachment between the male and female of this species, that the enjoyment of each other's society seems to constitute their entire happiness; insomuch that they appear to be averse to, and shun, every other kind of intercourse. This state of perfect tranquillity, arising from domestication, renders the mole species objects of envy, rather than contempt; as without shining abilities, which are often a snare to, and impede the happiness of, the possessors, they partake of the comforts best suited to their capacity of enjoyment, by intuitively forming a subterranean habitation, secure from the attacks of men and the depredations of inferior animals. The mole burrows with great rapidity; as the hand-like form of his fore feet accelerates his progress in

the earth; he also employs his hind feet in flinging back the soil. These animals dexterously close the entrance of their retreat, and seldom migrate from it, unless it is demolished by the machinations of art, or the inroads of water, deluges being the greatest calamity incident to the mole species. They delight in a soft soil, stored with succulent roots, and abounding with insects and worms, which constitute their chief subsistence. They usually make a round vault in the meadows, and a long trench in gardens and cultivated grounds, the soil of the latter being easier removed. As these animals but seldom emerge from their dark recesses, they have few enemies to encounter, and easily elude the pursuit of the carnivorous tribes; but when they are taken, they utter a sharp scream. If an inundation takes place, and dislodges these animals, great numbers of them are drowned in the endeavour to gain elevated ground; and the young and adults, that remain in their holes, always perish. The females of this species have four or five young at a birth, and bring forth in the spring. They form a nest of moss, for the reception of their offspring, a little beneath the surface of the earth, under the greatest hillocks. In dry weather they make none of those elevations, usually called mole-hills, as they are obliged to sink deep in the ground to seek for food. These animals rear their young with great attention; and, as the means of avoiding human discovery, never issue from their recesses but at an aperture at a great distance from the nests, and on the slightest alarm precipitately flee with their young, which they courageously protect.

It is a false opinion that moles sleep the whole winter, as in fact they take but little rest in that season.

son; they are found only in cultivated countries, and do not exist in frigid regions. They are peculiarly noxious to gardens by loosening the roots of plants, and flinging up the earth.

Pennant specifies a yellow variety of this species, found in North-America, which is larger than the preceding kind; being above six inches in length, and the tail one inch long. The hair is of a soft, silky, glossy texture, and of a yellowish brown hue at the extremity, and dark grey at the roots; of a bright cast about the head, and of a darker shade about the regions of the rump. The belly is of a deep ash brown hue; the feet and tail are white.

THE VARYING MOLE.

This animal has a short obtuse nose; the space between the tip and corner of the mouth covered with pale brown hair; and a broad whitish bar extending from the corner of the mouth along the sides of the head. The colour on the upper part of the body is variegated with green and copper colour; the lower part of the body is of an ash brown hue. In the upper jaw there are two sharp cutting teeth, in the lower the same; and on each side of them a sharp canine tooth. On the fore feet are three toes with very large claws; that on the exterior toe considerably the biggest: on the hind feet are five small toes, with weak claws on each. It has a round rump, and no tail. The length of the head and body is four inches.

This species inhabit the Cape of Good Hope, not Siberia, as Seba imagined.

THE RADIATED MOLE.

The radiated mole inhabits the northern parts of the new continent.

It forms subterraneous retreats in different directions in uncultivated lands, subsists on roots, and has uncommon strength in its legs. This animal has a long nose, on the edges of which there are radiated tendrils. The hair on the body is dusky, very short, fine, and compact; that on the nose is longer than on any other part. The fore legs are small but broad, with five long white claws on each; the hind legs are scaly, with five toes on each foot. The length from nose to tail is three inches three quarters; the tail is slender, round, and taper, and rather more than an inch long.

THE LONG-TAILED MOLE.

This animal is also a native of North-America, and has a radiated nose. The fore feet are rather of a broad construction; the hind feet very scaly, with a few hairs dispersed on them; the claws on the fore feet are like those of the common mole; those on the hinder feet very long, and slender. The hair on the nose and body is soft, long, and of a rusty brown hue. The tail is two inches long, and covered with short hairs. The length of the nose and body is rather more than four inches.

THE BROWN MOLE.

The brown mole has a slender nose; the upper jaw much longer than the lower; two cutting teeth in the former, four in the latter; the two middle ones very small; no canine teeth. The fore feet are very broad; the nails long; the hind feet small, with five toes on each foot, armed with claws. The hair is soft and glossy, brown at the extremity, and dark grey at the roots. The tail and feet are white; the former is slender, and not an inch in length. The body from nose to

to tail is five inches and a half long. This species are natives of North-America, from whence, with the three preceding kinds, they were sent into Europe. This and the radiated mole are classed by Linnæus in the shrew genus; but on the authority of Pennant, from the variation of teeth, formation of nose, and common habitudes, they seem nearer allied to the mole genera.

THE RED MOLE.

The form of the body and tail of this animal is similar to the European kind. It has three toes on the fore feet, and four on the hind. Its hair is of a cinereous red hue. According to the testimony of Seba, it is a native of the new continent; but he does not ascertain whether of the northern or southern regions.

In the mole genus, we may decisively ascertain the individual benefits which arise from domestic comforts, and circumscribed enjoyments. In the human race, as well as in the brute genera, the most substantial delight is derived from social intercourse, and domestic harmony; as that mode of happiness must be of a fugitive and extraneous nature which is sought from foreign objects, and purchased at the expence or by the violation of a family compact. In a domestic state all rational enjoyments centre; all beyond that sphere are insipid or noxious: and in this rational circle the affections are exercised, and the combination rendered permanent by mutual attachment. Your ladyship, who never migrate but in charity to your friends, or to prosecute some laudable design, will admire the tender attachment of the mole, even though, as Pope elegantly expresses, you compare his "dim curtain to the lynx's beam." Whatever the proportion of sight,

the grant of other senses counteracts the deficiency, and excites your ladyship's admiration, as well as that of

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

The PRAISE of TIME.

(From a French Journal.)

FOR ages past, Time has been the subject of reproaches and invectives; he has been treated as the universal destroyer, accused of overturning every thing, ruining the most solid monuments, leading in his train old age and death, and, in fine, covering the world with ravages and ruins. Let us endeavour to vindicate this venerable power from the injustice of his calumniators, by showing that, if he is the author of some inevitable evils, he amply compensates for it by the numerous benefits which he bestows on mankind.

Let us follow man from his birth to the tomb. *Time* enables him to walk and speak. By *Time* his limbs are strengthened and his organs developed. By the aid of *Time* he adorns his mind with the various knowledge that may contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks, his passions awaken, accumulate, and swell; the storm arises; and the disturbed mind, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, is dashed from rock to rock at the mercy of the waves. In vain Reason presents her torch, the thick clouds obscure its light; this compass itself, agitated by the tempest, serves only to lead astray, by its frequent oscillations. Who then appeases the multitudinous billows? who re-establishes the calm, and conducts the shipwrecked mariner to a safe harbour?—*Time*.—*Time* alone extinguishes the flame of desire, represses the tumult of the passions, and

at length restores tranquillity and happiness to the heart of man.

Should the fortune of any one not be sufficient to his wants, whatever exertions he may make, the competence and ease to which he aspires can only be acquired by the aid of *Time*. *Time* alone can by degrees make known his merit, and open to him the road to honours and lucrative employments.

Lelia complains that *Time* has withered her charms. But has she not been sufficiently indemnified for this loss? An equivocal conduct had cast on her reputation a disagreeable stain. *Time* has caused her faults to be forgotten, and restored her to respect and esteem. Her heart was consumed by a frantic passion for an ungrateful object, and her life became a torment to her. *Time* has destroyed the enchantment, and given again tranquillity to her soul. A cruel malady slowly undermined her wasting frame; every remedy failed; *Time* alone has been able to make a perfect cure.

Cephise has lost a beloved husband. Her friends in vain attempted to console her; they but irritated her grief. *Time*, with beneficent hand, has shed his soothing balmin to her ulcerated heart; and Cephise, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favour of the living, her former gaiety and charms.

Linval sought to please the young and amiable Cidalise. In vain he displayed all the accomplishments which nature and education had bestowed on him; all his efforts were fruitless. Linval had recourse to *Time*; and *Time* softened the heart of his mistress, put a period to her rigours, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Linval.

Sainville was overwhelmed with debts. He called a meeting of his

creditors, who granted him the *time* he requested. *Time* brought on the death of a relation to whom he was heir, enabled him to marry a rich and handsome widow, and in consequence, to pay his creditors.

By the aid of *Time* every thing is done; but without *Time*, nothing. "I would undertake your business," says a friend to you, "but I have not *time*." Why does this literary work contain so many errors? Because the author did not employ the *time* necessary to render it correct. Why is my eulogium on *Time* so short, when the subject furnishes such ample materials for enlargement? Because I have no time to say more.

THE MOST WRETCHED STATE OF MAN:

An Apologue.

IN a conference held between some Greek and Indian philosophers, in the presence of Chosroes king of Persia, the following question was proposed for solution:

"What is the most wretched state in which a man can find himself in this world?"

A Greek philosopher said it was to pass a feeble old age in the midst of extreme poverty.

An Indian asserted that it was to suffer sickness of the body accompanied by pain of the mind.

As for me, said the visir Buzurgemhir, I think that the greatest of miseries a man can experience in this world, is to see himself near the close of life, without having practised virtue.

This opinion received the general approbation of this assembly of sages, and Chosroes ordered that it should be engraved on a marble tablet, and fixed up in the principal square.

square of Ispahan, to offer to the people a subject of meditation, and remain an eternal lesson of wisdom.

Time, which devours all things, has destroyed this tablet; and in Persia, as with us, it is forgotten that the greatest of miseries in this world is to approach the close of life without having practised virtue.

LETTER OF HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS *on the DEATH of her SISTER.*

[*From Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic.*]

YOUR kind letter, my dear friend, deserved a far speedier reply. I felt gratefully the sympathy you express for our misfortune, though amidst the first bitterness of my distress my heart rejected the motives of consolation you placed before me: Yes—even the voice of friendship was irksome to the first impatience of sorrow. Ah! can you wonder at the excess of my affliction? Can you wonder that my heart was almost broken, when you recollect what I have lost? The grave, the relentless grave, for ever covers from my sight my sister!—My eye meets no more the dear companion of my childhood—the beloved friend of my life! she who shared in all its destiny, all its emotions—all its interests—all that has left the traces of existence on the memory or the affections!—she on whom I ever leant for consolation!—whose placid sweetness soothed my too acute feelings, and whose uniform cheerfulness of disposition corrected the habitual melancholy of mine—No!—the world has nothing to offer me that can compensate for the loss of my sister—nothing, nothing can fill the void she has left in my desolated heart!—Her virtues

were of that kind that shed unvarying peace over domestic life—that assuage the ranklings of discontent, and dissipate the gloom of those every-day cares which poison domestic comforts.—You know that she was neither destitute of taste, literature, or any of the accomplishments which are fitted to please in society.—But precious above all others are those qualities which are best discovered in the mild intercourse of family connections!—dear above every boasted attainment acquired to compel applause from the world, and proud of no other triumph, are those dispositions which cheer the hour when no stranger is present to admire, and shed the sweet influence which links the heart to home!

How cruel too were the circumstances of her death!—Sudden death is perhaps a good to the sufferer, but how terrible a stroke to the survivors!—She had passed the day in company; her complexion was clear, her countenance gay and animated; at nine in the evening she was taken ill, and the day following she expired. Oh! I shall never forget her last look! I see her still—a mortal paleness overspread her face—her cap had fallen off, and her fine auburn hair hung over her shoulders; her features were so placid that she seemed still to breathe; to feel the agonizing tears with which a mother, a husband, a sister, bathed her face and hands. She had reached the last month of her pregnancy; her unborn infant perished with her, and found a grave in its mother's womb. Alas, alas, my Cecilia! for you nature seemed to suspend the benignant law which shields the pregnant mother from the attacks of disease, and guards her life till she has transmitted life to her child! But why should I repine that the

unborn infant reposes with its mother in the grave? Is life then such a blessing, that I can wish it had been preserved when it would have begun under such cruel auspices?—to be born the unconscious murderer of her by whom life was bestowed! no maternal bosom to repose on! no maternal heart to beat quick with transport at the first feeble cry which proclaims the newly-arrived stranger; never to be folded in a mother's arms; never gazed on by a mother's eye! but to come into the world a mourner; to awaken to existence, and excite no sweet sensations, no tender hopes, no delicious promises!—to be surveyed with bitterness; perhaps repulsed by the impatience of unavailing sorrow. Oh no!—thrice happy to have been snatched from such a destiny; tears enough have been shed over the infants she has left. Unfortunate children! others indeed will watch over you, will cherish you, but who will love you like a mother!—a mother!—alas! you must repeat no more that dearest, tenderest of names, which you had just learnt to utter! she on whom you call can hear you no longer! I must teach you—cruel task! to forget her; you must cease to inquire of me what is become of your mamma; you must cease to ask me when she will come back. If I could bear all this, at least my mother's feebleness must be spared; the bitterness of her anguish must be soothed, and my own must be stifled, even while my heart is breaking.

I was condemned, my dear friend, to perform the last sad duties to my sister in gloomy silence; denied the relief of breathing a complaint:—I was forced to steal, unobserved, to the chamber of death; and, kneeling by the coffin where she lay, listen, in the pre-

sence of a few friends, to the hasty service, which, while the municipal officer and his attendants waited at the gate of the hotel, was performed by M. Marron, the protestant minister, and often interrupted by an emotion he was unable to suppress.

The preceding day I had made such arrangements as I could, to have a spot of earth opened to receive her dear remains, a little separated, so at least I was taught to believe, from the enormous pit, where, in this country—boasting of its superior civilization, but more barbarous in its treatment of the dead than the wandering hordes of the desert—the sacred relics of those we have loved and honoured are rudely thrown amidst the common heap. Inhuman, savage interpretation of equality! which forbids the tribute of those harmless distinctions, those symbols of respect that are so dear to the superstition of tenderness!—inexorable law! which, more merciless than death itself, robs us of all traces of the form we cherish!—Yes: here the mourner is bereaved of the last fond allusions that soften the agonies of separation, and sanctify the sod where those we love are laid!—here no tears ever bathe their hallowed turf; no flowers are ever strewed over that yawning gulf, that undistinguishing receptacle from which imagination recoils, and where the grave assumes a new horror! Oh! my sister! my sister! a tree, indeed, a solitary tree, near the foot of which I am told she rests, will perhaps enable me to point out one day to her children the spot where their mother was interred—

'And is it then to live?—when such friends
part,

'Tis the survivor dies.'

ACCOUNT of CHRISTIAN-HENRY HEINECKEN, a Child of uncommon Attainments at a very early Age.

[From Juvenile Biography, or Lives of celebrated Children, with Moral Reflections, by Mr. Josse; Translated by Mrs. Cumming.]

THIS child was a true literary phenomenon; and, had not writers of veracity related various details respecting his precocious learning and the manner in which he was brought up, we should be tempted to call in doubt many astonishing particulars of his life. Indeed, what is more singular than to see quite an infant speak correctly, have just ideas, and reason sensibly, while still at the breast? Such a prodigy proves to us the sportiveness and predilection of nature, which is pleased to bestow a wonderful genius upon some, whilst she scarcely grants common sense to so many thousands of individuals, who can only be considered as vicious, disgustingly ugly, or absolute drones. But education having great influence, it being the only supplement to the natural qualities, which man is very often destitute of, it is of great importance to select the best models, and to set them before our pupils, as it is the most powerful means of exciting in them a sense of honour and emulation. Thus, and not by idle exhortations, we may inspire them with a taste for study and the love of glory.

Christian-Henry Heinecken was born at Lubeck, in Lower Saxony, in the year 1720. His father, a professor of history in the university of Leipsick, was a man of consummate erudition, and he especially possessed the no less uncommon than difficult talent of being a good teacher. Having but this only son, he attempted, by way of

amusement, to teach him to speak when only eight months old. He at first showed him, as much as possible, every object around him; and he afterwards articulated, in a distinct voice, the name, use, and properties of each. A short time after these first lessons, the instructor was much surprised to hear his scholar pronounce not only words, but even sentences, which were neither void of reason nor sense.

What deserves particular notice respecting little Henry's instruction is, that his father did not teach him the sciences by writing, nor by reading, although he read very well, but only by word of mouth. We shall presently see that this method is the easiest and by far the quickest; for, when about two years old, this tender child was already acquainted with the principal events of the sacred history, and even related them with tolerable exactness.

Before he was three years of age he had likewise acquired extensive notions of geography, and of the Greek and Roman history; but, in order to impress them more deeply upon his mind, care was taken to make upon numbered cards designs of the principal occurrences in these histories; and by this means he recollected them so well, that he gave an immediate answer to the different questions put to him. By pursuing this plan young Christian, moreover, became acquainted with the genealogy of the principal families of Europe. But this increase of knowledge is no favourable testimony of the taste of his master; and it is a pity that this child's memory was burthened with a nomenclature as useless as insipid and disgusting. Simply by conversation little Heinecken learnt the Latin and French languages; and he spoke them as well as the German, which was his native tongue.

Henry's reputation daily increased, and was already known in foreign countries. A number of illustrious personages, and amongst others the King of Denmark, testified a desire to see this extraordinary child, who was accordingly carried to Copenhagen, under the care of his mother. What is related of this little prodigy could scarcely be credited, had not Martini attested it in a convincing manner, in a dissertation published in 1730. Heinecken appeared before the king with all the graces of childhood, and that noble assurance which a secret sense of distinguished merit inspires. A stature much above his age; one of the most happy countenances, with large blue eyes glistening with infantine gaiety; a look that announced as much wit as good sense; a rosy complexion; beautiful flaxen hair falling in ringlets upon his forehead; all these advantages together gave a prepossession in favour of this learned child from his cradle.

But the moment he opened his mouth, his distinct and grave speech, his agreeable accent, the silver and soft tone of his voice, attracted the particular attention of every one. He then delivered a Latin oration, which lasted about twenty minutes; and, although in presence of a most respectable and numerous company, this child was in no wise disconcerted, nor was his memory defective. After this discourse, which drew upon him the warmest applause, little Heinecken recited in French an ingenious apologue, in verse, containing things extremely flattering to the queen and princesses, who were present. When the young orator had ended, as he was of a charming figure, several ladies took him upon their knees, and caressed him in the kindest manner.

A child of five years old, haranguing a crowned head, in the midst of a number of officers and courtiers, was certainly a phenomenon well worthy of admiration; but there is another particular still more astonishing. The king of Denmark, approaching Heinecken's mother, to felicitate her upon having so amiable and learned a son, asked her how they had been able to teach him so many things in such a short time. 'Sire,' answered she, 'I can assure your majesty that we have never teased him a single moment for that purpose; it is almost of his own accord, and by conversing with his father, that he became so well informed. He has a natural disposition for learning.'— 'Then it is a long time since you weaned him,' continued the monarch.— 'O! no; he still sucks; it is his chief comfort.' At these words Madam Heinecken requested the king's permission to suckle the little one; for, added she, he is so much the more thirsty, as he has made greater efforts to merit the suffrages of a prince no less enlightened than just and virtuous. The tender mother having uncovered her bosom, the little orator immediately began to imbibe the sweet nectar with as little ceremony as he had delivered his harangue. No one then could refrain from admiring on one hand, a beautiful nurse, twenty-two years of age; and, on the other, a young child who, like Cupid upon the knees of Venus, displayed, in a sportive manner, the knowledge of a man, and was yet at the breast.

The journey of the son and his young mother crowned them both with honour. After having been every where well entertained, and having received those flattering marks of distinction that are so voluntarily shown towards rising merit,

merit, little Heinecken took leave of the court, from which he departed loaded with praises, toys, and rich presents; and he had, besides, a library well furnished with books, no less instructive than scarce and curious.

When the young pupil was returned to Lubeck, his father determined that he should regularly pursue his studies; and for that purpose taught him to write. Indeed, what learning children acquire is very soon forgot; or they have only a confused idea of it, if the things they have heard, or those they read or already know, are not carefully fixed on their mind by means of characters. It is impossible for them ever to acquire any solid information or knowledge, if they do not, now and then, write observations and notes upon what they read.

Young Christian was then weaned, that he might be fit to continue, or rather to begin the classics in a regular manner. After having been parted from his mother for nearly three weeks, in order to accustom him to his new mode of living, the poor little child absolutely could not bear such a cruel separation: he night and day lamented his sad lot; he would take no sustenance, and visibly decayed. At last he fell into a consumption, and died in about five weeks.

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

HAVING met with the following little Tale in a French Journal published in Germany, I have amused myself with translating it. If you think proper to insert it in your agreeable Miscellany, it is at your service, and you will oblige

Your's, &c.

ANNA B****N.

Shrewsbury, May 17, 1801.

The THREE BROTHERS of BAGDAD.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

THREE brothers, Selim, Rustan, and Mirza, having succeeded as joint-heirs to a moderate fortune, were preparing to divide it among them, when Mirza, the youngest, said to the two others: 'This property, which, divided among us, is but little, would be very considerable if it appertained to one of us only. A great fortune is more easily doubled than a small one increased. We have all three been brought up to commerce; but Selim, our eldest brother, understands it best. Let us each entrust him with our portions: we will labour under his directions; and if he prospers, as we have the greatest reason to expect that he will, we will divide the profit.' Rustan consented. 'But,' added Mirza, 'let us swear the most entire submission to his orders, and acquiescence in his plans: since we have committed our fortunes into his hands, we must place the most implicit confidence in him, and he is incapable of abusing it. Union, as one of our doctors has said, is the mother of strength, and the sister of happiness.' They accordingly solemnly engaged to be guided in every thing by Selim, who, now become rich by having at his disposal the fortune of his two brothers, engaged in very considerable enterprizes, in all of which he was successful. His warehouses were soon the best furnished of any in Bagdad, with the merchandize of the Indies, the Isles of the East, and of the Archipelago. The furs of Astracan, the rich silks of China, and the variegated cottons from the banks of the Ganges, were found in them in unexampled abundance. Nothing was talked of in Bagdad but Selim the merchant. All the ladies of beauty and fashion were his

his customers. It one day chanced that one of these came to the shop of Selim to make some purchase. She was veiled according to the custom of the east, and followed by a young female slave. Her elegant and majestic stature inspired a prepossession that her countenance was beautiful. She bought several articles of dress. Rustan that day officiated in the shop; and, as his person and air was pleasing, the lady, taking him for his elder brother Selim, made him many compliments on his great reputation as a merchant, and the prosperity of his commerce. Rustan replied, that he was not at the head of the business, which was directed by his brother Selim, but that he was one of the partners, and a proprietor of a third of the stock.

He had his views in making this communication. He conjured Fatima, such was the name of the lady, to do him the favour to throw up her veil for a moment, that he might see the lovely lips from which he had heard such agreeable compliments; and she complied with a request, which the women of Asia rarely grant to those of the other sex to whom they are indifferent. Rustan was astonished at her beauty; and saw her leave him with regret. He caused her to be followed by a slave, and learned that she was the daughter of a merchant who had died about two years before, and left her heiress to a moderate fortune; that she lived very retired with an old female slave, and the young one he had seen with her in the shop; and that she was entirely at her own disposal. He did not neglect the next day to send a very tender letter, in which, according to the style of Arabian gallantry, he compared her to all the flowers of the parterre; and concluded by offering her his hand. The offer

was accepted; and he hastened to communicate his happiness to his brother Selim, who congratulated him, and said: "You put into my hands three thousand sequins, when we began business together; there are thirty thousand as your principal and profit. But I rather suppose that it is not your wish to quit that commerce by which you have been enriched; and, if so, why should you leave your brothers? Come, and reside, together with your wife, in my house, which is yours. Let me continue to make use of your capital; especially as I have now an opportunity to employ it to particular advantage, both to you and to myself. Live with us; and I shall feel a pleasure in assisting you to bring up your children; we will teach them the profession of their fathers; and they shall be successful, like us, and happy."

Rustan consented; but his wife Fatima, who had ambition and pride, was mortified by the reflection that he was but second in the commerce of which Selim was the head; and that every thing was under the direction of the elder brother. She ardently wished to see her husband at the head of a business equally extensive, and enjoying the same reputation. She inspired him with a kind of jealousy which she called emulation, and persuaded him that his honour required that he should become the rival of his brother, and obtain an equal commercial reputation in Bagdad, and fame in distant countries.

He yielded to her suggestions, separated from his brother, and told him that he proposed to embark his riches on board a vessel, and sail for the island of Serendib, whence he doubted not he should bring back such valuable spices that his voyage would be sufficient to enrich him beyond his utmost wishes.

‘My brother,’ replied Selim, ‘remember the precept of Saadi: “Riches are at the bottom of the sea, but security is on the shore.” Why should you expose all that you possess to the mercy of the winds and of the waves? Leave at least one half in my hands. Fortune has been favourable to you here, and this, perhaps, is a reason why she may be adverse to you elsewhere. Why should you tempt her? Why are you weary of being happy?’ Rustan did not listen to this advice, but bade adieu to Selim.—‘Farewell,’ said Selim, in return, ‘may you not one day regret your house at Bagdad.’

Rustan was not contented with leaving Selim; he persuaded his younger brother also to leave him; representing to him that it was disgraceful for him to be any longer dependent on an elder brother. Mirza, therefore, resolved, likewise, to withdraw his capital, and follow Rustan.

Selim, obliged to advance such great sums at a time he least expected it, was at once greatly grieved and perplexed by the departure of his two brothers. He seemed to foresee the mischiefs which this separation must produce. He likewise immediately after sustained a loss, which at any other time would have been of little consequence, but now became serious. He was unable to make good his engagements, and requested time. His creditors were alarmed, and believed him ruined. The departure of his brothers likewise excited a suspicion that his affairs were deranged. He was pressed on every side, and obliged to sell commodities of great value at a low price. The jealousy and envy which his opulence had inspired deprived him of assistance in his distress; and, indeed, greater sums than it was in

the power of any of his rivals to advance were necessary for his effectual support. He therefore took a desperate resolution: he sold off every thing, paid his creditors, and with the little which was left, the wreck of his fortune, set out for Bassora, resolving no longer to remain in a city which, after having beheld his prosperity and splendor, was now a witness to his misfortune and disgrace.

When he arrived at Bassora he engaged in a small business in the retail way, which succeeded tolerably well. He gained money, and projected a journey to Grand Cairo, from which he expected to derive very considerable profit. He set out with one slave and one camel; but, at the distance of a few miles from Bassora, was attacked by robbers, who took from him all he had, killed his slave, and left him for dead. A peasant of the neighbourhood finding him weltering in his blood, but perceiving life in him, took him to his cottage, gave him every assistance in his power, and he at length recovered. The peasant, though he was poor, gave him at his departure some small pieces of money, and Selim took leave of him with his eyes overflowing with tears of gratitude.

‘Have you no relations or friends, who can assist you?’ said the peasant.

‘I had two brothers,’ replied Selim; ‘but, perhaps, I have them no longer: at least they are not brothers to me. I have loved them. I have done every thing in my power for them, and they have abandoned me.’

Thus saying, he again wept violently, and took leave of the peasant.

The little money that Selim had received was soon expended, and he was reduced to ask alms, to subsist himself on the road to Mos-soul.

soul. On his way he met with a company of *calenders*, or begging dervises, who were preparing themselves a repast of dried fish, locusts, and dates, which they took out of their wallets. He requested them to let him share their meal.

‘Alas!’ said one of them, ‘what can you ask of poor dervises, who scarcely have wherewith to subsist themselves? All we can do is to pray to Mahomet for you. But the austerity of our way of living will not suit you.’

‘Every thing suits him who suffers hunger,’ replied Selim; and he was about to reproach them with their harshness, when two of the company fell upon his neck, and bathed him with their tears. They were his brothers.

The three brothers, after becoming more composed, appeared equally surprised to find themselves in so deplorable a state. Selim related to the other two his adventures, and received from them in return an account of their misfortunes.—They had made considerable profit at Serendib, but on their return had been taken by a corsair. The wife of Rustan, and themselves likewise, had been sold for slaves; but they had found means to make their escape, and, in the disguise of dervises, lived by soliciting alms.

Selim was too generous to remind them that they had brought on themselves their own misfortunes, and at the same time been the cause of his.

‘Since we have again met,’ said he, ‘I augur more favourably of our destiny. We have never been unhappy but when we have been separated from each other. Let us labour in concert to repair our misfortunes. Let us quit this vile habit, in which we can only lead an obscure and contemptible life. Idleness and disgrace procure nothing,

while every thing may be obtained by industry and courage. Let us go to Mossoul; we have all some knowledge of trade: we will endeavour to enter into the service of some merchant. Let us render ourselves useful, and we may again be happy.’

His brothers having suffered so much for not having followed his advice, were now ready to do whatever he proposed. They went therefore to Mossoul; but all their inquiries were fruitless. All the places in the shops and warehouses were occupied, and they were reduced to act as porters without doors. The three brothers took their stations in different quarters of the city, and by their industry and fidelity procured themselves a subsistence. It was perceived that they possessed understanding, and they were employed in preference to others.

One day, when Selim had brought some large bales to a merchant who dealt in stuffs, he sat down to rest him on a stone seat in a spacious court-yard, while some other parcels should be brought to him, which he was to carry back. He usually received his orders from a clerk; but, on this occasion, the master of the warehouse came himself. He opened the stuffs that had been brought before Selim. They came from Bagdad. ‘Sec,’ said he, ‘what beautiful pieces these are; Selim himself never had finer.’ At the name of Selim, the merchant observed that his porter appeared very much agitated. ‘What is the matter with you my friend?’ said he. ‘Nothing,’ replied the porter; but in despite of his utmost exertions the tears gushed from his eyes. ‘Did you know Selim?’ said Jeffer (this was the name of the merchant): ‘Did you ever serve him?’—‘I did know him,’ said Selim.—‘He was a very honest man,’ added Jeffer.

Jeffer; 'I was very sorry for his misfortunes, though I never could conceive the cause of them; for no man kept his affairs in better order, or possessed a greater genius for trade.' The longer Jeffer spoke in this manner the more Selim was affected, and at last could no longer refrain from avowing that he was himself the unfortunate Selim, and that what had been said had made the more impression on him, because, when the bales were opened, he had perceived, by a certain mark on them, that the stuffs had formerly been in his warehouses, and the sight of these remnants of his once flourishing trade had pierced him to the heart. Jeffer was greatly moved at seeing so great a merchant reduced to so low a condition, and immediately offered to make him one of his principal clerks. Selim accepted the offer with gratitude. His exertions and his judgment rendered him every day more dear to his master; and he industriously sought an opportunity to procure similarly advantageous places for his brothers in the same house.

One evening, as he was passing under a very low window, which was that of the apartment of the women, in the most private part of the house of Jeffer, he heard himself called by his name, and on looking back was surprised to see Fatima, the wife of Rustan, his sister-in-law. She informed him that she had been brought to Mossoul by a Syrian merchant, and sold to Jeffer, who was passionately fond of her. She inquired of him after Rustan, assuring him that nothing could diminish her love for him, and that she should never cease to mourn her separation from him. Selim told her that Rustan was at Mossoul, but that he certainly should not inform him of a discovery which could only tend to increase

his grief, without its being possible that it should be remedied. Fatima appointed Selim to meet her in the same manner the next evening, at the same hour, and desired him in the mean time to consider what was possible to be done in so perilous a conjuncture. Selim, on his side, knew not in what manner to act. To discover all to Rustan would be to plunge a dagger into his heart, and perhaps to engage him in hazardous projects; and to attempt to assist Fatima to elope, would be to repay the bounty of his benefactor with the blackest ingratitude.

He returned, however, to the window, at the hour appointed. Fatima told him that she most ardently wished to see her husband, and that it was in his power to procure her that pleasure; that it was only necessary previously to inform Rustan, and contrive that he should be employed in the house a part of the day; for then in the evening she might see him at the same window from which she was then speaking to his brother. Selim represented to her the danger to which she would expose both her husband and herself; but she conjured him so earnestly not to refuse her request, that he promised to communicate all that had passed to Rustan. He accordingly went to him, and they concerted together the necessary arrangements. Rustan was at the place of rendezvous at the time appointed; but a female slave, who had overheard a part of the conversation between Fatima and Selim, and who thought an elopement was intended, had discovered all that she had learned to Jeffer.

This worthy merchant could scarcely believe that Selim could be capable of an act so basely perfidious; but the slave assured him that she had heard them fix the

hour; and that if he would only go to the place at the time appointed, and surprise them, he would be convinced of the truth of all she had said. In fact, at the moment when Rustan, brought by Selim, approached the window, Jeffer appeared with his sabre in his hand, and followed by several of his slaves armed.

‘Wretch!’ said he to Selim, ‘before I cause thy head, and that of thy vile accomplice, to fall at my feet, tell me what could induce thee to be guilty of such detestable treachery. Is it thus I am to be rewarded for all my benefactions?’

Selim, trembling, declared the whole truth. Fatima bathed with her tears the knees of Jeffer.

‘He is my husband,’ said she. ‘I was his by the affection of the heart, and the law of the prophet, before my adverse fortune delivered me into your hands as your slave.’

Jeffer was humane: he felt the calamity which had at once overwhelmed the whole of this unfortunate family, which had made the wife a slave, and the husband a wandering fugitive.

‘I have already had pity on thy brother,’ said he to Rustan, ‘and I will not withdraw my bounty: I will even extend it to thyself, and thy other brother Mirza. Heaven has given you into my hands; and as often as the prophet shall cast his eyes on the house of Jeffer he shall see monuments of mercy, and shall shed upon me prosperity and peace because I have done good.’

The three brothers afterwards lived together with Jeffer, and became his partners. He restored Fatima to Rustan, and gave his two daughters in marriage to Selim and Mirza. There was no more among them either jealousy or disunion: they loved each other, and they were happy.

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 314.)

THE sun began to decline towards the horizon when the travellers entered a forest which they were obliged to cross. The silence of the woods was only interrupted by the trampling of the horses, and the last notes of the birds retiring to rest. The thoughts of Roger were fixed on his beloved Elvige, and those of Robert employed on the means of acquiring glory, when, on a sudden, they heard the forest resound with shrill cries. The two friends looked on each other: they were actuated by one wish; and, exciting their horses to their utmost speed, directed their course towards that part of the forest whence the sounds appeared to proceed.

They had not gone far before they saw, through the trees, a mule richly caparisoned galloping without a rider, and presently after came up to a lady, whose cries, redoubling at their approach, seemed to implore their assistance. A few paces from her lay two men stretched on the ground, who appeared to be expiring of wounds which they had received. The clashing of arms was heard at some distance further; and thither the two friends flew, impelled by the same ardour.— They found the combat extremely unequal. Six horsemen attacked at once a single knight, who, mounted on a superb courser, and arrayed in rich armour, defended himself like a hero. His assailants could be no other than assassins. Robert and Roger, therefore, immediately rushed, sword in hand, upon them, and quickly laid two of them at their feet, while the knight himself disabled a third. The three others then attempted to fly; but Rainulf, who followed

followed his masters, having come up, made such an effectual opposition to their retreat as gave time to their pursuers to overtake them, and in a few moments they fell, pierced with wounds, and were trampled under the feet of the horses.

The unknown knight, after having testified his gratitude to his defenders, and expressed the admiration with which their valour inspired him, requested them to accompany him to his lady, and assist in completely dissipating her fears. As soon as she perceived them, she hastened to meet them; and the apprehensions of her agitated mind were appeased, and changed into the liveliest emotions of joy, when she was assured that the excellent armour of the knight had preserved him from receiving any hurt by the blows of the assassins. Every assistance was now given, with the utmost care and dispatch, to the two attendants of the knight, who had been severely wounded; after which Robert and Roger offered to take their leave and proceed on their journey: but as night was fast coming on, the lady and the knight earnestly entreated and prevailed on them to accept a lodging at their castle, which was situated at a little distance from the forest.

On their way, the knight informed them that having come to pass some days at his country-mansion, the fineness of the weather had induced him to make an excursion into the forest; where he was with his lady, without suspicion of danger, when he was attacked by the six robbers with whom they had just been engaged. He likewise informed them that he held a principal office at the court of the count of Toulouse.

The opportunity was too favourable not to be seized. Roger and

Robert, therefore, informed the knight of the object of their journey, and their design to offer their services to his illustrious sovereign.— They told him, at the same time, that it was their intention to solicit permission not to declare their real names till they should have rendered them illustrious by their achievements.

The knight gave his applause to this noble project, and promised them all the assistance and support in his power at the court of the count of Toulouse. He did not offer to question them relative to their birth; but their demeanour, their arms, and the address and valour they had displayed in the combat in which they had afforded him such timely and effectual assistance, induced him to conclude that their extraction must be equal to their courage. He assured them that the illustrious Raymond would see with the utmost pleasure two knights of merit so rare combating under his banners.

As soon as the two friends were alone, and could mutually communicate their thoughts, Roger imparted to Robert a new project which he had conceived while they were on the way.

‘My friend,’ said he, ‘I hope I shall in combat prove myself your equal, we will act in concert in opposing every danger; but henceforth it is my wish that you alone should command; let me obey; and by no means refuse me this request, for our happiness depends upon it. You know with what attention and severity it is usual to judge of the actions of men to whom obedience and respect are accorded. By thus forcing every eye to fix on you, it will more evidently appear how truly deserving you are of general homage.’

The modest Robert long resisted

this command, but at length was obliged to yield to the ardent friendship of his noble companion.

The two friends soon after arrived at the court of the count. The knight, who was to present them to that prince, had preceded them some hours, and related the adventure he had met with, and the fortunate assistance he had received from the gallantry and prowess of two strangers. He explained the motive which induced them to conceal their names. Raymond possessed all the qualities which characterise a great sovereign: his achievements were already loudly proclaimed by fame, and valour was one of the virtues which he prized the most. After hearing what the knight related, he received the two friends with the greatest respect, and assured them that he would give employment to their valour.

An opportunity to display their strength and address soon presented itself. During the time of peace, jousts and tournaments were the principal amusement of the count of Toulouse. The arrival of the two strangers, and the wish to make trial of their powers and skill in martial exercises, gave occasion to one of these brilliant festivals.—The generous Raymond adopted this means as the best to authorise them to appear at his court without having first declared the secret of their birth. He conceived that nothing could more certainly prove the nobility of their extraction, than encounters which might enable them to show their skill and superiority in exercises which were then only known to and practised by those who had a right to aspire to the order of knighthood.

When the day appointed for the tournament had arrived, the count of Toulouse, accompanied by a brilliant train of courtiers, took his

place at the bottom of the lists.—The two friends presented themselves at the barrier,—Roger having previously required that the armour of Robert should be more ornamental and conspicuous than his own. It was easy to surpass them in magnificence, but no knight equalled them in dignity of air and demeanour. As soon as they were perceived by the count of Toulouse, that prince condescendingly advanced to meet them, and conducted them to the front of the balcony in which the ladies were seated.—The grace with which they saluted them, and their address in managing their horses, engaged the general attention, and convinced all the knights that they would find in them rivals well capable of disputing the prize with them.

Every kind of glory was aspired to by the count of Toulouse. He delighted in these exercises, the images of war, and had frequently gained prizes himself. He wished that his name should be joined with those of the knights who proposed to joust with the two strangers. But fearing that he might not be sufficiently favoured by that chance which was to determine who should be the first combatants, he hastened to present his gauntlet to Robert, and offered to break a lance with him; but Robert, too respectful to accept abruptly such an honour, leaped from his horse, and, embracing the knees of the count, declared to him that, in his quality of simple candidate for the order of knighthood, he did not conceive himself entitled to accept the signal favour offered him by so great a prince. The illustrious Raymond, pleased with this noble modesty, and fearing that it might prevent his antagonist from exerting against him his utmost powers, would not insist on his proposal. He even retired

retired out of the lists, that he might leave the two candidates more at liberty to avail themselves of all their strength and address.

The most distinguished knights, and such as were most accustomed to conquer, were those whom the lots appointed to combat first.—The two strangers modestly accepted their challenge, but respect did not enchain their arms. Robert felt the necessity of fulfilling the great hopes of his friend, and Roger aspired to acquire crowns which he might one day lay at the feet of Elvige. Not one of the combatants could resist them: they gained every prize contended for on that day; and, though some of the vanquished might be jealous of their success, the number of their admirers was far greater. The count of Toulouse, persuaded that he could not confer too much honour on such brave strangers, assigned them a residence in his palace, and in a short time their politeness and exemplary modesty won the hearts of all with whom they associated.

The admiration, respect, and fear, which the great achievements of the count of Toulouse had inspired, compelled, for some time, the princes, his neighbours, not to disturb his tranquillity. The duration of this calm caused the tournaments to be frequently repeated, and the two friends always proved themselves so formidable, that no person dared to challenge them.—They had never yet contended against each other; and nothing had shown which of the two was superior. It was wished, therefore, that they should enter the lists together; and this contest, which the count of Toulouse himself proposed, could not be refused. On the day appointed an immense multitude of spectators surrounded the lists.—The barrier opened; the signal was

given; they rushed to the charge; but at the instant they met, without having previously communicated their intentions to each other, the same sentiment animated both; both acted from the same impulse; each yielded to his friend; and their two lances, lowering at the same moment, were broken against the ground.

At this proof of friendship, so generous, so affecting, which no person could entertain the thought of attributing to a fear of engaging each other, the count ordered that the contest should cease, divided between them the prize proposed for the conqueror, and promised that he would never again separate them either in tournaments or in battle.

The opportunity to employ their valour more usefully at length presented itself. One of the most powerful of the princes who were neighbours to Raymond obliged him to take arms to repel his attack and unjust claims. The vassals of the count of Toulouse loved with enthusiasm their sovereign, whom they had almost always seen crowned with victory. A new war promised them new laurels. As soon, therefore, as he had displayed his banner, they hastened with transport to receive his orders; and Robert and Roger had their station appointed by his side.

When all preparations were complete, Raymond, after having obtained information of the position of the enemy, by a skilful manœuvre gained the advantage of the ground, and reduced them to the necessity of fighting in a situation in which they could not avail themselves of their whole force. Despair on the one side, and the habit of conquering on the other, rendered the battle extremely bloody. Robert and Roger, ever under the eyes of the count,

count, frequently astonished him by the force and rapidity of their blows. He, likewise, urged by their example, and wishing to show himself at once a general and a soldier, rushed into the midst of the battle; but, being always preceded by the two friends, who made a dreadful carnage of all who advanced to attack him, he could scarcely find an opportunity to strike a single stroke, and his eager courage was enchained in despite of himself.

The victory did not long continue doubtful: it was gained by Raymond, and his judgment enabled him to make the utmost advantage of it. The enemy was forced on every side, retired in the utmost confusion, and was utterly unable to attempt any new attack till he had repaired his losses.

The war, however, was not terminated for some time, and combats were frequently repeated; but the count of Toulouse, aided by the valour, and sometimes by the counsel, of the two friends, continually triumphed. His assailant was compelled to receive the law of the conqueror; and Raymond saw the number of his vassals and the wealth of his domains considerably increased.

This prince, too great not to render a just homage to heroism, declared openly that it was to the valour of Robert and Roger that he was indebted for the greatest part of his success. He was the more earnestly desirous to prove to them his gratitude, as all their ambition seemed to be limited to meriting his esteem; and this noble disinterestedness rendered them in his eyes still more deserving of reward. He therefore thus addressed them, in the presence of his whole court:

‘Your valour has acquired me so much glory and riches, that it is but just I should bestow on you the part

to which you have such an indubitable right. No longer conceal your birth; it cannot but be illustrious. I only desire to know it, that I may invest you with certain fiefs, by which I wish to attach you to my states.’

‘My lord,’ immediately replied Robert, ‘the esteem with which you honour us is the greatest reward we can wish. The praise you have bestowed on us is an assurance to us that we have acquired glory. Yet my companion in arms and myself think we are still far from having completed the course, and reached the goal we proposed to ourselves to attain. When you question us concerning our birth, you remind us that it is still necessary that it should be illustrious, to justify your generous gifts. Permit us not to accept them till we shall have signalled ourselves still more by our achievements, and it shall no longer be necessary that we should derive glory from our ancestors.’

Raymond could not but admire the noble spirit of this refusal.

‘It is my duty,’ said he, in reply, ‘to fulfil my promise. I will not ask you what was the rank of your fathers; but on your return you must yield to the most valuable of my rights, that of proving my gratitude and rewarding courage. The rewards I mean to bestow are not gifts; I only wish to present you with a small part of what your courage has conquered.’

At these words, Robert and Roger, penetrated with the most lively admiration and the most profound respect, embraced the knees of the count of Toulouse, and no longer refused to accept his benefactions.

While the two friends every day gained to themselves new admiration and esteem at the brilliant court of the illustrious Raymond, the anger of the father of Roger began to

to abate of its violence. In the first moments of his indignation the severe character of the count had prevented him, in some manner, from feeling any regret. He had for a considerable time entertained the hope that he should soon see his son return and implore his clemency at his feet: but after long and fruitless expectation, indignant at his silence, he had, as it were, commanded himself to forget him. He would permit no person to pronounce his name in his presence; and several months had already elapsed, when the uneasiness which he could not overcome, and the solitude with which he was surrounded, began to weigh heavily on his heart. Nature resumed her rights, and a thousand painful reflections attacked him in despite of himself. Sometimes he reproached himself as the cause of the continual tears which he saw the countess shed, and could not refrain from mingling with them his own. A kind of general consternation seemed to pervade all his domains. His melancholy vassals kept a mournful silence, and the eyes of all seemed sorrowfully to interrogate him concerning his son. His disquietude and grief continually increased, and he was at length unable any longer to combat the emotions of his heart. He resolved, therefore, to endeavour to discover and recall the fugitive; but he promised himself not to pardon him but on condition that he should acknowledge his fault, and solemnly abjure at his feet the weakness which had rendered him so culpable.

As soon as he had taken the resolution to relax in his severity, he sent off one of his esquires for the court of France, with letters for his

son, in which he permitted him to hope for his pardon, if he punctually fulfilled his orders. He commanded him immediately to leave the two culpable vassals, who had dared to favour his flight, and return with the esquire whom he had sent for him.

The emissary of the count, after many fruitless researches, returned at length with information that Roger had never made his appearance at the court of France, and that he had not been able to discover any thing which would point out the way he had taken, or show where he was. This intelligence greatly aggravated the grief which preyed on the heart of the countess; but it only excited anew the indignation of the count. His son, in choosing an asylum, had not been guided by what he knew to be his wish. He, doubtless, only concealed himself the more effectually to withdraw himself from his authority. He now was resolved to think only of punishing him: to yield would be to share his crime. He answered only by stern looks to the tears which he saw shed; and the mother of Roger herself dared not intercede for her son. Robert became more than ever an object of hatred; and the unhappy Elvige, shut up in the tower, would have been ignorant of what was passing around her, had not her attendant and faithful friend informed her of all the particulars she was able to learn. She placed all her hopes in the assiduous services which Robert would no doubt render to Roger; and the rigour of her fate, and the pains of absence, were assuaged, as often as she retraced the features of him she loved.

(To be continued.)

On ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

[From the *Journal des Dames et des Modes.*]

PARIS is the first city in the world for artificial flowers.

If an imitative art has reached perfection when its productions rival those of nature, we may say that that of the artificial florist has no further progress to make.

To such perfection has it been brought, that more than once natural and artificial flowers have been placed together, and a gardener asked to view them at a little distance and point out the former; but the cultivator of the parterre has been almost constantly deceived by the art of the imitator; because the latter had contrived to introduce some apparently natural defect, or had placed on his flowers some insect common in gardens, which gave an air of truth that would deceive the most experienced eye.

The milliners and dealers in various fashionable articles having exerted their genius in the adjustment of artificial flowers, and brought them into general use, the makers of them have been obliged to fabricate them of materials of less value, that they may afford them cheaper; and thus paper and other common substances are substituted for silk. But the ingenuity of the artist is still the same. These gross materials become animated under the hand of the artificial florist, and when seen at a little distance rival the finest productions of nature.—At the same time, the price of these garlands and bouquets is reduced to so small a sum as is scarcely credible.

It is especially in the imitation of the plants of our meadows, and those delicate grasses whose pedicles are almost as fine as hairs, and whose

flowers are scarcely discernible, that the artificial florists effect things truly surprising.

But the florist, like all other artists whose labours are employed on objects of luxury, is frequently obliged to sacrifice the truth of imitation to the caprice of his customers. After having exhausted all the treasures of Flora, the extravagant fancy of dealers or coquettes becomes his only guide. When the ladies have adopted a colour, and brought it into vogue, they wish to see it every where: the artist, therefore, is forced to invent things absurd and monstrous in order to live.—Thus, a few months since, the beautiful imitations of nature were obliged to give place to *yellow roses with black leaves, and black roses with yellow leaves.*

All artists of taste were mortified, and ashamed of their own work; but——*it was the fashion.*

UNAMBITIOUS PIETY.

IN an obscure village of the province of Beira, in Portugal, there lived, in the reign of John II. a friar named Fernandez de Mendoza, a man greatly beloved for his piety and simplicity of manners, which, with an extensive knowledge of the civil law, made his name known at court, though he never had the honour to pay his respects there. He was far advanced in years when he received a letter from the prime-minister, congratulating him on his preferment to a vacant bishopric, which his majesty had named him to fill. Fernandez, though extremely indigent, expressed the greatest uneasiness at this unexpected honour, —or rather burden as he considered it,—and, in all due sense of gratitude, entreated his majesty to make some

some other choice. His letter concludes with these words:

‘I am unable, sire, to perform the important rites of that sacred office, being an entire stranger to the relative duties of the pastor and the flock. From my youth I have been the inhabitant of a cloister; and to be drawn from thence, and interrupted in my meditations, in the decline of life and abilities, when my feeble state demands repose, will make me the most miserable of mortals: therefore I beseech your majesty, in the name of all that is sacred, to permit an infirm old man to die in peace in his humble cell.’

The king, after repeated solicitations, at length acceded to his prayer.

The relatives of the friar, however, were much grieved at his refusing the proffered dignity; alleging, that he had frustrated their hopes of having a tomb in the parish-church on which posterity might read, ‘*Here lies the most reverend father in God, the bishop of ****, of the family of the Mendozas.*’

‘In place of that inscription,’ said Fernandez, ‘let this be put on my tomb, and it will not dishonour your family—*Here lies poor friar Mendoza, who refused a mitre.*’

On the CULTIVATION of BENEVOLENCE in CHILDREN.

[From 5 Letters on Education, by Elizabeth Hamilton.]

BENEVOLENCE, in a general sense, includes all the sympathetic affections by which we are made to rejoice in the happiness, and grieve at the misery, of others. It disposes the mind to sociality, generosity, and gratitude, and is the fountain of compassion and mercy. All the

qualities belonging to benevolence have a tendency to produce peace and complacency in the breast; so that the happiness of the individual as well as of society is intimately concerned in their cultivation.—The passions which it inspires are all of the amiable class, as love, hope, joy, &c.; and these passions in their turn increase the disposition to benevolence, a disposition for the growth and nourishment of which the goodness of Providence has in the state of infancy made ample provision.

The helplessness of the infant state is protracted in man to a period far beyond that of other animals; and this helplessness, by inspiring compassion and tenderness in the breasts of adults, has a powerful tendency to keep alive the spirit of benevolence in the human heart. Wherever human policy has counteracted the wise designs of nature, by taking children from their parents at an early age, and separating them into a distinct society, for the purpose of education, the sympathetic affections have become extinct; a striking instance of which occurs in the history of ancient Sparta, where the murder of infants was in certain circumstances not only enjoined by the laws, but permitted by the parents without the least remorse.

Luxury, which is ever at war with nature, has, perhaps, in no instance done a greater injury to the interests of benevolence, than by introducing, as a fashion, that premature separation of children from their parents, which the Spartan legislator enjoined as a duty. If the exercise of parental tenderness softens the heart, so as to render it eminently susceptible of all the sympathetic and social affections, it is the interest of society that the objects of it should not be suddenly removed from the parental roof.

According to the wise provision

of nature, the fond endearments of parental love not only increase the benevolent feelings in the breast of the parent, but produce a disposition to them in the breast of the child, which is soon made sensible of the source from whence its happiness is derived. A judicious parent will take advantage of this circumstance, to encourage the growth of benevolence in the infant mind.

The pleasures they receive from others naturally incline children to sociality and good-will; and were they, while they receive them, always made sensible of their own helplessness, they would at the same time be inspired with the feelings of generosity and gratitude. But the tenderness of parents so seldom is judicious, that the wise provision of nature for inspiring children with benevolence is commonly rendered abortive; and, instead of the amiable dispositions arising from love and gratitude, the seeds of moroseness, anger, revenge, jealousy, cruelty, and malice, are often prematurely planted in the little heart.

Let us examine into the cause of this. And here the doctrine of association presents us with a clue, by means of which we may easily explore the labyrinth.

Nature early impels the mind to seek for happiness; but before the dawn of reason and experience, the judgments concerning it must be erroneous. In infancy, all ideas concerning it are comprised in the gratification of *will*; the propensity to this gratification is encouraged by frequent indulgence, till every notion of happiness becomes connected with it. The idea of misery becomes consequently associated with disappointment; and how far these associations may affect the mind, by producing the malevolent passions, will appear evident on a very little reflection.

We have already remarked that

the painful sensations make a more vivid as well as a more lasting impression than the pleasurable; from which it evidently follows, that the happiness derived from the gratification of *will* can never bear any proportion to the misery occasioned by its disappointment.—Where the propensity to this gratification is strengthened by indulgence, the frequent repetition of disappointment will deeply impress the mind with the feelings of resentment, and thus render it liable to the reception of all the malevolent passions connected with it; while the pleasurable sensation occasioned by indulgence will produce no other effects than to augment the desire of future gratification.

An admirable illustration of this doctrine is given by Hartley, who, after observing that the gratification of self-will, if it does not always produce pleasure, yet is always so associated with the idea of pleasure in the mind, that the disappointment of it never fails to produce pain, proceeds as follows: ‘If the *will* was always gratified, this mere associated pleasure would, according to the present frame of our natures, absorb, as it were, all other pleasures; and thus, by drying up the source from whence it sprung, be itself dried up at last; and the first disappointments would be intolerable. Both of which things are observable in an inferior degree, both in adults and in children after they are much indulged. *Gratifications of the will without the consequent expected pleasure, disappointments of it without the consequent expected pain, are here particularly useful to us.* And it is by this, amongst other means, that the human will is brought to a conformity with the divine, which is the only radical cure for all our evils and disappointments, and the only earnest and medium for obtaining everlasting happiness.’

By

By the above reasoning, which is, I think, conclusive, it evidently appears that were the constant gratification of will possible, (which, in the present state of things, it certainly is not) it would only tend to make the being so gratified miserable. The constant gratification of self-will must necessarily exclude the exercise of all the grateful passions. Where success is certain, hope can have no existence; nor can joy be produced by attaining that which is considered as a right. Let hope and joy be excluded from the human mind, and where is happiness?

Further, the habitual gratification of will not only precludes the grateful passions of hope and joy, but tends to produce all the unamiable and hateful passions and dispositions of the human heart. Anger, peevishness, and pride, are almost without exception produced by the constant gratification of every wayward desire. The first is the father of revenge and cruelty; the second, of displacency and discontent; and the third, of arrogance, ingratitude, and contempt. Think of this, ye mothers, who, by a weak and blind indulgence of the infant, will lay the foundation of future vice and misery to your ill-fated offspring!

Were the happiness of the *child* and the happiness of the *man* incompatible, so that whatever contributed to the latter must be deducted from the former, the overweening indulgence of parents might be excused, and the common apology, *viz.* 'that as life is uncertain, the poor things ought to be permitted to enjoy the present,' accepted as satisfactory. But may we not appeal to every person who has had the misfortune to live for any time with a family of spoiled children, for a sanction to our assertion, that the gratification of will has only been productive of misery?

In the career of indulgence the fondest parents must somewhere stop. There are certain boundaries which folly itself will not at all times be willing to overleap. The pain of the disappointment that must then ensue will be intolerably aggravated by all the discordant passions fostered by preceding indulgence.

A child, whose infant will has been habituated to the discipline of obedience, submits to disappointment as to inevitable necessity with cheerfulness. Nor will disappointment to such an one so frequently occur, a wholesome check having been early put upon the extravagance of desire. Whilst, on the contrary, the satiety consequent upon the fruition of every wish sets the imagination to work to find out new and untried sources of pleasure. I once saw a child make itself miserable for a whole evening, because it could not have the birds that flew through the garden, to play with. In vain did the fond mother promise that a bird should be procured tomorrow, and that it should be all his own, and that he should have a pretty gilded cage to keep it in, which was far better than the nasty high trees on which it now perched.

'No, no, that would not do; it must be caught now; he would have it now, and at no other time!'

'Well, my pretty darling, don't cry,' returns mamma, 'and you shall have a bird, a pretty bird, love, in a minute;' casting a significant look on her friends, as she retired to speak to the servants. She soon returned with a young chicken in her hand, which she covered so as not to be immediately seen.

'Here, darling, is a pretty, pretty bird for you; but you must not cry so. Bless me, if you cry at that rate, the old black dog will come and fetch you in a minute. There now,

that's my good boy! Now dry your eyes, love, and look at the pretty bird.'

At these words little master snatches it from her hand, and, perceiving the deception, dashes it on the ground with tenfold fury. All was now uproar and dismay; till the scene becoming rather too oppressive even for the mother, a servant was called, who took the little struggling victim of passion in his arms, and conveyed him to the nursery. Such are the effects of the unlimited indulgence of self-will! Yet this fond mother persuaded herself that she obeyed the dictates of pure affection! Had she, however, been accustomed to reflect upon the motives that influenced her conduct, she would have found selfishness in this instance to be the governing principle.

Parental affection has been described by many philosophers as a refined species of self-love. Considered merely as an *instinct*, it undoubtedly is so. But the same instinct in the brute creation only leads to the care and protection of their young, and, I may add, to the education also; the care of the dams in this particular, both in the feathered and four-footed race, being well known. But never does it lead to a false and dangerous indulgence.

Were parental affection in man, as in the brute creation, merely instinctive, instinct might be trusted to as an unerring guide. But to man a higher behest is granted, and therefore in him instinct is feeble and uncertain. And yet by mere instinctive tenderness do parents permit themselves to be governed, in opposition to the dictates of that reason which would teach them that true affection ought to study the *real* and *permanent* happiness of the beloved object.

It is not uncommon for parents,

while they forego the exercise of their own reason, to trust to the future reason of their children for counteracting the effects of their injudicious management. But does experience justify their confidence? I believe every person who has traced the rise and progress of the passions in individuals will answer in the negative.

The frequent recurrence of any passion, even from our earliest years, begets a tendency to that passion, till it is strengthened into a habit, and becomes as it were interwoven with the constitution. How difficult, how next to impossible, it is then to conquer, all can witness!—Reason may govern, and religion may in some measure subdue it, so as to prevent its excess to the prejudice of society, but by nothing less than a miracle can it be totally eradicated from the breast. The more worthy the heart, the more delicate the conscience, the more bitter will be the sensations of regret and self-abhorrence which a person liable to the dominion of passion, and at the same time under the influence of principle, must frequently endure. How many are the agonizing tears shed in private by the irascible! while, perhaps, the sudden ebullition of wrath that brought them forth may have fixed a dagger in the heart of a friend, doomed there to rankle for ever. And yet anger, being a passion which quickly vents itself by explosion, and is then annihilated, is less generally obnoxious than peevishness or pride which have no crisis, but which continue to operate without rest or interval.

Which of these passions will be most powerfully excited by the early indulgence of self-will, and the frequent disappointments inevitably consequent upon such indulgence, depends, perhaps, upon the organization or constitution of the infant.

In

In robust habits, the passion of anger is most frequent; while in the more delicate peevishness is commonly generated. By pride both are aggravated to an extreme degree; for pride, restless as a jackall, is perpetually on the hunt to find food and nourishment for these tormentors. At every disappointment of the self-will that has been accustomed to habitual indulgence, pride takes the alarm, and calls on anger or peevishness to revenge the injury.

And here it is worthy of remark, how the passions act and re-act upon each other. The frequent gratification of will engenders pride, and pride augments the desire for the gratification of will, till it becomes insatiable. Hence the love of power predominates, and hence a disposition to tyranny appears to be inherent in the mind of man.—Many, alas! are the tyrannical husbands and fathers that have been formed in the nursery!

The unamiable passions, like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream, which devoured the goodly, have a strong tendency to destroy the amiable.—Indeed, they are, in a great measure, incompatible with each other. The social affections are kept alive by a sense of mutual dependence and mutual obligation. But pride acknowledges no dependence; and arrogates to itself all the attentions and good offices of others, not as a matter of favour, but of right.—Hence, while it is ever ready to take offence at the slightest neglect, it is never warmed by kindness into gratitude.

Observe the boy who has been a mother's darling, and to whom his sisters have from infancy been obliged to do homage. How often are their endeavours to please him received with contempt, while the most trifling offence is aggravated

into an injury! Follow him into the world. There, alas! mortification and disappointment attend his steps, for there no one regards him in the light in which he has been taught to regard himself. No one comes up to his ideas of propriety in their conduct towards him. If favoured by fortune, he may, indeed, meet with many flatterers, but he will never make a friend. The irritation to which he is perpetually exposed will by degrees expel the feelings of benevolence from his heart; and, perhaps, even the parent, to whose fond indulgence he owes his misery, may be the first to feel the effects of his malevolence and ingratitude*. Indignant at the world, which he thinks in league to torment and vex him, he perhaps resolves to make himself amends in the tranquillity of domestic life, and makes choice of such a partner as he imagines will be most obsequious and obedient. Dreading the control of reason, he carefully avoids a woman of cultivated mind; and is, perhaps, made sensible, when too late, that it is not always the most weak who are the most conformable. In his family, however, he resolves to rule; and there he does rule with despotic sway. Perhaps he meets with a partner who is led, by love of peace and sense of duty, to study the gratification of his will in the most minute particulars. But his will soon becomes too capricious for gratification. The passions which he has indulged are incompatible with the enjoyment of satisfaction,

* The just and striking point of view in which Dr. Moore has placed this subject in the life of Zeluco must speak more forcibly to the heart than volumes of reasoning. It is a picture which every mother ought to study. But, alas! where is the mother whose fond partiality will allow her to see one feature of Zeluco in her own spoiled darling?

tranquillity,

tranquillity, or contentment. The gratification of these passions may wound his conscience, and irritate his feelings, by a sense of having inspired hatred or contempt in the breasts of others, but can never bring peace to his heart. The pleasure of making others miserable has little in it of the nature of felicity.

Yet may we sometimes observe the wife of such a man as I have here described, endeavouring, by means of unlimited indulgence, to excite the very same passions and propensities in the breast of her son, of which she has felt the fatal consequences in the husband; as if she resolved to revenge on some other woman all the misery she has herself endured!—Her daughter-in-law may share her fate, and probably imitate her example; and thus may pride, cruelty, and injustice, be produced in the family, *ad infinitum*!

IDDA of TOKENBURG.

(Continued from p. 322.)

‘PALE, motionless, and sunk in a wild and dreadful stupor, sat the count: he could not heave a sigh, or utter a word; for anguish and remorse had fettered his tongue.—At length he cried out, in a fearful tone, “Idda!”—and in this exclamation all seemed to hear the sentence of death which he pronounced on himself. He rushed down the stairs to his attendants, covering his face, that the murder of Idda might not be read in the paleness of his countenance, and in his wildly-rolling eyes.

‘But the angels of Heaven had borne on their wings the innocent Idda down the yawning gulf. A bush spread out its branches, and

broke her fall; and thus she fell from one bush to another, till at length she reached unhurt the soft moss which covered the bottom.—She had fainted from terror; but a gentle shower restored her to herself. She looked around her, amazed, without at first knowing where she was; but soon she recollected all that had passed, and lifted her eyes, filled with tears of thankfulness, to Heaven, which had so wonderfully preserved her. She walked on the bottom, where the moist ground only produced reeds and the poisonous fungus; and afterwards climbed up, on the side next the castle, to a projection where elders and wild mulberries grew.

‘Idda beheld the rays of the sun, which could not reach the bottom of the cavern, still reflected by the leaves of the trees above; and heard below her the hissing of snakes, and the cries of the venomous lizard. She shuddered at her dreadful situation, but still more when she thought of the rage of the count. With long and painful exertions she sought a passage out of the cavern, but always in vain. When with much labour she had reached a considerable height, some impassable cleft, or overhanging rock, obliged her to return.

“Oh, Tokenburg!” exclaimed she, and stretched out her hands towards the castle at the top, “have I deserved this from thee?”

‘At length she gave up all hope of finding any way out of the cavern; and with the hope she resigned the wish.

“Yes,” said she, “gracious Heaven! thy decree is right. It is better to die, than to live with such a man.”

‘She again descended to the projecting precipice, recommended herself to the protection of the holy virgin,

virgin, reclined her head on the soft moss which covered a part of the rock, and sank into a gentle slumber, with tranquil courage, regardless of the snakes and venomous reptiles.

Henry now made preparations to seek the body of his murdered Idda. With tears and heavy sighs his servants fastened together ladders and long ropes to descend into the cavern. The count then went with them into the wood, on the other side; the ladders were made fast to strong oaks, and, by the aid of ropes extended from rock to rock, they descended into the dreadful gulf.

At length they saw, by the light of torches, the bottom; and count Henry ordered them to let him down with ropes, notwithstanding all their entreaties that he would not expose himself to such a danger. The cavern, the lower it was descended into, became continually darker; but the torches from above gave light, and the count had one in his hand when he was let down. At length he reached the bottom, and looked on it with shuddering; for he dreaded the fearful sight he expected to find. With a wild gaze he walked slowly forwards, and trembling cast only half glances on the other side of the rock, where he supposed the mangled corpse of Idda must lie. But he found her not at the bottom, though he made the most careful search. At every step he took he trembled with anxious dread; and as often as he shook his torch to revive its flame, he shuddered anew.

"Idda," said he in a faint voice, "Idda, forgive me!"

But he found not the body which he dreaded so much to find.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "she hangs among the trees on the side of the rock, and I am bereft of even the wretched consolation of burying her."

He raised his torch, and looked among the trees and shrubs above him, but neither there could he see what he sought. He now ascended the rock, applied his torch to various parts, but still saw nothing. At length he heard near him a sighing voice. He thought it was the complaining ghost of Idda, started with wild affright, and dared not look around him.

Again he heard a sigh, and at length fearfully turned his eyes and saw—oh, Heavens!—his innocent Idda calmly sleeping in a hollow of the rock. A sudden transport of joy deprived him of utterance. He was all eye; and now he gazed repentantly on Idda, and now looked up with ecstatic thankfulness to heaven, when he observed that she had received no wound nor injury. He threw himself prostrate before her, kissed the hem of her garments, and bathed her feet with warm tears.

Idda moved in her sleep, and then opened her beauteous eyes. She started up, terrified, on the rock, and still more dread did she manifest when she perceived the count. She gazed on him wildly, for a moment, as he lay before her, as he stretched out to her his hand, and with repentant and humble looks, and in a low and inexpressibly moving voice, said to her—

"My innocent Idda!"

Hastily she covered her eyes, and turned her face from him.

"Idda!" exclaimed he; "dearest Idda, pardon!"

She took her hands from her eyes, turned, and again gazed wildly on him. Then suddenly she raised her arms, and looking upwards to the starry heavens—

"Count Tokenburg," said she with a solemn voice, "above those stars resides the Judge of us both, and my avenger; I will pray to him that he may forgive you what you have done unto me."

The

‘The count embraced her knees, and said—

‘Oh, Idda, forgive me the sudden and violent passion—that raging jealousy which so dreadfully blinded my reason!’

‘Idda replied calmly—

‘Count, when I gave my life for yours, you swore to me never to doubt my affection and fidelity, though an angel from heaven should declare me false, and attest the accusation on the body of the Redeemer. You have broken this oath, and murdered me. For that I yet live is the miracle of the angels who protect innocence, and bore me on their wings unhurt. With respect to you I am dead, count Tokenburg. Take me out of this cavern, or leave me here to perish with hunger, as seemeth to you good. I am no longer yours.’

‘She turned coldly from him, with fixed resolution.

‘Cannot repentance move thee, my Idda?’ said the count, and kissed the edge of her garment. ‘The mercy of Heaven may be obtained by penitence; the Judge of the World is to be appeased by repentance.’

‘God is all-powerful, and can suffer no injury;—but what shall protect my weakness against your blind pride, against your frantic passion? No, count Henry, I now know that jealousy is the offspring of pride and hatred, and not of love.’

‘Of hatred! Oh, Idda! I conjure thee do me not this injustice.’

‘Or of contempt; for what is love without confidence?—Take me out of this cavern.’

‘By the time the morning began to dawn they were both drawn up out of the dreary gulf. But though count Henry now fell at the feet of Idda, embracing her knees, and with many tears and sighs entreated her to forgive him, and return with

him to the castle; and though all his attendants and vassals came round her, and joined with him in his supplication, she stedfastly refused.—Henry was at length almost inclined to employ force; but his servants would not have dared to lay their hands on the saint whom Heaven had so wonderfully preserved.—Idda resolutely left her kneeling suppliants, and took her way to Fischingen. The count and his attendants followed her to the gate of the convent.

‘When she arrived there, the abbess likewise joined in entreaties for the count; but Idda would not consent again to live with him, but passed the remainder of her life here, in sacred silence and retirement in this cell.

‘When a nun once asked her—‘Idda, how couldst thou withstand so much love?’—she replied:—‘Love didst thou say? Can that be love which will suffer the mere sight of my ring in the hand of another to erase from his remembrance my tried fidelity and affection?’

‘She yielded not to the request of her relations, nor to that of count Kiburg, whom she honoured as her father, but remained and died here in the convent. In her last confession she declared that she had never ceased to love count Henry, though she would never consent again to live with him. She dedicated this altar, and the picture over it, to the angels who had borne her down the rock. A learned monk wrote her history as she related it to him, and deposited a copy of it in the convent.

‘See, Julia, this was Idda’s cell; here she abode, and prayed for forgetfulness of her love and firmness of resolution. Here, where we sit, she related to the monk, with bitter tears, her fate, her fidelity, and the reward

reward she received for it, from the jealousy of the man she tenderly loved.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

IN full-dress our *élégantes* continue to dress their heads simply in hair, and to wear diadems. The *capotes* have almost all a large bunch of ribbons, or crape, in front, which are white, jonquil, lilac, and rose. The yellow and white straw hats are very common. One of the most striking head-dresses is the hat *à la Uhlan*, the crown of which is in the form of a lozenge, and the front a little turned up or pointed like a helmet: its colour is jonquil, rose, or all white, with feathers of the same; or striped with broad stripes, lilac and yellow, or lilac and rose, with flat feathers to match. This head-dress, *piquante* by its novelty, displays much ingenuity in its plan and execution.

Besides *jais*, pearls, and flowers, fruit, particularly olives, are used in the trimming of robes. Frequently we see an *échelle* of ribbons or flowers descending from the cestus down to the bottom of the robe. Sometimes this ornament is only two large flowers, attached one to the cestus, the other to the bottom of the robe, following the direction of a third flower placed upon the diadem.

The prevailing colour for hats and *capotes* of Florence, or crape, is deep violet, with jonquil ribbons or draperies, and Egyptian earth-brown, with lilac ribbons or draperies. The ribbons are only striped one way, that is breadthways.—They wear the *fichu chemises* trim-

med, and without a cape for the neck. The cloaks are mostly trimmed with lace. Oblong mobs, in imitation of the antique head-dress, and square cornettes, are still the fashion for morning. The cestuses cross upon the back, and are knotted before. The number of robes with low waists increases. In a few months we shall probably come to the point from which we set out: Muslins, with large flowers, white upon white, are very much used for *fichus* and robes. Among the fancy bonnets, we observe the small boat shape, a white crown, in *organdis*, with a drapery of crape of Egyptian earth-brown, or apple-green; and *capotes* of white crape, *parsemées*, with blue-bottle flower *applique*.—The necklaces, still very long, are now composed of two tubes of elastic meshes, joined at equal intervals by ribbons of elastic gold web. The newest ear-rings are of amber, generally square, or of an octagon shape. The watches are worn in a round ball isolated, or in the centre of a square medallion.

The fashionables imitate the oblong head-dresses of the antique shape, closed with silver *chefs*.—The *capotes* are composed of two colours; a soot crown, and green draperies; a green crown, and jonquil draperies; and a lilac crown, and draperies of Egyptian earth. Crape *parsemé*, with *applications* of satin peas. The long waists augment in number, and yet there is reason to doubt whether the fashion will become general. After having paid tribute to them, a great many *élégantes* resume the short-waisted robes; and some, though they ordered long-waisted dresses, had not courage to wear them. The long shawls are those now in fashion, of muslin, of Turkish crimson, and Turkish blue; also square Scotch shawls, of silk and cotton,

with large flowers upon a brown St. Theresa mantle ground. Spencers, trimmed with lace, are worn for half-dress. The muslins are either figured with white flowers or large diamonds. Serpent bracelets, in imitation of the necklaces and earrings, are also in repute.

The number of straw hats diminishes in the class of well-dressed women. The *coiffures* of highest pretensions are of the antique shape. Among these a yellow crown, with braids of hair across, and a chaplet of leaves round the forehead, is the greatest favourite. The robe is worn very low upon the shoulders, and the draperies are tied up with pearl cords. Crape with compartments is gone entirely out of fashion. Lozenges and wolf's teeth are used almost exclusively for the ends of the sleeves, the bottom of the robes and shells. For half-dress, our *élégantes* wear spencers, with open embroidery, or trimmed with lace. The *fichu chemises*, and silk or cambric gloves, still maintain their influence. A few *élégantes* have resumed high-heeled slippers. At Longchamp, several Amazons mount the bonnet with a bunch of feathers, and loop in zig-zag; hussars, &c.

The men, without changing the shape of their coats, have adopted very large buttons (near an inch, or a full inch in diameter) of white metal, polished; or yellow dead-gilt and the edge polished. Velvet collars to riding or other coats are no longer worn.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Walking-dresses.

A Round dress of lilac, or other coloured muslin; full sleeves of

white muslin and lace; the dress cut low round the bosom, and worn with a handkerchief. Bonnet of white chip, and lilac crape, ornamented with a large round feather, which is fixed in front to hang over the left side.

An open robe of white muslin, with full long sleeves confined to the size of the arm in three places; petticoat of the same, with a narrow flounce at bottom. Witching hat of white chip, lined with pink, and turned up on one side; a bow of pink ribbon on the left side.

Head-dresses.

A round hat of brown willow, turned up on one side with a bow, and ornamented with an ostrich feather of the same colour.

A bonnet of lilac crape, a crape rose and ostrich feather in the front.

A bonnet of white chip turned up on one side, and lined and ornamented with pink; white ostrich feather on the right side.

A turban of white crape, or muslin, ornamented with several white ostrich feathers, which are fixed a little on the right side, to hang carelessly over the head.

A cap of white muslin ornamented with wreaths of white ribbon, and a bunch of ivy leaves.

A turban of pink crape, ornamented with bugles of beads; two pink ostrich feathers, fixed in front, to fall over the head.

A hat of white chip, turned up all round, the crown covered with white crape; a bow behind, and at the side.

A large straw bonnet, turned up behind with a button, and tied under the chin with blue ribbons.

The Obi hat, of straw or chip.

Miscellaneous Observations.

The favourite colours are lilac, buff,

buff, yellow, and pink; feathers and flowers of all kinds continue to be universally worn as ornaments.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

ON a tablet hanging up in the church of Allhallows Barking, Tower-street, it is thus written:

‘This church was much defaced and ruined by a lamentable blow of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder, that took fire on the fourth of January, 1649, in a ship-chandler’s house, over against the south side of the church, and afterwards was repaired and beautified again by a voluntary contribution of the parishioners.’

The account of this disaster is as follows:

‘One of the houses in this place was a ship-chandler’s, who, on the fourth of January aforesaid, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabouts, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could not be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house always full of company at that time of night; and that day the parish dinner was at the house; and in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, legs, &c. miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, with not so much as their clothes singed. In this accident there were two things very remarkable; the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern was found sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar-side, with a pot in his hand, only

stified with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across, one upon another.

‘Also the next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church, a young child lying in a cradle, neither child nor cradle having the least sign of any fire or hurt. It was never known who the child was, so that one of the parishes kept it for a memorial.—“And in the year 1666,” says Mr. Stow, “I saw the child then grown up to be a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, when he was drinking at a tavern, and he asserted the above circumstance to be true.”

Antiquities of London and Westminster, by Nicholas Bailey, Author of the Dictionary.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following anecdote is a very curious illustration both of the character of this great princess, and of the bad taste of the pulpit eloquence of her age. It is related by a contemporary; and that the *naïveté* of the style may not be lost in the narrative, it is transcribed as it appeared in the original writing:

“There is almost none that waited in queen Elizabeth’s court, and observed any thing, but can tell it pleased her very much to seeme to be thought, and to be told; that she looked younge. The majesty and gravity of a sceptre borne 44 yeeres could not alter that nature of a woman in her. When bishop Rudd was appointed to preach before her, he wishing, in a godly zeale, as well became him, that she should think sometime of mortality,

being then 63 yeeres of age, he tooke this text, fit for that purpose, out of the Psalms. Ps. xc. v. 12.—‘*O teach us to NUMBER our dayes; that we may incline our hearts unto wisdome!*’ which text he handled most learnedly. But when he spoke of some sacred and mystical numbers, as *three* for the Trinity, *three times three* for the heavenly hierarchy, *seven* for the sabbath, and *seven times seven* for a jubile; and lastly, *seven times nine* for the grand climacterical yeere (her age), she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it.—The Bishop discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stood opposite to her majestie, he fell to treat of some more plausible numbers, as of the number 666, making *Latinus*, with which he said he could prove the Pope to be Antichrist, &c. He interlarded his sermon with scripture passages touching the infirmities of age, as that in Ecclesiastes xii.—‘*When the grynders shall be few in number, and they wax darke that looke out of the windowes, &c. and the daughters of singing shall be abased,*’ and more to like purpose. The queen, as the manner was, opened the window; but she was so farre from giving him thanks or good countenance, that she said plainly—‘he should have kept his *arithmetic* for himself, but I see the greatest clerks are not the wisest men,’ and so went away discontented.

“The lord keeper Puckering, to assuage the queen, commanded the bishop to keep his house for a time. At last, to show how the good bishop was deceived, in supposing that she was so decayed in her limbs

and senses as himself, perhaps, and others of that age were wont to be, she said she thanked God that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering instruments, nor, lastly, her sight, was any whit decayed; and to prove the last, before us all, she produced a little jewel, that had an inscription of very small letters, and offered it first to my lord of Worcester, and then to sir James Croft, to read, and both protested *bona fide* that they could not; yet the queen herselfe did find out the poesie, and made herselfe merrie with the standers by upon it.”

ANECDOTE of Dr. RESBURY.

DR. Resbury, a divine in the reign of Charles the Second, while walking in the streets of Windsor, observed a person pass him, and turn frequently, to consider him with attention. Offended at length by an observation so pointed, he roughly reprov'd the stranger for his impertinence; who bowing, and civilly asking pardon, informed the doctor, that he was a painter, and was then engaged in designing a picture of Nathan reprov'ing David, and never had he seen a face so reprov'ing as that of his reverend antagonist. The doctor, enraged, used still harsher language.

‘It is enough, sir,’ replied the artist, ‘I have got as much as I desire, and am greatly indebted to you’—saying which, he coolly walked away.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ALLAN AND ELLEN.

[From *W. Dimond's Petrarchal Sonnets.*]

WHAT wand'ring fire, so pale, so blue,
Steals flick'ring by yon moulder'd tow'r,
And wavers o'er the weedy pool,
Where vap'ry mists of twilight low'r?

Ah! know you not yon moulder'd tow'r,

All fall'n to ruin and decay,
Records a castle strong and fair,
Though now its glory's pass'd away?

Earl Bertram rear'd the lofty pile,
(Whose wreck you only now behold)
In peace he was a statesman shrewd,
In war he was a warrior bold.

Fair Ellen bloom'd his only child,
And heiress of his vast domain,
Which stretch'd beyond his gates to where

Yon mountains dimly skirt the plain.
Not feath'ry flakes of falling snow,
That light within the moon-ray's gleam,

With half such dazzling whiteness show,

As did the front of Ellen beam.

Twin roses blush'd on either cheek,
The vi'let claim'd her dark blue eye,

The cowslip ting'd her yellow hair,
And all their sweets partook her sigh!

External charms I may pourtray—
But where shall I expression find,
To speak the beauties of her heart,
Or paint the radiance of her mind?

No poor man ever told his tale,
Or way-worn pilgrim crav'd relief,
But Ellen cures on ev'ry want
Bestow'd, and tears on ev'ry grief,

Both barons bold, and brave sir knights,

By sighs and vows her love essay'd;
But Allan only of the throng
With *love's return* inspir'd the maid.

No splendid race could Allan boast,
And scant his share of fortune's store;

His vet'ran sire, when dying, left
His blessing and his sword—no more!

What though he could not trace his blood

From noble villains curs'd in death;
Still was his honour free from taint,
His fame unsully'd by a breath!

But ah! Earl Bertram frown'd on vows

Ungrac'd by birth or shining ore;
He bade the gallant youth begone,
Nor ever woo his daughter more.

Fair Ellen vainly wept, and kneel'd,
Low on the earth for pity pray'd;
He sternly chid her from his sight,
She sigh'd, and tremblingly obey'd.

And now the doubtful glooms of night
In length'ning shadows 'gan to close,

Sad Ellen to her chamber sped
To court oblivion, not repose.

A fearful storm did rage without,
Loud peals of thunder shook the sky,

And dimmest darkness veil'd the plain,

Save when the lightnings glar'd on high!

The sturdy oak, and hardy pine,
From earth were by their roots upturn;

And lowly shed, and lofty spire,
Were in the whirlwind's fury borne.

The

The blast now rock'd the shaking
walls,
And roar'd around each quiv'ring
tow'r,
When deep the castle-bell toll'd forth,
With heavy stroke, the midnight
hour:

In fervent zeal fair Ellen pray'd,
And told her beads, resign'd and
meek;
Yet oft the pearly exiles stray'd,
In liquid mazes, down her cheek.
On Christ's blest form she bent her
gaze,
The hallow'd cross her lips did
press;
Yet oft a sigh, she blush'd to own,
Would still her vagrant thoughts
confess.

While thus she stray'd from God to
Man,
A well-known accent caught her
ear,
And, sinking on her rising heart,
Thrill'd ev'ry nerve with pleasing
fear.

With grief, with joy, with dread, yet
hope,
" 'Tis he himself, my Love ! " she
cry'd;
With trembling haste she drew the
bolt,
And op'd the yielding lattice wide:

The hollow gust swept moaning by,
The ivy bough did flap about,
The owl did hoot upon the tow'r,
And rain-drops patter'd from the
spout:

She cast around a fearful glance,
The forked lightning shot by
bright,
And, flashing on the rampart-wall,
Gave Allan to her aching sight!

" O Ellen dear ! " he falt'ring cry'd—
" Forgive this act of desp'rate love !
" Upbraid me not, but let my pangs
" Thy gentle heart to pity move.

" To-morrow's dawn I quit this land,
" Ah ! never to return again ;
" But in some distant clime expire,
" Far, far beyond the rolling main.

" O ! I could say a thousand things,
" And still a million leave to tell ;
" Yet ere I go, I only crave
" The solace of a last farewell ! "

" A last one be't ! " exclaim'd a voice,
Half-drown'd by rage, and boist'rous
ire.

Yet Ellen knew the bloody threat,
And, trembling, knew her bloody
sire.

She heard the deadly rapiers clash,
She heard the deaf'ning murd'rous
roar,
She heard her Allan's dying groan—
Then sank to earth, and heard no
more !

Like some sweet flow'r, whose fragile
form
The churlish blast had rudely
blown,
More lovely in her droop she seem'd,
Unconscious of the grief she'd
known.

But ah ! too soon oblivion fled—
Her bosom heav'd a gentle throe,
She op'd her eyes once more on life,
And with it on despairing woe.

An unsheath'd sword, all bath'd in
blood,

First met her eyes' unsettled roll ;
Remembrance at the sight leap'd up,
And flash'd its horrors on her soul !
" O ! heav'nly pow'rs ! does Allan
live ? "

Was all her quiv'ring lips could sigh.
Earl Bertram catch'd the anguish'd
sound,

And scowl'd indignant from his eye.
" Degen'rate wretch ! behold this
sword !

" It weeps the caitiff's heart's best
blood.

" If for his body thou inquir'st,
" It floats adown the neighb'ring
flood."

With frenzy'd mien she heard the tale ;
Her starting eyes glar'd madly
round ;

She scream'd a loud, delirious laugh,
Then wildly sprang from off the
ground.

She flew along the castle's halls,
Unstopp'd by bar, by bolt, by grate ;
She bounded o'er the draw-bridge
fleet,

And rush'd beyond the outer gate.
With breathless speed she hurried on,
Unstopp'd by thorn, by brier, by
wood ;

And

And leaving all pursuit behind,
 Too soon she reach'd the fatal flood.
 Its troubled waters curling foam'd
 In black'ning eddies 'gainst the
 shore,
 And, sullen murm'ring as they dash'd,
 Return'd the thunder's distant roar.
 The dawn-light trembled in the East,
 A feeble gleam, on shunning night,
 And glimm'ring o'er the gloomy flood,
 Gave Ellen death in giving sight!
 A pale dead corse, all gash'd with
 wounds,
 Lay bleeding on its wat'ry bier.
 O God! her pangs! when she be-
 held,
 In that pale corse—her Allan, dear!
 She look'd a thought too big for speech;
 Then shrieking with convulsive
 start,
 'O! Christ, the Saviour, take my soul!
 'And thou, O Allan, take my
 heart!'
 She sprang amid the circling wave,
 And clasp'd her clay-cold love
 around;
 Their bodies sank below the tide,
 Their spirits brighter regions found!
 Five ages now have well-nigh roll'd,
 Since both in sacred earth were laid;
 The solemn bell was duly toll'd,
 And pious masses o'er them said.
 Yet oft, the hamlet-peasants tell,
 Two shadowy forms are seen to
 glide
 With printless step o'er yonder dell,
 And mourn along the conscious tide.
 And oft a fire, so pale, so blue,
 Steals flick'ring by yon moulder'd
 tow'r,
 And wavers o'er the weedy pool
 Where vap'ry mists of twilight
 low'r.
 Then, Trav'ller, weep with pitying
 pain
 The victims of ill-fated love!
 Nor let bold Man on earth arraign
 What gracious God remits above!

 VERSES

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

WHEN early the sun sinks in winter
 to bed, [with red—
 And the western horizon gleams faintly

When the mists of the ev'ning rise
 thick from the vales,
 A darkness creeps on, and hush'd
 silence prevails;
 At th' approach of night's gloom o'er
 the rest of his course,
 The Traveller mourns for himself and
 his horse,
 And bewails his hard fate, forc'd alone
 thus and weary,
 His way to pursue through roads dirty
 and dreary;
 But when safe in his inn, and his horse
 at the manger,
 How snug he reflects on past darkness
 and danger!
 His fire now so warm is, his steak so
 well dress'd, [the best—
 His wine (gin and sloe juice) so truly
 The arm-chair so easy, the bed-room
 so neat,
 The warming-pan ready, and Molly
 so sweet— [brow,
 So gratefully slumber encircles his
 No hero more blest than our traveller
 now.

Can an inn then such comfort impart
 'midst the squall
 Of Waiter! Boots! Chambermaid!
 Ostler! and all?
 Far from home, far from spouse, far
 from children and friend,
 Can the Traveller fancy all care at an
 end?

The reason my muse in few words
 shall explain:
 To contrast we owe all our pleasure
 and pain;
 For cause and effect are confounded in
 this,
 That bliss leads to woe, and then—
 woe leads to bliss.

 ODE

TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,

Supposed to be written by Horace.

BY G. DYER.

WHY, when I view those cherry
 lips,
 That breast of sweets, those eyes
 of fire,
 While fancy from thy mouth rich nectar
 sips,
 And round thy neck entwines each
 young desire—

Why

Why should I ask, if twenty years,
Or twenty more, matur'd those
charms?

Thy breath, more soft than spring, thy
lover cheers;

And more than summer lingers in
thy arms.

The muse for thee is proud to sing;
The graces lead the dance for thee;
The nymphs to thee their sweetest
flowrets bring;

Oh! then it surely cannot winter be.

What tho' the bloom of life were fled,
The heats of love all pass'd away;
Yet wisdom could on age new lustre
shed,

As a sweet glory gilds the parting
day.

SONNET TO PHOEBE.

By the Author of 'The Cursory Lucubrator.'

HOW oft in melancholy's gloom I
stray,

To ev'ry sense but of misfortune
lost,

Revolving deep within my mind, the
day

When first my heart in mutual love
was crost!

Alas! yet, PHOEBE, but alone for you
My bosom heav'd its tend' rest softest
sigh;

And tho' the fatal barrier fortune
threw,

Ne'er shall your image from my
fancy fly.

And ah! where'er should fate your
steps decree,

O'er mountains rude, o'er rocks or
barren plains;

Whate'er your lot—be you from sor-
rows free,

Exempt from care and life's cor-
roding pains!

E'en such the *wish* of Henry's heart
sincere,

And such the *pray'r* his latest breath
will bear.

July, 1801.

SONNET TO MARY.

WHEN busy crowds are wrapt in
sleep,

And slumbers o'er the eyelids creep;
When midnight darkness veils around

And solemn stillness reigns profound

Ah! then, dear girl, my mind is free
Sweetly t' indulge my thoughts on
thee.

As one that's exil'd from his home,
And forc'd in distant climes to roam;

Whose cheek with tears is furrow'd
o'er;

Who thought to see that home no
more;

Views with delight the dawn appear,
That brings him with his wife and

children dear;—
With equal hopes I long to see

The happy nuptial morn that gives my
love to me.

LEANDER.

Kelvedon, Essex.

TO A LADY,

ON HEARING HER SING A SONG OF
HER OWN COMPOSITION.

BY G. DYER.

SO bright thine eyes! so kind thine
heart!

So sweet thy voice! such grace and
ease!

In every breast is left a dart;—

How couldst thou only hope to
please?

The heedless youth, who durst to gaze,

Is led thine easy prey along;

And those, who can resist a face,

Feel the keen arrows of thy song.

But is there to thy face or voice

Who can his warmer love refuse?

He has but left the poet's choice,—

To fall the victim of thy muse.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, May 27.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the success of the English in Egypt, many persons here are anxiously impatient for further intelligence from that country, and appear surprised that the French are able to hold out so long, and that the fate of Egypt is not yet decided.

The attendant of the captain pacha, who brought the account already published of the taking of Rhamanich by the English under general Hutchinson and the Turks, has been presented by the grand signior with a considerable sum in money, and a valuable pelisse. By the taking of Rhamanich, the communication between Alexandria and Cairo is cut off.

The crew of a ship of war which arrived here yesterday from Aboukir say, that the French in Alexandria may probably not surrender so soon as had been expected.

We are also under some anxiety here, lest the French should make some attempts from Italy on the Turkish coasts, and against the Morea; on which account three ships of war have sailed with all dispatch for the latter.

At Smyrna the failure of the great commercial house of Nicholas Bratio has occasioned many other bankruptcies of importance.

The Porte now refuses to allow the new republic of the Seven Islands a free trade in the Black Sea. The Russian ambassador exerts himself in their favour.

Smyrna, May 27. The English accounts which we have received here from Egypt state that general Menou has broke up from Alexandria with 3,000 men, and that general Hutchinson, with 5,000 English troops, has marched in quest of him. General Baird, with 9,000 men, is in full march from Suez for Cairo.

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The blockade of Alexandria by sea is extremely difficult; the harbour of that city can only be blockaded so long as the wind is favourable; should a storm arise, the English ships must leave their station. Consequently the introduction of French succours is always possible.

Constantinople, June 3. The latest accounts from Egypt state, that the advanced guard of the captain pacha had defeated a corps of 300 French cavalry, which was advancing to succour the posts at Rhamanich. The armies of the grand vizier and of the captain pacha are prosecuting their march by different routes towards Cairo, where they will endeavour to arrive at the same time.

The corps of the captain pacha consists of 17,000 men, and the army of the grand vizier of 35,000, among whom are 5000 English troops from the East Indies, and 12,000 men who follow the baggage.

It is said that Murad Bey is dead. The report that Cairo is taken is not confirmed; but we expect to receive the news very soon. To-day the Spanish envoy De Corral notified his arrival, and by his secretary of legation and drogman made the customary compliments to the reis effendi and the kiaya bey. To-morrow the drogman of the Porte will make the answering compliments to the Spanish envoy.

Ancona, June 8. The three Neapolitan frigates, which have arrived here, are intended, it is said, to carry French land forces to Egypt. Other Neapolitan ships are expected, which will join admiral Gantheaume's squadron, who is now at Messina, waiting for a Spanish fleet; after the arrival of which they will all sail together for Egypt.

Naples, June 8. As the French are making great preparations to send

succours to Egypt from this and other Neapolitan ports, admiral Warren, it is said, will cruise in these seas, to watch the motions of the French.

Milan, June 12. The report that the pope has offered to cede his ecclesiastical territory to the king of Sardinia is unfounded. The first consul has, however, applied to the pope to dispense with the celibacy of the clergy, to acknowledge the constitutional priests, &c. but the pope has given a refusal.

A corps of French troops are assembling in Tuscany, the destination of which is not known.

A report has been in circulation here for some days, that the pope had left Rome, and the French taken possession of the city; but our gazettes only say, that French troops have passed and daily pass through Rome to Naples. The French generals Casabianca and Martin are arrived at Rome. As the pope, on account of the state of his finances, has been unable to restore the horse-guard, the Roman nobility have offered to form a corps at their own expence, and this offer has been accepted with thanks. The secretary of state has nominated the officers, and appointed the dukes Mathi and Braschi to be commandants of this guard.

An English frigate from Egypt has arrived in the harbour of Venice, but brings no new intelligence. The army of our republic will, for the future, consist of 40,000 French and 12,000 Cisalpine troops. The expence of supporting them, which will probably be borne by our state alone, is estimated at seventy millions of mclinleri annually.

The English take the greater part of the ships bound for Italian ports in possession of the French.

General Moncey has now the command in chief of the French Cisalpine army, and the train of general Brune will return to Paris. General Moncey will have his head-quarters at Cremona, and the French army will form a line from Verona into Romagna. Ligurian troops now occupy Loane, as well as Oneglia.

There is a talk of a union of Parma

and Placenza with the Cisalpine republic.

Constantinople, June 12. On the 10th instant lord Elgin received dispatches from lord Keith and general Hutchinson, upon which he sent the following official communication on the 11th to the Turkish and all the foreign ministers: That as all the communication between Alexandria and Cairo had not as yet been totally cut off, the French had collected a vast quantity of provisions, which they intended to convey to the garrison of Alexandria. On the 23d of May the escort consisted of 500 soldiers, who had mounted about 200 camels, and were accompanied by 100 foot; but in the neighbourhood of Alexandria the English troops fell upon this important supply, took the whole escort prisoners, and sent the peasants home with empty waggons. As great want prevailed in Alexandria, general Hutchinson expected the place would speedily submit to a capitulation, which he was on the point of proposing.

In the forts round Cairo there were about two or three thousand French troops, but they were blockaded by the Turks.

A corps of French troops, which had held out till now in an advantageous post, seeing the danger of being surrounded, resolved to embark for France; but the English surprised and made them all prisoners.

Rome, June 15. The French minister Cacault has given in a memoir containing the demands of Bonaparte in favour of the French clergy. As the pope cannot grant these, citizen Cacault has left Rome, and gone to Florence; and the pope has sent cardinal Gonsalvi to Paris.

On the part of France it has been required, that there shall be a patriarch established in France, who, like the ancient patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, &c. shall be the head of the clergy, and independent of the pope: that the French law of divorce, and the new oath of the clergy, shall be sanctioned, &c.

His holiness has for several days past been very unwell. It is not believed that he will grant the demands of

of the French, with respect to the constitutional clergy in France, as the consequences would be too inconvenient to the other clergy.

Milan, June 16. A letter from Florence of the 11th says, the army of observation is now on its march against Rome. According to other letters from Naples, the chevalier Acton has set out in great haste for Palermo. The first consul has issued a decree, that the Cisalpine government shall provide a monthly fund of 200,000 livres, to be applied to the repair of the fortifications of four places, Legnano, Peschiera, Roua d'Anjo, and Pizzighitone. The works of these four places shall be carried on with the utmost activity. At the end of each month, commissaries shall inspect the state of these places, and draw up a statement of the progress of the works, a copy of which shall be sent to the first consul, and another to the Cisalpine government. A committee has accordingly been appointed, empowered to appropriate twenty millions of national property to provide for this demand and other purposes.

St. Petersburg, June 19. To day several principal Russian merchants were sent for by our minister who conducts the affairs of trade, and assured that they might now continue their commerce with England as heretofore, as all disputes with Great Britain were accommodated.

Brandenburg, June 20. It is believed that the recall of the Prussian troops from the territory of Hanover will not take place till the wisdom of our monarch, guided by his justice, and a mature consideration of political circumstances, shall find such a recall practicable and advisable.

Paris, July 6. The brig the Lodi arrived at Nice the 28th of June. She left Alexandria the 19th of May. She took on her passage a Turkish

vessel laden with horses. She brings no details of the military events which have taken place since the landing of the English. General Menou had sent triplicates of all these details by avisos, which sailed a few days before, and which have not yet arrived, perhaps owing to their having been taken or delayed in their course. On the 19th of May the French army was master of Cairo and Alexandria. The English had cut the bank of the lake Madie, and turned the waters into the lake Mareotis; by this means they had inundated 50 leagues of the country round Alexandria, which has considerably strengthened their position of Aboukir, and rendered the French fortifications of Alexandria impregnable. General Menou, who was in person in that city, was abundantly provided with military stores and provisions for several years.

The first consul has suffered for a long time from a rheumatism contracted at the army.—Citizen Corvisart, his physician, has thought the season favourable to attempt to free him from it.—He has applied blisters to the breast and arms successively. This treatment, the effect of which has been very favourable, has prevented the first consul from coming to the last parade, and giving the usual audience to ambassadors this day. He has not ceased a single day to do business with the consuls and ministers, and held this morning a council general of finance, which takes place the 6th of every month, and at which all the ministers and the director-general of the public treasury attend. C. Corvisart thinks that the first consul will be able, without inconvenience to his health, to attend next quintidi, at the fête of the 14th of July.

On the 8th at four p. m. the troops of the consular guard will go to the Champ de Mars to manœuvre there.

HOME NEWS.

Lynington, July 2.

ON Tuesday last their majesties, accompanied by the princesses and prince Adolphus, honoured this place with their presence. On their entrance, the volunteers of the town, a party of the Scots Greys, Christchurch cavalry, 85th regiment, and Flint militia, were under arms to receive them.—After passing the lines, amidst the loudest acclamations of loyalty and joy, they repaired to the town-hall, where a dutiful and loyal address was read, and afterwards presented. On leaving the hall the royal family visited Walthampton, the seat of sir H. Neale, bart. where they dined: but the weather inclining to wet, prevented them seeing to advantage the gardens and plantations, though much pleased with what they saw. In the evening the royal family returned to Cuffnells, where they stay till Friday, and then proceed to Mr. Rose's cottage, near Christchurch, where they take the water for Weymouth. His majesty appeared in fine health and spirits, and conversed very familiarly with sir H. and lady Neale, hon. capt. Grey, lord Amelius Beauclerk, hon. capt. Paget, Mr. Rose, and other gentlemen present. So deep an impression did the loyalty of the inhabitants of this place make on the royal bosoms, that his majesty remarked to the queen, "No need of a regiment here to guard us, Charlotte."

Dublin, July 4. On Wednesday last, Logan and Hogarty were executed at Naas, pursuant to their sentence; the former for the murder of the late Mr. Spencer, of Rathangan, and the latter for the murder of lieut. Giffard, in May, 1798.

Monday, Michael Brosna, capitally convicted by a general court martial, for murder, was taken from the Prevot prison, Limerick, on board the Duff gun-boat, lieutenant Wing, to Tarbert,

from whence he is to be transmitted to Castle Island, there to be executed pursuant to sentence.

Tuesday morning, Joseph America, a private in the Hompesch dragoons, was shot in the Mandyke-field, Cork, pursuant to the sentence of a court martial, for disobedience of orders, and unsoldierly conduct towards his officers. He met his fate with great firmness. The whole garrison was present at the execution.

Christchurch, July 4. Their majesties and the princesses yesterday embarked on board the yachts, and sailed with a propitious gale for Weymouth.

Weymouth, July 4. Their majesties and the princesses, except the princesses Sophia and Amelia, after dining yesterday on their arriving at Gloucester Lodge, walked on the Esplanade, accompanied by the earl and countess of Uxbridge and daughter, generals Garth and Manners, major Desbro', colonel Cartwright; captains Bowen, Clark, and Paget. In the evening the whole town was brilliantly illuminated: colonel Manningham's camp, Mr. Stacy's hotel, and the circulating library in particular. A number of beautiful fireworks were let off. Their majesties expressed themselves highly gratified with the loyalty evinced by the inhabitants.

On Wednesday morning two privates of the York hussars were shot on Bincomb-down, near Weymouth, pursuant to the sentence of a court martial, for desertion, and cutting a boat out of the harbour, with intent to go to France; but by mistake they landed at Guernsey and were secured. All the regiments, both in camp and barracks, were drawn up, viz. the Scots greys, the Rifle corps, the Stafford, Berks, and North Devon militia. They came on the ground in a mourning-coach, attended by two priests; after marching along the front of the line, they returned

returned to the centre, where they spent about twenty minutes in prayer, and were shot at by a guard of 24 men; they dropped instantly, and expired without a groan. The men wheeled in sections, and marched by the bodies in slow time.

Eastbourne, July 9. A most melancholy accident happened in this neighbourhood: Two young men, who were here for the benefit of sea-bathing, of the name of Stratton, being out shooting at Beachy Head, the eldest at the top and the other at the bottom of the Cliff, the horror of the latter can better be conceived than described, when he saw his brother fall headlong from the summit, and dashed into a thousand pieces. The deceased was a young man who had just come to a large fortune by the death of his father, and was a very promising youth. There are some suspicions that he destroyed himself purposely, as his gun and shot-belt were found on the top of the Cliff, and he was observed of late to be very thoughtful.

Newcastle, July 11. On Tuesday night a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, came on here: A similar awful visitation was repeated on Wednesday, but with greater violence; the rain descended in such torrents as to give the Castle-stairs, the Long-stairs, and other passages to the lower parts of the town, the appearance of cataracts. Several houses in the Close, and in the neighbourhood of the Stockbridge, were knee deep, and household furniture of various kinds floating on the water. The streets and common sewers were never known to have received so thorough and brief a scouring, and the general temperature of the air has been since considerably moderated. The parched surface of the ground is also beginning to assume a new verdure, and vegetation of every description seems likely to be materially benefited. We have not heard of any serious accidents from the lightning; a cow belonging to a poor woman named Hudspeth, of Gatehead, was killed while grazing on the Windmill hills.

Salisbury, July 11. In a cartel vessel

which arrived this week from France, came over one Stephen Buckle, a waterman; the relation of the manner of whose captivity may not prove uninteresting to the public, while it may act as a caution to unsuspecting watermen to be more on their guard whom they take out in their boats for pleasurable excursions. Three gentlemen had hired the above person to take them to the Isle of Wight, and they had not proceeded farther than Calshot Castle, when they rose upon the poor boatman, gagged him, tied him hand and foot, and threatened him with immediate death if he made the least noise or resistance. He implored for mercy, and offered them his assistance in any undertaking, if they would spare his life; on which he was released, and was told they were French prisoners, and desired to make to the nearest port in France, at his peril. The darkness of the night, and calmness of the wind, favoured their intentions: and after rowing two days and nights in a small open skiff, without having the least sustenance, they arrived safe at Cherbourg. The waterman was interrogated at the Custom-house as to the prisoners' escape; when, after giving the particulars, and identifying the persons, saying that they threatened to murder him, &c. the officers took the three Frenchmen into custody, to take their respective trials—a proof that justice there still rears her head. The poor man's case being made known to the government, he was ordered to be liberated, and his boat restored. He would have been ranked as a prisoner of war, but for the activity of a once inhabitant of this town, whose kindness and hospitality many gentlemen captives of this place have before most amply experienced. The waterman reports that he observed great activity in the dock-yard, and the preparations making for invading this country were constantly dinning his ear.

London, July 11. On Thursday afternoon a jury sat at the Duke of York public house at Battersea, on the body of miss Hompesch, the daughter of general Hompesch, who shot

shot herself. After breakfast, she retired into a room; a little armoury of her father's, the walls of which are decorated with swords, pistols, &c. like the guard-rooms at St. James's, and taking a loaded pistol shot herself below the left breast, aiming at the heart. She did not, however, exactly succeed, as she lived a quarter of an hour. The report attracted the family, and surgical assistance was obtained; but it was all useless. Her age was sixteen.

From the testimony of a female servant of Mrs. Richardson, at whose house general Hompesch and his daughter resided in Battersea fields, it appeared that the deceased was for some time in a desponding way, the cause of which she would not communicate to any one; that on the day previous to the melancholy catastrophe she wrote two letters, one to her father, and the other to a friend in Germany. These letters were found on a table in the apartment where the rash act was committed. In the letter to her father she begged, as her dying request, that her heart might be sent to her dear friend in Germany. Several professional gentlemen attended on the jury, when the head was opened, and likewise the body, from whence the heart was taken out by the express desire of the general, to be sent according to the tenour of the deceased's letter.

The jury brought in their verdict *lunacy*, and yesterday the body was conveyed to Newington church-yard for interment, attended by one mourning coach.

The deceased was a natural daughter of general Hompesch (an only child); beautiful in her person, and amiable in her manners. Excessive sensibility to a circumstance of a domestic nature is the cause assigned for her melancholy fate.

The canal to Paddington was opened yesterday morning for trade, with a grand procession along the Paddington Line to Bull's Bridge at Uxbridge. Exactly at nine o'clock the committee, with their friends, in two pleasure-boats, set sail, with colours and streamers flying, each vessel being towed by two horses. At twelve o'clock the

company were met at Bull's Bridge by the city shallop (having on board the sub-committee of the Thames navigation), and several pleasure-boats, with large parties of ladies.

A very hot press has taken place on the river Medway and at the Nore. All the ships of war fit for immediate service at Chatham and Sheerness are getting ready for sea with all possible dispatch. It is supposed that they are destined to reinforce admiral Dickson's squadron off the Texel. Intelligence has reached government, that the Batavian fleet will put to sea on the first favourable opportunity. They have likewise received accounts that a great number of troops are collected in the vicinity of Boulogne, to be embarked on board the flotilla of gun-boats daily expected there from Havre.

The following letter was transmitted this evening by Lord Hawkesbury to the Lord Mayor:—

*“Downing-street, July 11,
half-past eight, p. m.*

“My lord,

“I have great satisfaction in informing you, that captain Blake, of the Dispatch cutter, is just arrived from St. Petersburg, and has brought a convention, signed on the 17th of June, by lord St. Helen's and count Panin, on the part of his majesty and the emperor of Russia, by which all differences between the two countries have been amicably adjusted.

“Their Danish and Swedish majesties have been invited to accede to this convention. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

(Signed) “HAWKESBURY.”
“*The right hon. the Lord Mayor.*”

13. Saturday afternoon, a poor distressed woman, in Thames-street, hired a boat to cross the river to the Bankside, Blackfriars, in pursuit of a wandering husband; failing in finding him, she returned in the boat to look for him near her own home; being again disappointed, she hired another boat to go Vauxhall, to look for him there; not finding him, she hired a fresh boat to return home; when, in an agony of despair, she threw herself into the river near the Adelphi, where she immediately sunk.

BIRTHS.

BIRTHS.

June 25. The lady of George Herbert, esq. of Hans-place, Sloane-street, of a daughter.

The lady of Robert Bomford, esq. in Great Quebec-street, Portman-square, of a son.

The lady of Francis Fownes Luttrell, esq. commissioner of the customs, in Powis-place, of a son.

29. The lady of sir Wm. Clayton, bart. at his seat at Harleyford, of a daughter.

July 2. The lady of capt. Huxley, of the 2d West India regiment, of a daughter.

8. Lady Folkstone, in Old Burlington-street, of a daughter.

The hon. Mrs. Greensell, lady of Pascal Greensell, esq. at Taplow, of a daughter.

The wife of Thomas Davis, of Castle-yard, Bankside, of a fine boy, being her first child. She has been married eleven years, and is in the 53d year of her age.

10. The lady of S. H. Myers, esq. at the Grove Cottage, Cheltenham, of a son.

The right hon. lady Leslie, at his lordship's house at Shrub-Hill, near Dorking, of a daughter.

11. The lady of J. M. Mostyn, esq. Baker-street, of a son.

The lady of John Chamier, esq. at his house in Queen Anne-street West, of a son.

The lady of Richard Slater Milnes, esq. M. P. for the city of York, at Fryston, near Ferrybridge, of a daughter.

19. The right hon. lady Elizabeth Halliday, lady of capt. Halliday, of Berkeley-square, of a daughter.

20. The lady of Wm. J. Champion, esq. at Danny, in Sussex, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

June 25. Benj. Bond, esq. banker, to miss Shaw, only daughter of John Shaw, esq. of King-street, Cheap-side.

29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Wm. Saxton, of Wey-

mouth, to miss Branth, of Berkley-square.

At Mary-le-bone church, John Jolliffe Tufnell, esq. eldest son of William Tufnell, esq. of Langleys, in Essex, to miss Pilkington, daughter of the late sir Michael Pilkington, bart. of Chevet, Yorkshire.

At St. George's church, Bloomsbury, Mr. T. Hornsey, of Tooley-street, Southwark, to miss Salter, of Peter-street, Bloomsbury.

30. At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Hicks Wells, esq. of Hornton, in Oxfordshire, to miss Mary Ann De la Touche, of Chelsea.

At Filey, R. Shepherd, esq. of Leberston Hall, near Scarborough, aged 81, to Mrs. Ann Watson, aged 24. By this union the bridegroom becomes brother to his son, and uncle to his grandson—the father and son having married two sisters.

At Froome, Mr. John Cooke, aged 76, to Mrs. Pope, who, on the morning of the tender sacrifice to Love and Hymen, attained her 80th year.

At Wentnor, Salop, Richard Finch, aged 17, to Mrs. Ann Wigley, aged 89.

July 2. At St. Pancras, Charles Rainsford, esq. of Farnborough, Berks, to miss Marianne De Dompierre, of Grenville-street.

Mr. C. Richardson, of Limehouse, to miss H. Greene, of Great Prescott-street.

Capt. Archibald Campbell, of the 88th regiment, to Miss Macdonald, of Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

7. Mr. Richard Brown, wine merchant, of Mark-lane, to miss Moravia, of Old London-street, Fenchurch-street.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. R. P. Goodenough, the rev. R. F. Onslow, eldest son of the dean of Worcester, to miss Harriot Foley, third daughter of the hon. Andrew Foley, M. P.

9. At St. James's, Garlick-hill, Joseph Cade, esq. of Garlick-hill, to miss Wade, of Hampstead.

At Downe, Kent, James Oliver, esq. of the royal navy, of Great Prescott-street, to miss H. M. Omer, of Downe-hall.

11. Mr.

11. Mr. Wm. Daniell, of Howland-street, to miss Westall, of Upper Charlotte-street.

By special licence, at the dowager lady Burgoyne's, Oxford-street, the right hon. lord Ongley, to miss Burgoyne, only daughter of the late sir John Burgoyne, bart.

13. At Eltham, in Kent, by the rev. Shawe Brooke, R. S. D. Light, esq. to miss Henrietta Miller, second daughter of the late John Miller, esq. of Carey-street.

18. Francis West, esq. of Postwick, in Norfolk, to miss Maria Baker, of Westham, Essex.

At Newington church, by the rev. Mr. Dickenson, Mr. George Cottam, of Walworth, to miss Philipps, of Newington-place.

20. At Mary-le-bone church, Wm. Hoghton Dalton, esq. of Bath, to miss Louisa Smith, of Robert-street, Adelphi Terrace.

At Islington church, by the rev. Mr. Newton, Samuel Hollingsworth, esq. of Hollingby, to miss Martha Elizabeth Karr, of Highbury-grove.

DEATHS.

June 25. At Coates, near Edinburgh, the right hon. Elizabeth, countess dowager of Glencairn, in the 77th year of her age.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Mary Mosley, widow of the late Mr. Nicholas Mosley, of Palmer's Green, Middlesex.

26. At his apartments, Ludgate-hill, sir Thomas Hope, bart. eldest son of the late sir Archibald Hope, of Pinke-house, near Edinburgh.

At his house in Upper Belgrave Place, Ralph Collier, esq.

At the seat of sir Henry Goodricke, bart. in Yorkshire, Mrs. O. Sloper, wife of Orby Sloper, esq. of the 4th dragoons.

28. At his seat at Corbally, county of Clare, Wm. Spright, esq. formerly a captain in the 65th regiment.

The rev. Dr. Ferris, dean of Battle, Sussex.

At Bath, the rev. Wm. White, rector of Yelling, and an alderman of Portsmouth.

Of a fever, the honourable miss Ann Ryder, daughter of lord Harrowby.

At his house in Upper Belgrave Place, Ralph Collier, esq.

In Leicester-square, George Dashwood, esq. of Steeple-Aston, in the county of Oxford.

July 4. At the Hot Wells, Bristol, James Butler, esq. of Cheapside.

5. At an advanced age, at his seat at Bunhey Park, Nottinghamshire, sir Thomas Parkyns, bart. father to the late member for Leicester, lord Ranelagh.

6. At his seat at Fen Park, near Devizes, in the county of Wilts. James Sutton, esq. formerly representative in parliament for the borough of Devizes, and brother-in-law to the present chancellor of the exchequer.

7. At Whitby, near Scarborough, in the eleventh year of her age, miss Phil. Sarah Hubbersty, second daughter of Zachary Hubbersty, esq. late of Winchester-street, London, deceased.

At her apartments in King-street, Westminster, Mrs. Gibbons, relict of Tho. Gibbons, esq. of the treasury.

At Canonbury, Islington, Mrs. Wilson, wife of John Wilson, esq. of Leadenhall-street, merchant.

At her house, at Kew, Mrs. M. Ayleworth.

Lately, Mr. Pawsey, of the Horse-shoes, Haverill, Suffolk. Mr. P. from some unknown cause, for several weeks previous to his dissolution refused every kind of sustenance, and literally starved himself to death.

July 8. At Sheffield, Mrs. Curr. In approaching the fire her clothes caught the flames, and she was burned so severely that she only survived a few days.

Mrs. Kirkman, of Darcey Levey, Lancashire, who was married in 1761, and in 1781 had borne 20 children.

10. At Epsom, sir Griffith Boynton, bart.

18. At Kensington, in the 67th year of his age, Walter Blunt, esq.

At his seat on Enfield Chace, general Flower Mochet, colonel of the 9th regiment of dragoons.

21. At Theobald's Park, Herts, sir Geo. Wm. Prescott, bart.

25. At his house at Blackheath, at the advanced age of 85, the right hon. the earl of Dartmouth.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR AUGUST, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 The REWARD of Filial PIETY.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—COMMON RAT—WATER RAT—MUSK RAT.
- 3 Fashionable PARIS' DRESS, beautifully coloured.
- 4 New and Elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 The POWER of MUSIC; an ELEGANT DUETTINO, composed by the late wonderful MOZART.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communications transmitted under the signature *Catharine* have been returned as requested.

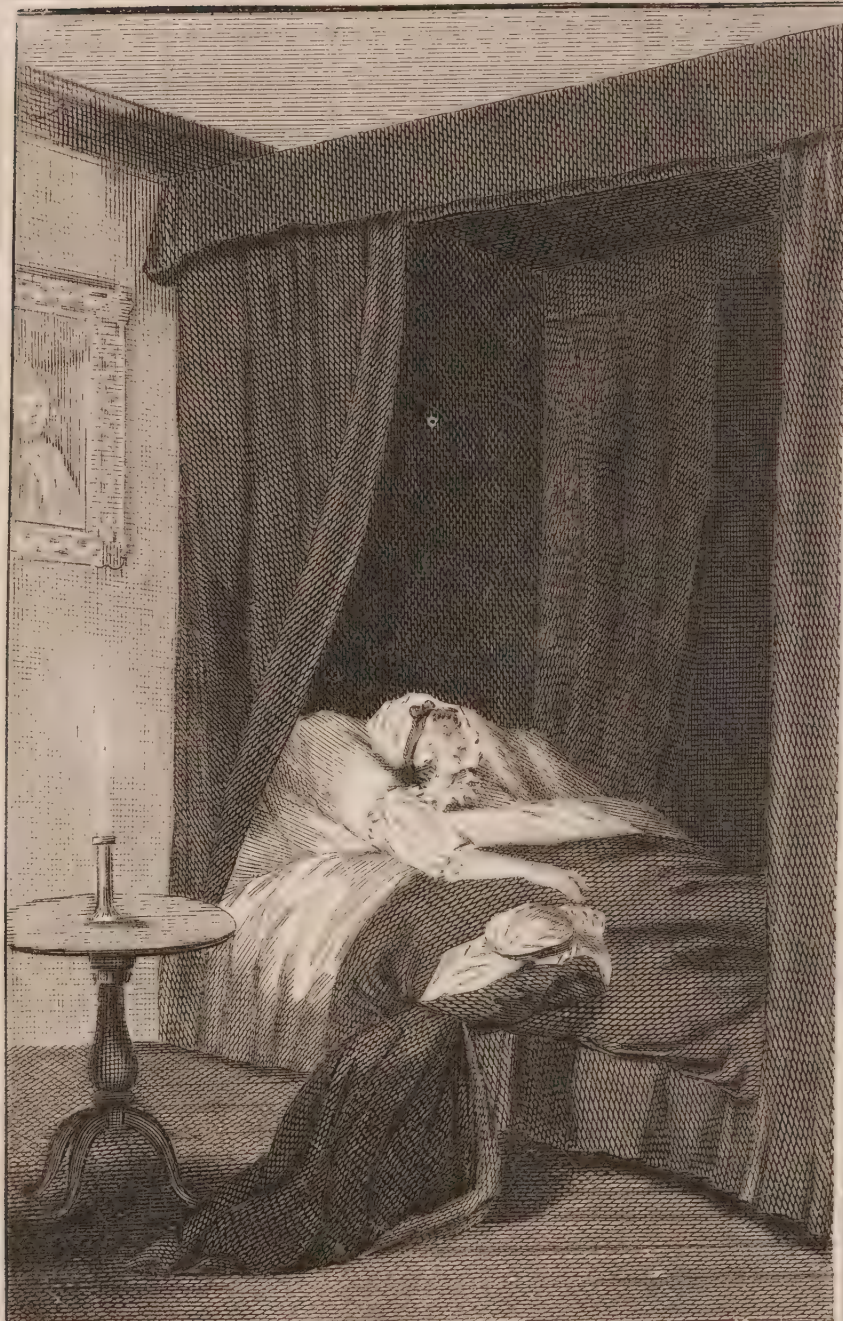
C. G.'s packet is received, and its contents will be made use of occasionally.

Honoria's Essay is intended for insertion.

The *Fragment* by L. M. is too much of a fragment.

The Lines addressed to a young Lady on her Birth-Day are received; as are the Ode to Plenty—The Nettle and the Rose, a Fable—The Rivals, an Anecdote in Rhyme—and R. T.'s Enigma.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Reward of Filial Piety.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
AUGUST, 1801.

THE REWARD OF FILIAL PIETY;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

EXHAUSTED by grief and want Amelia languished on the bed of sickness. Her husband, who was an officer in the navy, had been employed in the service of his country on a distant expedition, and in an heroic but too desperate attempt upon the enemy the boat in which he was was sunk, and not a man on board it returned to his ship. When tidings of this fatal event reached the unhappy Amelia, she sunk into a state of continued dejection and melancholy. Her circumstances, which were before not affluent, now approached fast to absolute indigence, till at length she had nothing to subsist on but the little that her daughter Alicia could procure by almost incessant labour. But Alicia was the guardian-angel of her mother. She laboured for her by day, she watched over her by night; she prayed for her, she comforted her, and by her exertions and filial tenderness preserved the life of her from whom she had herself received life.

Alicia was not deficient in those external endowments which are appropriate to her sex. Though she was not what a dealer in Circassian slaves might have esteemed a perfect beauty, her strong and culti-

vated understanding, and her exalted virtue, illumined her countenance with gently-pleasing charms, which continually became more powerful the oftener she was seen and conversed with. Their force was even felt and acknowledged by one whose soul was by no means congenial to her own. A youth of fortune, immersed in all the follies of fashionable dissipation, had seen her, and learned her story at the house of Mr. Merton, the opulent conductor of some extensive manufactories, who supplied Alicia with the work with which she supported her sick mother. Not doubting in the least that her situation would render her an easy conquest upon his own terms, he found an opportunity to express the ardent passion he had conceived for her, offering her, with as much delicacy as he was capable of, an ample settlement well secured for herself, and a provision for her mother sufficient to protect her from want. Alicia replied, that the latter condition was the only one which to her had the semblance of temptation; but while it was in her power to support her mother by her labour, she should certainly not submit to an infamy, which, instead of preserving her life, would more prob-

bably hasten her end, by plunging her still deeper in grief and despair. The man of fashion continued his pursuit of her for some time, and employed all the arts he was master of; but, finding them without effect, at length left her for another whom he found less inflexible.

Mr. Merton, who had been informed of the whole process and failure of his fashionable friend's suit, now found his attention forcibly drawn towards the virtuous Alicia; and the more he conversed with her the more he admired her, till at length she inspired him with an irresistible love for her. He had not yet reached the middle age of life, was a man of probity and generosity; and when he avowed the passion he had conceived for Alicia, he soon made an equal impression on her susceptible heart. The day of their union was fixed without delay, and the health of Amelia began to be rapidly restored at the prospect of her daughter's approaching happiness.

On the evening preceding the day appointed for the marriage, as Amelia, Alicia, and Mr. Merton, were sitting together, a gentleman in the uniform of a naval officer entered, and threw himself into Amelia's arms.—It was her husband, who had been taken up by the enemy when his boat sunk; and long detained a prisoner in the West Indies. He had found means to make his escape, and immediately after, having the command of a sloop of war given him by the admiral on that station, had the good fortune to capture a very valuable prize, and had now returned home to clasp to his arms his Amelia, and witness the happiness of his daughter, which she had merited and obtained by her filial piety and her other virtues.

SKETCH of the LIFE of KOTZEBUE.

(Concluded from page 344.)

THE tragedy of Demetrius, all obstacles being at length removed, was performed before a numerous audience, whose curiosity was considerably increased by so many demurs. 'It was received,' says our author, 'with an applause to which the forbearance generally practised towards youth could alone give me any pretension.' About the same time Kotzebue likewise produced a comedy, entitled the *Nun and the Chambermaid*, which proved extremely successful, but was never published, the copy having been, by some accident, lost.

In the year 1782, some of the friends of our author, who had influence at court, proposed to procure him a place, to which they thought it would prove a strong recommendation in his favour, were he to write a volume of moral tales and fables for young princes, and dedicate them to the grand duke's son. Though he felt little inclination for such a task, he complied, and four sheets of the work were printed, and embellished in a most superb manner, by his publisher at Petersburg. 'Convinced, however,' says he, 'on reading them over, that I had no talent for this species of writing, I resolved not to prosecute a plan by which I should only expose myself; so paying the publisher all that he had lavished on expensive decorations, the work was consigned to eternal oblivion. The impression of my fables cost me many hundred rubles, but my vanity did not breathe a single sigh over their destruction.'

Our author now went to reside at Reval, and to him the people of that place are indebted for a theatre, which has had great success, and which opened with a play written
by

by himself, called *Every Fool has his Cap*, which had a resemblance in the plot to Moliere's *Miser*—it has never yet been published. He had previously written two plays, which he terms the two first dramas he ever wrote, that he considers as possessing some degree of merit. These were the *Hermit of Formentera*, and *Adelaide of Wulfsingen*. The former was represented at the private theatre, but we know not whether the latter has been performed at all. It has, however, been translated both into French and English, and abounds with interest and situation.

About this time, he tells us, he had conceived the idea of writing the history of Henry the Lion, duke of Brunswick, a hero whose various and in many respects romantic fate had always extremely interested him. He had collected a considerable stock of materials for his undertaking, and had even prepared some detached parts of the history; when two works appearing nearly together, the one historical, the other a sort of romance, in both of which duke Henry was one of the most conspicuous personages, he entirely laid aside his plan. He soon after engaged in the publication of a monthly work, to which he affixed the whimsical title—'For the Mind and Heart.'—It was carried on for a year, but did not receive sufficient support to encourage the prosecuting it farther. Some pieces written for this work are published in the four volumes of his *Miscellaneous Writings*.

'In the autumn of 1787,' says our author, 'I was first seized with an illness, which for several years held me suspended between death and what is, perhaps, still more to be deprecated than death itself, the apprehension of sinking into a confirmed melancholy. It was during

the height of this disorder that I wrote *Misanthropy and Repentance*, (the *Stranger*) and the *Indians in England*. These two pieces were finished in the space of not more than eight or nine weeks. Never, either before or since, did I feel such a rapid flow of ideas and imagery as during that period; and I believe it to be undeniable, that by some kinds of illness, particularly in those in which the irritation of nerves is increased, the powers of the mind are abundantly elevated, as diseased shell-fish alone produce pearls.

'Many very absurd things have been said and written upon the subject of my play of *Misanthropy and Repentance*. Among other accusations brought against me, it has been urged that I have not administered strict poetical justice in granting unqualified pardon to Eulalia, and restoring so great a criminal to her station in society, and to every joy in life. But no one seems to have considered the dreadful punishment she has necessarily incurred from the reflexion upon her own misconduct, or to have examined whether any pardon could release her from those reflexions; and whether a woman with such a mind, labouring under the pressure of a sullied conscience, could ever be happy again. To Ziegler* alone do these ideas appear at all to have suggested themselves, yet his view of the subject is extremely perverted; and, by taking the unjustifiable liberty of recalling Eulalia's seducer again to life, he has wholly frustrated the moral in view. I, therefore, wrote the *Noble Lie*; from which, if I have again brought forward a woman de-

* Ziegler, as appears from Kotzebue's preface to his *Noble Lie*, wrote a drama as a continuation to *Misanthropy and Repentance*.

viating from chastity, a subject on which the impure imaginations of the critics delight to dwell, I am confident as fine a moral may be deduced as ever was preached from the pulpit, or represented on the stage.

In the year 1790, Kotzebue produced the *Virgin of the Sun*, the *Child of Love*, (Lovers Vows) and *Brother Moritz the Humourist*. This year he likewise proceeded in the collection of his smaller works.

In the same year, our author, who had been some time married, lost his wife, whom he most affectionately loved.—‘Poignant anguish for her loss,’ says he, ‘drove me as a fugitive into the wide world. I fled to Paris, and remained for half a year amid the bustle of that capital, without so much as giving a hint to our ambassador of my being there. But wearied, after a while, with living in the midst of such convulsions, I transferred my abode to Mentz, which then enjoyed profound peace and tranquillity. Here I arranged for the press a detail of the heavy calamity I had experienced, and of my subsequent wanderings, which was soon after published, under the title of *My Flight to Paris*.’

During his residence at Mentz, Kotzebue, disgusted at the licentiousness and extravagant absurdities he had witnessed among the Parisians, wrote a piece in ridicule of them, under the title of the *Female Jacobin Club*. This gave great offence to the violent partisans of jacobinism, while, at the same time, his *Philosophical Picture of the Reign of Louis the Fourteenth* equally excited the jealousy of the opposite party. The latter work he sent in manuscript from Mentz to his publisher at Strasburg, which occasioned some correspondence between them;

when he found that the letters he received from Strasburg were constantly opened before they were delivered to him. He complained of this to the Russian minister at Mentz, who inquired into the matter, but could procure him no satisfaction; it was affirmed that they came thither opened. ‘Never to this day,’ observes our author on this subject, ‘have I been able to trace out by what means it could happen, that the honour of being suspected as a spy, or concealed jacobin, was conferred upon me; but it appears to be my hard fate, that while the zealous friends of the jacobins and their associates proscribe me as the advocate of despotism, the real supporters of that monster consider me as a dangerous democrat, whom they cannot watch with too jealous an eye. I could cite many extraordinary incidents in corroboration of my position, if a man always dared to say all that he can.’

It is certain that he has been suspected of being too ardent a supporter of liberty and popular power; and it is supposed that his *Count Benyowski*, from some expressions in it, and allusions to certain anecdotes, gave great offence to the late empress of Russia, and occasioned him to resign his situation as president of the college of justice in the Russian province of Livonia, where he had written many of his dramatic pieces.

After his resignation of this place he repaired to the court of Vienna, where he was soon after appointed director and dramatist of the Imperial theatre; a situation which he filled with the greatest satisfaction to the emperor, the court, and the public.

Some time after the accession of the late emperor Paul I. to the

throne of Russia, Kotzebue, in consequence of some private affairs, returned to Reval, where he was immediately apprehended by order of the emperor, though on what account does not appear to be distinctly known. He seemed, however, to be in no small danger of banishment to Siberia, when the caprice of the monarch not only pardoned his supposed crimes, but took him into especial favour, and appointed him to be director of the theatre at Petersburg, in which office he was continued by the present emperor.

The last intelligence that has been received of this celebrated dramatist is contained in some articles which appeared in the German journals in the course of the month of July last. They import that Kotzebue had presented to the new emperor of Russia a plan of reform to be introduced in the theatre, and requested leave to resign in case it should not be adopted. He obtained his removal from his place of director to the theatre, agreeably to his request; and, as commonly happens in similar circumstances, was honoured with promotion to a degree higher, namely, that of chancellor of the college. The emperor has also given him since his dismissal a pension of twelve hundred rubles, a sum equal to his salary, though he had been only eight months in office. He has since left Russia, and on the 19th of July arrived at Berlin, on his way to Weimar, his native place.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

IN full dress our *élégantes* continue to dress their heads simply in hair,

and to wear diadems. Besides *jais*, pearls, and flowers, fruit, particularly olives, are used in the trimming of robes. Frequently we see an *échelle* of ribbons or flowers descending from the cestus down to the bottom of the robe. Sometimes this ornament is only two large flowers attached, one to the cestus, the other to the bottom of the robe, following the direction of a third flower placed upon the diadem. The capotes have, almost without exception, a large bunch of ribbons or crape upon the *devalut*: the fashionable colours are white, jonquil, lilac, and rose. The yellow and the white straw hats are very common. One of the most striking head-dresses is the *chapeau à la Hulan*, the crown of which is in lozenge, and the front a little turned up, or pointed like a helmet. This hat is much worn by the *élégantes* of Longchamps: its colour is jonquil, rose, or all white, with flat feathers to match. This head-dress, *piquante* by its novelty, displays much ingenuity in its plan and execution. The young men have ceased to wear velvet collars to their riding or other coats.

The crape capotes are generally of two colours, strongly contrasted, Egyptian earth and pale green; lilac and canary yellow; jonquil and coquelicot. The same taste for two striking colours pervades every other part of dress: a red shawl and a yellow robe, a blue robe and an orange shawl; a slate-coloured robe and a crimson cap are very often to be seen upon the same person. In general, however, the shawls are white. The *élégantes* of the first class, who only use them as a security against cold at night, at balls and spectacles, have resumed the stuff shawls.

The manner in which the ribbon is placed upon the crown of the straw

straw hats has experienced a slight variation. It is interwoven across, so as to pass alternately, inside and outside, at equal distances. The antique head-dresses, in oblong puffs, are still worn in full dress; the puffed part frequently takes in the veil, which forms a floating drapery on one side. The newest hats are of an oval shape, and striped, in fringe and crape; the fringe always white, and the stripes on the little intervening bands, some deep colour, such as orange brown, Egyptian earth, dark green, clouded upon the edges.

The silver ribbons have nearly exploded the use of flowers. Among the few still worn, we observe the tobacco and laurel flowers, the rest are fancy. The long waists are gaining ground. The newest ear-rings are amber—the shapes squares and octagons. The little green parasols, or *ombrettes*, have now a fringe, or embroidery of silver spangles, upon the edge.

The collar of the coat of the Parisian men of fashion is not more than a finger's breadth; their waist-coat begins to come down lower than the breast of the coat; the boots pass the knee, and the leaf of the hat increases every day.

‘Pay a visit,’ observes a Paris journalist, ‘to one of our divinities of the day, and you will fancy yourself transported into the regions of chaos. You will find the stair-case of Italian marble; the anti-chamber French; the bed, Egyptian; the chairs, Grecian; the chimney-piece, Prussian; the candelabra, Etruscan; the vases, Japan; the hangings, Roman; the statues, imitations of

the antique; and the fortune of the owner, *very modern*; in a word, the *tout-ensemble* of the house will be found a complete anachronism.’

In the same style, also, thanks to fashion, our finest women, after having made a Flemish breakfast, a French dinner, and taken Italian *sorbetti*, end the day by drinking tea in the English manner. In the same style also, collecting into the narrow space of twenty-four hours the manners and customs of four or five different nations—they breakfast at Brussels, dine at Paris, lunch at Milan, sup at London, and sometimes, if we believe scandal, go afterwards to sleep at Lesbos, Paphos, or some other favourite retreats of Venus.

LONDON FASHIONS.

FANCY dress of worked muslin, trimmed with lace and silver; the sleeves full, and confined with silver. Turban of crape, ornamented with silver; white ostrich feathers in front.

Walking dress of white cambric muslin, made tight over the bosom, with a collar to turn back, trimmed all round with lace; long sleeves, confined above the elbow in two places; petticoat of the same, with a narrow flounce round the bottom. Bonnet of green silk, tied down with a handkerchief; nankeen shoes.

The prevailing colours are buff, white, and lilac. Buff flowers have been adopted. A new fancy hat, which is likely to become a favourite, has just been introduced into the circles of fashion, made of straw, intermixed with clouded floss silk. Buff and Imperial chips are generally worn.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 351.)

LETTER XXVII.

*From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.*

OUR next view of animated nature will present a varied prospect of vivified perfection in the hedge-hog genus, which by the nature of its spines approaches nearer to the porcupine class than to any other. The distinctive marks of this genus consist in the several individuals having five toes on each foot, and a body covered with short spines.

THE COMMON HEDGE-HOG.

This animal is so peculiarly constructed that he can defend himself against the assaults of his enemies without exertion, and wound without a martial encounter, as he is endowed by nature with an irresistible coat of mail, with the additional advantage of contracting himself into the form of a ball, which enables him to defy every attack of his adversary. The hedge-hog is of a timid nature, and is not constructed for feats of agility, or effectual retreat; but these defects are amply counterbalanced by his natural corporeal weapons of defence, which are exercised in due proportion to the assaults he receives, and the exigency of his situation. The hedge-hog has a long nose, and nostrils bordered on each side with a loose flap; short, round, broad; naked ears; small eyes; short legs, destitute of hair, and of a dusky hue; five toes on each foot, the inner toe shorter than the others; weak claws. The upper part of the face, sides, and rump, are covered with strong coarse hair of a yellowish colour, intermingled with cinereous; the back with short

spines of a whitish colour, with a bar of black through the centre. The under part of the body is clothed with strong hair. The tail is one inch long, and the length of the head and body about eight inches.

This species inhabit Europe, Madagascar, and various parts of Russia; they subsist on worms, insects, fruits, and some kind of vegetables, and will also eat flesh raw, or in any other state. These animals are found in woods under the trunks of old trees, in thickets, hedges, and at the bottom of ditches covered with bushes; and also in clefts of rocks, and other secure situations. It is not clearly ascertained whether they ascend trees, but it is fully proved they dig the earth a shallow depth with their noses. Hedge-hogs neither approach human habitations, nor stir from their retreat in the day, but traverse the neighbouring country during the night in search of food. As they sleep during the winter, it is not probable they amass provisions (as some authors assert); their flesh has not an agreeable flavour, and at present no use is made of their skin. When these harmless animals are assaulted, they have recourse to no mode of defence, but rolling themselves up like a ball, which effectually defends them from receiving injury. Most dogs are averse to encounter the hedge-hog; but the fox has courage to engage with him, as he craftily wounds his adversary's feet, and then sucks his blood.

Though naturally inoffensive, the hedge-hog, when he is urged by hunger, becomes so cruel as even to destroy his own offspring, and in a state of confinement manifests various proofs of mischievous ingenuity. When the hedge-hog is rolled up, and by that means be-

comes invulnerable, there is no mode of compelling him to relinquish that secure state, but by plunging him in water, which causes him to dilate his limbs, and resume his native form. The females of this species have three or five young at a litter, and usually bring forth in the beginning of the summer; their offspring in an infant state are white, and the buds, or rudiments of the spines, only apparent through the skin.

THE SIBERIAN HEDGE-HOG.

This animal, which is a native of the southern deserts from the Don to the Oby, is less than the common kind; but in the regions beyond Lake Baikal they are considerably larger than that species. The Siberian hedge-hog has a long, slender, extended upper jaw; large oval ears, naked and brown on the edges, the interior parts lined with soft white hairs. The tail is shorter than that of the common kind. The upper part of the body is covered with slender brown spines, at the base, and near the extremity, encompassed with a white circular mark. The limbs, and under regions of the body, are clothed with a beautiful white fur of a soft texture. This species, in their habits and generic qualities, resemble the common hedge-hog; they grow very fat, and usually live in holes a few inches deep; they subsist on insects, and eat those of the most caustic qualities without receiving any injury, which has been ascertained by experiments; some individuals having been known to devour an hundred cantharides.

THE ASIATIC HEDGE-HOG.

This is evidently the *tendrac* described by M. de Buffon. In size this animal resembles a mole. It has a long slender nose; short

round ears; and short legs. The upper part of its body is covered with short spines of a white hue, marked across the middle with rust colour. The face, throat, belly, and legs, are clothed with whitish fine stiff hair. The tail is short, and covered with spines; about the nose are some hairs above two inches in length. M. de Buffon specifies another variety of this species, which he denominates the *tanrec*. This animal is on rather a larger scale than the preceding, its spines are only on the top and hinder part of the head, and on the upper part of the neck and shoulders; those on the neck are erect; the parts of the body not furnished with spines are clothed with yellowish bristles of unequal length, interspersed with black. These animals are native inhabitants of Madagascar, and several oriental islands. In their mature state they attain to the size of a rabbit, grunt like hogs, and grow very fat; they are also very prolific. They burrow on land, but frequent shallows of salt or fresh water. They remain torpid six months, and during that period lose their hair. Their flesh has an insipid flavour, but is nevertheless eaten by the Indians.

THE GUIANA HEDGE-HOG.

This animal, which is a native of the new continent, has no external ears, but only two auditory orifices. It has a short thick head. The back and sides are covered with short spines of an ash hue tinged with yellow; and the face, belly, legs, and tail, clothed with soft hair of a whitish cast. The space above the eyes is of a chesnut colour; the hinder part and sides of the head are of the same shade, but of a deeper hue. The length from nose to tail is eight inches. The tail is short, and the claws long and crooked.

The

The peculiar construction of the hedge-hog affords a pleasing variety in the animal world; and suggests the moral reflection, that security often consists in the possession of those qualities which defend the possessor from the attack of his enemies, rather than by those which impel him to encounter, and consequently become the victor, or the vanquished. To this corporeal armour we may compare the mental weapons of defence which every rational being should be accounted with. To your ladyship, who are armed *cap-a-pee* with every effective virtue, and fortified with well-assured trust in a superior and never failing mode of defence, a comparative definition would prove prolix and unnecessary; as you are confessedly hostile to every species of frailty, and a faithful ally to every kind and degree of social virtue. That the happy effects of these combined excellencies may prove as great a blessing to yourself as they do to your fellow-creatures is the ardent wish and expectation of your ladyship's sincere friend

EUGENIA.

DIVISION I. SECTION IV.

Animals simply digitated; without cutting or fore-teeth, with a frugivorous and herbivorous appetite.

Genus.	Species.	Genus.	Species.
Sloth,	- - 2	Armadillo,	- 6

LETTER XXVIII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

As every degree of excellence consists in a comparative estimation of inferior qualities, our sensations will naturally incline us to view the sloth genus (which is the next subject we are to contemplate) with a slight portion of admiration when

brought in competition with other members of the brute creation more amply endued with perfections.—The distinctive properties of this class are—canine teeth and grinders in each jaw, but no cutting or fore-teeth in either; the fore-legs considerably longer than the hinder ones, and long claws.

THE THREE-TOED SLOTH.

The name of this animal suggests the idea of its peculiar characteristic; which is a remarkable degree of slothfulness, and inability to make any agile efforts, or even move to any considerable distance. The two species which constitute this supine genus in many particulars have a perfect similitude, yet in others so essentially differ as to require a separate generic distinction.

The 'three-toed sloth,' or 'ai,' has a black obtuse nose, rather lengthened; small external auditory organs; minute black eyes devoid of lustre, and of a heavy cast; with a dusky-black line extending from the corner of each. The face and throat are of a dirty-white hue; the hair on the body and limbs is of a long shaggy texture, and of an ash-brown colour; the tail so short as to have the appearance of a mutilated stump; the legs are thick, long, and awkwardly situated; the face is destitute of hair. There is a black line on the spine of the back. On each side of the shoulders the hair is blended with a ferruginous or rust cast; the other parts of the back and limbs are irregularly spotted with black. There are three toes on each foot armed with long claws. This animal in dimensions resembles a middle-sized fox. This species have but twenty-eight ribs, and the 'unau,' or 'two-toed sloth,' has forty-six, which is sufficient to ascertain and justify a distinct classification. These animals manifest

such slight traces of animation, that they form the last class, and constitute the lowest term of existence in the quadruped tribes. They are endued with no inherent means of offence or defence, and can neither dig, soar high, or take refuge in the earth. On a candid survey of the various defects and imperfections of these races, we may venture to pronounce them the most scantily endued, if not the most miserable of beings. From the peculiar construction of their organs of motion, they are under the necessity of not wandering far from their native spot, as in the space of a day they can scarcely travel fifty paces. From the structure of their teeth, they cannot seize animal prey or herbage; they are, therefore, reduced to the necessity of climbing to the branches of trees to subsist on the leaves and wild fruits. They are often many days executing this arduous design, and consequently during that space endure the most acute hunger. When they attain the desired height, they never leave the tree till they have stripped it of every appearance of verdure; and when this resource of sustenance fails they remain inactive; and, when urged by the demands of appetite, roll themselves up like a ball, and suffer themselves to fall from the tree, as they are unable to descend by any other means. When they have thus reached the ground, they continue at the foot of the tree and devour all the vegetables they find there. These animals are endued with amazing strength in their feet and claws; and their usual posture is, hanging suspended with their bodies downwards. They are of a ruminating nature, as they have four stomachs, and can endure such long abstinence from food that some individuals have been known to subsist forty days without nutri-

ment. Providence, whose mercies are extended to the lowest order of animated beings, has wisely ordained that sloths can exist for several weeks without drinking, as when they are placed in trees they cannot possibly come from thence in search of liquids. The flesh of these animals is not very unpleasant to the taste, therefore men and beasts of prey pursue them for the purpose of food; which, from their defenceless state, renders the species not abundantly numerous. As motion is uncongenial to the sloth, whenever he is reduced to the necessity of action, he utters plaintive accents that excite sensations of pity accompanied with disgust, and prove an effectual means of defence, as even ferocious beasts shun the sound with tokens of horror. This note, which is only uttered in the night season, according to the testimony of some authors, is only an ascending and descending hexachord. To add to the displeasing appearance of this animal, its mouth is never free from foam, and its countenance is so expressive of distress that it awakens compassion, and extinguishes the desire of adding to the afflictions of such an apparently wretched being. Sloths cannot endure cold, and appear to dread and be averse to rain. Though they seem incapable of receiving pleasure, they are at least exempt from acute painful sensations, which is evident from their not making resistance against violent assaults, and also by their existence not closing after their heart and bowels have been extracted. This species inhabit the eastern districts of South-America.

THE TWO-TOED SLOTH.

The 'two-toed sloth,' or 'unau,' has a round head; short prominent nose; ears lying flat on the head like those of the human species;
two

two long claws on the fore-feet, and three on the hind. The fore-legs are much longer than the hinder ones. The hair on the body is long and rough in some parts, curled and of a woolly texture in others; pale-red above, and ash underneath; and in some of a yellowish-white hue on the under part, and of a cinereous cast above. This variegated mixture produces an effect like withered herbage, as the quality of the hair is harsh and dry. This animal has no soles to his feet, and is destitute of a tail. The length of that deposited in the British Museum is eleven inches, but probably those dimensions were taken from a young subject.

This species are natives of South-America, and also of the Island of Ceylon, and the Paliacal Mountains in the vicinity of Madras. M. de Buffon positively fixes their residence in the southern parts of the new continent; though it is appears evident, from the testimony of various travellers, that they are found in the regions above specified, and probably also in Guinea; as there is an animal described as common in that country by the name of 'potto,' which in its habitudes and construction appears nearly allied to, if not a member of the sloth genus.

When we reflect on the supine qualities of this class of animals, we must arrange the advantages, and regularly state the account of the beneficial consequences of such inactive properties, before we consign the individuals to an imaginary degree of wretched existence.—Your ladyship, who ever searches beneath the surface, and by that means fathoms and ascertains the due proportion of every relative connection and dependence, will, I doubt not, with your usual candour, acknowledge, that acute sensations tend more frequently to increase

the measure of our sufferings than to extend our enjoyments. When we define the usual allotment of happiness, we shall clearly perceive it consists rather in an exemption from pain than from any other cause. Extreme sensibility subjects those who are under its dominion to a variety of sufferings, which an obtuse mind avoids by the hebetude of its feelings; therefore, we may reasonably conclude, that those beings which have the slightest perceptions are at least the farthest removed from misery, if not the nearest allied to pleasure. Thus, however unfavourable or unequal the faculties to substantial delights, the being thus circumscribed, by being ignorant of superior advantages, retains its native happiness, as it is unconscious of the benefits others enjoy. The sloth appears the very antipodes, in the scale of animal being, to those vivacious qualities which grace the general tendency of your ladyship's actions. From their operations, yourself, and those with whom you are connected, derive the most salutary consequences, while you exhibit a bright example of the happy effects of lively efforts; more especially when we reflect on the innumerable non-entities, or human sloths, that encumber the earth, and serve to no other purpose than to devour sustenance, and excite sensations of contempt and disgust. That your ladyship's attractive conduct may awaken them from their mental apathy is the zealous desire and hope of your sincere friend

EUGENIA.

LETTER XXIX.

*From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.*

As the operations of nature are inscrutable, and often above our comprehension,

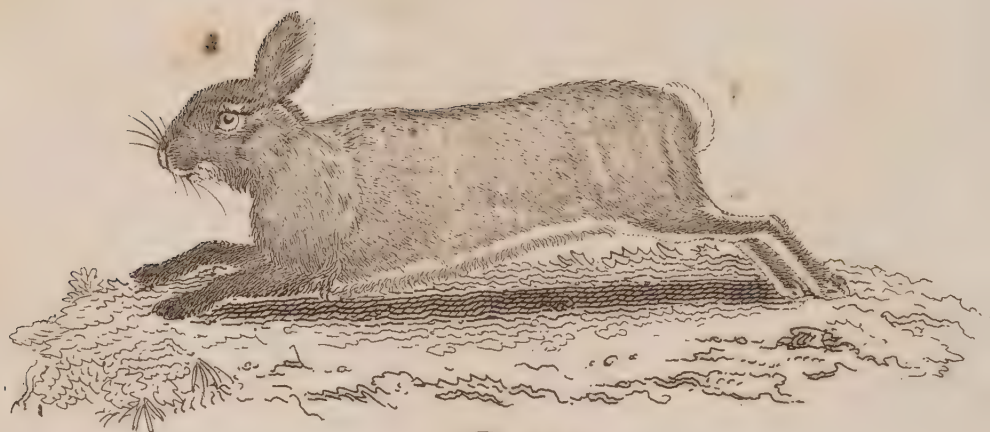
comprehension, yet invariably deserving of our admiration and attentive research, the armadillo genus affords a wide scope for wonder and philosophic investigation. Every species of this class of animals are covered on the head and upper part of the body with a kind of shelly substance similar to bone. Various animals of the quadruped kind are distinguished by properties apparently heterogeneous from the genera to which they belong. The manis by his scales approaches nearly to the lizard, and many of the finny tribes; and the porcupine by his quills, which in their construction resemble the spines of feathers, seems to have some affinity to the winged inhabitants of air; but the armadillos form a distinct and separate genus, as they are not in their nature analogous to any of the quadruped genera. These extraordinary instances of variegated skill are unquestionable proofs of the omniscient power of the Supreme Being in the various productions of the animal world, of which the armadillo is a distinguished instance; as its properties are original, and unparalleled in their nature and tendency. The distinctive marks of this genus are, no cutting or canine teeth; the head and upper part of the body defended by a crustaceous covering; the middle with pliant bands formed of various segments, reaching from the back to the edge of the belly. This class is divided into several species, distinguished by the number of the bands on their body, and by other generic essential variations.

THE THREE-BANDED ARMADILLO.

This animal has short, broad, round ears; small eyes; and is incrustated on the head, back, and rump, with a crustaceous substance, divided into compartments, of a

yellow-white hue, in the form of pentangular tuberculated segments. It has three moveable bands on the middle of its body; five toes on each foot; and a short tail, which does not measure more than two inches in length. Its body is nearly a foot long; the head of this animal is of an oblong construction, and nearly of a pyramidal form; on the top it is covered with an entire mass of crust or crustaceous substance, resembling an helmet. The native armour of this animal is rendered flexible by various joints, insomuch that it can roll itself up like a ball, which it invariably does when it sleeps or is touched by any object. It then has more the appearance of a shell-fish than of a terrestrial animal. This, as well as the succeeding species, are native inhabitants of the southern parts of the new continent. Their common habits are very similar. They burrow in the ground; the smaller kind in moist places, and the larger in dry situations and distant from the sea. All the different species of this animal, when they are overtaken, roll themselves up like balls. If they are surprised, they take refuge in their holes; and think themselves secure from the assaults of their enemies, if they can hide their head and part of their body. When they are contracted into their circular shape they are invulnerable. These animals are commonly chased with small dogs. They commit great depredations in the plantations and other cultivated grounds; and subsist on potatoes, melons, and roots. They drink a vast deal, and acquire a great portion of flesh. This harmless species are very prolific, as the female brings forth every month, and has usually four young at a birth. The flesh of the armadillo is delicate food, if the animal is not old; for then it has a disagreeable musky flavour.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Rabbit.



Domestic Rabbit.



Hare.

THE SIX-BANDED ARMADILLO.

The six-banded armadillo is larger than the three-banded. The crust on the head, shoulders, and rump, is formed of angular pieces. It has six pliant bands on the back; between which, and also on the neck and belly, are a few hairs dispersed. The tail is not so long as the body, and thicker at the base than at the extremity. It has five toes on each foot. Its ears have neither hair nor crust on them, and are of a brown hue. The formation of the head and snout resembles that of the swine species. The colour of the body inclines to a reddish-yellow hue. Those spaces on the body that are not covered with the crustaceous substance have a kind of granulated skin. These animals dig with great facility, as their snout and claws are peculiarly adapted to that purpose. They usually live concealed during the day, and search for food in the night. Their common sustenance is fruits, roots, insects, and, according to some authors, small birds. This species inhabit Brasil and Guiana.

THE EIGHT-BANDED ARMADILLO.

The eight-banded armadillo is on a smaller scale than the six-banded. It has eight bands on the sides; four toes on the fore-feet, and five on the hind. Its length from nose to tail is ten inches; and the tail exclusively measures nine. The head of this animal is small; the muzzle sharp; the ears erect, and rather long; the eyes small and black. The colour of the back is an iron-grey; the tail and flanks of a whitish-ash cast, intermingled with iron-grey spots. The belly is covered with a granulated skin of a whitish cast interspersed with hairs. This species are natives of Brasil, and are esteemed more desirable for food than the preceding kind.

THE NINE-BANDED ARMADILLO.

This animal has long ears; the crust on the head, shoulders, and rump, is divided into compartments of an hexangular form; the nine bands on the sides have transverse marks in the shape of a wedge; the breast and belly are covered with long hairs. It has four toes on the fore-feet, and five on the hind.—The tail is longer than the body, and the whole length of the animal is about three feet. Like the preceding kind, it inhabits South-America.

THE TWELVE-BANDED ARMADILLO.

The twelve-banded armadillo seems to be the largest class of the whole genus. It differs from the other kinds by not having its tail encrusted; its muzzle also is not so slender; its head larger; and its legs and feet thicker. Upon the breast, belly, legs, and tail, there appear vestiges of scales interspersed with tufts of hair: also in various parts of its armour there is a mixture of bristly hair. The head is about seven inches in length; the body about twenty-one inches. The ears are broad and upright; the crust on its shoulders is marked with oblong compartments, those on the rump are of an hexangular form. It has twelve bands on the sides; five toes on each foot; those on the fore-feet armed with large claws; there are lesser ones on the hind feet.

THE EIGHTEEN-BANDED ARMADILLO.

This animal has a very slender head, and small erect ears. The crust on the shoulders and rump is formed of square pieces. There are five toes on each foot. The length from nose to tail is about fifteen inches; the tail is about five inches and an half long. The body from

from the shield of the shoulders to the tail is covered with eighteen moveable bands connected by a flexible skin. From the superior number of the joints, and their peculiar construction, it is reasonable to imagine the eighteen-banded armadillo contracts and rolls himself up with greater ease than the other kinds. This species, like the former, are natives of South-America.—Some authors have ascribed to the twelve-banded armadillo the quality of having a musky odour, but all agree in the testimony that the flesh of the three and eight-banded kind is as good as pig. The crustaceous substance with which these animals are armed is a kind of bone, which by the action of fire may be separated into distinct particles. When the armadillo is in its genuine state, these particles are compacted with such elegant symmetry as to form the most beautiful mosaic work, over which there is a kind of transparent skin that appears like a high varnish. The interior parts of these animals are constructed like those of other quadrupeds, though their external appearance is so essentially different. These animals walk quick; but can neither run, leap, nor climb to any height: therefore their only refuge is in the ground, where they are said to bury themselves during one-third of the year. When they are vanquished they roll themselves up, and never distend their armour till they are impelled by the heat of fire. If they are pursued on a height they escape by contracting their bodies into their congenial circular shape; and, thus defended, roll down any precipice without receiving the least injury. They are chased with great avidity, as their flesh is esteemed delicate food, and their crust is converted to various ingenious purposes and uses.

The curious workmanship of the

crustaceous clothing of the armadillo exhibits the superiority which the works of nature display, when compared to the most complete productions of art. In vain would the most skilful artist endeavour to execute one segment with such symmetry as is invariably manifested in every branch of this fortified genus. The minutest atoms tacitly proclaim—

‘The hand that form’d us is divine:’

yet we are too often deaf to their monitions, and blind to the perfections they display. Though martially accoutred by nature, these animals appear not to be actuated by hostile pursuits; but, possessing a pacific disposition, commit no outrages on inferior animals, and prove hurtful in no other respect but in the necessary encroachments their sustenance requires. Thus your ladyship will perceive, though they are enshrined in a kind of fortress, they do not become formidable from possessing security; but rather shrink from encounter, though apparently qualified to ensure conquest. I hope it will be deemed a pardonable digression, if I express a wish that your ladyship receives as much pleasure in my repeated recitals as arises from the hope of my labours being beneficial and acceptable, which is all the reward required by your affectionate

EUGENIA.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT of a PHOCUS or SEA-CALF, found near BASTIA in CORSICA.

(*From a French Journal.*)

THE phocus, that singular amphibious animal, which seems to be the model after which the ancients have described

described the tritons, the syrens, &c. is common no where but in the North Seas. We very seldom see it in our seas, and particularly in the Mediterranean. The fact which we are going to relate must therefore be interesting to naturalists.

A wood-cleaver, who worked in the month of March last in the vicinity of Bastia, discovered upon the shore an animal with which he was unacquainted, and the view of which inspired him with terror.—It was a phocus asleep upon the beach. The wood-cleaver called some neighbours; the animal was taken, and put into a tub full of water. The following is a description of it. It was four feet long, with a round head, about six inches in diameter, resembling, in some respect, that of a calf; but in the place of ears nothing was perceivable, except very narrow apertures, almost hid with hair. Its skin, very thick and hard, was also covered with hair, sleek, short, and oily. This one was a female; its eyes were somewhat like those of an ox; it had a fierce look, and yet an air of mistrust. Its nostrils were flat, and from them ran almost constantly a mucus of a very foetid smell, particularly when it was out of the water. The neck was thick, but of much less circumference than the head. Very near to the neck came out the arms, or rather membranous hands, generally in a position very close to the body: each finger had four fangs and nails. One would suppose at the first look that these hands were without hair, but the hair was only shorter upon them than upon the other parts. The paws behind were nearly a foot in length, almost touched each other, and laid in the direction of the tail: this tail, which terminated in a rounded point, might be about two inches and a half long, and about

twelve or fourteen lines broad; it proceeded from between the two apparent feet, or back fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal, which they were able to preserve only twenty-four days, although the greatest care was taken of it. It would not eat; its appetite failed from the moment it came into human hands: it refused little fishes, fresh meat, fresh grass, bread, wine, &c. The sixth day they gave it a preparation of tea in cow's milk. It swallowed it very well, but it refused a second dose. They conceived an idea of letting it plunge into the sea, after a collar had been put upon it, to which was attached a long cord. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time out of sight, under water: it was with difficulty that they forced it to return on board. We may presume that in these immersions, which were frequently repeated because it seemed to like them, it might have nourished itself with some fish. It was endowed with a considerable degree of intelligence. For example:—it took delight in being caressed near the head, and testified its gratitude by faint cries, and a winking of its eyes. When the man to whose care it was entrusted, and who had given it the name of Moro, would say to it, 'Give me thy hand, poor Moro!' it would raise the fore-arm, stretch out the hand, and, bending in the fangs, really squeeze the hand presented to it.

Although its conformation did not permit it to be very active, it walked, or rather crawled, with considerable swiftness. One day that its keeper, thinking it asleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal went out, and descended seven or eight steps to look for him, where he was walking upon the esplanade. It was remarked that it did not deviate a line from

the path which the person of whom it was in search had gone an hour before. We should have hardly believed these circumstances, if they did not constitute part of an account sent by the prefect himself of Golo, who has been an eye-witness of them. It was intended to send it to Paris, but the animal was soon perceived to be in a languishing state. The mode of living to which it was confined was, perhaps, less the cause than a wound on the right foot, which it had received it is not known how, and which every day grew worse. What hastened its death was, that the sea being extremely agitated for two days by a very violent north wind, it was impossible, during that time, to put it in the water as usual. The third day it went into the sea, only to breathe there its last sigh.

On AFFECTATION.

‘I hate the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air.
The lisping tone, the shape constrain’d,
The studied look, the passion feign’d,
Are sopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.’

THERE is no situation in life in which affectation can be said to be becoming or commendable—however sanctioned by fashionable pride or heedless folly; nor is there any one rational feeling of the human heart that can possibly be excited by the indulgence of so odious a practice. Momentary entertainment is sometimes furnished by it for the gaping multitude; but, in the contemplative mind, it generally creates disgust, at the expence of such persons as endeavour to deform nature by the extraordinary affected manner in which they speak or move. For who, in the name of

wonder, can see a female, enriched with all that nature from her ample stock could give, twisting her neck into such postures as can only serve to remind one of the pillory, and distorting those features, originally intended ‘for softness and sweet attractive grace,’ into an hideous grin, without any visible cause of alarm or indisposition; or listen to the man who is continually interlarding his frivolous discourse with a hem or damme! whilst he is flourishing his gold-headed cane with an air, sporting (according to the jockey phrase) his tortoise-shell snuff-box, or traversing the pavement with all the economy and exactitude of a dancing-master,—without feeling contempt, mingled with a degree of pity, for the visible poverty of their minds; in which to be rich is to possess what far surpasses the glittering appendages of worldly worth, and to feel the noblest sensations of a favoured and exalted being.

Affectation is a compound of pride, folly, and ignorance; and yet there have been instances of its attaching to some of the most eminent, and—I had nearly said—exalted characters; men whose piety and learning have been acknowledged and esteemed, and whose writings have been read with a degree of transport and pleasure.—To account for such a ridiculous infatuation is scarcely possible; but to endeavour to root out a habit so hateful, and so frequently in use, may not be an unimportant task; and (however the ideas contained in this essay may meet with approbation or contempt from such persons as spend the greater part of their time in a vortex of rich and luxurious dissipation, or those to whom a constant or frequent attendance on their looking-glass have made affectation habitual) I shall endeavour to point out, as far as my

humble

humble powers extend, the absurdity of affectation, and the littleness of such minds as cherish it. And, although I perceive I am about to treat on a subject which many abler than myself have treated before me, yet I may probably take a different path; by which, should I cause but one person to be sensible of the folly they have so long cherished, the purpose of this essay will be fully answered.

Nature, which abounds with numberless beauties, revolts against a folly which, if not checked at its first advances, never fails to deform her most admirable workmanship, and render disagreeable features formed to attract or command.—In fact, it appears a strange paradox—that those who possess the most graceful persons, or on whom has been lavished a greater degree of beauty than on the generality, should be the first cherishers of affectation, which, in spite of all their efforts to conceal, (for it is so generally despicable, few persons will own the infection) will discover itself, and, by its unamiable foppish and fantastical display, form such a hateful contrast in those once lovely features, as rather disgust the eye than charm the sense or please the fancy; and I have frequently been astonished and disgusted at the extraordinary language it will produce, even by persons on whose education no expence has been spared.

To take an account, and depicture the great variety of shrugs, attitudes, gestures, grimaces, and contortions, attendant on this deforming folly, would be endless and useless, as the constant practice must be under the eye of every one who gives himself the trouble of observation: I shall, therefore, proceed with my ideas, in giving an outline, or the principal requisites for polite affectation; not that I would

be supposed to give instruction for its attainment, but rather, as those ingredients are in opposition to the construction and dictates of nature, to produce a conviction on the minds of such as have long accustomed themselves to so detested a habit, probably without a knowledge of its existence, or the ungraceful qualities it possesses.

Polite affectation then is contained in the following articles:— You must, in the first place, never be in a state of health; that invaluable blessing, without which every enjoyment of this life is rendered useless, must be totally banished, as it is considered very unpolite to be well. To point out the absurdity of this rule, few comments I think need be made; and, as they must naturally arise, I shall leave them to the mind of the reader. A constant cold, or head-ach, or some other fashionable disorder, which is generally politely termed the spleen, must prevail. You must be in a dreadful alarm and constant agitation should a cat enter into the room, or a mouse move the curtain. You must speak little, and that in a very low key—not uttered without an evident impediment in the throat, by which your words may be very much disguised, as to speak plain is termed vulgar in the extreme—lest your nerves should be affected so as to produce a fainting-fit, which, by the bye, if it can possibly be produced, is the very master-piece of polite affectation in an affected lady.— What can be a more striking picture than the poet gives us in the following lines:

‘ Knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps, that is, ascend the stairs.

And help—oh, help!—her spirits are so
dead,

One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o’er,
She pants, she sinks away, and is no more.

Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much—she'd rather
starve.

But chew she must herself—Ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.'

YOUNG.

To acquire the above-mentioned qualities, and arrive at the degree of perfection so admirably described, one would suppose required a long and painful education; yet we see them daily practised, and by some actually considered as an additional grace or embellishment of person, to adorn which art has unweariedly laboured, and fancy bestowed her richest gifts; and, as this is an age for improvement, and the prosecution of every study that is supposed to adorn, enlighten, or amuse mankind, it is a subject of wonder to me, that (for the instruction and benefit of every young miss or master, who is intended to be an idle observer, or a trifling performer on the stage of this world, by parents who consider riches as the only step to happiness), among other absurdities, a kind of school or theatre has not been established, in which this fashionable and polite accomplishment might be reduced to a science; the several characters frequently rehearsed, and made so perfect as never to be at a loss for the proper accompaniment of a laugh, a grin, a shrug, a wink, a sneer, or any of the other attendants in the train of affectation; which, however pleasing or grateful to such as will have no leisure for reflection, must by the sensible observer be ever held in contempt.

TOM JONES.

Norwich, July 6, 1801.

ANECDOTE

Of Admiral Sir T. Hobson.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. He was left an orphan at a very

early age, and apprenticed by the parish to a tailor—a species of employment ill suited to his enterprising spirit. As he was one day sitting alone on the shopboard, casting his eyes towards the sea, he was struck with the appearance of a squadron of men-of-war coming round Dunnose; and, following the first impulse of his fancy, he quitted his work and ran down to the beach, when he cast off the painter from the first boat he saw, jumped on board, and plied the oars so well, that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place. Early the next morning the admiral fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both sides with equal bravery. During this time Hobson obeyed his orders with great cheerfulness and alacrity; but after fighting two hours he became impatient, and inquired of the sailors what was the object for which they were contending? On being told the action must continue till the white rag at the enemy's mast-head was struck, he exclaimed: 'Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do!' At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our young hero took advantage of this circumstance, determined either to hawl down the enemy's colours, or perish in the attempt. He accordingly mounted the shrouds unperceived, walked the horse of the main-yard, gained that of the French admiral, and, ascending with agility to the main-top-mast head, struck and carried off the French flag, with which he returned; and, at the moment he gained his own ship, the British tars shouted 'Victory,' without any other cause than that the enemy's flag had

had disappeared. The crew of the French ship being thrown into confusion, in consequence of the loss of their colours, ran from their guns, and, while the admiral and officers, equally surprised at the event, were endeavouring to rally them, the British tars seized the opportunity, boarded the vessel, and took her. Hobson at this juncture descended the shrouds with the French admiral's flag wound round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors on the main-deck, who received his prize with the utmost rapture and astonishment. This heroic action being mentioned on the quarter-deck, Hobson was ordered to attend there; and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by brow-beating him, and threatening him with punishment for his audacity; but the admiral, on hearing of the exploit, observed a very opposite conduct. 'My lad,' said he to Hobson, 'I believe you to be a very brave young man; from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck, and, according to your future conduct, you shall obtain my patronage and protection.' Hobson soon convinced his patron that the countenance shown him was not misplaced. He went rapidly and satisfactorily through the several ranks of the service, until he became an admiral.

On CONVERSATION.

THE desire of pleasing in conversation is one of the most innocent endeavours at superiority which vanity inspires. Nothing is more agreeable than that talent by which a man commands attention when he speaks. To excel in this art, which depends neither on science nor on virtue, it is sufficient to be happily endowed by nature. In vain, with-

out this rare quality, may we aspire to please in conversation. Far from acting a brilliant part, we shall only fatigue those who hear us. The great attainment is to leave to every one a hope that he shall, in his turn, contribute to amuse or interest the circle in which he finds himself.—Salleys of wit, lively repartees, and original remarks, frequently excite laughter, without pleasing, especially those who feel they are not capable of the same; but a good teller of a story pleases generally. We listen with pleasure to a person who relates with grace anecdotes or stories, or who levels sarcastic strokes at the characters or singularities of individuals; the reason of which is, that we almost identify ourselves with him, and frequently applaud not so much what he has said, as what we think we might ourselves have said in the same circumstances. This powerful motive, which takes its birth from curiosity, is also the aliment of vanity. From it we presume that we are capable of speaking in our turn; and he who has scarcely any coherence in his ideas, believes himself, nevertheless, capable of relating the incidents of a story, and modestly forms his little plan of repeating it in a circle more or less brilliant.—Another hears it told without envy or uneasiness, because he does not suppose that the faculty of telling a story requires any distinguished abilities.

It is not my intention, however, to prescribe rules for conversation; I only intend to point out some defects which render the greater part of persons more tiresome than amusing. Were we to attempt to cultivate this study in the circles of the day, we should find it difficult to succeed, now that play forms the occupation of the greater number, and its partisans consider all the time passed in conversation as lost.

Every

Every one endeavours to render himself agreeable in conversation; but often when he wishes to please he produces a quite different effect. He who possesses the happy talent of pleasing ought to exert it with discretion, and especially be careful not to talk too much. Prudence will teach the wise man to avoid improper subjects, and to suit his discourse to the company in which he is: he will not talk on scientific disputes to the ladies, nor on fashions and dress to the learned.

Every one has his habits and his foibles, which he finds it difficult to correct. It is very common, for instance, to meet with persons who cannot speak without an excess of gesticulation and grimace. Let us leave these Harlequin talkers to act their pantomime before their looking-glasses. In this class may be placed the buffoons and mimics who ape their acquaintance, and, like bad painters, are obliged to give the names of those whose likenesses they pretend to exhibit.

Next to these may be ranked the finespeakers, emphatical haranguers, who listen with complacence and pride to their own pompous and sonorous periods. They are followed by another set—the mysterious whisperers, the dealers in pithy half words, who throw in a few unfinished sentences, and scarcely suffer themselves to speak loud enough to be heard. There are also those with Stentorian lungs, who inquire after our health in the voice of the town-crier.

The prattle of harmless frivolity suits extremely well with the organs of a handsome woman who accompanies it with the graces, but is as improper in the mouth of a man of solidity and gravity as for a bishop to dance in his lawn sleeves.—Many persons have habitually adopted certain words which they

place at random. Others treat the most trivial subjects with seriousness and solemnity. There are others who wonder at every thing; even at what o'clock it is, or what weather it will be. And, lastly, we meet with some who are as sparing of their words as others are profuse, and who never articulate more than a yes or a no.

To conclude, we ought to consider the organs of speech as those of our understanding; never to debase them by making them the instruments of vice or illiberal satire; and to indulge somewhat less our pride by renouncing the habits which tend to depreciate this noble prerogative of man, by which he is especially distinguished from the brute.

EUGENIA.

CELEBRATION of MIDSUMMER.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

Chiandover (near Penzance),
July 2, 1801.

SIR,
THE custom of celebrating Midsummer by fires and various sports was, I apprehend, very general among the ancient Cornish. At present it seems to be nearly confined to the towns and villages of Mount's Bay, the inhabitants of which have never yet relaxed in their zeal for this usage.

Being at Penzance the 23d ult. I observed the young people all alert in the preparations for their favourite festival. No sooner had the tardy sun withdrawn himself from the horizon, than the young men began to assemble in several parts of the town, drawing after them trees and branches of wood and furze, all which had been accumulating week after week, from the beginning

ning of May. Tar-barrels were presently erected on tall poles; some on the quay, others near the market, and one even on a rock in the midst of the sea; pretty female children tript up and down in their best frocks, decorated with garlands; and hailing the Midsummer-eve as the vigil of St. John.

The joyful moment arrives! the torches make their appearance! the heaped-up wood is on fire! the tar-barrels send up their intense flame! the ladies and gentlemen parade the streets, or walk in the fields, or on the terrace that commands the bay! thence they behold the fishing-towns, farms, and villas, vying with each other in the number and splendor of their bonfires. The torches, quick moving along the shore, are reflected from the tide; and the spectacle, though of the cheerful kind, participates of the grand. In the meantime rockets and crackers resound through every street; and the screams of the ladies on their return from the show, and their precipitate flight into the first passage, shop; or house, that happens to be open, heighten the colouring and diversion of the night. Then comes the finale: no sooner are torches burnt out, than the inhabitants of the quay-quarter (a great multitude), male and female, young, middle-aged, old, virtuous and vicious, sober and drunk, take hands, and, forming a long string, run violently through every street, lane, and alley, crying, 'An eye! an eye! an eye!' At last they stop suddenly; and an eye to this enormous needle being opened by the last two in the string (whose clasped hands are elevated and arched), the thread of populace run under and through; and continue to repeat the same, till weariness dissolves their union, and sends them home to bed, which is never till near the hour of midnight.

Next day (Midsummer-day) happened to be rainy this year, by which means the festival was rendered imperfect. The custom is, for the country-people to come to Penzance in their best clothes, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon; when they repair to the quay, and take a short trip on the water. On this occasion numbers of boats are employed, most of which have music on board. After one cargo is dismissed, another is taken in; and till nine or ten o'clock at night the bay exhibits a pleasant scene of sailing-boats, rowing-boats, sloops, sea-sickness, laughter, quarrelling, drum-beating, horn-blowing, &c. &c. &c. On the shore there is a kind of wake or fair, in which fruit and confectionary are sold, and the public-houses are thronged with drinkers and dancers.

Such is Midsummer in this part of Cornwall; and on the eve and feast of St. Peter, which follows so closely upon it, the same things are acted over again.

T. J. R.

ANXIETIES OF DELAYED EXPECTATION.

[From '*The Lounger's Common-place Book, or Miscellaneous Anecdotes,*' &c.]

HE who has been half his life an attendant at levees, on the faith of an election promise, a watering-place squeeze-o'-th'-hand, or a race-ground oath; or he who, vegetating on a fellowship, with vows long plighted so some much-loved fair, is waiting, watching, or wishing for the death of a hale rector, at fifty-four; persons of such a description may perhaps be interested or amused by the following little narrative founded on fact, and in the memory of some of my readers.

The incumbent of a valuable living

ing in a western county had for some years awakened the hopes and excited the fears of the members of a certain college, in whom the next presentation was vested—the old gentleman having already outlived two of his proposed successors.

The tranquil pleasures of the common-room had very lately been animated or interrupted by a well-authenticated account of the worthy clergyman's being seized with a violent and dangerous disease, sufficient, without medical aid, to hurry him to his grave. The senior fellow, who, on the strength of this contingency, had only the day before declined an advantageous offer, was congratulated on the fairness of his prospects, and the after-dinner conversation passed off without that uninteresting *non-chalance* for which it had been lately remarkable.

The pears, the port-wine, and the chesnuts, being quickly dispatched, Avidio hurried to his room; he ascended the stairs, tripped along the gallery, and stirred his almost-extinguished fire with unusual alacrity; then drawing from his portfolio a letter to his mistress, which, for want of knowing exactly what to say, had lain for several weeks unfinished, he filled the unoccupied space with renewed protestations of undiminished love; spoke with raptures (raptures rather assumed than actually felt, after a sixteen years' courtship) of the near approach of that time when a competent independence would put it in his power to taste that first of earthly blessings, nuptial love, without the alloy of uncertain support. He concluded a letter more agreeable to the lady than any she had ever received from him, with delineating his future plans, and suggesting a few alterations in the parsonage-house, which, though not a modern building, was substantial and in excellent repair—

thanks to the conscientious and scrupulous care of his predecessor, in a particular to which he observed so many of the clergy are culpably inattentive!

The letter was sent to the post and, after a third rubber at the warden's, who observed that he never saw Mr.*****so facetious, a poached egg, and a rummer of hot punch, the happy man retired to bed, in the calm tranquillity of long-delayed hope, treading on the threshold of immediate gratification.

Avidio waited several posts without receiving further intelligence, and passed an interval which, the moment doubt interposed, was unpleasant and irritating: he filled up the interval, as well as he was able, in settling his accounts as bursar, getting in the few bills he owed, and revising his books, which, as the distance was considerable, he resolved to weed before he left the university. Considering himself now as a married man, he thought it a piece of necessary attention to his wife to supply the place of the volumes he disposed of by some of the miscellaneous productions of modern literature, more immediately calculated for female perusal.

At the end of three weeks—a space of time as long as any man of common feelings could be expected to abstain from inquiry—after being repeatedly assured by his college associates that the incumbent must be dead, but that the letter announcing it had miscarried, and being positively certain of it himself, he took pen in hand; but not knowing any person in the neighbourhood of the living he hoped so soon to take possession of, he was for some time at a loss to whom he should venture to write on so important a subject.

In the restlessness of anxious expectation, and irritated by the stimuli of love and money, in a desperate

perate and indecorous moment he addressed a letter officially to the clerk of the parish, not knowing his name. This epistle commenced with taking it for granted that his principal was dead, but informing him that the college had received no intelligence of it—a circumstance which they imputed to the miscarriage of a letter; but they begged to know, and, if possible, by return of post, the day and hour on which he departed. If, contrary to all expectation and probability, he should be still alive, the clerk was in that case desired to send, without delay, a particular and minute account of the state of his health, the nature of his late complaint, its apparent effects on his constitution, with any other circumstances he might judge at all connected with the life of the incumbent.

On receiving the letter, the ecclesiastic subaltern immediately carried it to the rector's, who, to the infinite satisfaction of his parishioners, had recovered from a most dangerous disease, and was at the moment entertaining a circle of friends at his hospitable board, who celebrated his recovery in bumpers.

After carrying his eyes over it in a cursory way, he smiled, read it to the company, and with their permission replied to it himself in the following manner:

‘SIR, *Stalbridge, Nov. 1, 1736.*

‘MY clerk being a very mean scribe, at his request I now answer the several queries in your letter directed to him.

‘My disorder was an acute fever, under which I laboured for a month, attended with a delirium during ten days of the time, and originally contracted, as I have good reason for thinking, by my walking four miles in the middle of a very hot day in July.

‘From this complaint I am per-

fectly recovered, by the blessing of God and the prescriptions of my son, a doctor of physic; and I have officiated both in the church and at funerals in the church-yard, which is about three hundred yards from my house; the report of my relapse was probably occasioned by my having a slight complaint in my bowels about three weeks ago, but which did not confine me.

‘As to the present state of my health—my appetite, digestion, and sleep, are good, and in some respects better than before my illness, particularly the steadiness of my hands. I never use spectacles, and, I thank God, I can read the smallest print by candle-light; nor have I ever had reason to think that the seeds of the gout, the stone, the rheumatism, or any chronic disease, are in my constitution.

‘Although I entered on my eighty-first year the second of last March, the greatest inconvenience I feel from old age is a little defect in my hearing and memory. These are mercies, which, as they render the remaining dregs of life tolerably comfortable, I desire with all humility and gratitude to acknowledge; and I heartily pray that they may descend, with all other blessings, to my successor, whenever it shall please God to call me.—I am, sir, your unknown humble servant,

‘ROBERT WRIGHT.

‘P. S. My clerk's name is Robert Dowding. Your letter cost him four-pence, to the foot-post who brings it from Sherborne.’

Such an epistle from so good and exemplary a character, and under such circumstances, could not fail producing unpleasant sensations in the breast of the receiver, who was not without many good qualities, and, except in the present instance, did not appear to be deficient in feeling and propriety of conduct.

*The History of ROBERT the BRAVE.**(Continued from page 367.)*

WHILE the father of Roger made vain efforts to forget his son, the count of Toulouse every day derived new advantages from his services and those of Robert. So discerning a chief soon perceived in what manner he might most usefully employ their courage. After having several times witnessed the valour of Robert, and frequently experienced his zeal and his ability, he employed him in expeditions equally important and perilous, which were constantly crowned with victory. The name which Robert had chosen at the time of his arrival at Toulouse was already become illustrious and celebrated. Roger had accompanied him in all his combats, and shared in all his dangers; but, faithfully adhering to the plan he had formed to compel all eyes to be fixed on his companion, he constantly honoured him as his leader and chief; and by his example prevented the other warriors, whose achievements had not been more brilliant than his own, from attempting to dispute pre-eminence with him.

The count of Toulouse, convinced that riches were not a sufficient reward for the services of the two strangers, resolved to testify his gratitude and esteem, in a manner conformable to their wishes, by arming them knights, without requiring them to reveal the secret of their birth. He wished thus to prove to all the world that they owed to their illustrious deeds alone the honour of being raised to this exalted rank. He proposed to give the greatest splendor and solemnity to this ceremony; but, before it took place, he appointed Robert to conduct a new expedition.

One of the most powerful and enterprising of the castellains of his

states, after having for a long time exercised his patience, forced him to exert against him the whole extent of his power and all the severity of the laws. This knight, too ambitious and eager to increase his domains, did not hesitate to employ the most unjust and violent means to attain his end. The law of force and courage appeared to him the only one which was to be respected.—Rendered by success unboundedly presumptuous and arrogant, and being possessor of a castle which he considered as impregnable, he showed not the least deference to the wise and moderate counsels which were frequently given him by the count of Toulouse. He had even carried his audacity so far as to threaten to ravage the domains of the count himself, if he attempted to defend those whom he chose to attack. Liberal to profusion towards those who enrolled themselves under his banner, he had collected a body of troops extremely formidable, and every day new petitioners implored the justice and protection of the count of Toulouse against this destructive scourge of their possessions and their tranquillity.

Raymond, considering it as his sacred duty to repress and remedy these multiplied enormities, had assembled his barons, and summoned the castellan to appear at his court, to give an account of his conduct, and hear the sentence which should enjoin him to make reparation for the numerous acts of injustice of which he had been guilty. A refusal to obey this order, conveyed in the most insolent and provoking terms, was the only answer the castellan returned; the barons, therefore, after having adjudged him guilty of felony, declared all his possessions forfeited, authorised the count of Toulouse to re-annex them to his domains, and engaged

engaged to assist him to make war on and subdue this refractory subject, who had at once violated the laws of natural justice, and rebelled against the authority of his legitimate sovereign.

The generous Raymond had appointed Robert to this expedition only in the persuasion that, at the same time that he afforded him an opportunity to acquire new glory, he should give him the right to take the spoil of the conquered enemy. He confided to his command a numerous body of troops, with orders to seize immediately by force on all the possessions of the castellan.

The two friends were never separated: they marched together to execute the orders they had received. The extreme promptitude with which Robert surrounded the castle, and the excellent disposition he made of his troops, rendered it impossible that the castellan should receive any succours. The latter, however, aware that he should not always be permitted to commit acts of injustice with impunity, had provided himself with provisions sufficient for several months. Robert, who entertained no doubt that this precaution had been taken, resolved to employ the most effectual methods to reduce an enemy whom he considered as the most flagitious of men, since he only employed his courage, his riches, and the advantages he derived from birth, in acts of oppression and rapine.

The first care of the two friends was to reconnoitre all the passages by which it was possible to approach the castle, and they soon were compelled to acknowledge that nature and art had united to render them impossible to be forced. Robert, solicitous to spare the blood of his brave warriors, would not expose them to useless combats. He threw up, therefore, in front of the passages

to the castle, intrenchments sufficiently strong to guard against surprise. He foresaw that such a precaution would more distress his enemy than an attack by open force, as it would show him that he must remain shut up in his castle till want of provisions should compel him to submit to the clemency of the conqueror.

This prudent conduct on the part of Robert produced all the effect that he expected from it. The castellan, irritated at the inactivity in which his troops were left to waste away, and indignant at the thought that time alone would be sufficient to conquer and deliver him up to the resentment of the count of Toulouse, resolved to exert all his force and all his courage to surmount the obstacles by which he was held enchained. After having selected the bravest and most determined of his soldiers, he made a desperate attack, in the midst of a very dark night, on the intrenchment placed before the principal defile that led to the castle. But it was in vain that he hoped to surprise the vigilance of Robert. A martial shout gave notice of his approach; the soldiers hastily assembled, and supported the attack. He indeed overthrew a number of the foremost, and endeavoured to penetrate into the intrenchments; but here his course is arrested by Robert, who, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, distinguished him by the violence of his blows, and will yield to no one the honour of combating so formidable a rival. He follows him in all his motions, and parried all his blows, dealing at the same time terrible ones himself. The castellan, defended by an armour almost impenetrable, redoubles his efforts to triumph over an enemy who excites his astonishment; but while he still makes the

most violent exertions in hope of victory, he hears the cries of his followers in confusion, who can no longer resist the soldiers of Robert, but are beginning to flag. He now fears that he may fall into the power of his rival, who orders his troops to endeavour to surround him; and retires slowly, but fighting obstinately, every step. Robert does not allow him to relax for a moment; but when he has reached the entrance of the defile, with the turnings and means of defence of which he is unacquainted, he restrains his ardent courage, and returns to the camp.

This fruitless attempt did not deprive the castellan of hope.—He attributed his ill success solely to the confusion produced by the darkness of the night. He proposed to make another effort, but first resolved to have recourse to an expedient by which he hoped to terminate a war, the issue of which he began to fear. Full of confidence in his prodigious strength, and in his habit of conquering in single combat, he sent a herald at arms to present to the two friends a challenge conceived in the following terms:

‘You are only known by the address with which you gain prizes in games and tournaments. Women alone ought to annex value to such laurels. If you possess courage, if you are worthy of the elevated rank to which you aspire, no longer conceal yourselves behind your numerous defenders. Take the field both of you against me alone. Engage me, unaided by my followers, in martial combat. If you are conquerors, my defeat will crown you with glory, and render you masters of all that I possess. Appoint the hour and place of combat, and I will meet you alone. But should you refuse this challenge, you can-

not but be cowards; your soldiers will blush at having you for their leaders, and mine will learn how easy it is to conquer you.’

The two friends trembled with indignation when they read this insolent defiance. Roger wished instantly to send his pledge, and present himself alone to fight the castellan; but Robert, faithful to his duty, and the orders he had received from the count of Toulouse, thought only of executing them, and did not conceive that he had a right to repel an injury merely personal.

‘Return,’ said he to the herald, ‘to him who sent you. Tell him that I have received orders to punish him, and not to avenge myself for his insults. If the chance of arms should afford me an opportunity to engage in combat with him, I trust I shall compel him to treat me with more respect. This is the answer which my honour and my duty oblige me to return.’

The castellan, on receiving this reply, abandoned himself to his rage. He proclaimed publicly the refusal he had received. He branded the two friends with cowardice, and declared to all around him that they did not come to attack him as warriors, but as base assassins.—Immediately every preparation was made for his new enterprise; which, the more he considered it, the less he was inclined to attempt by night. He felt that his soldiers would have need of his example, and that he himself should better be able by day-light to direct their motions. He hoped, likewise, that by choosing the moment when the twilight began to dawn, he might cause all the confusion of a surprise; and he resolved, therefore, to fix that time for his attack.

As he was persuaded that the two friends would be actuated by the most eager desire to avenge the insult

insult he had offered them, he did not doubt but they would unite their forces to oppose with more vigour any attempt he might make. He supposed, too, that they would double the troops posted to defend the passage he had already attempted to force; and he hoped to deceive them by ordering only a false attack on this side, while, with the choicest of his troops, he should issue by the other defile. All his measures were taken according to this plan, the execution of which he superintended himself.

The night during which he made these last preparations had now elapsed, and the twilight began to appear. The castellan, clothed in a strong but light armour, that he might be the better enabled to fight on foot, issued forth at the head of his troops, determined to conquer or perish. But all his projects and foresight failed him; Roger and Robert had not joined: each was at his post, nor entertained the thought that his companion could need assistance. It was against the intrenchment where Roger commanded that the castellan directed his attack.

As soon as he appeared, a martial shout convinced him that all hope of surprising his vigilant enemy was at an end. Disappointed in this, he listened only to his rage. He advanced before his soldiers, and was ready to burst into the intrenchment, when Roger appeared prepared to repel his assault. Immediately the two chiefs recognise each other by their armour. Equally inflamed with rage, equally animated with the thirst of vengeance, and fearing to be separated by the crowd of combatants, each makes at the same instant a sign to the troops who follow him to advance no further.

'Castellan!' exclaimed Roger,

'you have not feared to insult me: you believe me a coward. Let us not uselessly shed the blood of others. I accept your challenge. Let us command our warriors to wait till we shall have decided our quarrel.'

At these words a barbarous joy arises in the heart of the castellan: he doubts for an instant whether he had rightly heard; but seeing Roger give the signal to his men to halt and suspend their attack, he returns precipitately towards his own troop, and, believing himself certain of victory, orders his soldiers to stop, and commands them, with a loud voice, to retire without fighting, should he fall beneath the blows of so feeble an adversary.

This new insult cannot add to the courage of Roger; he replies to it only by leaping the trench which separates them, and advances singly to meet the castellan. The warriors on each side remain motionless, and observe a profound silence.

The two rivals, sword in hand, advance, survey, menace, and attack each other. Fire flashes from their armour. The castellan, of larger bodily size, more furious, and better armed, showers thick his blows, which Roger, more skilful and cool, parries and returns with effect.—Without losing ground they alternately recede and advance, and each endeavours to discover the defect of the armour of his adversary. They aim new strokes which fall upon their bucklers, while the eye is unable to follow their swords, as they fly, and glance, and clash in the air. No blood, however, as yet flows, victory appears still to remain doubtful, and it seems as if fatigue alone could terminate the contest.

At length the castellan, resolved to conquer or fall, throws away his buckler, retreats some paces, grasps
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with both hands his weighty sword, and, returning like a thunderbolt, makes a fearful stroke at his antagonist. The blade divides the buckler of Roger, cuts through his cuirass, and, the point wounding his breast, draws forth a stream of blood. Roger staggers under this terrible blow; and the castellan, animated by hope of victory, prepares to repeat it; but Roger, availing himself of the moment when his enemy raises his arm, takes advantage of a defect in his coat of mail, strikes a blow which penetrates to his heart, and extends him dead at his feet.

At the same instant shouts of victory were heard in the camp of Roger, but it was not by the troops who surrounded him that they were raised: they were too much alarmed at perceiving that it was with difficulty he could support himself. These shouts were a thousand times repeated by the soldiers of Robert; who, after having repulsed the attack made upon him, had flown to the assistance of his friend. He found him covered with blood, and, rushing towards him, followed by his victorious band, the soldiers of the castellan, too feeble and too discouraged to sustain his attack, retreated, abandoning the body of their chief.

Roger first dispelled the fears of his friend with respect to his wound, which he assured him was but slight. Both, then, at sight of their vanquished enemy, felt pity succeed to their animosity, and they regretted that he should have disgraced his high birth and courage by an unjust and ferocious ambition. Robert, after having given orders, that the body should be buried, and placed a guard of honour over it, thought only of the wound of his friend, for whom he anxiously procured every assistance.

In the mean time the soldiers of the castellan returned to the castle,

where the daughter of their deceased chief, the beautiful Adela, came eagerly to meet them. Fearful and trembling, she perceived their consternation, and dreaded to inquire its cause. She endeavoured to preserve the uncertainty in which she was, but soon was it cruelly dispelled by the officer who commanded under the orders of her father, who threw himself at her feet, and inquired what were her commands. She could only answer by an exclamation of despair: tears and groans stifled her voice, and her women bore her to her apartment, where she abandoned herself to her grief.

As soon as the first violence of her feelings had somewhat abated, the commandant sent to request permission to present himself before her, and forced her to suspend for a few moments her tears, to prescribe in what manner he should act. He then informed her that the body of her unhappy father still remained on the field of battle; and at the very instant when she felt her despair redouble, it was necessary to determine whether she would continue to defend the castle, or throw herself on the clemency of the count of Toulouse.

Adela was ignorant both of the cause of this war, and of the numerous acts of injustice of which her father had been guilty. She had just completed her twentieth year, and her time had been employed in cultivating those accomplishments which might embellish the graces bestowed on her by nature. Warlike achievements were too foreign to her ideas and character for her to attempt to form any judgment of them. She had never been acquainted with the projects of her father. She knew that the count of Toulouse was his legitimate sovereign, and she had frequently heard the castellan himself extol the justice and generosity of that prince. She
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was unable, therefore, to conceive whence this animosity originated, or what was the cause of the vengeance he pretended to exercise. Still less did she know that it was for her alone that her father abandoned himself to the most unjust ambition.

The castellan, actuated by an extreme affection for his daughter, and seeing that she united to her illustrious birth all the gifts which nature could bestow, had frequently regretted that he was not the equal of the most powerful sovereigns.—He could have wished to have left her a throne for an inheritance; and, though this was not in his power, he thought he might at least imitate the numerous examples of knights who by their valour had enlarged their domains, and rendered themselves independent. He was the more confident he should obtain success in such an attempt, as he had hitherto found no person able to resist his attacks, or contend with him in single combat. Excited by his ardent courage, which was not guided by justice and reason, considering the right of conquest as the most noble and legitimate of claims, and already very powerful from the possessions he had inherited from his ancestors, he had carried desolation and ravage through the lands of his neighbours. In vain had the count of Toulouse sent orders to him to restore the possessions he had usurped; he had only answered by insulting menaces.

Such were the melancholy explanations which Adela received when she inquired of the persons around her concerning the cause of this war. She could not but condemn the unjust conduct of her father, while she lamented his fate; and, convinced that she neither ought nor was able to attempt any further resistance, she sent to the commander of the

troops of the count of Toulouse, to declare, that she was ready to obey the orders of her sovereign, and only wished to know them that she might execute them. At the same time she requested permission to bury the body of her unfortunate father in the tomb of his ancestors.

As soon as Robert had received this message, he returned for answer, that the count of Toulouse, ever generous, and ever ready to pardon, wished not for vengeance. He also gave orders that the remains of the castellan should be conveyed to the castle; and even directed that all honours should be rendered to the body which were due to the rank of a knight renowned for his bravery, and whose faults could now only be judged by Heaven.

(To be continued.)

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from page 319.)

‘YOU may conceive the hurry and clamorous confusion of embarkation better than I can describe it to you, which, to a mind oppressed as mine already was, almost overpowered my senses: and, to add to my trouble, the captain of my troop being indisposed, the arduous task all devolved on me, but little capable, of keeping order among the men; who, regardless of all remonstrances, and actuated by motives inconsistent with the cause they are engaged in, delight in murmuring and insulting their officers; who, should they rigidly enforce the authority invested in them, only incur still more their contemptuous behaviour. I shall dwell no longer on a subject so unpleasant: suffice it to say, we were all very soon stowed up together on board crowded transports; and, with a fair wind, orders

orders being given for sailing, proceeded down the Channel. Now had I time to turn my thoughts on my own unfortunate situation, with no friend to alleviate, or for one moment to soothe, the anguish of my bosom. As the vessel I was in contained none but the privates and subaltern officers, as interest procured for the others better accommodations on board the ships that composed the convoy than I was compelled to submit to, who possessed nought but poor simple merit to recommend me. A thousand distressing circumstances, which I had feared would happen before I left England, I thought must be now realised. My bewildered brain represented the vile Belac as bearing away the idol of my soul to some sequestered spot, where I could never find her more. I seemed to see my poor unhappy parents borne down with grief and infirmities, brought on by their son Edward's profligacy, sinking into their graves; and the hapless Susan cast on an unfeeling world, without a single friend even to commiserate her woes. Thus hour after hour have I traversed the deck, till anguish of mind has nearly overpowered my senses; when, sinking into a stupid reverie, my faculties were so absorbed that I no longer knew my cares. This suspension of mental distress would calm the tumults of my bosom: I reversed the scene. My fertile imagination, ever most delusive where warmest wishes are, would oft anticipate my glad return; recalling to my recollection my beloved Emily, ingenuous and lovely as at the first time I saw her, welcoming my return: my Susan, too, artless as ever, still retaining that affection for me she was ever wont. Thus, alternately cherishing hope and despair, I spent my evenings on deck; till worn out by fatigue, both mental and

bodily, I was compelled to go below, where the insufferable heat almost overpowered me. The soldiers, although inured to hardships, could not support it: many died on their passage. The pale luminary of night, as she cast her silver rays over the wide immeasurable deep, afforded me some little comfort: I derived a momentary pleasure from reflecting on the probability that my dear friends in England might be similarly engaged with myself—their eyes might at the same time be directed to the same object. There is a soft pleasing influence which this nocturnal orb possesses over mankind, transporting the contemplative soul to realms beyond the reach of its rays, and calming all the throbbing passions of the breast to tranquillity; at least so I ever found it. Divesting myself of all sublunary enjoyments, so delusive and uncertain, my thoughts soared far above this little scene of pleasures, to those blissful shores where all disappointments and cares peculiar to this world are for ever at an end. The vast expanse of waters, as I cast my eyes around, gently undulating in a calm and serene night, faintly illumined, afforded me an immense fund for contemplation; and, thank Heaven! I profited by it; otherwise, how could I have supported those trials destined for me to undergo?—I have made some digression from my narrative, in relating the resources I resorted to for consolation, but will now regularly proceed.

After the usual time we gained the entrance of the Delaware, and went on to Philadelphia, where we landed, receiving immediately strict orders instantly to assemble our whole force, and pursue our route to New York with the utmost expedition. At first we were uncertain where the main body of the army was stationed, but the desolated

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state of the country did not suffer us long to remain in suspense as to its progress. The face of this once-flourishing colony exhibited a scene enough to shock humanity: smouldering ruins of houses; large tracks of land where the corn and other produce was entirely destroyed; miserable wretches driven from their habitations to wander up and down a prey to hunger, after being cruelly deprived of a comfortable home abounding with all the necessities of life;—tender connexions, dearest relatives, fallen victims to the sword of a merciless enemy, highly incensed against an inoffensive people, who were compelled to commence hostilities to maintain their liberties.

‘Oh War! what art thou, that at thy dire approach thou frightest pale-faced Humanity afar? Can there be music in dying groans, that thou delightest in the incarnadined field? The widow’s agonies, the orphan’s tender complaints, can they delight thee? Can there be a wretch so vile as to be the instigator, the prosecutor of a war unjust, which brings with it such accumulated horrors to mankind? No; Heaven forbid the suggestion! Earth fosters not such a being; it is the intimation of a higher power. Yet should such a one exist, (which I sincerely hope and trust is not the case) know, every gun that roars—poor, mistaken, deluded, abject man! thou receivest in thy callous bosom; the sword that is aimed against the devoted soldier’s life pierces thy insatiate soul! Though thy proud towering spirit may for a time support thee, plunging thy hated, sea-sick, life-wearied bark in tides of blood, to bear thy ambition up, still the rude storms of conscience will intrude, and devouring vultures of eternal destruction open their dire horrific jaws, swallowing thyself and all thy poor glare of greatness!

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‘One day in particular, a circumstance that I can never forget—no, never while I live can that impressive day be erased from my memory—it was that on which was fought the memorable battle of Bunker’s-hill, which proved fatal to many a brave soldier. In the evening, after much of my toilsome duty was over, (labouring under an unusual depression of spirits, which I could not overcome,) to indulge reflexion, and enjoy the calm serenity of the evening, I walked, disconsolate and sad, I scarce knew whither, till at length I found myself near the scene of bloodshed. Feeling I could not calm the perturbations of my own breast, I thought possibly I might in some degree obtain satisfaction by rendering assistance to some unfortunate object who might have escaped general observation, and yet lay suffering unattended to; and thus, by laudably seeking the good of a fellow-creature in distress, forget my own care. As I conjectured, so it was: when near the entrance of a thicket I stood still, and was struck with a heart-rending sigh. I listened with great earnestness: again it was repeated more heavy than before. I pressed hastily forward, when, by a glimmering light through the foliage, I discerned a person lying in a deplorable condition on the earth. His apparel, though much defaced by blood and dirt, plainly showed him to be of an elevated rank in the army. I soon discovered that the crimson gore in which he was weltering issued from a wound in his head, which had bled so much as nearly to deprive him of life. I instantly bound up the wound with a handkerchief, and applied some restorative drops, when he opened his languid eyes and rather revived. Never shall I forget the grateful look he cast on me, although a death-like paleness

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enveloped his fine features. There was all that bespoke the valiant soldier and truly worthy man.—He faintly described to me the situation of his corps during the engagement, which I knew had suffered considerably. At intervals he sank in my arms, quite exhausted. I begged permission to go for medical assistance, but my entreaties were vain.

“No,” said he, “stranger, all worldly aid can be of no avail. I have long ceased to enjoy life.”

‘Here he heaved a heavy sigh, which I thought would have been his last. Anxious to acquaint me with the post he that day maintained, fearing I did not before understand his imperfect account, he thus continued—

“Impetuous, and regardless of my own life, I was galloping to save a party of my countrymen from being destroyed, when the enemy discovered us sooner than I expected. Most of the corps were slain. I fell from my horse, senseless; but, recovering, crawled to this spot unobserved, to breathe out my last breath unmolested, and offer up my dying prayers for the welfare of an aimable girl in England, whom I have loved to the last hour of my existence with the most unbounded affection.”

‘He now appeared to pause; but the cold shiverings of death suspended all power of utterance. He put his almost inanimate hand to his bosom, drew out a miniature which fell from his fingers, and, in almost inarticulate accents, said—

“Generous stranger, if ever you reach England, bear that picture to a dear girl named Emily Veronne. At sight of it, perhaps, her gentle bosom will heave one sigh at the remembrance of the depredator who deprived her of a treasure she so much valued. To you I recom-

mend her. You, benevolent stranger! are, perhaps, that lover which robbed me of all my hopes. Farewell! I find”——

‘He would have proceeded, but the accents died upon his tongue. He looked unutterable language, threw back his head on my arm, and, with a deep sigh which yet vibrates on my ear, expired.’

During the whole of this recital Emily and her father appeared uncommonly interested; but when her name was mentioned, and the miniature was produced, she could restrain her feelings no longer, but burst into tears. Mr. Veronne was struck motionless to hear of the death of such an amiable character; particularly as he considered his daughter as the chief instrument which occasioned his premature end, by driving him to acts of desperation. He shut himself up in his apartment, and would see no one to comfort him, till his own good sense told him how wrong it was to indulge such unavailing sorrow. In the course of a few days he regained his usual composure.

Norton fearing, from Emily’s evident interest in this officer’s fate, that he had been deceived, begged Susan to explain as far as she knew relative to this affair. As she was acquainted with every thought of her friend, by her desire she related every particular to her brother, who appeared perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Emily, and felt with redoubled poignancy for the unfortunate captain, since he knew, by sad experience, what he had suffered, though assured of her affection: what then must be his sensations when no hopes remained of gaining her love? The tears of pity glistened in his eyes as he surveyed the countenance of his sister. He retired from her presence to calm his wounded bosom, and suffer them to indulge their own reflexions;

reflexions — conscious that Emily must naturally be much hurt to hear of the premature death of a worthy young man who had cherished for her the most violent affection, affection which she could not return: Thus rendered insensible to all the joys of life, he left England regardless of all danger, rushing on with the wildest enthusiasm, foremost in all posts of peril, and at last fell a victim to his temerity.

A week had elapsed ere the subject of the narrative was again resumed; when Norton, at the express desire of Emily and Susan, commenced as follows —

‘Captain Thomas, for such I afterwards found the name of this stranger to be, was interred with all military honours, sincerely regretted by all those who knew him. We had many engagements afterwards; but, in all my troubles, the miniature I was in possession of was a consolation. The moment I saw it I recognised the features of one whose original was deeply engraven on my heart; for, although it was your mother’s likeness, your own never could have been taken better had you sat to an artist. When I heard your name repeated, Heavens! what sensations filled my soul! I dreaded to hear another word, lest my peace should be destroyed for ever by a confirmation of your treachery, as I then thought it; for nothing less could I expect than that your vows were given to the officer, accompanied by your picture. — Then I could account for your remissness in writing. “Faithless girl!” dropped from my lips, ere the words which removed my doubts were pronounced. His disgust of life, the word *depredator*, and a closer examination of the picture, showing me the placid features of your dear invaluable parent, again established my good opinion of your constancy. I

conjectured the whole truth. You alone was again sovereign of my heart: your mother’s miniature the very idol of my soul, which I almost worshipped night and day. But, time after time, receiving no letter to ease my anxious inquiries quite disconcerted me. I knew something very particular must have happened to prevent your writing. To Susan, to my father, I wrote in vain; no answer did I ever receive. — Time passed on with leaden wings; and one day, being out with a detachment of cavalry reconnoitring the out-posts, we fell in with the piquet-guard of the enemy, who attacked us with the fury of madmen. Overpowered by numbers, all my small party were put to the sword, and I was left apparently among the number of the slain. Thus fortunately escaping their notice, and recovering, (as I had only received a blow on the head) I made the best of my way to the woods, where I wandered about until I was quite worn out by fatigue. Unable to tell whither to direct my course, seating myself under the shade of some large trees, I fell asleep, and was awoke again by a shrill shriek, as of some one in distress: I instantly arose, and, clapping my hands to my sword, rushed forward to see from whence it proceeded. Who can conceive my sensations when I saw a company of Indians, with a ferocity in their looks I can but ill describe, intent on seeing their chief inflict the death-blow on a beautiful female on her knees before him, with her hands folded together in a supplicating posture. He who had just raised his tomahawk to put an end to her life, on seeing me advance with an intent to rescue her, immediately executed his diabolical purpose, for fear I should have followers who might prevent the bloody deed. —

My heart revolted at the bare idea of my life being saved by such barbarians, and determined me to be revenged on them for the death of the unfortunate female who lay extended before me and served as an object to instigate me to it. I knew I must fall a victim, therefore was determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. But Heaven directed it otherwise; for, going forward, with an intent of striking off the head of their chief with my sword, my foot tripped against a stone, and I instantly fell to the ground. I was taken up almost senseless, and but little able to resist the humiliating sensation of having my sword wrested from my hands. My blood chilled within my veins, for fear I should be scalped, like many other unfortunate wretches who had fallen into their hands; but by concealing my own feelings, and tacitly submitting to all their indignities, I escaped every violence, and so far gained on their confidence as to be permitted to travel with them without my hands being confined. Thus, fortunately, I had opportunities to conceal my miniature.

‘I continued with this horde of wretches many wearisome months, and witnessed many scenes from which I recoiled with horror, but never could I escape their vigilant eyes. The sweet cheering hope of again seeing my friends in England alone enabled me to struggle with the feelings of nature, and repress them in their presence. In one of our perambulations I saw that astonishing display of the grandeur of nature which is exhibited where Lake Eric falls into Ontario, down a stupendous precipice of the river Niagara. Were I to describe it, my small share of eloquence could not do justice to so sublime a scene. On the banks of Lake Eric we fell in with a party of unfortunate wretches,

who were all soon dispatched, one only excepted, who was more submissive than the rest. I had now a valuable acquaintance in a companion with whom I could converse in my own language. Wondering why we were reserved, unless for greater tortures, we consoled with each other on our misfortunes, as his were similar in every point of view to my own, daily endeavouring to devise some means for our escape. Our very souls sickened at the barbarity the Indians daily inflicted on the objects of their vengeance; till at length, disgusted and weary of life, we determined at all events to make one grand effort to escape, trusting to Heaven for success.—We became more than usually active in their sports, conformable to their wishes, and participated, with pleasure but ill feigned, in their different modes of life: they, consequently, gave us more liberty, and ceased to watch us with their wonted vigilance, of which we took advantage; and one day, when they were deeply engaged in hunting, pretended to be weary; and, feigning sleep, two of the party sat down with us, and actually did fall asleep. We instantly arose and fled; with all the speed we were masters of, to an adjacent wood, where we rested, to concert measures for our future proceedings. We travelled by day, and rested by night in trees, to avoid being devoured by wild beasts; and, after a perilous journey, arrived at Quebec, where we made known our unfortunate case; and some humane gentlemen, commiserating our distress, clothed us, and gave us money to bear our expenses home. We got safe on board a ship bound for Jamaica, where we fell in with another ship bound for England, in which we once more embarked.

(To be continued.)

On the PERSONS, MANNERS, and CHARACTER of the RUSSIANS.

[From Tooke's *'Survey of the Russian Empire.'*]

THE Russians are a moderate-sized, vigorous, and durable race of men. The growth and longevity of this people are very different in different districts; but in general they are rather large than small, and they are commonly well-built. It is very rare to see a person naturally deformed; which, doubtless, is chiefly owing to their loose garments, and the great variety of bodily exercises. All the sports and pastimes of the youth have a tendency to expand the body, and give flexibility to the muscles.

Easy as it is occasionally, by comparison, to discriminate the Russian by his outward make from other Europeans, it will, however, be found very difficult to point out the principal lineaments of the national physiognomy, as speaking features are in general extremely rare. The following may be deemed common and characteristic: a small mouth, thin lips, white teeth, little eyes, a low forehead. The nose has a great variety of forms; it is most frequently seen to be small, and turned upwards. The beard is almost always very bushy; the colour of the hair varies through all the shades from dark-brown to red, but it is seldom quite black. The expression of the countenance is gravity and good-nature, or sagacity. Hearing and sight are usually very acute; but the other senses more or less obtuse by manner of living and climate. The gait and gestures of the body have a peculiar, and often impassioned vivacity, partaking, even with the mere rustics, of a certain complaisance, and an engaging manner.

The same features, on the whole,

are conspicuous in the female sex, but in general improved, and here and there actually dignified. A delicate skin and a ruddy complexion are, in the vulgar idea, the first requisites of beauty; in fact, rosy cheeks are perceived more commonly among the Russian women than in other countries, but no where is paint so essential an article of the toilet as here, even among the lowest classes of the people. As the growth of the Russian ladies is not confined by any bandages, stays, or other compresses, the proportions of the parts usually far exceed the line which the general taste of Europe has prescribed for the contour of a fine shape. The early maturity of girls, at which they generally arrive in the twelfth or thirteenth year, is only to be accounted for, in so cold a climate, by the frequent use of hot-baths, which, while it accelerates this, also brings on an early decay of beauty and solidity of bodily frame. Married women seldom retain the fresh complexion and the peculiar charms of youth beyond the first lying-in. By their baths, their paint, and the great submission in which they live with their husbands, the moderate share of beauty with which nature has endowed these daughters of the northern earth is generally faded at an age when the husband is just entering on his prime.

The general disposition of the Russian people is gay, careless even to levity, much addicted to sensuality, quick in comprehending whatever is proposed, and not less prompt in its execution; ingenious in finding out means of abridging their work; in all their occupations ready, alert, and dexterous. Violent in their passions, they easily mistake the golden mean, and not unfrequently rush into the contrary extreme. They are attentive, resolute,

lute, bold, and enterprising. To trade and barter they have an irresistible impulse. They are hospitable and liberal, frequently to their own impoverishment. Anxious solicitudes about the future here cause but few grey pates. In their intercourse with others they are friendly, jovial, complaisant, very ready to oblige, not envious, slanderous, or censorious, and much given to reserve.

The common and middling class of Russians are a race much hardened by climate, education, and habits of life, having their own peculiar usages, which have a greater affinity with the Asiatic than the European, only without the effeminacy. They sleep on the floor, the hard benches, or the boards placed shelf-wise for that purpose; in the summer contentedly lying down in the open air, in the field, or the yard of the house, as they do in the winter on the top of the oven, without beds, or merely on a piece of felt, sometimes with and often without any pillow, either under a thin covering or in their clothes. After performing their evening devotions, accompanied with frequent prostrations and crossings, before the sacred figures of the saints, they betake themselves early to rest, and rise again betimes in the morning, wash themselves, renew their pious orisons, and proceed with alacrity to business. Into the houses of the great and opulent, even at a distance from chief towns, feather-beds and late hours, with other luxuries, have long since found their way.

In the article of dress they adhere as faithfully in the country towns and villages to the manners of their fathers as they do in food and lodging. The noblesse, all the officers in the civil department, and, besides the light troops, the soldiery all over the empire, the merchants of

the chief towns, and those who trade with them, the mine owners, and almost all the people of quality throughout the empire, dress after the German fashion; and the ladies, even in the remotest and most retired parts of the country, appear more modishly attired than would easily be imagined. The burghers and mercantile class, however, generally speaking, stick close to the national dress no less than the peasantry: Of this I shall speak a little more particularly.

The men let their beards grow, which are commonly long and bushy: the hair is cut and combed: their shirt is short, without any sort of collar, and made of white, blue, or red linen. Their trowsers are loose, and tied below the knees. The shirt usually hangs over the trowsers, and is girt round the waist with a string. Stockings are not so commonly worn by the lower class of people as leg-wrappers, which they tie about their feet and legs with pack-thread, so as to make them look very thick. Shoes are worn by the better sort, and mat-slippers by the common people; but half-boots are in very general use. Over the shirt they wear a short breast-cloth, or a vest furnished with buttons. The coat is made so big as to allow of one side lapping over the other before, with little buttons, close sleeves, and a collar. The skirt is made with gathers at the hips, and reaches below the calves of the legs, and the garment is girt about with a sash that passes twice round the body. At the sash commonly hangs a long-bladed knife, in a sheath. The covering for the head is either a flat fur-cap, with a narrow brim; or, in other places, a cap which forms a bag of a span in depth, in which they keep their handkerchief on their head. In summer they go with flapped high-crowned

crowned Dutch hats, ornamented with a narrow ribband of some gaudy colour. The materials of the dress vary according to the rank and circumstances of the wearer; the rich wear fine broad-cloth, sometimes decorating the edges with gold cording, and little silver buttons for fastenings: common people clothe themselves in home-spun cloth, and for summer in linen, made likewise at home. A well-dressed Russian makes a very good figure. In winter the common people wear sheep-skins, with the woolly side turned inwards: the better sort put on furs of a higher price.

The habits of the clergy, as well in their every-day wear as when officiating at the altar, are in the oriental style; the latter of different colours, often in brocade, mostly very rich. The monks are always clad in black, and are also distinguished by their high pasteboard caps wound about with crape.

The women wear stockings or eg-wrappers, and shoes, like the men; sometimes picked-pointed slippers. The lower class frequently go barefoot, or simply in slippers on their naked feet. Their shifts are white; but in Daouria the female peasants put on silk-coloured shifts of gauze or cotton: they are fastened about the neck with a collar, and decorated with fancied ornaments of needle-work. The vest, called saraphan, is close about the neck without sleeves, and sits tight to the body down to the hips, from whence it spreads, without gathers, and reaches down to the shoes: on the facing it is garnished with a thick row of little buttons from the top to the very bottom: it is, however, girt with a sash, to which the bunch of keys is suspended. The quality of the saraphan is various, according to circumstances, — of glazed linen, silks, frequently edged

with fur, or lined with it throughout. The dress of the lower sort of females in winter is more complete, consisting of coarse cloth, or sheep-skin, with sleeves. Another dress is the usual woman's gown, and a contushe without sleeves, called a dushagrek. The dushagrek is also worn on the saraphan without a gown. In the winter they wear furs made after the manner used in Poland, with pointed sleeves. As this is usually a present made by the bridegroom, and the best piece of dress, the common people, in order to make a show of it, go, the whole summer through, to church, to make visits, &c. in the pellice. They also wear necklaces of corals, pearls, or golden chains, ear-rings of precious stones, and decorate their fingers and wrists with rings and bracelets.

The head-dress is somewhat different in different districts. The girls in general wear their hair uncovered more than the women; the former plait it in three plaits, with ribbands and beads tied to the points of them. In Iver, Novogorod, &c. they wear a band across the forehead, bedizened with pearls and beads of various colours, which give the appearance of a tiara or open coronet. At Voronetz, and the parts adjacent, both women and girls wear coifs made to fit the head with cheek-pieces and tresses. — About the Oka, at Murom, and the country round, the caps are in the form of an upright crescent. In the governments of Moscow, Yaroslaf, Kaluga, and the circumjacent parts, the coif has a stiff flap before, like a jockey cap, which is decorated with tresses, pearls, and various coloured stones; on this they hang, in the Tartarian fashion, a veil, but which they usually keep thrown back. The veil is generally of silk, set off with gold or silver lace. In their ordinary dress, they lie on
the

the veil over the hair without any cap. In western Russia caps are in use that are a kind of fillet, with tresses, pearls, and stones. Numbers wear caps having a stiff rim one or two inches broad, like a small skreen, or a flapped hat. Persons of consequence, in towns, wind pieces of silk about their heads in such manner as to let the hair hang down in ringlets from under it; and these head-dresses have very much the resemblance of a high turban. A complete woman's attire is expensive, but remarkably handsome.

Paint is as necessary an article in the dress of a Russian lady as linen. The freshest and ruddiest young women put on both white and red; and as this practice is prejudicial to natural beauty, therefore such antiquated dames as would not appear hideous are forced to continue it. Fine white paint is made of pulverised marcasite, or, more commonly, white lead. The rouge in the shops seems to be compounded of Florentine lake and talc with powder of marcasite: red tiffany is also very much worn. The village-toasts gather the roots of the *onosma echinoides* of Linnæus, or the *lithospermum arvense*, which, after being dried, they moisten with their tongue and then rub their cheeks with it; or they extract the colour with boiling water and alum from the rind of these roots. Some rub their cheeks with river-sponge, till the skin is sufficiently thinned or inflamed for being transparent to the blood.

The intercourse between the sexes is more free than elsewhere, particularly in the country, on account of the contracted space of their habitations and sleeping rooms, their baths, the simplicity of their conversation, and their artless songs. The behaviour of husbands towards

their wives is, in general, comparatively with European manners, rough and austere. The wives must work hard, and are often obliged to be the tame spectators of their husband's intemperance and irregularities without daring to complain; but to this they are so early accustomed, that they are seldom heard to vent a murmur, even while smarting under very severe treatment. In larger towns, however, and even among people of condition, the lady is in quite a contrary predicament; and they are either very much slandered, or many a kind husband sometimes gets a rap of the slipper. It is a maxim with parents of the common class never to become dependent on their children, and, therefore, to keep the management of the house in their own hands till they die. Indeed the laws of the land are more favourable to widows and mothers than they are in other countries.

With substantial people the marriage-contract is made with mercantile punctuality. The common sort generally enter into the nuptial state as soon as they can; and as house-keeping is not expensive, and as education is neither attended with cost nor trouble, they live as much at their ease as before. The betrothing is performed with ecclesiastical rites, generally eight days previous to the marriage, and is indissoluble. During this interval the bride is only visited by the bridegroom, and the girls of her acquaintance, who amuse her with singing. On the last evening the young women bring the bride into the hot-bath, where they plait and tye up her hair, all the while singing ballads descriptive of her future happiness.

The marriage is solemnised in the church, before the altar, whither they proceed with the figure of some saint carried before them. During

During the ceremony a crown is put on each of their heads. The priest, with due forms, changes their rings, reads to them an admonition of their reciprocal duties, gives them to drink of a cup in token of the present union of their fortunes, and dismisses them with his blessing. At their return from church the father of the bride presents the young couple with a loaf of bread and some salt, accompanied with a wish that they may never know the want of either; for which they thank him on their knees, and they then sit down to the wedding-supper.

IDDA of TOKENBURG.

(Concluded from p. 377.)

WHEN Clara had ended her narrative, Julia arose and contemplated the picture for a long time with serious thoughtfulness. She then abruptly said—‘Good-night, Clara!’ and, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a sad and pensive air, retired to her chamber. She did not sleep, for the fate of Idda was continually before her eyes.

The next morning she again repaired to Idda’s cell, and again contemplated the picture with eyes not so much expressive of pity as thoughtfully attentive.

‘What are you thinking of, Julia?’ asked Clara.

‘And it was jealousy, then, which threw her down that fearful precipice——’

‘Into the dreadful cavern. Oh! you should see the cavern. The eye loses itself, and can find no bottom, when it is viewed from the balcony from which he threw her down. Time has destroyed Tokenburg; but, in memory of Idda, preserved the window where the atrocious deed was perpetrated.—

VOL. XXXII.

When I was a novice I frequently resorted thither to indulge my melancholy, and pay the tribute of my tears to suffering innocence.’

Julia wished to see the cavern, and the abbess sent with her, as a guide, the son of the steward of the convent. As it was a hot day, Julia did not set out till the evening; and then, leaning on the arm of the young man, took her way through the valley to the ruins of Tokenburg. Her guide led her up the rocks by a narrow path overgrown with bushes; and the nearer she approached the remains of the castle, the more serious and pensive she became, her thoughts being employed on the observations and admonitions of her mother, and the jealousy of Grubenthal. When they at length arrived at the place, the youth led her through the ruins to the window from which she could look into the dreadful cavern.

‘This is the window,’ said he, ‘from which the countess was thrown down.’

Julia approached the edge of the precipice, and her guide put his arm round her, that she might not fall when she looked down into the tremendous depth below. She started back, feeling her head begin to grow dizzy; and lost in a thousand thoughts of Idda and Grubenthal, she, as it were mechanically, for a moment, reclined her head on the shoulder of the young man and sighed. Her guide still held his arm round her; probably because he might fear she was unwell.

At this moment a man started forward towards them from behind the ruins with rage flashing in his eyes. With a menacing voice he cried out to the young man—‘Who are you, fellow?’

The youth seeing his wild and threatening looks, and hearing him speak in such a furious tone of

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voice,

voice, supposed him to be a robber or assassin, and immediately left Julia, leaped over a part of the ruins, and fled among the rocks, with all the speed he could make, back to the convent.

It was not a robber, it was not an assassin, but Grubenthal. He had learned the hasty departure of Julia for the convent of Fischingen. Not long before he had an altercation with her on account of her talking with the gardener. She had forgiven him, indeed, but still when he left her he could discern a cloud upon her brow. She had now departed without giving him any intimation of her intended journey.

‘Why should she act thus?’ said he to himself. ‘Has she indeed no affection for me? Is she gone merely to avoid me?’

Thus did one idea after another torture his suspicious heart, till he became half-distracted with doubts of the love and fidelity of his Julia. Her mother had formed a just opinion of him. In his early youth, he had served in the Swiss guard at Paris; and in that luxurious capital had conversed with so many licentious women, that he no longer believed any of the sex could be innocent.

His ill opinion of the disposition and character of women contributed, on the present occasion, to aggravate his fears and his uneasiness: ‘Whoever trusts to them,’ thought he to himself, ‘must expect to be deceived.’—He therefore set out privately for Fischingen, to watch the conduct of Julia, and took up his residence in a cottage in the vicinity of the convent. On the first day after his arrival he took his walks of observation about the convent, but without seeing Julia: on the next, returning from a similar excursion, he saw, at a distance, a young lady of a tall genteel figure

leaning on the arm of some youth. They passed out of the valley through the bushes on the other side. He was convinced it was Julia: it was her figure, her walk, her hair.

‘But why is she in such a place at such a time, when the evening is coming on’—thought he, with a suspicious shake of the head:—‘with a man too, who, to judge by his appearance, is only of the common class?—What can this mean?—Why did they leave the road, to go through the bushes where there is no path?—Why are they alone, thus in the dusk of the evening?—Treacherous deceiver!—Am I not an egregious dupe?’

The affair of the gardener now rushed into his head, and, as the youth wore a green coat, he began to suspect it was him. He hastened after Julia, and when he came nearer could no longer doubt it was her, as he had obtained a side view of her face. She went with the youth through the pathless grass and bushes, and up a rising ground, to the ruins. He concealed himself, in violent agitation of mind, behind a part of the old castle-wall, and saw the young man throw his arm round Julia, who at first seemed to shrink from his embrace; but afterwards—O madness!—she reclined her lovely cheek upon his shoulder, and stood, as it were, folded in his arms. He now rushed furiously forth from his hiding-place, and the youth fled.

Julia was extremely terrified, but quickly recognised Grubenthal.

‘At last, then,’ exclaimed the latter, frantic with jealousy and rage—‘at last the veil which has so long blinded my eyes has fallen off;—or will you still deny—’

‘You have terrified me greatly, Grubenthal! What do you mean?’

‘Very right! What do I mean? Very right. I am a rude uncour-

teous

teous lover, to come here with my passion to disturb so sweet an hour, and an assignation which perhaps cannot be speedily re-arranged!—Very right!—What do I mean?—Ha! ha! ha!’

‘Grubenthal, you are very impertinent, and even insolent. This is intolerable! I command you not to say a word more on the subject: not one word more.’

‘Not a word! That is very fine; very fine, indeed. No, I am not so tame, that I can see things with my own eyes, and yet be silent. Or am I still to believe your syren song? Am I to believe that you and that fellow you had with you came here to pray? Only be so good as to tell me—to command me—what to believe.—What shall I believe?’

‘Nothing, sir; your insinuations are so base, as well as ridiculous, that I should be ashamed to return any answer to them but my contempt.’

‘Contempt!—Am I then to be despised—treated as ridiculous, and despised?’

‘It may come to that, sir, if you continue thus to render yourself contemptible.’

‘Who was that man, Julia?—Let me have no falsehood, I advise you.’

‘Mr. Grubenthal, for the last time, I command you not to waste another word on this subject. I will absolutely give you no answer.’

‘By Heavens! this is asking too much!—Oh, what are women!—Julia, I tell you—I advise you—I entreat you—to answer me. I am no longer master of myself.’

‘That I perceive, sir; therefore let us go—’

‘You shall not stir from the place, though a yawning gulf should open to swallow us up.—You shall not stir from the place.—Who was the man I saw with you?—I will have an answer—by all that is dreadful, I will.’

‘But I will give you none,’ replied Julia with firmness.

‘None? Shall I then be deceived, duped, and not suffered to inquire? Julia, answer me. Who was your companion? I am a man who will not—’

‘You are certainly not a man whom I can intrust with my honour and my peace.’

‘No, no: but you can intrust them to the fellow you came with to see the ruins?’

‘Certainly; sooner than to you.’

‘Indeed! What further proof can I need to convince me that your heart is false, and that you have ever been a hypocrite? Julia, who was that man?’

‘That you shall not know, Grubenthal; I am firmly resolved.’

‘I shall not know? Julia, I will know.’

He seized her violently by the arm, and, with fiercely-rolling eyes, looking first at her, and then into the fearful gulf on the brink of which they stood—‘Julia,’ exclaimed he wildly, ‘how easily could I throw you down this dreadful precipice, and myself after you! How near does my passion approach to this phrensy!’

Julia was terrified at the furious agitation in which she saw him, and answered—‘Well, Grubenthal, you shall know his name: you shall know every thing: I will not conceal the minutest circumstance. But you shall then likewise hear me.—What do you wish to know?’

She retired some steps backwards, and sat down upon a stone.

‘Who was that man—the man who was with you?’

‘The son of the steward of the convent.’

‘How long have you been acquainted with the fellow?’

‘Since four o’clock this afternoon, when my aunt, the abbess of the

convent, called the young man, and said to him—"Jacob, go with this lady, and show her the ruins."—That moment our acquaintance commenced.'

'Oh, I must have the truth!'

'You may ask my aunt. I can bring incontestable proof.'

'Why did you come here—here—to this lonely place?'

'To see this place, where I now stand, and where, some hundreds of years since, the lord of the castle, a count of Tokenburg, in a fit of jealousy, threw his innocent wife down the dreadful precipice. The history is very instructive, Mr. Grubenthal, that I can assure you.'

'You embraced the lad, probably, because the story was so instructive?'

'Embraced him!—What do you mean?—The young man put his arm round me when I looked down, as was natural, that I might not fall. My head grew dizzy when I looked into the fearful cavern, and I leaned it unconsciously on the shoulder of the lad: that too was natural.'

'But you started when I came; and the young man who holds you when you look into a cavern where there is nothing to be seen, and on whose shoulder you lean when your head grows dizzy, ran away as fast as he was able. Why did he run so?'

'Probably, because he thought you had no good design; for you rushed from behind the wall with a countenance as if you had committed or intended murder.'

'Julia, Julia, may I believe you? may I?'

'You may, Grubenthal; for I can give you, as I said, the most incontestable proofs of the truth of what I say. I will not leave you till you shall hear the whole confirmed by the lad himself; by my aunt, and my friend Clara, who will

tell you the occasion of my coming hither. You shall see, likewise, the picture of the unhappy but innocent woman who was thrown down this precipice by her jealous husband. You shall, if you please, read her affecting history; and then you may visit these ruins, as I did, and find them interesting and instructive.—To conclude: I will affirm, with the most solemn oath, that during the whole of this excursion my thoughts were employed on no other objects than Idda of Tokenburg and yourself. Now let us go. You shall be convinced.'

'Oh, Julia! I am already convinced. Do not look so serious, Julia; but forgive me my foolish suspicion. I know your goodness, dearest Julia.'

'Yes, I will forgive you; but only on one condition.'

'Any condition, Julia; only name it, and, on my honour, I will consent.'

'I forgive you, then, on condition that you no more make any pretension to my heart or my hand.'

'You jest too severely, too cruelly, Julia.'

'Jest! No, I am most serious. I have now learned, Grubenthal, that all jealousy is not a proof of love. Yours, at least, only proves that you confound me with the wretched creatures with whom you conversed at Paris.'

Julia spoke with so much firmness that Grubenthal was much alarmed. He, however, flattered himself that it was only a transient fit of anger, and that by professions of humility and repentance he should be able to appease and reconcile her. But in this he was mistaken. Julia continued inflexibly firm in her resolution, though Grubenthal entreated with tears in his eyes, and though her heart pleaded strongly in his favour. She entirely broke

off

off her connexion with him, and, that she might not see him, remained in the convent with her aunt till he had left that part of the country. To do this cost her eyes many tears, and her heart many sighs; but she continued firm in her resolution.

‘For,’ said she to her friend Clara, ‘you should have seen him on that evening. He seized me fiercely; his eyes rolled wildly. I had nearly met the fate of Idda. And who knows whether there are angels always ready to break the fall of an innocent woman whom her frantic husband throws down a precipice? It is better to avoid such dangers while it is in our power.’

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated financier Bouret was connected, in his youth, with the famous actress Gaussin; and, having at that time nothing but expectations, he gave her his signature to a blank paper, to fill up at her pleasure when he should have acquired a fortune. He became farmer-general, and was not without some uneasiness on account of this paper. Mademoiselle Gaussin returned it to him, containing only these words: ‘I promise to love Gaussin as long as I live.’

TAKE CARE OF EVERY THING.

[From the French.]

MY friend, you are scarcely arrived at Paris, and you already give yourself up to all the pleasures which the capital presents; whither are you hastening at this early hour? I am going to meet two young men who have shown me the greatest

friendship, and who have promised to make me acquainted with every thing curious that Paris contains. My friend, *take care* of your curiosity. They have an infinite acquaintance, and they appear to be on the best terms with the principal persons of the government; they have promised to patronise me, and to get me — My friend, *take care* of patrons, of men of importance, and, above all, of their promises. They will take me to dine at one of the first taverns. My friend, *take care* of their appetite, and, above all, of the bill. From that we will go to the theatre. My friend, *take care* of your pockets. On leaving the theatre, they will introduce me at the house of a charming woman, who, from the account that they have given her of me, desires very much to be acquainted with me, and has already conceived a particular affection for me. My friend, *take care* of her desires, of her affection, and, above all, of the experience of your young men. They have assured me that every day there are elegant parties at her house; that they play at bouillotte, and they wish to teach me the game. My friend, *take care* of your masters, of their instructions, and, above all, of your purse. They told me that I should meet a man of fortune there, who is at present under some difficulties; he wishes to borrow a sum of money; he is a man of honour, and they have made me promise to do him this service. My friend, *take care* of the goodness of your heart; *take care* of men of fortune under difficulties; and, above all, of borrowers. But they will give me good securities and a reasonable interest. My friend, *take care* of every thing that they will show you — of every thing they say to you — *take care* of every body — *take care* of every thing — and, above all, *take care*!

POETICAL

POETICAL ESSAYS.

BALLAD.

[From W. Dimond's Petrarchal Sonnets.]

THE night was dark, the rain did
pour,

And bitterly did blow the wind;
A sad youth at a fair maid's door,

Willows wreathing,
Deep sighs breathing,
All on the cold damp earth reclin'd:

'Ah! canst thou hear thy true-love sigh,
And canst thou, cruel, bid him
mourn?

Lo! at thy door he's come to die,

Willow wearing,
All despairing,
Unable t'endure thy scorn!

'No heart so hard, save only thine,
But melts when I my griefs relate;

The very willow-trees incline,

Hear my ditty,
Weep in pity,
And droop their heads and mourn
my fate.

'Around my form the bleak gust sweeps,
The night-storm drenches where I
lie,

A chilly faintness o'er me creeps;

Tears are flowing,
Life is going,
Take pity, maid, or else I die!

'Alas! my hours have run their date,
The hand of Death is on my breast;

Thy cruel heart hath doom'd my fate:
Yet while living

Thee forgiving,
I crave alone *this poor request*;

'One sorrowing tear my passion give,
When dead I'm found beside thy
door;

And let me in thy bosom live,

Mem'ry leading,
Mercy pleading,
When love and life shall both be
o'er!

No more he said, but droop'd his head,
The death-films glaz'd his dimming
eye;

His spirit from its mansion fled,

Unrevealing,
Silent stealing,
And breath'd its flight in one short
sigh!

Now, where his cold remains are laid,

Her sad song coos the turtle-dove,

And willows hang their pendent shade,

Fondly weeping
Where he's sleeping,

Record—THE YOUTH WHO DIED
FOR LOVE!

TO AN OLD MAN.

BY MR. COLERIDGE.

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart
has bled [grey hairs]

To see thee, poor old man! and thy
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no
one cares [sied head!]

To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and pal-

My father! throw away this tatter'd
vest; [my garment—use]

That mocks thy shiv'ring!—Take

A young man's arm! I'll melt these
frozen dews

That hang from thy white beard, and
numb thy breast.

My Sarah, too, shall tend thee, like a
child: [recess,

And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's
Of purple pride, and scowls on
wretchedness:

He did not scowl, the Galilæan mild,

Who met the Lazar turn'd from rich
man's doors,

And call'd him friend, and wept
upon his sores!

TWO SONNETS, BY T. JONES.

I. TO MYRA.

Written in Absence.

SMILING and lovely is the face of
 day; [its joy!
 Would I could now, with thee, partake
 But threat'ning storms my hopes of
 peace destroy,
 And day's fair proffer'd pleasures
 die away; [spects gay
 For distance parts us, and the pro-
 No transports yield—'Tis you my
 thoughts employ.
 Wrapt in remembrance, distant fields
 I tread, [rill,
 Sit on the margin of some murmur'ing
 Or traverse Mouthold's* high aspiring
 hill,
 Where once yon ruin'd turret †
 rear'd its head,
 And ruffian legions fearful terrors
 spread, [still:
 And o'er thy virtues, Myra, ponder
 Then, as each charm of nature meets
 my view, [you.
 Imbibe new hopes of quick return to

II. VISION.

WHY, treach'rous Fancy, with insi-
 dious aid, [mind repose,
 When fresh'ning slumbers would my
 Dost thou still paint the well-remem-
 ber'd maid, [woes?
 Charming, alas! but to increase my
 Oft have I rov'd, and bless'd each ob-
 ject round, [prest;
 When on my arm the gentle Myra
 Heard her soft voice; transported at
 the sound, [breast.
 Have taught the airy vision to my
 Ah! why enwrap, in midnight's sable
 hour [sense,
 Steal with thy artful magic o'er the
 Shaping her lovely form with skilful
 pow'r; [prospect hence?
 Then, waking, drive the pleasing
 Yet 'tis ungracious, thus to chide the
 few [renew.
 Sweet hours that objects of such bliss

* A very high hill near the city of Nor-
 wich.

† A relic of Kitt's Castle, which still re-
 mains,

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE MUCH-AD-
 Mired AND REGRETted MISS
 GODDARD.

AH! where shall now the Thespian
 Muse retire,
 Vent forth her griefs—her heavy sighs
 respire,
 Since Goddard (Nature's child) is torn
 away,
 To grace that stage where none but
 angels play?
 Weep, weep, Thalia's sons! Your
 sprightly train
 Such force, such sweetness, ne'er may
 meet again.
 Ah! weep, ye lovers of the mimic art,
 Her who could swell with magic pow'r
 the heart:
 Ye view'd her matchless, with supe-
 rior mind;
 Her language, as each act, to nature
 join'd
 Such ease, such grace, her ev'ry move-
 ment weav'd,
 Each breast for her fictitious sorrows
 griev'd.
 Who saw, but lov'd? who listen'd, but
 admir'd?
 'Twas native beauty by each grace
 attir'd.
 Well was she skill'd to call the heav-
 ing sigh, [eye:
 Or pity's tears that dim the sparkling
 In Juliet's love could ev'ry heart en-
 gage;
 In Teazel's scandal, or Elvira's rage;
 In gentle Cora—bless the mother's
 state—
 Feel Haller's sorrows, or Statira's hate:
 Blithe comic scenes of lightest mirth
 could paint,
 And justly smile the sinner or the saint.
 If public actions such enchantments
 prov'd,
 Who knew her private but admir'd
 and lov'd?
 With soft affection, duteous, kind, and
 true,— [them few.
 Her virtues none excell'd—equall'd
 Death, envious Death, outstripping
 restless Time, [ing prime.
 Relentless seiz'd her in youth's bloom—
 The loss her friends with sympathy
 deplore,
 And sigh that Goddard now shall
 please no more. T. JONES.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BOUND for the regions of eternal day,
 Where saints and angels endless bliss
 enjoy,
 Eliza's spirit early took its way
 To those bright realms where grief
 cannot annoy.

Envied release! should future life suc-
 ceed,
 Where not a vice has o'er the bosom
 stole,
 Thy faultless heart (while here how
 many bleed!)

Meets the reward of an unblemish'd
 soul.

Yet o'er thy urn we drop the woe-
 fraught tear,
 And to thy mem'ry breathe the heav-
 ing sigh,
 Since thy lov'd voice no more salutes
 the ear;
 No more thy pleasing form attracts
 the eye.

Thy playful attitudes no longer please;
 No more thy father takes thee to his
 arms;
 Nor dost thou now cling round thy
 mother's knees,
 Blessing thy parents with thy infant
 charms.

Ah, Death relentless! Thou, with
 haggard mien,
 That so alarm'st the man of worldly
 fame!

To this sweet babe thy terrors were
 not seen,
 Nor dread had she to hear thy so-
 lemn name.

Few years were past, and those in harm-
 less mirth,—
 Tracing the paths of innocence she
 smil'd,—
 When Sickness bent the rose of health
 to earth,
 Ere Vice, insidious, had her heart
 beguil'd.

'Tis past; the awful scene of Death is
 o'er;
 Few joys she lost—for few this world
 can give:
 But life is gain'd, to last for eyermore!
 Who but like her would die, in joys
 to live?

TOM JONES.

STANZAS.

(Written by a young Lady of thirteen.)

HUSH, lovely babe! enjoy those sweets
 of sleep,
 Which grief thy mother's woe-worn
 frame denies:

Wake not, sweet babe, to hear thy pa-
 rent weep;
 She'll fan thy redd'ning features
 with her sighs!

No more will thy fond father's circling
 arms
 Press his lov'd image to his throb-
 bing breast;

Nor will he more bedew thy op'ning
 charms
 With tears which valour cannot e'en
 repress.

Stern, cruel Death! thou unrelenting
 pow'r!
 Whom Sympathy ne'er taught the
 widow's sigh!—

How often dost thou fade the fairest
 flow'r,
 And blast the brightest hope of plea-
 sure nigh.

J. S****H.
*Tooley-street, Southwark,
 July 8, 1801.*

THE RAINBOW; A SIMILE.

'Vapours, how like the vague desires.
 That cheat the heart of man!—

CUNNINGHAM.

SEE how yon bow extends along the
 sky!
 See how it glows with ev'ry tint and
 hue!

But, ah! how soon the transient colours
 fly!
 They vanish e'en while we ad-
 miring view!

How like that bow are all our plea-
 sures here
 Pourtray'd by Fancy on an empty
 shade!—

Ye thoughtless gay, the moral deign to
 hear—
 'Thus life itself, with all its joys,
 must fade!'

PASTOR.
*Dean-street, Tooley-street,
 Southwark.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

Milan, June 12.

THE reports that the pope has offered to cede his ecclesiastical territory to the king of Sardinia is unfounded. The first consul has, however, applied to the pope to dispense with the celibacy of the clergy, to acknowledge the constitutional priests, &c. but the pope has given a refusal.

A corps of French troops are assembling in Tuscany, the destination of which is not known.

A report has been in circulation here for some days, that the pope had left Rome, and the French taken possession of the city; but our gazettes only say, that French troops have passed, and daily pass, through Rome to Naples. The French generals Casabianca and Martin are arrived at Rome. As the pope, on account of the state of his finances, has been unable to restore the horse-guard, the Roman nobility have offered to form a corps at their own expence, and this offer has been accepted with thanks. The secretary of state has nominated the officers, and appointed the dukes Mathi and Braschi to be commandants of this guard.

An English frigate from Egypt has arrived in the harbour of Venice, but brings no new intelligence. The army of our republic will, for the future, consist of 40,000 French and 12,000 cisalpine troops. The expence of supporting them, which will probably be borne by our state alone, is estimated at seventy millions of melinleri annually.

The English take the greater part of the ships bound for Italian ports in possession of the French.

General Moncey has now the command in chief of the French cisalpine army, and the train of general Brune will return to Paris. General Moncey will have his head-quarters at Cremona, and the French army will form a line from Verona into Romagna. Ligurian troops now occupy Loano, as well as Oneglia.

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There is a talk of a union of Parma and Placenza with the cisalpine republic.

Constantinople, June 12. On the 10th instant lord Elgin received dispatches from lord Keith and general Hutchinson, upon which he sent the following official communication on the 11th to the Turkish and all the foreign ministers: That as all the communication between Alexandria and Cairo had not as yet been totally cut off, the French had collected a vast quantity of provisions, which they intended to convey to the garrison of Alexandria. On the 23d of May the escort consisted of 500 soldiers, who had mounted about 200 camels, and were accompanied by 100 foot; but in the neighbourhood of Alexandria the English troops fell upon this important supply, took the whole escort prisoners, and sent the peasants home with empty waggons. As great want prevailed in Alexandria, general Hutchinson expected the place would speedily submit to a capitulation, which he was on the point of proposing.

In the forts round Cairo there were about two or three thousand French troops, but they were blockaded by the Turks.

A corps of French troops, which had held out till now in an advantageous post, seeing the danger of being surrounded, resolved to embark for France; but the English surprised and made them all prisoners.

25. The last accounts which we have received here from Egypt came down to the 2d of June, and mention, that the army of the grand vizier had formed a junction near Cairo with the corps under the capitan pacha. The grand vizier waited for this junction to undertake an attack upon Cairo, where there is still a French corps, which principally endeavours to defend the forts there.

We have not as yet received any account that the English troops from the East Indies, which have landed at Suez, have joined the grand vizier. In the

action which took place on the 18th May between the French and the grand vizier, a corps of Turks bravely maintained their ground against almost an equal number of French, who endeavoured to attack the rear of the grand vizier, till they received a reinforcement of 4000 men, which compelled the enemy to retreat. The disagreement which prevails among the French generals has been of great advantage to the Turks and English.

We have received advices here, that the squadron of admiral Gantheaume was seen on the 12th of June, off Cape Spartimento, on the coast of Calabria; the next day, the squadron of admiral Warren appeared in the same seas: It is believed here, that an engagement must have taken place between the two fleets, at the entrance of the Adriatic; the French admiral, it is supposed, intended to take on board more French troops at Otranto or Brindisi, and then proceed to Egypt, or possibly make an attack on some of the Turkish provinces in the neighbourhood of the Adriatic.

28. The whole of the Turkish and English force, which has formed a junction against the French at Cairo, is estimated at 42,000 men. A corps of English, under general Hutchinson, has likewise joined the army of the grand vizier, and the corps of the capitan pacha.

Hanover, June 28. On the 15th inst. our ministry gave in a note to the Prussian privy-counsellor, M. Dohm, on the subject of the continuance of the Prussian troops in the Hanoverian territory. It states the alteration in political circumstances, particularly in the north of Europe, that has lately taken place, and expresses a confidence that his Prussian majesty, in his wisdom and justice, and in consequence of his friendly connexions with the king of England, will now withdraw his troops from the territory of Hanover.

Italy, July 8. Accounts have been received at Rome, that the French minister at war has sent orders for the evacuation of the papal fort of St. Leo, and the province of Monte Feltro, by the French troops. All Italian emigrants have been obliged to leave Leghorn, where general Murat is taking

every measure to prevent any provisions being sent thence to the English Porto Ferrajo.

The first dispatches which the pope has received from cardinal Gonsalvi, at Paris, are of a very satisfactory nature.

Leghorn, July 13. If we may believe news from Porto Ferrajo, 500 militia made a sortie on the morning of the 17th of last month, and attacked about 600 French. The latter, making an evolution, formed themselves into a semi-circle, and suffered the enemy, who advanced imprudently, to approach. They then surrounded them, and, taking them in the rear, opened a heavy and warm fire of musquetry and grape shot. The carnage was very considerable.

Strasburg, July 15. The dispatches which the brig Lodi has brought from Egypt have as yet only been published by extracts. A letter has however been received here from a person belonging to the army on board the Lodi in the road of Nice, which states that the situation of affairs in Egypt is not the best possible, of which there are two principal causes:—First, the disagreement between several of the generals, especially between Menou and Regnier. And, secondly, the plague which broke out in Cairo and Upper Egypt a short time before the attack of the English, and prevented the necessary measures being taken to collect the whole army, and attack the English on every side before they had time to establish themselves on shore. Before the Lodi sailed, above 50,000 persons had already fallen victims to this dreadful disease. In Cairo nearly 1000 die daily. Many of the French have been carried off by this distemper, which is the more serious a loss, as the number of French troops is now greatly diminished. In Upper Egypt Murad Bey, five other inferior beys, and 1200 Mamalukes, have died of the plague.

Ratisbon, July 17. We are now able to state with certainty the following facts relative to the misunderstanding in the Upper Palatinate: The lordship of Schonen, and some other lordships, are Bohemian fiefs, to the sovereignty of which both Bohemia and the Palatinate advanced claims, and the government of Bohemia sent Austrian troops to take possession of the little town of Schänsee.

The

The commander of the elector Palatine, who was there, retired with his guard without offering resistance, and not a man was either killed or wounded. The report that five thousand Austrians had entered the Palatinate was exaggerated. The dispute is now in a train of negotiation between the two courts, and will probably be adjusted in an amicable manner. The march of a number of battalions of electoral troops for the Upper Palatinate has no connexion with this affair, and was in consequence of the removal of the regiments of the Palatinate of the Rhine.

Brussels, July 23. In the negotiations for peace with England, the first consul, it is understood, insists especially on the restoration of the Cape of Good Hope, and of the French ships taken by the English at Toulon. These points occasion much difficulty on the part of the English government.

At Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk, there are now 20,000 troops assembled for embarkation.—The English cruisers, which form a cordon from Havre-de-Grace to Dunkirk, have been reinforced with sixteen ships of war, and hold Boulogne and Havre-de-Grace blockaded.

Amsterdam, July 27. A great number of gun-boats fitted out and equipped in the Zuyder-Zee have received orders to repair to the Texel, where they will serve for the defence of the road of that port against all attempts of the English fleet under admiral Graves. Every thing leads us to believe that the enemy, seeing such numerous forces as those now cruising off the Texel, means to attack the division of the Dutch fleet at anchor there. Some light vessels are already come to reconnoitre the interior of the road. All the batteries of the Helder, and those raised upon that western part of the coast of Holland, are in the best state, and furnished with a sufficient number of troops to serve them.—On the side of the Meuse measures of precaution are also taken, as well in the Isle of Goree, as in the vicinity of Helvoetsluys. In this state of things we expect immediately maritime events of the highest importance in the North Sea. It is thought that the arrival of general Augereau, who is expected every moment on his return from Paris,

will determine the sailing of our fleet under the command of admiral de Winter, and its destination. It is certain, that the English cruisers placed at the mouth of the Scheldt have lately stopped some fishing vessels upon the coast of the Isle of Walchern. The enemy interrogated the owners as to the number of troops in the Isles of Zealand, as also the effective force of the division of Gallo-Batavian ships of war which are in the port of Flushing, as also in the Western Scheldt.

Brussels, July 27. The sailing of the Batavian fleet is no longer talked of. The troops embarked on board the division lying at Helvoetsluys will be landed in a few days, and encamped in the Island of Goree. The greatest activity, however, prevails in the dock-yards of the republic, and the fleet will be reinforced by some ships of the line and frigates lately launched, and which are getting ready for sea.

Calais, July 29. All communication with England is absolutely shut up, except for M. Otto and government, whose packets are the only ones that go and come freely. Even private letters are not received at this moment. All the passengers who attempted to embark within these several days past for Dover have been sent back without being permitted to go on board.

Vienna, August 1. Accounts have been received here from Malta, that admiral Gantheaume has actually cast anchor on the African coast, thirty German miles from Alexandria; but a squadron detached from lord Keith's fleet making its appearance, he ordered his ships to slip their cables, and returned. The English, however, took eight empty French transports.

According to accounts from Constantinople, the grand signior has sent presents of great value to the grand vizier, the captain pacha, and lord Keith.

On the 9th of July, the chevalier de Corral, the Spanish minister at Constantinople, had his audience of entry of the Caimacan.

The property left by the late elector of Cologne is very considerable; the money and effects amount to seven millions of florins, and the notes and state obligations to a much higher sum.

HOME NEWS.

London, August 1.

THE gipsies had a grand field-day at Norwood. There was a prodigious assemblage of the different gangs, and their tents formed a sort of street, where a sumptuous feast was cooked. The grass was bespread with a variety of excellent dishes, and they sat around, according to the Eastern fashion, cross-legged, enjoying the good things of this world in abundance. The gipsy king presided with a prodigious long pipe, assuming a sort of sullen dignity, during which time he preferred smoking real Virginia to arguing on the escape of Gantheaume, or the fall of omnium. The proprietor of a barrel-organ attended, and amused the company with the favourite song of 'The Grinder;' and while the company's hearts swelled with joy, they retired, after an eloquent speech from their prince, and a benediction from their chaplain, having first agreed to celebrate the birthday of the former on the same place the ensuing summer. The display of *beautiful* gipsy women on this occasion, and their *correct* behaviour, attracted the notice and admiration of many elegant and accomplished strangers.

3. The marquis of Abercorn proposed on Saturday last to accompany the marchioness and lady H. Hamilton in a phaëton, from the Priory, Stanmore, to Harrow. When mounting the coach-box, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the marquis observing to the servant that one of the horses appeared somewhat restive, it was changed for another, and his lordship proceeded. Scarcely, however, had he advanced two hundred yards from the Priory, when the horses unfortunately took fright, and set off with an alarming rapidity. The ladies, apprehensive of the most dangerous consequences, shrieked with such violence, as, for the time, deprived the marquis of that presence of mind so necessary at such a

critical juncture. Endeavouring in vain to stop the horses, and perplexed and agonised for the fate of the marchioness and his charming daughter, he threw himself from his seat, and, by the desperate expedient, broke both his legs! The one fracture was under, and the other above the knee! The marchioness and lady Hamilton still kept their seats, notwithstanding the horses ran with uncommon celerity along the Harrow road. At the turning of a lane, when the horses made a sudden spring forward, the marchioness and lady Hamilton were thrown into a hedge, and, happy to relate, experienced little or no personal injury.—The marquis was with great difficulty carried home; the ablest assistants procured, and his legs set in such a manner as to promise the desired effect. He was yesterday as well as could be expected.

Yesterday, about three o'clock, a violent whirlwind took place in Dr. Lettsom's garden, at Grove-hill. Its violence was so powerful, as to raise up the covers of the melon-frames nearly thirty feet high; the frames and glasses were shivered to pieces; two large bell-glasses shared the same fate. The gardeners near the spot escaped the shower of broken glass, &c. by making the quickest retreat. Colonel Ironside, colonel Elliot, and other visitors at Grove-hill, were spectators of this curious phenomenon. The hot- and green-houses in the vicinity of the whirlwind suffered no injury.

5. The coroner's inquest sat on the body of Edward Bibbs, who was killed in a battle, on Monday evening the 3d instant, in a field near Newtown, in the parish of Baschurch. The battle consisted of twenty-six rounds; towards the latter part of it, the daughter of the deceased, about twelve years of age, the youngest of four children, broke through the crowd, which was numerous,

numerous, and had prevailed on her father to go home with her: unfortunately her filial duty was not properly seconded: she was separated from her father for the last time, and he was encouraged fatally to go on; and in a few minutes received the blow which put an end to his existence.

6. Yesterday evening, about six o'clock, as two poor labouring men were at work upon the old houses, now taking down at the end of Butcher-row, close to the gate of the New-inn, the walls tumbled in. One of the men was entirely buried in the ruins, and the other, all except his head. They were immediately extricated, and sent to the hospital, the one in a coach, and the other on a bier; but the latter, we are concerned to state, expired on the way, and the former is not likely to recover. A little girl of the neighbourhood is missing. She was seen in the course of the day picking up the rotten bits of timber, and it is feared she is in the ruins. The workmen continued to search until it grew dark, but without finding her.

Sheerness, August 6. Yesterday the Charlotte tender, formerly attached to admiral Græme, commander-in-chief of this port, but now to lord Nelson, in returning from the Berchermar, Dutch floating-battery, captain Fraser, stationed near the Middle-sand to guard the Swin-passage, was taken possession of by about thirty Dutch prisoners, who have for some time been employed as volunteers by rear-admiral Rowley in fitting out the ships at Chatham, and were on their return to that place, having just completed the Berchermar. The manner they effected their plan was, that when the tender had got out of sight of the ship, the tide coming against her, obliged the master to come to anchor: while his men were busied in furling the sails, and himself forward in seeing the cable run out, these fellows knocked him down, broke open the arm-chest, and possessed themselves completely of the vessel. In the night they got her under weigh; but for want of knowledge as pilots, they ran her a-ground on the East Barrow Sand, where eleven of the most determined of them, after cutting the ten-

der's rigging, got into a four-oared boat (the only one belonging to her), and pushed off either for the coast of Holland or France; where it is to be hoped some of our cruisers will pick them up. The vessel, and all those that the boat could not carry, are again in this harbour.

Chester, August 7. On Sunday afternoon this city was visited by one of the most awful storms of thunder and lightning ever remembered by the inhabitants. The peals of thunder were so awfully terrific, and the lightning so uncommonly vivid and incessant, as to occasion an interruption in the evening-service at the cathedral.

The electric fluid did considerable damage to the house of Mr. Chamberlain, at the top of Smith's-walk; it entered the house by a chimney, and forced its way to the wire of the bell in the drawing-room, which it melted; also the top and bottom of a large oval looking-glass, under which it perforated the wall in a zig-zag direction, about two inches deep, to the bottom of the room; it then re-entered the chimney, and descended into the parlour, the fire-grate of which it loosened, and from thence into the dining-room, ran up an iron pillar, and made a hole in the cieling of about eight inches diameter, and forced a brick out of the wall; it then entered a room in the upper story, attracted, it is supposed, by the weights of the window, which were cast-iron, the casement of which it tore to pieces, and threw a part of it into an adjoining tree, breaking all the windows in the room, and part of those in the dining-room; and though the whole of the family were at home, they received no injury, except the fright they were thrown into by this awful visitation of nature; but every part of the house appeared to them to have a blue cast; and the smell of sulphur was so strong, as nearly to deprive them of the power of breathing.

A young woman was thrown into a strong convulsive fit, occasioned by the loud claps of thunder, and almost immediately expired. This storm was also very severe in the neighbourhoods of Shrewsbury and Liverpool. We have not heard of damage being done

to any amount by this tremendous storm, save that a thatched barn (providentially empty) was set fire to by the lightning, at Elton, about eight miles from this city, and entirely consumed.

London, August 7. Yesterday omrning, about four o'clock, the warehouse of Mr. Harris and Co. wholesale tea-dealers, in Abchurch-lane, was discovered to be on fire; and the flames raged so rapidly, that neither the contents of the house or warehouse could be saved. Above one hundred chests of tea were consumed; but luckily, from the active exertions of the different fire-engines, the flames were stopped from totally destroying the adjoining houses and warehouses, although many of them are materially damaged, particularly towards Sherborne-lane, near the Post-office.

8. Yesterday and on Thursday thirty-six biscuit-bakers, out of upwards of one hundred, belonging to the king's mills at Rotherhithe and the Victualling-office at Deptford, appeared before the magistrates, at the instance of the commissioners of his majesty's Victualling-office, on a charge of conspiring to enhance their wages, and demanding particular privileges. They were convicted by the magistrates, and sentenced to three months' confinement. From this decision they made an appeal to the quarter-sessions, and were therefore discharged under sufficient security to abide the decision of a full bench of magistrates.

Admiralty-office, August 8.

Copy of a letter from lord viscount Nelson, K. B. vice-admiral of the blue, &c. to Evan Nepean, esq. dated on board his majesty's ship Medusa, off Boulogne, the 4th instant.

'SIR,

'The enemy's vessels, brigs, and flats (lugger-rigged); and a schooner, 24 in number, were this morning, at daylight, anchored in a line in front of the town of Boulogne: the wind being favourable for the bombs to act, I made the signal for them to weigh, and to throw shells at the vessels, but as little as possible to annoy the town; the captains placed their ships in the best possible position, and in a few hours three of the

flats and a brig were sunk; and, in the course of the morning, six were on shore, evidently much damaged: at six in the evening, being high water, five of the vessels which had been a-ground hauled with difficulty into the Mole, the others remained under water; I believe the whole of the vessels would have gone inside the pier, but for want of water. What damage the enemy have sustained, beyond what we see, is impossible to tell. The whole of this affair is of no further consequence, than to show the enemy they cannot, with impunity, come outside their ports.—The officers of artillery threw the shells with great skill; and I am sorry to say, that captain Fyers, of the royal artillery, is slightly wounded in the thigh by the bursting of an enemy's shell, and two seamen are also wounded.—A flat gun-vessel is this moment sunk. I am, &c.

(*Gaz.*) 'NELSON AND BRONTE.'

17. An account was received at the Admiralty this morning, that an attack had been made on the night of the 15th instant, by the gun-boats and craft under the command of vice-admiral lord viscount Nelson, on the enemy's flotilla, moored at the mouth of the harbour of Boulogne; and that, notwithstanding several of the enemy's vessels had been carried by the intrepidity of the officers and men employed on this enterprise, the vessels had been so chained together, fastened at the same time to the ground, and so near the shore, as to be commanded by musquetry from thence, which kept up a constant fire on our boats; that it was found impossible to bring any of them off.

Upwards of one hundred officers and men have been killed and wounded on this occasion, but the loss of the enemy has not been ascertained.

Deal, August 17. Lord Nelson returned to the Downs last night, after an unsuccessful attempt upon the gun-boats at Boulogne, in which two hundred and fifty men were killed and wounded. Some reports say three hundred. Captain Parker has lost his thigh. Two lieutenants were killed.

Our men got possession of some of the enemy's boats, but were not able
either

either to bring them away, or destroy them, the fire kept up from the enemy's batteries being so extremely heavy.

The attack began at half past eleven on Saturday night, and continued till three the next morning.

BIRTHS.

July 24. At Leixlip, the right hon. lady Augusta Leith, of a son.

26. At Cowley-grove, the lady of John Geers Cotterell, esq. colonel of the Herefordshire militia, of a son.

28. At his house at Mortlake, the lady of James Hawkins Whitshed, esq. rear-admiral of the red, of two sons.

August 1. The right hon. lady Charlotte Strutt, of a son, at colonel Strutt's in Seymour-street.

The lady of Charles Thomson, esq. of a son, at his house in Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

4. At his house at Craven-hill, the lady of sir William Beechey, of twins.

8. The lady of Charles Bosanquet, esq. of a son.

10. At his house in Grosvenor-place, the lady of Joseph Lyons Walton, esq. of a son.

14. At Richmond, the countess of Glasgow, of a daughter.

At Dersingham, near Lynn, Norfolk, the lady of Henry Prescot Blencowe, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 21. At Bath, the rev. Thomas Blakeney, of the county of Roscommon, to miss Alicia Newcombe, second daughter of the late primate of Ireland.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, T. W. Broadbent, esq. to miss Eliza Farnworth, daughter of Mr. J. Farnworth, of Whitchurch, Salop.

At Hastings, captain Columbine, of the royal navy, to miss Ann Curry, second daughter of Thomas Curry, esq. of Gosport.

At Richmond, in the county of Surrey, by the rev. Mr. Wakefield, Ralph Riddell, esq. of Felton-park, in the county of Northumberland, to miss Blount, of the former place,

At Lee, in Kent, by the rev. Samuel Greame Marsh, capt. Williams, of the 29th regiment of foot, to miss Marsh, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Marsh, esq. of Belmont, Middlesex.

At the cathedral, by the rev. Dr. Powys, dean of Canterbury, Philip Burrard, esq. to miss Sarah Naylor, second daughter of the rev. Christopher Naylor, of Canterbury.

23. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. John Marks, builder, of Prince's-street, to miss Andrews, of Abridge.

At Kenton, Mr. Beard, of that place, to miss Bartlett, of Teignmouth.

Same day, capt. Bartlett, of Teignmouth, to miss Beard, brother and sister to the above.

25. At Bath, Laurence Hickey Jephson, esq. of the county of Tipperary, to the honourable miss Martha Prittie.

28. At West Monkton rectory-house, by the lord bishop of Bath and Wells, the rev. Dr. Crossman, rector of Blagdon, to miss H. More.

31. At St. Mary's, Islington, Thomas Philipps, esq. of the City-chambers, to miss Charlotte Arbouin, fourth daughter of the late M. Arbouin, esq.

At Queen's-square chapel, J. S. S. Smith, esq. of Conduit-street, to miss Turner, of Queen's-square, Bloomsbury.

At Woodford, in Essex, lieut.-col. Hutchinson, of the 49th regiment, to miss Letitia Vaillant, youngest daughter of Paul Vaillant, esq. of Pall-mall.

Thomas Grenville, esq. of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, to miss Hornsby, of Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square.

August 1. At Southampton, sir Edmund Carrington, of Ceylon, to miss Paulina Belli, youngest daughter of John Belli, esq. of Southampton.

4. The right rev. lord Aylmer, to miss Louisa Call, second daughter of the late sir John Call, baronet.

6. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the rev. J. A. Carr, William Blackett, esq. only son of sir Edward Blackett, bart. of Matsen, in Northumberland, to miss Keene, eldest daughter of Benjamin Keene, esq. of Weston-lodge, in Cambridgeshire.

At St. George the Martyr, by the rev. Mr. Pratt, John Campbell, esq. of Edinburgh,

Edinburgh, writer to the signet, to miss Sophia Stewart, youngest daughter of the late Duncan Stewart, esq. of Ardsheal, Argyleshire.

Brigadier-general Danne, to miss White, sister to the right hon. lord viscount Bantry, and niece to the right hon. lord viscount Longueville.

At Lambeth, Thomas Cresswell, esq. of Gould-square, to miss Old, of Newington-place.

8. At Hatfield, by the rev. Mr. Keet, Mr. Carr Lucas, to miss Penrose, daughter of James Penrose, esq.

At Bishops-waltham, Hants, George Skottowe, esq. to miss Robinson, only daughter of captain Robinson, of the royal navy.

Mr. George Taylor, banker, Bartholomew-lane, to miss Gray, of Walworth.

12. At Plymouth, lieutenant Bowker, of his majesty's ship Prince, of ninety-eight guns, to miss Yates.

At Limerick, Philip Wm. Russell, esq. to miss Bennett, daughter of the late James Bennett, of Ballistone, esq.

Mr. Thomas Binless, of Basinghall-street, to miss Jackson, of Gower-street.

16. Mr. Thomas Parker, of Bridge-street, Westminster, to miss Mayo, of Oxford-street.

17. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, by the rev. John Davies, of Trinity-college, Cambridge, John Hawkins, esq. of Sunbury, in Middlesex, to miss Sibthorp, daughter of Humphrey Sibthorp, esq. one of the members of parliament for Lincoln.

DEATHS.

July 19. The hon. and rev. Philip Howard, rector of Handsworth, and brother to the earl of Suffolk.

22. At his lodgings in London, Dr. Fowler, of York.

Captain James Bradby, of his majesty's ship Andromeda, and son of rear-admiral Bradby.

Mrs. Finch, of King-street, Covent-garden.

24. At Plymouth, Mr. Joseph Brook-
ing, aged eighty-six, for many years

town-steward of the borough, and the oldest freeman in the town of Plymouth.

At his house in Hatton-street, Joseph Warner, esq. F.R.S. at the advanced age of eighty-five.

28. At Marlow, in Bucks, aged 32, the rev. Thomas Langley, A.M. rector of Whiston, Northamptonshire.

Mr. James Masters, of the Strand.

At his house at Chatham, after a short illness, John Mawby, esq. late major of the 18th regiment of foot, in the seventy-second year of his age.

30. Miss Ann Forbes Barnes, youngest daughter of John Barnes, esq. of Walthamstow, Essex.

Mrs. Merry, of Queen Ann-street West, relict of John Merry, esq. of Micklefield.

Mrs. Haynes, wife of Mr. William Haynes, of Clayton-place, Kennington.

At Wallington-park, at the age of seventy-five, the right hon. sir Grey Cooper, bart. His death was sudden.

31. At Farnham Royal, near Windsor, John Williamson, esq. in the forty-third year of his age.

August 4. At his house at Dulwich, in Surrey, George Giles, esq. late associate of the Norfolk circuit.

Mrs. Browne, wife of Jas. Browne, esq. of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

5. At his house at Clapham, Joseph Shrimpton, esq.

At Woodstock, the rev. T. King, D.D. chancellor of Lincoln.

8. At Charlton-house, near Sunbury, Middlesex, Mrs. Tayler, widow of the late Richard Tayler, esq.

10. At Liverpool, Mr. Wild, upwards of twenty years prompter of Covent-garden theatre.

James-Edward Lewis, esq. aged 25, lieutenant in the royal navy, and eldest son of Jas. Lewis, esq. of Powis-place.

13. At Ellon-castle, in the county of Aberdeen, the right hon. George Gordon, earl of Aberdeen, in the eightieth year of his age. His lordship is succeeded by his grandson, lord Haddo.

15. Mrs. Elmslie, wife of John Elmslie, esq. of Berners-street.

At his house at Westham, in the county of Essex, Christopher Barton Metcalf, esq.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR SEPTEMBER 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 The TREACHEROUS CONFIDANTE.
- 2 For the MORAL ZOÖLOGIST—The CAMEL.
- 3 Latest Fashionable PARIS DRESSES, beautifully coloured.
- 4 A New and Elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC.—ALWIN and RENA, a Ballad; composed by Mr. W. BARRE.

LONDON:

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE should be obliged to the lady who transmitted to us the beginning of the tale entitled, '*Count Schweitzer*' for a further continuation, and an estimate of the length to which it will extend.

The letter of *Civis* has merit, and we agree with the author in sentiment; but he must have observed, that political discussions are inconsistent with the plan of our Miscellany.

We are sorry to be reduced to the necessity of informing T. D. that his Essay is rejected, because in many places it is so incoherent as to be unintelligible.

The fragment from Yarmouth has been received; as have also,—Lines addressed to the Memory of Miss A. B. by Selinda—The Tick of the Watch, a Poem—Sumoner, a Romantic Poem—Lines to the Memory of General Abercromby—Elegy by J. S****h—and Sonnet to Mary, by Leander.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine



The Treacherous Confidante.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1801.

THE TREACHEROUS CONFIDANTE;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

CONFIDENCE is the soul of friendship, and friendship the balm of life; but when friendship and confidence are abused by treachery, the evils and miseries that may be the consequence are immeasurable; nor can any punishment be too great for a crime so base and malignant.

Mr. and Mrs. Everard had entered into the connubial union with a sincere and ardent affection for each other. Possessed of a plentiful fortune, and respected and beloved by their neighbours, they passed their days for the first two years after their marriage in a continued succession of innocent pleasures and acts of beneficence, in which they enjoyed real happiness. Their residence was almost always in the country; for though Mr. Everard occasionally visited the capital, he was always eager to return to the arms of his Maria, who having little relish for the noisy entertainments of the town very seldom left her rural abode. A smiling boy had blessed their loves, and the attention and care of Mrs. Everard was entirely employed in the nurture and management of her darling child.

But this happiness was not to continue without a cloud. Mrs. Eve-

ward, when at boarding-school, had contracted a very strict intimacy with a miss Norberry, whose character, though apparently similar, was in reality the reverse of her own. She was selfish, vain, deceitful, and vindictive.

From the time of her leaving school, Mrs. Everard had not seen her till about two years after her marriage, when some accidental circumstances bringing them once more together, they soon renewed their former acquaintance, which was the more acceptable to miss Norberry, as misfortunes (many of them incurred by her own imprudent and reprehensible conduct) had rendered a friend possessed of the affluence and liberality of Mrs. Everard particularly acceptable to her. She formerly possessed a small fortune, which she had dissipated, and she was now reduced to the verge of absolute want. Mrs. Everard, to whom she told a very melancholy tale, (though by no means in every particular consonant to truth) very sincerely commiserated her situation, and took her to reside with her as her friend and companion.

Miss Norberry was handsome in her person, and in her manner particularly graceful and genteel. In

consummate artifice and dissimulation, she had, perhaps, never been surpassed by any of her sex; and she loved to be continually engaged in intrigue. She had not been long in her friend's house before she fixed on Mr. Everard as one whose open and unsuspecting character rendered him a proper subject on which to practise her usual arts. For it is to be observed, that to her real history, as well as her character, Mrs. Everard was an utter stranger; and had she known the licentiousness of her manners for the two or three last years, she would sooner have taken a serpent into her bosom, than have received her into her house.

Her behaviour was, at first exemplarily modest and humble. This was succeeded in a little time by a cheerful ease and hilarity, which was extremely engaging, and which she soon found attracted the attention and made a favourable impression on Mr. Everard. As she had carefully studied, and well understood, all the arts of insinuation and flattery, she soon impressed him with an idea that she greatly admired the accomplishments bestowed on him by nature and education, and especially his good sense. The gratitude, or perhaps the vanity, of Mr. Everard, returned this good opinion in a very liberal manner; and it became manifest, that she had acquired not a little of his favour. Still, however, he did not proceed so far as she intended to lead him—that is, an amorous attachment, from which she conceived a substantial profit might be derived in the form of a settlement. She had recourse to all her arts, and was well convinced that she had made a very sensible impression on his passions; but still she failed of ultimate success. This failure she attributed, and indeed rightly, to the sincere affection which subsisted

between him and his lady, and which she now resolved, if possible, to destroy.

To effect this, the great engine she resolved to employ was jealousy, with which she endeavoured to poison the mind of Mrs. Everard: while, at the same time, by ambiguous expressions, she instilled similar insinuations into the heart of her husband. A gentleman who occasionally visited at Mr. Everard's was the person she pointed out as the paramour of Mrs. Everard, and she made such an artful use of incidental circumstances, that Mr. Everard began to listen to her. To Mrs. Everard she addressed herself with the utmost professions of confidential friendship, and related a regular fictitious tale of an infidelity on the part of her husband, which had come to her knowledge in a very extraordinary manner. She told her likewise that he had made amorous advances to her, which, if her virtue had not inclined her to spurn at, her sincere friendship and affection for her would have made her refuse with disdain. As a proof of his wishes to form such an attachment, she referred her to an attentive observation of his general behaviour towards her; and if so much was visible when she was present, she needed entertain no doubt that he proceeded much farther when she was absent. 'I assure you, however,' added she, artfully, 'I do not believe he has any love, or even any violent passion of any kind for me; his behaviour is merely the consequence of the natural levity and licentiousness of his character; and I really believe he would behave the same to almost any other woman in the same situation.' This she said as a kind of apology for her still continuing where she was, and to prevent too much of Mrs. Everard?

Everard's jealousy from falling upon her, which might have tended to defeat her plans.

By thus practising alternately on the minds of this too credulous pair, she at length produced an open and violent rupture between them, each supposing the affection of the other estranged by being disposed elsewhere. Mr. Everard now fell rapidly into all the lures spread for him by Miss Norberry: but in proportion as he began to think of really forming a connection with her the external appearance of his regard for her diminished; and Mrs. Everard was convinced that she was her faithful friend, and had rejected all his offers with disdain.

But the loss of the affection of her husband sank deep into the heart of the unhappy Maria, and she determined not to survive it. Oppressed with the most heart-felt anguish, she walked out with her child to the entrance of a wood, which terminated the pleasure-grounds near their house, and the gloominess of which suited her melancholy ideas. She kissed, with bitter tears, her smiling infant, and then swallowed the contents of a phial of laudanum, with which she had purposely provided herself.—‘O, Henry Everard!’ said she, ‘my death will at least prove the sincerity of my affection for you, and how little I have deserved the treatment I have suffered from you!’ Having thus said, she laid herself down to wait the expected approach of death; while her child, unconscious of what she was doing, played carelessly around her.

It chanced, that Mr. Everard had that morning walked out into the same wood, where he had indulged in melancholy reflections—for his heart was not yet so weaned from his Maria, that he could give her, up without a sigh. As he

walked, he revolved in his mind their former happiness: he thought of the child he tenderly loved; and re-considered all the insinuations and pretended proofs of Miss Norberry, by which she had induced him to suspect her on whose innocence and affection for him he would before have staked his life: he passed them all in review, found them feeble and unsatisfactory, and resolved that he would endeavour to obtain some still stronger before he condemned her. At this moment her exclamation struck his ears. He stood for a moment astonished and confounded—then rushed through the trees, and found his wife extended on the ground. He tenderly took her in his arms, and with a feeble voice she told him what she had done. He conveyed her into the house, and procuring immediate medical assistance a discharge of the poison from her stomach was obtained, and, by proper treatment, any fatal consequences prevented—though she remained for some weeks very feeble, from the effects of the deadly potion she had taken, and the previous anxiety of mind which she had suffered.

But the remedy which most of all contributed to restore her to perfect health and happiness was the full and fair explanation which now took place between her and her husband, by which all the artifices of Miss Norberry were detected, and all the doubts which either had entertained with respect to the affection and fidelity of the other completely removed. Their former love for each other returned with double force, and their happiness seemed only to be increased by this temporary, though severely painful, interruption of it.

As for Miss Norberry, she was immediately convinced, that Mr. Everard's house was no longer a place

place for her, and left it precipitately. She afterwards formed a connexion with a man of dissolute character, with whom she went to London, where she passed through all the gradations of prostitution, and ended a wicked life in a miserable manner.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES of LONDON BRIDGE.

(From the History of the Rivers of Great Britain.)

THE year of the foundation of London Bridge is not ascertained by antiquarian sagacity; but it appears to have been built between the years 993 and 1016, since, in the first of them, Unlaf the Dane, according to the Saxon Chronicle, sailed up the river as far as Staines; and, in the latter, Canute king of Denmark, when he besieged London, caused a channel to be formed on the south of the Thames, about Rotherhithe, for conveying his ships, above the bridge. If any credit is to be given to the traditionary account of the origin of the ancient wooden bridge given by Bartholomew Linstead, the last prior of St. Mary Overy's convent, London is indebted for this structure to that religious house. Stow seems to be of this opinion; but the persons who continued his work allow no other merit to the monks of this convent, than that they gave their consent to the erection of the bridge, on receiving a sufficient recompence for the loss of the ferry by which they had been supported; and that this conjecture is not without foundation appears from the appropriation of lands for the support of London bridge at so early a period as the reign of Henry I. In the year 1136, it was consumed by fire; and in 1163 it was

in such a ruinous state as to be rebuilt under the inspection of Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch in London, who was celebrated for his knowledge in the science of architecture. At length the continued and heavy expence which was necessary to maintain and support a wooden bridge becoming burdensome to the people, who when the lands appropriated for its maintenance proved inadequate to their object were taxed to supply the deficiencies, it was resolved in the year 1176 to build one of stone, a little to the west of the other, and this structure was completed in the year 1209. The same architect was employed, who died four years before it was finished, and was buried in a beautiful chapel, probably of his own construction, dedicated to St. Thomas, which stood on the ninth pier from the north end, and had an entrance from the river, as well as the street, by a winding stair-case. In the middle of it was a tomb, supposed to contain the remains of its architect. But though so much art and expence were employed in building the bridge with stone, it suffered very much from a fire in the streets at each end of it; so that from this accident, and other circumstances, it was in such a ruinous condition, that king Edward I. granted a brief to the bridge-keeper, to ask and receive the benevolence of his subjects through the kingdom towards repairing it. It would be equally irksome and unnecessary to enumerate all the casualties which befel London bridge, till the corporation of London came to the resolution in 1746 of taking down all the houses, and enlarging one or more of its arches, to improve the navigation beneath it: but it was ten years before this resolution was carried into effect. The space occupied by the piers and sterlings of this

this bridge is considerably greater than that allowed for the passage of the water ; so that half the breadth of the river is in this place entirely stopped. But instead of making reparation, the whole ought to have been removed, as a very magnificent structure might have been erected at a much less expence than has been employed in maintaining the present nuisance to the river and disgrace of the city. The last alteration cost near 100,000*l.* and without answering its principal object, which was to diminish its fall at the ebbing of the tide, and consequently to lessen the danger of a passage which has proved a watery grave to so many people. This vast work appears to have been founded on enormous piles driven closely together ; on their tops were laid long planks, ten inches thick, strongly bolted ; and on them was placed the base of the pier, the lowermost stones of which are bedded in pitch to prevent the water from damaging the work : around the whole were the piles, which are called the *sterlings*, designed to strengthen and preserve the foundation : these contracted the space between the piers in such a manner as to occasion at the return of every tide a fall of five feet, or a number of cataracts full of danger, and, as they have proved, of destruction. This structure has been styled by ancient writers the wonder of the world, and the bridge of wonders ; and how well it deserved this pompous character will be seen from the description of its form and condition, previous to that alteration to which it owes its present appearance.

The Thames in this part of it is 915 feet broad, which is the length of the bridge. The street that covered it consisted, before the houses fell to decay, of lofty edifices, built

with some attention to exterior regularity. It was twenty feet wide, and the buildings on either side about twenty-six feet in depth. Across the middle of the street ran several lofty arches, extending from side to side, the bottom part of each arch terminating at the first story, and the upper part reaching near the tops of the houses, the work over the arches extending in a straight line from side to side. They were designed to prevent the buildings from giving way, and were therefore formed of strong timbers bolted in the corresponding wood-work of the houses that flanked them. Thus the street on the bridge had nothing to distinguish it from any narrow street in the city, but the high arches just described, and three openings guarded with iron rails, which afforded a view of the river. But the appearance from the water baffles all description, and displayed a strange example of curious deformity. Nineteen unequal arches, of different lengths and breadths, with *sterlings* increased to a monstrous size by frequent repairs, served to support a range of houses as irregular as themselves ; the back parts of which, broken by hanging closets and irregular projections, offered a very disgusting object ; while many of the buildings overhung the arches, so as to hide the upper part of them, and seemed to lean in such a manner as to fill the beholder with equal amazement and horror. In one part of this extraordinary structure there had formerly been a draw-bridge, which was useful by way of defence, as well as to admit ships to the upper part of the river, and it was guarded by a tower. It prevented Fauconbridge, the bastard, from entering the city in 1471 with his armed followers, on the pretence of liberating the unfor-

unfortunate Henry from his imprisonment in the tower. It also checked, and, indeed, seemed to annihilate, the ill-conducted insurrection of sir Thomas Wiatt, in the reign of queen Mary. In the times of civil dissension, which rendered this kingdom a continual scene of turbulence and bloodshed, this tower was employed to expose the heads of traitors; and an old map of the city, in 1597, represents this building as decorated with a sad and numerous exhibition of them. But though the passage over the bridge is very much enlarged and improved, and forms a very handsome communication between the city of London and borough of Southwark, we cannot but lament—as if the miserable contrivance of the bridge itself were not a sufficient impediment to the navigation—that the four arches which have been so long occupied by an engine to supply the neighbourhood with water still continue to be incumbered with it.

The Will of PETER PITHOU.

PETER PITHOU was an eminent French lawyer, the friend of the illustrious de Thou, and the chancellor de l'Hôpital. He wrote his will in elegant Latin, which contains perhaps rather moral than pecuniary directions. It begins thus:

‘In the midst of the treasons and of the perfidies of the most corrupt age that the world ever saw, I have been as much as possible the slave of my word.

‘I have constantly loved and cultivated my friends with the whole force of my heart. I have rather

endeavoured to disarm my enemies by kindness, than to revenge myself of them by doing them mischief.

‘I have loved my wife as myself; I have never indulged my children improperly; and my servants I have treated as men.

‘As a child, a boy, and a man, I have ever paid great deference to age.

‘My country has ever concentrated all my affections. I have anxiously desired the amendment of the state, but always by moderate and just means. Full of respect and veneration for purer antiquity, I have never been the dupe of novelty.

‘I have always feared, and avoided as a serpent, all vain disputes and cavils respecting divine matters.

‘I have always been well assured, that knowledge and openness of mind lead more directly to their point than ignorance and intrigue.

‘I have never been so happy as in those days in which I have been able to be of use to my country and my friends.

‘I have ever preferred the art of judging well to that of speaking finely.

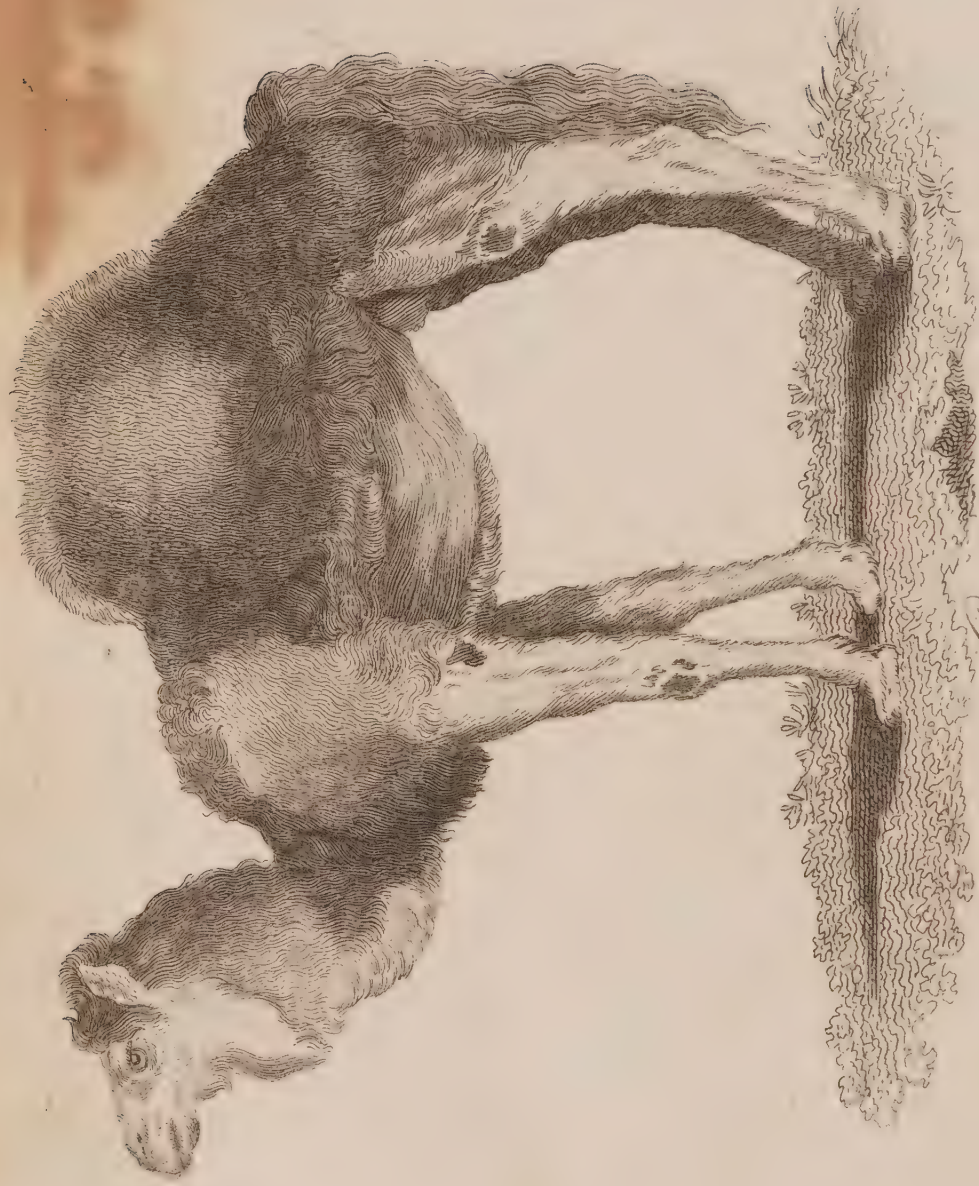
‘I trust rather to the decision of the law, than to that of my own judgment, the disposal of all that I die worth.

‘I trust that all the tenderness I have received from my dear wife will be transferred to my children; and that she will take care of their education in the same manner as if I were living.

‘I bequeath to posterity this faithful picture of my own mind, which I hope they will receive with the same simplicity with which I have portrayed it.’

This will is dated Nov. 1, (his birth-day) 1587.

Engraved in the Ladies Magazine.



Camel.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 408.)

DIVISION I. SECTION V.

Animals simply digitated, without teeth. Insectivorous appetite.

Genus.	Species.	Genus.	Species.
Manis,	- - 2	Ant-eater,	- 4

LETTER XXX.

From *Eugenia* to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

AS our beneficent Creator dispenses those gifts which perfectly accord with the general advantage of each individual, he has granted to those animals that have no teeth a tongue of an extraordinary length, endued with a glutinous saliva; and by giving them an insectivorous appetite has thereby rendered mastication unnecessary to their existence.— Thus, when viewed through this medium, seeming defects appear but a varied mode of perfection, and every distinction of form a new instance of omnipotent skill. Your ladyship, on due consideration, will find that the manis genus approaches so nearly to the lizard tribe as to form the link between genuine quadrupeds and the reptile class. The characteristic qualities of this genus are: the back, sides, and upper part of the tail, covered with large strong scales; a small mouth; long tongue; and no teeth.

THE LONG-TAILED MANIS.

Various authors have bestowed the name of 'scaly lizard' on this animal and the succeeding species, which is improperly applied, as they are viviparous, and lizards oviparous. Exclusive of this distinction, lizards are uniformly covered with a smooth variegated skin, the spots on which resemble scales; but the long-tailed manis has no scales on the throat, breast, and belly; the

remaining part of the body being covered with hair. The short-tailed kind have also the parts before specified covered with a smooth skin, destitute of hair. The scales with which these animals are furnished do not adhere to the body by any but the under part; consequently, like the porcupine's quills, they may be elevated or depressed at pleasure; and constitute such a formidable armour, that even lions and other rapacious animals cannot vanquish them, as they have the faculty of contracting themselves into the form of a ball: when so compacted their tail forms a kind of belt round the body, and thereby becomes an invulnerable armour. The long-tailed manis has a slender nose, which, like the head, is smooth; the body, legs, and tail, are furnished with long, sharp, striated scales; the throat and belly are covered with hair; the legs are short; there are four claws on each foot, one of which is considerably shorter than the others; the tail gradually decreases towards the extremity, but terminates obtusely; the length from nose to tail is about fourteen inches; the tail is one yard and half a quarter long.

This species inhabit Guinea, and various parts of Africa. As their habitudes are similar to the short-tailed kind, I shall unite the description of their several properties.

THE SHORT-TAILED MANIS.

This animal differs from the preceding species in the following particulars. The back, sides, and legs, are covered with obtuse scales, intermingled with bristles; there are five toes on each foot; the tail does not exceed the length of the body; the ears in some degree resemble those of the human species; the chin, belly, and interior part of the legs, are hairy. The dimensions of this animal, according to Buffon,

considerably exceed those of the long-tailed kind, as it measures in a mature state six or eight feet from the head to the extremity of the tail. This species inhabit the Oriental islands and Formosa: probably it is also a native of Guinea. The flesh of the manis is esteemed a delicacy, and the scales are converted to various uses. These animals are of a disgusting form, but harmless nature, as they only molest the reptile and insect tribes. They live in woods and marshy situations, run slowly, and are not able to evade human pursuit, but by taking refuge in holes, where the female brings forth, and nurses her young. They grow very fat; subsist chiefly on ants, which they take by extending their tongue into the haunts of those industrious insects, which being supplied with a thick saliva, the ants cannot extricate themselves from its glutinous substance. In their mode of sustenance, and also in the formation of their tongues and mouths, these animals are of a kindred nature with the ant-eater genus. Notwithstanding the disproportion of the dimensions it is reported these animals destroy the elephant by twisting themselves round his trunk, which, as it is endowed with exquisite sensations, is materially injured by being compressed with the hard scales of the manis. When this animal is enraged, its principal mode of defence consists in erecting its scales, which appear formidable to those against whom their efforts are levelled in battle array.

Whether we survey the porcupine's quills, the hedge-hog's bristles, the armadillo's fine-wrought coat of mail, or the scaly garb of the manis, we must acknowledge admirable perfection in each. The exterior of these animals must impress us with a lively sense of Infinite wis-

dom in their formation. The glossy skin, the thick-set coat of hair, and all the varied clothings dispensed to the numerous branches of animated nature, are but so many memorials of the omniscient provident exertions of the Supreme Being wrought in behalf of his frail creatures. The various tendency of appetite, and the organs granted for the execution of their several purposes, are also powerful tokens of Divine wisdom. To those quadrupeds whose appetites are carnivorous, teeth of an extraordinary sharp and strong texture are dispensed, which are expedient for the mastication of the hard food those rapacious animals indiscriminately swallow. In proportion as the appetite of individuals of the several genera is more or less voracious, a due proportion and quality of teeth are granted, suited to the means of obtaining and reducing the aliment to its proper consistency. There needs no proof of this assertion, but an attentive consideration of the various properties, propensities, and corporeal distinctions allotted to each branch of the animal tribes.—That your ladyship will prosecute these interesting inquiries, and impart the fruits of your judicious researches, is the earnest request of your ever-faithful

EUGENIA.

LETTER XXXI.

*From Eugenia to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.*

It is almost needless to point out to your ladyship, that the relative qualities that appear to exist between the manis and ant-eater tribes prove that the works of nature are progressive in many instances. The ant-eater genus is peculiar to the southern regions of the new continent. The distinctive traits of this class are: a body covered with hair;
a small

a small mouth; a long tongue, of a cylindrical form; and no teeth.

THE GREAT ANT-EATER.

This animal has a long slender nose; short round ears; small black eyes; a slender tongue, which lies double when compacted in the mouth, but measures two feet and a half when extended; slender legs; four toes on the fore-feet, and five on the hind; the two middle claws on the fore-feet very large, strong, and hooked; the hair on the upper regions of the body half a foot long, of a black hue mixed with grey. From the neck, across the shoulders, extending to the sides, there is a black line, bounded with a white stripe. The fore-legs are of a whitish cast, marked above the feet with a black spot. The tail is furnished with very coarse black hair a foot long. The length from nose to tail is about three feet ten inches; the tail is two feet and a half long.— This species inhabit Brasil and Guiana: the natives of those countries denominate it ‘tamanduagucu,’ or ‘tamandua,’ which the French have altered to ‘tamanoir.’ These animals are easily overtaken, as their pace when they move quickest is but slow. They also climb better than they walk, as the construction of their feet enables them to take fast hold. They swim with great facility over large rivers; and, when they thus pass them, fling their tail over their back. In walking, they often trail their tail on the ground, and when they are irritated agitate it with a menacing air. As this animal is averse to wet, it shelters itself from rain by reverting its tail over its body; and sleeps also in that position. This animal subsists on ants. When it discovers the nests of those insects it overturns them with its feet, thrusts its long tongue into their various recesses, and when

it is covered with ants draws it again into its mouth loaded with an insectivorous repast. The females of this species bring forth but one young at a birth. During the infant state of their offspring it is dangerous to approach the place where they reside. These animals, though they are destitute of teeth, are nevertheless very fierce, as their talons supply the former defect. Even panthers are unequal to combat with ant-eaters; and to such excess of obstinacy do they proceed, as even not to quit a dead foe. They sleep in the day, and search for prey in the night. The flesh of these animals has a disagreeable flavour, but nevertheless is eaten by the Indians.

In Dillon’s ‘Travels through Spain,’ there is an account of the great ant-bear from Buenos-Ayres, which differs essentially from the ant-eater above described, as it would eat flesh. Its dimensions from the snout to the extremity of the tail were two yards; its height nearly two feet. The head was of a very narrow construction; the nose long and slender; the tongue singularly formed, extending above sixteen inches, and resembling a worm more than any other object. The body was covered with long hair of a dark-brown hue, with white stripes on the shoulders. When it slept the tail served as a covering for the body. The dimensions of the great ant-eater in the Leverian Museum exceed any before described, the whole length being seven feet four inches.

THE MIDDLE ANT-EATER.

The second species of these animals, denominated the ‘middle ant-eater,’ is called by the Americans ‘tamandua.’ This kind is considerably less than the great ant-eater, as it only measures from nose to tail one foot seven inches. The tail is

nearly ten inches long. The muzzle of this animal is long, and bends downwards; the tongue measures eight inches in length, and is deposited in a kind of groove in the mandible or lower jaw. It has a small black mouth and eyes; and small erect ears. The bottoms of the fore-feet are round. It has four claws on each fore-foot, like the preceding kind, and five on the hind-feet. The hair is of a fine texture, glossy, and of a pale-yellow hue; on the ridge of the back, and on the hind-legs it is dusky. On each side of the neck there is a black line that crosses the shoulders and meets at the lower regions of the back. The tail is covered with longer hair than the back; is of a taper form, and destitute of hair at the extremity. This species are natives of the same regions as the great kind; their manners are also similar. The tails of these animals appear strongly endued with the prehensile power, which enables them to attach themselves to trees or other objects by that part. When they drink they disperse great part of the liquid through their nostrils; and possess the faculty of climbing trees with great agility, but cannot shield themselves from the weather with their tail.

THE STRIPED ANT-EATER.

This animal has a taper nose; the upper jaw extending very far beyond the lower; the eyes very minute; short round ears; tail covered uniformly with long hairs; five toes on the fore-feet; the body and tail of a fawny hue, the former marked downwards with black stripes, the latter annulated; the legs and nose striped in a similar manner; the belly of a dirty-white hue. The length from nose to tail is thirteen French inches; the tail is seven inches and a half long. Buffon specifies an

animal which he imagined was of the same species with the preceding, which is improbable, as he describes it as being clothed with hair of a whitish hue, two inches long. It has very strong talons on the feet; eats only in the day, and resides in the woods. The flesh is desirable for food, but the species is more rare than the great ant-eater.— This account was transmitted by M. de la Borde, a physician at Cayenne. This and the preceding kind are natives of Guiana.

THE LEAST ANT-EATER.

The last species of this genus, denominated from its inferiority in size the least ant-eater, is distinguished by the inhabitants of Guiana by the appellation 'ouatirionaou.' This animal has a nose of a conical form, rather inclining to bend downwards; small ears, nearly concealed in the fur; two hooked claws on the fore-feet, the exterior one considerably the largest; four claws on the hind-feet. The head, body, limbs, and upper part and sides of the tail, are covered with long soft hair, of a woolly texture, and yellowish-brown hue. The length from nose to tail is about seven inches and a half; the tail is nearly eight inches and a half long, thick at the base, and taper at the extremity, and for the last four inches destitute of hair, and consequently endued with the prehensile power like the preceding species. These animals inhabit Guiana, and climb trees with great agility in search of a particular species of ants that build their nests in the branches.

There is another species of this genus found at the Cape of Good-Hope, and in the Island of Ceylon, of which Dr. Pallas has transmitted some account. This variety is described to have four toes on the fore-feet, and pendulous ears, which form

form an essential generic distinction from the other kinds. From the testimony of various authors, it appears that there is no external difference between the African and American kinds; but from the testimony of Dr. Camper, a celebrated naturalist, it is proved that they have grinding teeth in the lower part of their jaws; therefore it is evident these animals are common to both continents, as their manners and habitudes are stated to be similar to those of the ant-bear.

In the preceding genus we may discover an uniform aptitude, and mode of construction adapted to the peculiar situation and propensities of the several individuals. On a retrospective view of their several qualities, we shall clearly discover that the grant of teeth to animals to whose existence mastication is not necessary would be an incommodious, consequently not an expedient, gift. To every being due members and functions are affixed: wings are denied to quadrupeds, because the specific weight of their bodies disqualifies them for aerial flights; to fishes fins are granted, as an equivalent for limbs, which would be cumbrous and useless in their native aquatic element; to animals of various degrees a due number of legs are dispensed, proportioned to their mode of action. Those who walk in an erect posture are bipeds, whilst those who move in a prone position are consequently quadrupeds; reptiles who creep and crawl on the surface of the earth are multipedes, as the number of their legs tend to accelerate their progress. In these varied instances your ladyship will perceive, and, I doubt not, gratefully acknowledge, the wisdom and mercy of God, which are so eminently displayed in the creation.

No power inferior to Omni-

science could have assigned to every atom its due station, or fitted it with properties suited to its native sphere. In the most highly-finished human performance various imperfections may be discovered, and material inconveniences arise from the disunion and discordance of parts: but in the works of nature no blemishes appear; their operations are regular, and their effects complete. I pity those beings, and invoke their attention, who, regardless of the infinite beauties that surround them, are absorbed in the prosecution of futile pursuits and unimportant labours: if their ideas were directed to the genuine source of intellectual improvement, their knowledge would be increased, and the love of virtue promoted. That your ladyship's precepts and example may tend to accelerate this reformation, is the wish of true benevolence, and the earnest hope of

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

POLITENESS of a BISHOP.

THE good and ingenuous French bishop, Huet, recollected in his old age the loves and gallantries of his youth, with a mingled penitence and self-complacency, the expression of which is not unamusing:—

‘I went too much,’ says he, ‘into the gay company of men, and much more into that of women; thinking that, to obtain a character for politeness, it was necessary to please the fair sex. I omitted none of those attentions by which it is supposed that their favour is to be won. I kept my person fresh and neat, wore rich and fashionable clothes, was indefatigable in my assiduities towards those whom I admired, often addressed them in amatory verses, and

and whispered many a tender thing in their ears. One copy of love-verses which I then wrote is now universally read, and is not over delicate.'

How admirably the character of the old Frenchman here breaks out! From an old officer this would have been nothing surprising: being from an aged bishop, it bespeaks in him a lightness of spirit not naturally allied to episcopal gravity.

The following is also an ingenuous display of French vanity by the same worthy Huet:

'I was,' says he, 'an indifferent dancer indeed; but then I exceeded all my young companions in fencing and riding: I could leap over any height to which I was able to reach my hands; I outstripped every one in running; and I could grasp a staff so firmly, that not any two of the strongest men could wrest it from my hands. I was a very skilful swimmer; and I knew how to dive for shell-fish to the bottom of the deepest creek or river.'

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 300.)

'**H**OLY St. Agatha!' exclaimed the affrighted monk, 'whence was that? A faint gleam of light just now shot before my eyes.'

Tancred and Apostolico, though they saw not the occasion of it, yet participated in his alarm; and for some time the party remained in silent consternation, suspiciously surveying the gloomy cavern in which they stood, faintly illuminated as it was by the glimmering of the lamp, which the vapour, exhaling from the dampness of the place, had almost extinguished. But all was still and dark, nought met their view but the rough-hewn roof and sides of the cavern, rude arch-ways,

and divers chasms leading to others beyond, enveloped all in profound darkness, save where the lamp streamed down them its glimmering light.

'By my faith,' said Tancred, when something recovered, 'it is strange! What could it be?'

'Be it what it may, heed it not,' replied Apostolico: 'it is nothing—mere fancy, perhaps.'

'Nay, but I'm positive I did see it,' resumed Innocent; 'and something it must be!'

'Well! well!' interrupted the prior, impatiently; 'something or nothing, it is to us of no import; therefore no more on't. Stand not thus confounded,' added he, turning to Tancred; 'but strike at once, and let us be gone. We have no time to lose.'

He spoke, and Tancred, giving the lamp to Innocent, unsheathed his sword; but at the instant when he raised his arm to give the fatal stroke, a deep and hollow groan sounded along the vaulted roof.

The triumvirate started at this awful salutation; and while they stood in fearful expectation of the event, the passages that branched in every direction from the spot where they were returned the sound in faint reverberations.

An awful silence for some time succeeded.

They found it somewhat difficult to recover from the surprise and dismay this circumstance, which their imaginations represented as proceeding from a supernatural cause, had left upon their minds, strongly impressed as they were from the first moment of their descent into these subterraneous regions by their gloomy appearance, which the faint and tremulous gleam of the lamp rendered still more so, and by the deep silence that reigned within them; each felt an apprehension

hension of supernatural powers stealing fast upon him; but none seemed to feel its influence more than the prior. The usual intrepidity of his character appeared to have forsaken him. His manner was embarrassed; his countenance disturbed; his speech quick and hesitative; and, though little accustomed to fear of any kind, his whole deportment upon this last occasion betrayed an equal degree of terror with his companions: yet so far was it from deterring him from the deed he had proposed and determined to see executed, that the instant of his recovering himself he again, and vehemently, urged Tancred to strike. But Tancred possessed not his strength of mind: an incident such as this last was sufficient to turn him from the dreadful crime he meditated, though assured and satisfied that it removed the only obstacle to the success of the scheme which was to gratify his utmost wishes.

‘Sure it was—a voice from heaven!’ exclaimed he in low and trembling accents.—‘Let her live, father!—Let us not shed her blood!’

‘Go to!—It must not be!’ resumed the prior.—‘Have I not told thee, repeatedly, that nothing less than her death could render our project secure?’

‘True, father; but the thought of murder sits heavy on my soul, and I would fain give up all—’

‘No wavering!’ interrupted Apostolico impatiently: ‘we have had enough of that before. Be as brave in deed as thou wert in desire.—Come, come,’ continued he hastily, ‘trifle no longer: it is time it was done.’

He paused, and Tancred stood a moment in silent irresolution, with eyes fixed upon his destined victim; who, by this time, showed evident signs of approaching perception. Her ghastly and convulsive features

met his sight: he shuddered—hesitated: his heart was touched with a slight sensation of mercy and compunction; but it was of no duration. The fair and abundant harvest of wealth, honour, and happiness, which he hoped to reap by her death, possessed attractions too powerful for him to withstand.

Slowly and reluctantly, however, he again uplifted his drawn weapon; but at this moment, when he had mustered courage for the deed, another groan, deep and awful as the former, again suspended its execution. Tancred and Innocent relapsed into their former state of consternation; but the prior was far more collected than before: he was apparently less appalled at this dreadful sound than impatient at the delay it occasioned. Again he urged the trembling Tancred to be quick: but, perceiving that he seemed scarcely conscious of what he said, the impatience of the remorseless monk mounted to a degree of agitation.

‘Unworthy of the greatness thou wantest power to earn!’ he exclaimed, while his full black eye sparkled with additional fire, and his frowning countenance expressed the vexation, contempt, and anger, that laboured within him.—‘Unworthy the fortune that courts thee!—what, quite unmanned?—quite lost in this womanish fear?—Is it fitting, think you, when a moment’s pause may ruin us and our enterprise?—Quickly dispatch her thyself,’ added he, ‘or give me the weapon.’

‘If she must die,’ returned Tancred, recovering from his dismay; ‘if I must embroe my hands in blood’—and speaking thus, he once more raised his sword; and as with rapid but uncertain aim he directed its point to the bosom of his unfortunate wife, a deep and hollow voice murmured, ‘Forbear! forbear!’

But the deed was done: the hapless Rodigona lay weltering in blood at her murderer's feet, and the faint signs of life which had been visible in her appeared totally and for ever extinguished.

A sensation of terror and despair, approaching to distraction, now assailed him and his confederates, and overpowered them with all the horrors of supernatural awe. The sword dropped from the feeble grasp of Tancred, the lamp from the trembling hand of Innocent, and total darkness and silence ensued. The extinguishing of the light was a circumstance that struck more terror into their guilty bosoms than any which had preceded it. The horror of their situation engrossed every faculty, and held them almost insensible to the spot. But they did not long remain on it; for, presently descriing a pale glimmer streaming down a passage, in which at a distance they perceived a faint shadow moving hastily towards them, terror (which can give as well as take away strength) assisted them, and they rushed wildly from the place.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

BEAR with me for a few moments, while I give utterance to my sorrows. You will be deeply affected, but there is a pleasure in sympathy; and, if you are enabled to send me relief, your sufferings will be amply repaid.

Sir, for two months past I have not been able to produce any thing to excite admiration. I trust you do not take me for an authoress; no, sir, I have gained great fame, but

not in a way so ignoble. I would not for the world be supposed a candidate for that which may be acquired without rank, without fortune, and without connexions. I even hate all those who aim at distinction by such means; I shun their company, and do every thing in my power to bring them into contempt. Sir, I am a woman of fashion, I have one of the most splendid mansions in London, and my lord allows me seven thousand pounds a-year. During the last season my parties were more crowded than those of any of my rivals; it was upon me that forgeries were most frequently attempted; and such was the eagerness of people of fashion to be able to say they had been at lady ****'s, that had it not been for the constant attendance of Mr. Townsend, my house would have been often taken by storm.—Nor is this to be wondered at. Had it been otherwise, the town would have shown little discrimination.—None ever found what they expected to find, and from the moment they cast their eyes upon the lamps above my door, till they again lost sight of them, all was novelty, splendor, and magnificence. I was constantly talked of; my porter received no less than *two* pots of beer for the list of my visitors; in short, I excited universal envy.

But, sir, although my invention continues as fertile, and my taste as refined, I am now able to do nothing. Why did I ever experience the pleasure of creating amazement, and of occasioning despair? Flowers are now exhibited at every window, peaches are as plenty as potatoes, and any one may purchase a pineapple for half-a-guinea. What an enemy to happiness is an English autumn! Blessed the inhabitants of the torrid and of the frigid zone. During the whole revolution of the sun,

sun, the productions of cold are wanting to the one, and the productions of heat are wanting to the other. When the governor's lady exhibits her ice at Calcutta, and the vice-reine of Lapland sports her grapes, they are in no danger of being equalled by a paltry shop-keeper. That people of taste should remain in this country at present is truly astonishing. May not the impossibility of distinguishing themselves in autumn, by gradually sinking their spirits, produce the dreadful disease which commits such havock among our countrymen in the beginning of winter, dreaded under the name of the 'English malady?' I know that if things do not take a more favourable turn, long before November, I shall have put an end to my miserable existence.

You cannot say that I have sat down in sullen inactivity. About a month ago, at our villa, I had the honour of the company of H. R. H. *****, the duke and duchess of *****, &c. &c. to breakfast.—Well, I thought I was sure I should regain my *éclat*, as I had two dishes, by producing which I had at once violated the laws of nature and divers acts of parliament. In the second course there appeared an omelet made of partridges' eggs, and a pair of roast moor-fowl. The dishes were, to be sure, in very great request, and I observed lady ***** turn as pale as ashes, and the honourable Mrs. ***** grow red with spite. But I had not enjoyed my triumph two minutes, when a gentleman observed that the omelet was much better than the one of the same kind at alderman Greenfat's the other day.

'Yes,' replied he to whom he addressed himself; 'and I think these moor-fowl fully as good as those he had from his friend in Argyleshire.'

I could have torn their eyes out. The dessert consisted of raisins and almonds, preserved ginger and tamarinds, Spanish grapes and Italian olives, juiceless oranges and half-rotten pears. Was there not a boldness in the thought, an originality, something that marked the superiority of great above vulgar minds? But so barbarous was the taste of my guests, that while some tittered and laughed, the rest, politely as they thought, lamented the lateness of the season, talked of the blight which had destroyed the blossom in spring, and exposed the absurdity of presenting fruit at table till it is thoroughly ripe.

Still I had a *corps de reserve*, which I trusted would have gained me the day. Between breakfast and supper I meant to give a dance, and the ball-room I had fitted up in a manner I thought certain to command admiration. At considerable expence I had got together a large quantity of evergreens, leafless shrubs, and artificial roses: with these I decorated the walls; and, to complete the effect, I made the day-light be excluded by the window-shutters; a large fire was lighted up, and the apartments were illuminated in the most brilliant style. No one would have imagined it a week after the king's birth-day. I had prepared a long succession of devices to keep up the delusion till a late hour in the morning, and I expected that the company would have been thanking Providence every moment that they were so comfortably sheltered from the biting cold and the pitiless storm.

How, then, was the company really affected when ushered into those regions of taste? The astonishment certainly was considerable; but, before the first dance was finished, several ladies had fainted, and, amidst praises of my genius, every

one seemed anxious for an excuse to get away: so much more did they regard their bodies than their minds. At last some person proposed to go out to the gardens, and (will you believe it, sir?) this Gothic proposal was carried by acclamation.—Forth they accordingly sallied, and led up a dance upon the lawn. My vexation was now at its height—not a glimmering of hope remained. I cursed the age, and the country in which I had the misfortune to be born. However, I was determined that they should not see the supper I had prepared for them, and that their only feast should be their beauties of nature, (*the beauties of nature in a June evening!*) so I sent word that I had been taken violently ill, and they immediately dispersed. They could not complain of the *warmth* of their reception, nor say they had seen *nothing* which was *unseasonable*.

I have made various other attempts equally well-planned; but, as they had the same ill-success, I shall not revive my mortification by recounting their history. You, and every one who has read this letter, must be convinced that the fault lies not in me, but in the season,—*the hateful season*. Nor are there any other reputable means of arriving at eminence. The day has been when a woman of spirit might distinguish herself by keeping *fashionable hours*. A gentleman, whom I lately asked to dine with a party at nine, returned for answer, that he was afraid it would not be in his power, as he was to breakfast at five with the lady of a West-India merchant, and would probably be obliged to stay supper. When things have come to such a pass as this, ought not the legislature to interfere?—Could it be more worthily employed than in settling the length of time every one should be allowed to fast and watch

according to his rank? Every porter should be compelled to breakfast by eight in the morning, and to be in bed before nine, and no one under the degree of nobility ought to be permitted to go without meat after two in the afternoon, or to be up after five in the morning. But these are times of insubordination and anarchy; all respect for birth is gone, and our most valuable privileges are *basely* invaded. I was lately reconciled to my husband, and we ever since live under the same roof. Our separation was the first thing that established my reputation; but so low had the fashion crept, that I am assured there were at the last lady mayoress's ball no fewer than twelve, all of equal, some of superior, pretensions in this respect with myself.

If I remain in town, I find many who declare an equal antipathy to the country before December; if I go to a watering-place, a tallow-chandler's wife lives next door to me, and vies with me in splendour; if I retire to our seat in Berkshire, I see the houses of those things called *nabobs* rising in nearly equal magnificence to our own. Oh! the glorious days when a lord's estate was a county, and all the inhabitants upon it were slaves; when all those for twelve miles round depended upon him for every comfort they enjoyed, and to displease him and to be undone were the same!

Unless you, sir, or some one of your correspondents, shall point out a better expedient, I am determined, as a last attempt to restore to its original lustre my waning fame, to give a grand *fête* in the style of the *twelfth century*. My lord has an old castle in Wales, which will answer admirably well as the scene. I shall purchase the colours of the Knights Marshal and other disbanded volunteer corps, and
thus

thus furnish out 'a bannered hall.' From the wardrobe and armoury of the theatres, I shall procure dresses, decorations, arms, and accoutrements. I hope to be able to prevail upon the laureat to be the bard, and that learned antiquary, the author of the 'Index to the Appendix to the Supplemental Apology,' shall superintend the whole in the capacity of steward. But would not the effect be greatly heightened, were the tempest to be heard howling amid the tottering towers? I can at least produce the *appearance* of winter. Two or three hundred people shall be employed to strip the trees bare of every leaf; and when every thing about the castle has been made desolate, the park and the gardens shall be strewn with chalk, quicklime, or some substance resembling snow. Now see the knights cased in steel, and attended by their 'squires, approaching by the dreary avenue; and hear them asking the dwarf upon the battlements, if here lives the lady Evelina?

I am transported at the thought. Grant me two months of cold wet weather, and I will forgive thee, oh Fortune! the whole of thy past cruelty.

E. B.

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 423.)

WHILE Adela, entirely absorbed in grief, was employed in rendering the last sad offices to her father, Robert sent to the count of Toulouse a circumstantial detail of the late battle. He dwelt with pleasure on the praises of his friend, but passed over in silence all the particulars which had reference to himself alone; and not conceiving that he was entitled to dispose of the fate of Adela,

he requested the count to prescribe in what manner he should act towards her.

After having allowed the time necessary to bury the castellan, Robert, not less respectful of misfortune than brave in battle, to avoid adding alarm to the grief which Adela felt, requested permission to wait upon her. Such deference on the part of a conqueror who had only to command excited equally her surprise and gratitude. She had learned that it was not by his hand that her father had fallen, and she the less feared to see him. She caused an answer to be returned him, importing that she was ready to consent to any demands he might make on the part of the count of Toulouse.

Adela, when Robert presented himself before her, was sitting in the midst of her female attendants. The dark veil which covered her heightened the lustre of her complexion. Her majestic stature, the symmetry of her features, and the affecting charm which grief bestows, and which so much adds to the power of beauty, strongly excited the admiration of Robert. For the first time, he felt that secret agitation which the heart experiences at the moment of the birth of love. It already required a kind of effort on his part to prevent his forgetting the motive which had brought him into her presence; and, far from thinking of signifying to her his commands, he only regretted that he could not with propriety throw himself at her feet.

As soon as Adela perceived him, she rose to meet him, and, with an air of dignified submission, requested him to inform her what was the fate which awaited her.

'I have received orders to combat,' said he; 'I have fulfilled that duty; but the most just and gene-

rous of princes likewise commands me to show to misfortune all the respect which is due to it. The count of Toulouse is alone entitled to prescribe laws to the illustrious Adela; the rest of the world only owes her homage; she shall continue to command here till the moment when her legitimate sovereign shall make known his pleasure.'

Adela had never seen any other warriors than those who served under the orders of her father. Their language, almost always harsh and fierce, had only terrified her; and a thousand times had her heart been grieved at finding them insensible to the calamities they inflicted. The greatest, the only happiness she had till then experienced was that of consoling some of the victims who had been rendered wretched by those cruel wars, to have prevented which what exertions would she not have made had she known their real cause. When she beheld Robert so modest in victory, so respectful when he had a right to command, and knew that he was already crowned with laurels, while adorned with all the resplendent graces of youth, she could not avoid acknowledging his superiority over all those who surrounded him. She ceased to consider him as a dangerous enemy, and even began to think that in her misfortune she should have need of a support, and that she might find it in the warrior who testified for her such profound respect.

'Knight,' said she, 'the liberty of weeping is the only favour I ask. Incapable of other cares, I shall wait the orders of my sovereign; you will ever find me obedient to those you shall announce to me on his part; and since you only have a right to command here, I request that you will not suffer me to be disturbed in the retreat where I shall wait the notification of the will

of the count of Toulouse.' Having thus spoken, she departed, and retired to her apartment. She disappeared; but the eyes of Robert still eagerly sought her, and already his heart began to feel that uneasiness which absence can inflict.

New thoughts soon began to occupy and disturb the tranquillity of his mind. He felt the necessity of communicating them to his friend, and flew to him. But when he saw him suffering from the wound which he had received in his combat with the castellan, friendship triumphed over every other sentiment; he felt only the most afflicting disquietude, and all his thoughts were engaged on the means of conveying Roger to the castle, that he might be more enabled to render him every necessary assistance; nor was it till he was convinced that there was nothing to fear with respect to his life, that the charming image of Adela returned to his recollection. He wished to paint her as he had seen her, but he could find no expression adequate to his idea.—Scarcely could he name her, and add that in her person and manner she combined every charm. But the ardour of his looks betrayed the secret of his heart; and Roger, smiling at his embarrassment, could not avoid saying to him—

'Henceforth, my friend, you will oppose less strenuously my tenderness for Elvige.'

At these words the countenance of Robert was tinged with a deep blush: he cast his eyes to the ground, and disappointment and uneasiness seemed to be expressed in every feature.

'What is this?' exclaimed Roger with lively emotion: 'you suffer some pain?'

'You have forced on my recollection,' answered Robert, 'the most severe and most sad of truths. Oh

Adela!

Adela! Adela! why has the obscure and unfortunate Robert ever seen thee?

This plaintive exclamation plunged Roger, likewise, into a melancholy reverie. He instantly perceived the almost insurmountable obstacles which opposed his own happiness and that of his friend, and he feared that he should never be able to overcome them. Yet he recovered somewhat of hope and tranquillity of mind when he recollected the achievements of Robert, and the glory which he had already acquired. But in vain was it that he recounted, in a voice of exultation, the numerous and brilliant exploits of his friend; the modesty of Robert could perceive only the distance which separated him from Adela.

While Roger every day acquired new strength, a perfect cure of his wounds being nearly effected, Robert received the answer and orders of the count of Toulouse. He eagerly read them; but what was his surprise and his grief when he learned that, in consequence of the sentence pronounced by the barons, Adela was no longer to possess the castle of her fathers; and that it was on himself that the count of Toulouse had bestowed the investiture of it, with the property of the greater part of the domains dependent on it! The count, however, at the same time declared, that Adela, notwithstanding the crimes of her father, should receive proofs of his clemency. He directed that she should come to reside at his court; promised to take her under his guardianship; that he would not cease to protect her; and that the portion of her father's property, of which he had not already disposed, should be allotted to her, as soon as she should have merited this favour by an entire submission.

These orders were a thunder-bolt to Robert. What! should he take from Adela her possessions, and receive the reward of a service of which he believed the whole glory to appertain to Roger? No, never would he accept such fatal gifts! He flew to his friend to describe his painful feelings, and implore his advice. Roger partook in his noble disinterestedness, admitted the force of his objections, and felt the necessity of refusing such a donation. But when he lamented the misfortunes of Adela, and observed that she was not guilty of the crimes of her father, Robert clasped him in his arms, and thanked him, as if he had received from him some signal benefit.

The more tranquil mind of Roger, however, soon suggested a mode of acting which afforded to Robert a hope that he seized with ardour.

'Let us suspend,' said he, 'for a short time, the execution of the last orders of the count of Toulouse. We are certain that his generous heart will feel a pleasure in reinstating Adela in her rights, when he shall learn that she showed no knowledge of the crimes of her father, but by lamenting them.— Her innocence and her charms render her too interesting for that illustrious sovereign not to approve of a delay which will preserve to him the means of exercising his beneficence in her favour.'

Robert revived from his despondency while he listened to his friend. The only wish he dared to form was to go and throw himself at the feet of the count of Toulouse, and to defend rights which appeared to him as sacred as they were already dear to his heart.

'My friend,' said he, warmly pressing the hand of Roger, 'Adela must never know that I have refused to accept the possessions of
which

which she was to be deprived: this secrecy is commanded by honour, and she must not consider herself as bound by ties of gratitude, when justice alone imposes on us the duty of acting as we have done.'

After having made every necessary disposition, and taken the precautions which prudence required, Robert, wishing to avoid disturbing the retirement of Adela, caused her to be informed of a part of the intentions of the count of Toulouse. He signified to her that, not doubting of the gratitude with which she would receive the assurance of the protection of her sovereign, and the permission that he granted her to come and reside at his court, he was about to return to that prince to assure him that she was preparing to come and receive his orders.

Roger, who was now almost completely cured of his wound, found himself sufficiently strong to accompany his friend, and they returned together to Raymond, who received them with all the respect and honour which their late services merited. The first act of that prince, when he saw Robert, was to testify the great pleasure he felt at finding an opportunity to confer on him a reward of sufficient value to be worthy his acceptance. But his astonishment was extreme when he saw him fall at his feet to vindicate, in favour of Adela, the sacred rights of innocence. Robert reminded the count of her illustrious birth; with timidity and embarrassment, he attempted to describe the interest which her charms inspired; but the ardour by which he was animated gave such force to his words that Raymond began to be uneasy, and to fear that he had committed an act of injustice. He adduced the sentence of the barons; promised to examine if it were not too severe; and spoke of finding

means to make a recompense to Adela.

'No, my lord,' exclaimed Robert, 'you have no recompense to make. We knew the generosity of your heart; we foresaw the emotions you would feel, and we have ventured to suspend the execution of your orders. They are unknown to Adela; it is the hope of finding a father in her sovereign which brings her to your feet; it is with this noble confidence she repairs to your court; and her heart, while it laments the consequences of that justice which you could not dispense yourself from exercising, experiences only the sentiments of loyalty and respect.'

'Your example is too noble,' replied the count of Toulouse, 'for me to refuse to imitate it. I yield to your request. I will entertain for Adela all the tenderness of a father; she shall retain all the possessions of her ancestors. I shall find for you other rewards. But I will cause her to be informed of the sentence of the barons, and the donation which I had bestowed on you. I cannot suffer her to remain ignorant that you have been her generous advocate, and that it is to you and not to me that her gratitude is due.'

It was in vain that Robert reiterated his entreaties that secrecy might be observed with respect to an action which justice and honour equally commanded; he could only obtain an assurance that Adela should be reinstated in her possessions.

The beautiful Adela hastened to obey the commands of her sovereign. She added a new embellishment to his court, and the prince was every day more satisfied with himself for having bestowed that pardon which he had at first only granted to the generous solicitations of Robert.

(To be continued.)

PERIANDER

PERIANDER of CORINTH*,
or REVENGE;
A TALE.

[*Translated from the German of Augustus
La Fontaine.*]

'AND am I not happy?' said the haughty Periander to the sage Medon: 'am I not happy without thy rigid virtue?'

Medon replied by a look expressive of compassion, and shaking in silence his grey head. Periander pressed him for an explicit answer.

'Sovereign of Corinth,' said Medon mildly, 'the gods have done every thing to make thee happy. Corinth is thine: thou hast a wife who loves thee; and children who are deserving of thy love. What more can a mortal wish? Yet in thy breast dwells an evil dæmon, which perpetually destroys the happiness the gods would bestow on thee—the raging thirst of revenge. Thou deservest not thy happiness, and wilt not retain it, since thou seekest only power. Corinth loved thee, and thou wast truly a king. Thou wouldest be more; the city groans beneath thy oppressions, and hates thee. Thou canst not taste the sweets of gentle affection and mild benevolence; thou wishest only for absolute sway, and art not happy.'

Periander smiled contemptuously, and hastened to the embraces of his affectionate wife, and his three beloved children. Melissa, the tender consort of Periander, loved her haughty husband, though she trembled at the violence of his passions. She had been brought up at Epidaurus with Erasinus, her near kinsman, for whom she had conceived the warmest friendship. He came to Corinth. Melissa threw herself,

with the liveliest emotion of joy, into the arms of her friend, shed tears of pleasure, and pressed him to her heart.

Anger and jealousy now took possession of the heart of Periander. A gloomy cloud o'ercast his burning eye; for Melissa he thought ought to have neither love nor friendship for any person but himself.—The aimable Melissa observed not the disturbed looks of her husband: she took the youth by the hand, and, with a tender voice, said:

'Do you not remember, Erasinus, how fond we were of each other when we were children?'

She reminded her friend of the happy days of their youth; of their sports, their confidence, and their separation. She then led him to her husband, and said:

'Periander, you must love him—you must love him for my sake.'

Periander was silent, though his soul was tortured by jealousy and the thirst of vengeance.

'Do you love any person besides me, Melissa?' said Periander, with a cold and gloomy air, to his wife, when he was alone with her.

'I love,' said she, 'my children—and my dear father—and the noble Erasinus, my kinsman.'

'I am satisfied,' said Periander, and immediately left her abruptly.

The next day, at table, Erasinus turned pale, and sank down on his seat. 'Poison!' exclaimed he, and expired.

Periander watched Melissa with a suspicious eye. She hastened to the murdered youth, threw herself on his body, and bedewed it with her tears, calling him by name, half frantic with grief. Periander took her arm and led her into another apartment to her children: he embraced her, and bade her children embrace her. She was inconsolable. Her unfeeling and haughty

* See Herodotus, book iii. chap. 50—52.

haughty husband wished to be absolute master even of her grief.

‘I,’ said he coldly, taking her hand, ‘I gave Erasinus the poison by which he died: wilt thou still weep for him, Melissa?’

‘Thou gavest him the poison!’ exclaimed she, with looks wildly expressive of astonishment, and tearing herself from him. ‘Wretched murderer! what had he done to thee?’

Periander cast a stern and menacing glance on Melissa, and hastily left her. Jealousy and confidence, hatred and love, fiercely contended in his soul. His pride pronounced the sentence of death against his wife, but his heart shrunk at the thought.

‘Say,’ cried the senseless tyrant, ‘say, Melissa, that thou hatedst him, and I will forgive thee thy tears.’

‘Oh, I loved him!’ exclaimed Melissa, lifting her hands towards heaven in an agony of grief. ‘He was my friend! I loved him!’

Pride and the thirst of vengeance raged in the heart of Periander, but the love of Melissa restrained his hand. He remained alone, from distrust of the cruelty of his soul. The flames of jealousy consumed him, and love became his torturer.

A month had elapsed, when, one morning, disturbance of mind having driven him early from his bed, he saw his wife, in a mourning habit, kneeling on the grave of Erasinus, and pressing her breast against the cold marble. This sight aggravated his anger and jealousy into a raging flame. He rushed from the apartment where he was, took his three children, and led them into the garden to their mother. With a faltering but furious voice, he said to her:

‘Take leave of thy children, Melissa; for they must go to Epidaurus, to their father.’

Melissa looked at him, and read her death in his eyes.

‘I know—’ said she, and embraced her children, who were then led away by their nurse.

Periander was left alone with Melissa.

‘What dost thou know?’ asked he furiously.

‘That I must die, like him,’ replied Melissa.

‘Strumpet!’ cried he, drawing a dagger; ‘thy conscience tells thee what thou deservest.’

‘Not my conscience, but thy looks.’

‘Curse, then, the shade of thy wretched paramour.’

‘Canst thou require, Periander,’ said Melissa, trembling, ‘that I should curse him who loved me?’

She sank on the grave, and, in her terror, threw her arms round the pillars.

‘What, in my sight,’ exclaimed the tyrant, ‘do you embrace his tomb?’ and instantly plunged the dagger in her breast.

‘Periander!’ cried she. ‘Alas! I loved thee, and yet art thou my murderer?’

She stretched out her arms to embrace him, but sank down again and breathed her last.

Periander shrieked with agony, for the Furies terrified him. The dagger fell from his hand, and he fled. The shade of Melissa pursued him, and he found neither rest nor consolation but in the innocent prattle and sports of his daughter, who, like her mother, was named Melissa. The nurse of this child had not taken her to Epidaurus, because she was too sickly and weak to endure the journey; but the two sons remained with their grandfather Procles, the sovereign of Epidaurus.

Periander passed his days at Corinth, melancholy and comfortless.

The

The sage Medon frequently said to him:

‘Wilt thou never perceive that man, without affection, and the gentler sentiments of his nature, must continually be exposed to the severest blows of fate? Not the gods deprived thee of Melissa, but thy arrogance, thy selfishness, and thy insatiable ambition.’

The haughty heart of Periander was moved, but not convinced, by this remonstrance. Time healed his grief; the shade of Melissa was appeased by costly sacrifices; he thought no more of the crimes he had committed, and was again happy in the consciousness of his power and the love of his daughter. But the gods, who dispose all human events, had not forgotten him. He was to become a man, and be rendered such by the strokes of misfortune.

After an interval of many years, he sent for his sons home from the court of Procles, in order to educate them in such a manner as might fit them to assume the sovereignty after him. Procles knew that Periander had murdered his wife, but he was silent, from fear of his cruelty and his power. The sons of Melissa had hitherto supplied to her father the place of his daughter. On the morning of their departure, when he clasped the two youths weeping in his arms, his grief, and his fear that the cruelty of Periander should be exercised upon them, extorted from him the dreadful secret.

‘Alas!’ said he, ‘my children, your mother Melissa’—

He looked steadfastly on them, and was silent.

‘My mother Melissa!’ exclaimed the younger of the youths, Lycophron. ‘Your voice, your manner, my father, is significant. Oh, speak! what would you say?’

‘She was murdered,’ cried the old man.

‘Murdered! father! Murdered! O ye eternal gods! Who?—I conjure you tell me—who committed the atrocious deed!’

The old man trembled. He would have been silent, but an irresistible power forced from him the words—‘Thy father!’

The youth covered his face, and sank on the bosom of his grandfather. At length the old man, with trembling hands, drew the covering from the pale and wild countenance of his grandson, and endeavoured to console him. Lycophron remained long silent in cold and sullen sorrow. At length he said: ‘I cannot see him—I will remain here.’ His grandfather pressed him to obey, and Lycophron, at length, consented and departed, plunged in the most poignant grief.

Melissa had loved him most of all her children. While on the journey he thought only of her, her virtues, her death, her murderer—his father; and a dreadful anguish pierced his generous soul. Nature had bestowed on him strength of mind and dignity of soul, and the example of Procles had rendered his sentiments and manners great and noble. He was the image of his father, but only in his finest features. His brother, a feeble and vain youth, had neither mind nor heart.

When they arrived at Corinth, Periander, who had heard from many travellers enthusiastic commendations of the noble spirit and greatness of soul of Lycophron, hastened with all the joy of a father to meet his two sons. While yet at a distance he easily recognised the younger, by his heroic figure, his noble air, and elevated look. Periander threw himself into his arms; but Lycophron stood silent before him, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

‘My noble Lycophron!’ said the father, and offered to embrace him;

but his son shrunk back as if seized with terror, and was silent; nor did he even answer the question—
‘Wilt thou not salute thy father?’

With eyes fixed on the ground, Lycophron walked by the side of Periander into the city. His sister, who came to meet him, embraced him, saying, ‘How unfortunate are we!’ His father now clasped him with emotion to his breast; but the youth stood cold and silent in his arms, without raising his eyes.

Confused and irritated, Periander left his son with a foreboding of misfortune in his mind. Lycophron went to the grave of his mother, and, throwing himself on it, lay there a long time, shedding tears with the most violent agitation.—His father was moved, went to him at the grave of Melissa, and again offered to embrace him. But Lycophron drew back with an exclamation of abhorrence, pointed silently to the grave, and departed.

Three days the son continued in the house of his father without speaking a word. Periander made every effort to reconcile him to him; but Lycophron never looked on him, never answered him. At length the pride of the father and of the king was aroused. He led his son to the door of his house, and said to him, ‘Wilt thou yield and submit to me?’

The youth answered not.

‘Be gone, then!’ exclaimed Periander in a rage: ‘leave my house! I am not thy father!’

The son, without reply, passed into the street, and walked away.

‘Shall I submit to my son?’ said Periander angrily to himself. ‘No, I will estrange myself for ever from him.’

He now learned from his elder son the last conversation of Lycophron with Procles. His heart felt a strong emotion, but his pride obtain-

ed the victory over his conscience. He sent orders to the friends of his son who had received him to exclude him from their houses. Lycophron wandered about Corinth, rejected by all, but returned no answer when he was advised to be reconciled to his father. At length a friend of his grandfather took him into his habitation, and with him he lived in melancholy privacy.

‘The vengeance of the gods!’ said Medon—

‘The insolence of a madman!’ said Periander; and heralds, by his order, proclaimed throughout Corinth, ‘That whoever should receive into his house Lycophron the son of Periander, or only speak to him a single word, should forfeit all his property to Apollo.’

Lycophron heard the proclamation of the herald, and silently left the house of his friend, and went into the forum, under the porticoes.—There he remained without speaking, without changing his habit, almost without shelter, and without food for three days.

Every hour Periander hoped that the pride and stubbornness of his son would yield. But it was the father’s pride which was compelled to yield. On the fourth day, Periander went to the portico under which his son remained, and found Lycophron lying on the ground, almost exhausted with grief and hunger. His pale countenance was sunk on his breast, and his dim eyes fixed on the earth. When Periander saw him, his proud heart felt the severest pang. With heavy sighs he stood by the side of Lycophron, and long surveyed him with looks of compassion.

‘Oh, my son!’ at length said he in the mild voice of entreaty—
‘Oh, my son, the gods are just; but thou, thou art unjust towards me and towards thyself. Yes, I did the deed which excites thy horror and thy

thy indignation; but shall the son be the avenger of the mother on his father? I entreat thee, come into my house. Thou hast felt what the anger of a father is; now come and learn how happily thou mayst live with me. Answer me, my son.—Answer me!’ cried he louder.—‘Answer me, wretch!’ at length exclaimed he with furious rage.

With feeble voice the son replied, ‘Thy property is forfeited to Apollo, since thou hast spoken to the unfortunate son of Melissa.’

The father considered this as an insolent taunt.

‘May my eyes never see thee more, abominable wretch!’ cried he with fury, and departed.

Lycophron laid his faint head upon the stones, waiting the stroke of death, and thus continued till evening—for no Corinthian dared to receive him into his house. But at midnight, a youth of Corcyra, named Agathon, came to him under the porticoes, and brought him food. He gently raised his feeble head, revived him with bread and wine, and bedewed him with tears of the tenderest compassion. Lycophron, animated with new strength, raised himself, reclined his head on the breast of his friend, while his heart united to him in the bands of eternal friendship.

On a sudden they heard, through the silence of the night, the footsteps of a female. This was Melissa, the sister of Lycophron. Agathon went to meet her. She took him for her brother, and threw herself, weeping violently, into his arms.

‘Oh, my brother!’ said she in a voice of the most poignant grief.

‘I am not thy brother,’ answered Agathon, and led her to the unhappy Lycophron.

‘A stranger, my sister—Agathon—has preserved my life—and my father ———’

—‘is irreconcilably enraged,’ replied Melissa. ‘Thou must die!’

‘I will deliver him,’ said Agathon, and stretched out his hand as a pledge of his promise. Melissa pressed his hand to her heart.

‘I will deliver thee, Lycophron,’ said the stranger again, ‘or I will die with thee.’

Melissa, now overpowered by this generosity, threw herself into the arms of the stranger. They concerted together in what manner they should proceed; and Agathon then accompanied Melissa home.

‘Where,’ said he to her, ‘shall I find you to inform you of the deliverance of your brother?’

‘Every morning,’ answered she, ‘I walk in the garden. At the entrance of a grove in it is the image of a faun: there you will find me.’

The following night Agathon again brought his friend food and wine. A ship was ready to sail for Corcyra, and only waited a favourable wind. The wind changed propitiously, and Agathon went to communicate the intelligence to Melissa. He soon found the grove she had pointed out to him, and, entering it, met a female veiled.—‘Melissa!’ said he. She threw back the veil, and Agathon stood lost in delightful surprise.

In the temple of Neptune, on the festival of that deity, the youth had seen Melissa dance among other virgins. He had viewed her with fixed eyes, and felt the delicious force of love. Lost in a transport of admiration, he had forgotten to inquire her name, and suddenly she disappeared. Never again could he find her at any festival, or in any temple. From that time he had lived in Corinth, secluded and melancholy, till the unhappiness he suffered himself led him to succour the unhappy Lycophron.

‘You! Is it you?’ exclaimed he,

when he now again saw her.—
‘Oh, ye benevolent, ye bountiful gods!—You!’

Trembling with joy he fell at her feet. Melissa was astonished at the agitation of Agathon, and viewed him with uneasiness.

‘Was you not,’ asked she after some little reflection, ‘among the spectators at the festival of Neptune?’

‘Yes, Melissa; and since that day, oh what have I not done again to obtain, if possible, a sight of you! Oh how anxiously wretched has been my life since that day!’

‘But my brother——’ said Melissa, blushing deeply.

—‘Will go with me to-day or the following night to Corcyra. There he shall be my brother: a still more sacred bond now unites me to him; the purest love for his sister.’

‘Corcyra is subject to the authority of my father,’ said Melissa anxiously.

‘Fear not, Melissa; he shall live in the most pleasant retirement, unknown, in the arms of the tenderest friendship; and if the gracious gods incline thy heart to accept my vows, in the arms of the most faithful love, in thine and my arms.’

He took the hand of Melissa, and moistened it with his tears.

‘Save my brother,’ said Melissa with tender agitation, ‘and then’—

She was silent, and blushed.

‘Then! Oh what then?’ asked Agathon eagerly.

‘Then he shall live in the arms of the most faithful affection!’

She sank tenderly into the embrace of the youth, lay for an instant in his arms, and then hastened through the grove to her father’s residence.

Agathon stood for some time lost in the transports of successful love. He left the garden, a brisk east wind arose, and the same night was

appointed for their departure.—
When the two friends were about to leave the portico, Melissa came again. She embraced her brother, and placed the hand of Agathon in his.

‘Promise,’ said she, ‘eternal friendship and fidelity to each other, in life and death.’

They obeyed; and now Agathon, taking the hand of Melissa, said, in a low and trembling voice:

‘And you, Melissa, will not you too promise?’

The darkness of the night gave her more courage; she pressed his hand to her heart, and said in a low voice,

‘Eternal fidelity in life and death.’

Agathon repeated the words, and thus they parted.

Lycophron left the walls and harbour of Corinth, without being discovered. In three days he reached Corcyra, as a fugitive from Ionia, and took up his residence at the country-house of Agathon, situated among the mountains.

(To be continued.)

ON NOVELS.

A French writer, speaking of female education at Paris, says, that in the ancient system of female education, the chapter of things *not to be known* was of very great extent. At present, thanks to the novels, this chapter is a blank; a young girl enters into the world with her novel in her head; she has made choice of her faults before she has any; her excuses are prepared, and only await her errors; she sees in every thing that can happen to her only one or two pages of an adventure which she has read; and she considers the reproaches which she may sustain as similar to those reflections which she passed

passed over in the novels, and which she may in like manner pass over in life.

ZOE, or CONTRASTS in LOVE;
A TALE.

[From the *Journal des Dames et des Modes.*]

‘MAN without woman, and woman without man, are imperfect beings in the order of nature: but the more of contrast there is in their characters, the more union is there in their harmonies. It is from the opposition of their talents, tastes, and fortunes, that arise the strongest and most durable mutual affections.’

This observation of the author of *The Studies of Nature* had made a lively impression on the mind of the youthful and vivacious Zoe.

That she might no longer remain an imperfect being, she resolved to take to herself a husband; and, that she might not expose herself to a too-late repentance, she resolved to choose him not only of a character opposite to her own, but of an entirely different personal figure.

She would sometimes amuse herself for whole hours in pouring, in imagination, the lover who was to be the object of her wishes. He was to be tall, of a fair complexion, with eyes blue and languishing: she would have him rather poor than rich; a lover of study and retirement; a profound thinker; and, in one word, a philosopher, for this name did not terrify her.

It will easily be conceived that Zoe was a little brunette, extremely lively, even to a degree of giddiness, and extravagantly fond of public entertainments and spectacles. As she was left in possession of an ample fortune, by the recent death of her parents, she had it in her power to indulge in all the noisy pleasures of

the town. An old aunt had her under her protection; but the superintendence she exercised was not so strict as to be incommodious to either the one or the other.

The system of the necessity of contrasts in love at first appeared to Zoe very singular. She could not conceive it possible that any person should really love another, all whose tastes and inclinations were entirely different from her own; but, after considering all the facts stated by the author of ‘*The Studies of Nature*,’ and especially after some examples which she thought she had observed in society, she no longer entertained a doubt of the existence of the law of contrasts, and she sincerely lamented the misfortune of those married couples, in whom she imagined there was too great a similarity of character and disposition.

Zoe, wherever she went, sought the lover, the model of whom she had formed in her imagination; but none of the men she met with in society perfectly resembled this creature of her fancy. One was indeed tall; but he was, like her, too much inclinable to plumpness, and, like her, also, too much addicted to laugh: another was, it is true, of a serious character; but, like her, he was not tall; and, like her, too, of a dark complexion.

Unfortunately the man who of all others, according to her system, appeared the least adapted to please her was precisely him whom she would have preferred, had she listened to her own heart. He seemed absolutely to have studied levity of manners; and his conversation was an exquisite assemblage of pleasant anecdotes, lively sallies of wit, and prompt repartees.

‘What pity,’ she would say, ‘that Selmours is of a character so light and frivolous! He is extremely amiable; but how is it possible to live

live with a person so giddy and thoughtless? We should both need to have guardians to take care of us. Besides, he has light hair. It must not be: I will avoid him. This very evening at the ball where he is to be, I will refuse to dance with him. I will scarcely even look at him.'

She thus conferred with herself, as she sat before her piano-forte, and while her fingers ran over the keys mechanically. A female acquaintance entered at the same moment, and introduced to her Selmours.— She blushed, and he perceived it. The young man was more lively and amusing than usual, and sprightly sallies of wit flowed from him without intermission. Zoe laughed without reserve, and forgot that she ought not to laugh.

In the evening, at the ball, she forgot, likewise, that she had resolved to avoid him. She danced with no person but him. It is true, when she came home she was ready to weep from vexation, to think that she should have acted so contrary to her determination.

'I am then destined,' exclaimed she, 'to love a man who must necessarily render me unhappy.'

The next day her old aunt sent for her. She held a letter in her hand.

'My dear niece,' said she, 'a gentleman whose family I highly esteem, and who is not destitute of fortune, M. de Selmours, wishes to be united to you in marriage. I thought it scarcely possible that you should make any objection, and I have almost promised him your hand.'

'But, aunt, this young man—'

Zoe blushed, and turned pale, and again changed colour.

'What! do you mean to refuse him?'

'I do not say that; but he has so much levity and giddiness—'

'Well; I certainly did not expect

such an objection from you!' said the aunt. 'And pray how long have you been so solid and prudent? Is this all the objection you make to your intended husband? Go, and prepare to marry Selmours.'

Zoe had been accustomed to obey her aunt: she was her benefactress, her second mother. She made no reply, but thought within herself she should soon convince Selmours of the error they would both commit in marrying each other.

She found an opportunity the same day. Selmours presented himself, to know whether his offer had been accepted. He found Zoe walking pensively under some trees in the garden. She trembled all over when she saw him; and he, notwithstanding his usual confidence, was not a little agitated. He asked her, with a stammering voice, whether he might flatter himself that he should soon become the most happy of mortals?

'Why do you talk of happiness?' said Zoe. 'Can we ever expect to enjoy it together? Oh, let us renounce the thought of such a union!'

'Zoe,' said Selmours with much emotion, 'was I then deceived when I thought you distinguished me among the multitude of admirers by whom you was surrounded?'

'Alas! I cannot forgive myself. I do justice to your good qualities, believe me, sir; but I do not see between us those harmonies which arise from—'

She was about to say, certain contrasts, but was ashamed, and did not finish the sentence.

'What!' exclaimed Selmours, 'have we not the same tastes, the same manners, the same mode of thinking? It is this which has so much pleased me in you, and has made me wish forever to unite my fate to yours. Zoe, render me not the most wretched of men. You must

must be mine, or I will forever abandon this country. Do you then hate me?" added he, pressing her hand against his heart.

'Far from it,' said Zoe, whose heart was full, and who could scarcely support herself: 'I resist my inclination when I refuse—'

A tear moistened her eyes, and she could not speak without effort.

The aunt appeared. 'You see you love him, my poor Zoe,' said she. 'Come, come, what I requested in the morning, in the evening I will command.'

Zoe made no answer, but submitted to be led as a victim to the altar.

The wedding was celebrated in the most brilliant manner. Let us now see what was the future life of the new-married pair.

In the first month after his marriage, Selmours applied himself to establish order and regularity in his house. The duties of all who resided in it were prescribed to them; and the business of his wife was to superintend and see that these duties were performed. She smiled at entering on this new employment; and Selmours occasionally reminded her, with agreeable pleasantry, of what he considered as her duties. She fulfilled them with the greatest exactness, for she wished to please him; and soon she found a pleasure in performing them: as is in fact always the case in the natural course of things.

In the second month, Selmours rarely took his wife to the ball and public assemblies. He likewise received much less company at home, confining himself to a few friends of mature age, and of a grave and rather reserved character. Zoe, though she was very fond of public entertainments, and all the show and bustle of fashionable life, scarcely perceived the reform that was making, because her husband was to her

instead of every thing. Her love for him every day increased. Before marriage he had appeared to her only amiable, she was now convinced that he deserved her highest esteem.

How much more dear did he become to her when she perceived that she might hope soon to produce his likeness, his second self; and with what transport did he receive this information!

One day he said to his wife, 'My dear Zoe, a mother should dedicate herself entirely to the education of her children. How will you be able, amid the pleasures that surround you, to appropriate all your time and attention to the care of the innocent and lovely being of which you will soon become the mother? Are you willing to pass a few years in the rural retirement which was left me by my father?'

Zoe hesitated a moment, but soon consented to live in the country.

'At least,' said she; 'I shall be with the husband I love, and with the child I am disposed affectionately to cherish, at least as much as his father.'

When in the country, Selmours traced out a plan of life which he constantly followed. One part of the day was appropriated to study, another to walking or conversation. Zoe, on her side, employed herself in occupations which interested without fatiguing her. She almost forgot the town.

Equally delighted and surprised at the happiness she enjoyed, she would sometimes say: 'This cannot last; we resemble each other too much.'

It will be perceived that Zoe had not forgotten her system of the necessity of contrasts in love.

One evening, as they were sitting on the grass, on the bank of a small river which crossed their park, they talked

talked of their love and courtship before marriage.

‘How much,’ exclaimed Zoe, ‘have your character and tastes altered! What is become of the lively, the elegantly-trifling, the apparently thoughtless Selmours? You are no longer—’

‘What I appeared to you,’ said Selmours, interrupting her. ‘I wished to please in society, and I assumed the *ton* and manners which appeared to me proper to procure me success. When I became acquainted with the aimable and giddy Zoe, I found it necessary, the more nearly to resemble her, to redouble my frivolity. But when I returned again to myself, I laid aside my mask and my theatrical habit, as an actor does behind the scenes, and I resumed my reason.’

‘Heavens!’ exclaimed Zoe, ‘how nearly had disappointment been the consequence of this disguise! I should have married much more readily had I believed you to be such as I now find you are.’

‘I do not endeavour to excuse myself,’ said Selmours, ‘I am making my confession; and, since the time of avowing the truth is arrived, I will declare, with some shame, my dear Zoe; that in me nothing was real, not even my person.’

At these words, Zoe surveyed him with astonishment, and even with some degree of alarm.

‘Your person, sir!’

‘Was not precisely the same to appearance as at present,’ replied Selmours, smiling at the disquietude of his wife. ‘Look at me, my dear; do not my hair and eye-brows appear less dark than they formerly did?—It is because I have long ceased to tinge them with a liquor which changed their too feeble colour to one more masculine and prominent, and which appeared to me to give

more of character to my figure. I blush to think of my former coquetry, and I now leave nature to re-assume her rights.’

At this last communication, Zoe threw herself into the arms of her husband.

‘I knew not why I loved you so much,’ cried she; ‘it was because you really resembled me in nothing. I am now cured of all my idle fears, and certain of being happy the rest of my life: so true is it that philosophers have made some discoveries.’

Selmours requested his wife to explain herself; and, after having heard her with attention, said:—‘I shudder to think of it, but your belief in this fine law of contrasts might have prevented you from ever becoming my wife. See the danger of systems!’

‘And of disguises,’ replied Zoe.

REFLECTIONS on MEN.

(By a French Lady.)

MEN are frequently vain enough to boast themselves favoured by the women; and they are sometimes sufficiently sincere to confess that they are not beloved by them; and that they are ignorant of the true method of pleasing them. There are many, it is true, who are well received by them, but at the same time are indebted for this to their generosity, their caprice, or their feebleness, and but seldom to the sentiments which real merit ought to inspire. But why should they require to be loved, when they do not love themselves? They are almost all attached solely to the exterior of a woman, and make little account of the rest. They are so fully persuaded of the weakness of our understandings, that they do not deign to deceive us with art. They
praise

praise the youth of her whose charms are withered with age, and extol the beauty of her who can pretend to none. To please those who are present, they satirise and vilify the absent; but should the latter make their appearance, the mask immediately drops off, the haranguer forgets his part, and restores to her he had calumniated all the praises she merits. I know that praise pleases, and that it is by it that almost all hearts are gained. But to praise well art is requisite. It is only by really thinking what they say that men can finally persuade. If self-love blinds us, we are not entirely destitute of reason, and in the calmness of retirement we are capable of appreciating our real worth. Should a woman attempt to get out of the narrow circle in which she seems to be confined by her education, praises are lavished upon her, and she is extolled, not only above her sex, but even above the most illustrious of men: but let this same woman, emboldened by the encomiums bestowed upon her, make use, in consequence, of the privilege of every thinking being, scarcely any one will deign to listen to her; all are convinced of the falseness of her arguments, and evidently only reply to them from politeness.—My good lords of the creation be more just, or at least better acquainted with your own interests! Is it by humiliating women that you hope to gain them? Be less lavish in expressions of admiration of their charms, allow them at least common sense, and you will, I am well convinced, more certainly please them.

*On the STRAWBERRY PLANT, and
INSECTS found on it.*

(By M. de St. Pierre.)

NATURE is of unbounded extent, and I am a human being limited on every side. Not only her

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general history, but that of the smallest plant, far transcends my highest powers. Permit me to relate on what occasion I became sensible of this.

One day, in summer, while I was busied in the arrangement of some observations which I had made respecting the harmonies discoverable in this globe of ours, I perceived on a strawberry plant, which had been accidentally placed in my window, some small-winged insects, so very beautiful, that I took a fancy to describe them. Next day a different sort appeared, which I proceeded likewise to describe. In the course of three weeks, no less than thirty-seven species, totally distinct, had visited my strawberry plant. At length they came in such crowds, and presented such variety, that I was constrained to relinquish this study, though highly amusing, for want of leisure—and to acknowledge the truth, for want of expression.

The insects which I had observed were all distinguishable from each other by their colours, their forms, and their motions. Some of them shone like gold, others were of the colour of silver and of brass; some were spotted; some striped: they were blue, green, brown, chesnut-coloured. The heads of some were rounded like a turban; those of others were drawn out into the figure of a cone. Here it was dark as a tuft of black velvet, there it sparkled like a ruby.

There was not less diversity in their wings. In some they were long and brilliant, like transparent plates of mother-of-pearl; in others short and broad, resembling network of the finest gauze. Each had his particular manner of disposing and managing his wings. Some disposed theirs perpendicularly; others horizontally; and they seemed to take pleasure in displaying them. Some flew spirally, after the manner

of butterflies; others sprung into the air, directing their flight in opposition to the wind, by a mechanism somewhat similar to that of a paper-kite, which, in rising, forms, with the axis of the wind, an angle, I think of twenty-two degrees and a half.

Some alighted on the plant to deposit their eggs; others merely to shelter themselves from the sun. But the greatest part paid this visit from reasons totally unknown to me: for some went and came, in an incessant motion, while others moved only the hinder part of their body. A great many of them remained entirely motionless, and were like me, perhaps, employed in making observations.

I scorned to pay any attention, as being already sufficiently known, to all the other tribes of insects which my strawberry plant had attracted; such as the snail which nestles under the leaves; the butterfly which flutters around; the beetle which digs about its roots; the small worm which contrives to live in the *parenchyma*, that is in the mere thickness of the leaf; the wasp and honey-bee which hum around the blossoms; the gnat which sucks the juices of the stem; the ant which licks up the gnat; and, to make no longer an enumeration, the spider, which, in order to find a prey in these, one after the other, distends his snares over the whole vicinity.

However minute these objects may be, they surely merited my attention, as Nature deemed them not unworthy of her's. Could I refuse them a place in my general history, when she had given them one in the system of the universe. For a still stronger reason, had I written the history of my strawberry plant, I must have given some account of the insects attached to it.

Plants are the habitation of insects, and it is impossible to give the history of a city without saying something of its inhabitants.

Besides, my strawberry plant was not in its natural situation, in the open country, on the border of a wood, or by the brink of a rivulet, where it might have been frequented by many other species of living creatures. It was confined to an earthen pot, amidst the smoke of Paris. I observed only at vacant moments: I knew nothing of the insects that visited it during the course of the day; still less of those which might come only in the night, attracted by simple emanations, or, perhaps, by a phosphoric light which escapes our senses. I was totally ignorant of the various species which might frequent it at other seasons of the year, and of the endless other relations that it might have with reptiles, with amphibious animals, fishes, birds, quadrupeds, and, above all, with man, who undervalues every thing which he cannot convert to his own use.

But it was not sufficient to observe it, from the heights of my greatness, if I may use the expression; for, in this case, my knowledge would have been greatly inferior to that of one of the insects who made it their habitation. Not one of them, on examining it with his little spherical eyes, but must have distinguished an infinite variety of objects, which I could not perceive without a microscope, and after much laborious research: nay, their eyes are inconceivably superior even to this instrument; for it shows us the objects only which are in its focus, that is at the distance of a few lines; whereas they perceive, by a mechanism of which we have no conception, those which are near, and those which are far off.

Their

Their eyes, therefore, are at once microscopes and telescopes. Besides, by their circular disposition round the head, they have the advantage of viewing the whole circuit of the heavens at the same instant, while those of the astronomer can take in, at most, but the half. My winged insects, accordingly, must discern in the strawberry plant, at a single glance, an arrangement and combination of parts, which, assisted by the microscope, I can observe only separate from each other, and in succession.

On examining the leaves of this vegetable, with the aid of a lens which had but a small magnifying power, I found them divided into compartments, hedged round with bristles, separated by canals, and strewn with glands. These compartments appeared to me similar to large verdant inclosures, their bristles to vegetables of a particular order; of which some were upright, some inclined, some forked, some hollowed into tubes, from the extremity of which a fluid distilled; and their canals as well as their glands seemed full of a brilliant liquor. In plants of a different species, these bristles and these canals exhibit forms, colours, and fluids, entirely different. There are even glands which resemble basons, round, square, or radiated.

Now Nature has made nothing in vain. Wherever she has prepared a habitation, she immediately peoples it. She is never straitened for want of room. She has placed animals furnished with fins in a single drop of water, and in such multitudes, that Leuwenhoek, the natural philosopher, reckoned up to thousands of them. Many others after him, and, among others, Robert Hook, have seen in one drop of water, as small as a grain of millet, some ten, others thirty, and some as many

as forty-five thousand. Those who know not how far the patience and sagacity of an observer cango, might, perhaps, call in question the accuracy of these observations, if Lyonnet, who relates them in Lesser's Theology of Insects, had not demonstrated the possibility of it by a piece of mechanism abundantly simple. We are certain, at least, of the existence of those beings whose different figures have actually been drawn. Others are found, whose feet are armed with claws, on the body of the fly, and even on that of the flea.

It is credible, then, from analogy, that there are animals feeding on the leaves of plants, like the cattle in our meadows, and on our mountains; which repose under the shade of a down imperceptible to the naked eye, and which, from goblets formed like so many suns, quaff nectar of the colour of gold and silver. Each part of the flower must present to them a spectacle of which we can form no idea. The yellow *antheræ* of flowers, suspended by fillets of white, exhibit, to their eyes, double rafters of gold in equilibrio, on pillars fairer than ivory; the *corolla*, an arch of unbounded magnitude, embellished with the ruby and the topaz; rivers of nectar and honey; the other parts of the flowret, cups, urns, pavilions, domes, which the human architect and goldsmith have not yet learned to imitate.

I do not speak this from conjecture; for having one day examined, by the microscope, the flowers of thyme, I distinguished in them, with equal surprise and delight, superb flaggons with a long neck, of a substance resembling amethyst, from the gullets of which seemed to flow ingots of liquid gold. I have never made observation of the *corolla*, simply, of the smallest flower, without finding it composed of an ad-

mirable substance, half-transparent, studded with brilliants, and shining in the most lively colours.

The beings which live under a reflex thus enriched must have ideas very different from ours of light and of the other phenomena of nature. A drop of dew, filtering in the capillary and transparent tubes of a plant, presents to them thousands of cascades; the same drop, fixed as a wave on the extremity of one of its prickles, an ocean without a shore—evaporated into air, a vast aerial sea. They must therefore see fluids ascending, instead of falling; assuming a globular form, instead of sinking to a level; and mounting into the air, instead of obeying the power of gravity.

Their ignorance must be as wonderful as their knowledge. As they have a thorough acquaintance with the harmony of only the minutest objects, that of vast objects must escape them. They know not, undoubtedly, that there are men, and, among these, learned men, who know every thing, who can explain every thing, who, transient like themselves, plunge into an infinity on the ascending scale, in which they are lost; whereas they, in virtue of their littleness, are acquainted with an opposite infinity, in the last divisions of time and matter.

In these ephemeral beings we must find the youth of a single morning, and the decrepitude of one day. If they possess historical monuments, they must have their months, years, ages, epochs, proportioned to the duration of a flower; they must have a chronology different from ours, as their hydraulics and optics must differ. Thus, in proportion as man brings the elements of nature near him, the principles of his science disappear.

Such, therefore, must have been my strawberry plant, and its natural

inhabitants, in the eyes of my winged insects which had alighted to visit it; but, supposing I had been able to acquire, with them, an intimate knowledge of this new world, I was still very far from having the history of it. I must have previously studied its relations to the other parts of nature; to the sun which expands its blossom; to the winds which sow its seeds over and over; to the brooks whose banks it forms and embellishes. I must have known how it was preserved in winter, during a cold capable of cleaving stones asunder; and how it should appear verdant in the spring, without any pains employed to preserve it from the frost; how, feeble and crawling along the ground, it should be able to find its way from the deepest valley to the summit of the Alps; to traverse the globe from north to south, from mountain to mountain, forming, on its passage, a thousand charming pieces of chequered work, of its fair flowers and rose-coloured fruit, with the plants of every other climate; how it has been able to scatter itself from the mountains of Cashmire to Archangel; and from the *Felices*, in Norway, to Kamtschatka; how, in a word, we find it in equal abundance in both American continents, though an infinite number of animals are making incessant and universal war upon it, and no gardener is at the trouble to sow it again.

Supposing all this knowledge acquired, I should still have arrived no farther than at the history of the *genus*, and not that of the *species*. The varieties would still have remained unknown, which have each its particular character, according as they have flowers single, in pairs, or disposed in clusters; according to the colour, the smell, and the taste of the fruit; according to the size, the figure, the edging, the smoothness,

or

or the downy clothing of their leaves. One of our most celebrated botanists, Sebastian de Vaillant, (author of the *Botanicon Parisiense*,) has found, in the environs of Paris alone, five distinct species, three of which bear flowers without producing fruit. In our gardens we cultivate at least twelve different sorts of foreign strawberries; that of Chili, or Peru; the Alpine, or perpetual; the Swedish, which is green, &c. But how many varieties are there to us totally unknown! Has not every degree of latitude a species peculiar to itself? Is it not presumable, that there may be trees which produce strawberries? Are there not those which bear peas and French-beans? May we not even consider, as varieties of the strawberry, the numerous species of the raspberry and the bramble, with which it has a very striking analogy, from the shape of its leaves; from its shoots, which creep along the ground, and replant themselves; from the rose-form of its flowers, and that of its fruit, the seeds of which are on the outside? Has it not, besides, an affinity with the eglantine, and the rose-tree, as to the flower; with the mulberry, as to the fruit; and with the trefoil, as to the leaves; one species of which, common in the environs of Paris, bears likewise its seeds aggregated into the form of a strawberry, from which it derives the botanic name of *trifolium fragiferum*, the strawberry-bearing trefoil. Now, if we reflect that all these species, varieties, analogies, affinities, have, in every particular latitude, necessary relations with a multitude of animals, and that these relations are altogether unknown to us, we shall find, that a complete history of the strawberry-plant would be ample employment for all the naturalists in the world.

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

N^o VI.

On CRITICISM, with some few
Strictures on its Use and Importance.

EVERY performance in writing, however deservedly high in the estimation of the world, certainly possesses its faults, though trivial, compared with its beauties; and it is the object of true criticism to distinguish the former at the same time that it points out the latter. To do this, it is essential that, to the thorough knowledge of human nature, the most just and refined taste should be combined; for it is not merely sufficient to possess feeling to qualify us for the business of criticism; we must likewise enjoy that nice susceptibility and aptitude of discernment by which we may be enabled to investigate those feelings, and, accompanying them with appropriate reflections, explain them to others in the clearest manner. He deserves not the name of critic who superficially gleans the beauties and defects of an author: such are but the rude materials that constitute the ground work of criticism: to delineate them is the province of taste. There he must be rightly able to compare and separate into a regular series of classes, ascertaining to each, either of the superior or subordinate, the precise rules by which it is governed; or, in other words, examine how far it is coincident with the principles of human nature. Yet this can only be effected when taste unites with a genuine sense of philosophy. If he be wanting in the one; he will be either imperfect or uncertain in his conclusions; if in the other, his remarks will be puerile

puerile and unqualified; if not, by their too great particularity, involved in perplexity.

A superior genius, from the comprehensiveness of his imagination, that is wont readily to associate the most distant ideas, provided they bear the least analogy, will, doubtless, compose and write agreeably and consonant to reason, without attending at the same time to the rules of criticism; yet those having their derivation from nature, this principle will evidently suggest and reduce them to practice. When an idea presents itself to the man of genius, so quick are his faculties of perception, that all others connected with it are immediately offered to his view; and that delicate and precise taste, so essentially concomitant with genius, (and in the greatest masters the one appears not more pre-eminent than the other) enables him not only to arrange, but also to convey them to others, in as sensible and lively colours as he himself first apprehended them.

Can we suppose that Homer wrote his *Iliad* according to any particular system of established composition or knowledge of logical reasoning? Yet the vigour of his imagination led him into tracts hitherto unexplored; and he traversed the wilderness with wonderful discernment: No,—rather let us conclude, that to this immortal poet, and one or two others of antiquity, we are wholly indebted for the laws of poetry and judgment of composition. Indeed, their models, which evince equal genius and taste, are so perfect and correct, that the general rules and precepts of similar composition, afterwards observed in criticism, are entirely gathered from their uninstructed

practice, and established as the criterion of excellence.

Criticism is often said to abridge the works of genius: authors who thus preface act unfavourably towards themselves; for the masterly pen, while it invokes the candid protection of the public, will pleasurably embrace the sound examination of wisdom and taste. As the very best performances have their blemishes, so it is evident no man's abilities or conceptions can be wholly exempt from error, and therefore must profit from true criticism. Again, it is urged that criticism is more established by abstract rules than guided by feelings; but, from candid inquiry, it will appear immediately dependent upon that basis, and actuated by it in every instance. Yet I am ready to confess there are those pedants who, without any regard to nature, aspire to criticise by rules engendered in their own imaginations, while perfectly ignorant of the standard of taste. But it should seem unjust to conclude against criticism, because it may have fallen into the hand of professors incapable of its office, as such has been the precise fate of every branch of philosophy: yet, thanks to the riper judgment of mankind, those superficial writers obtained but a momentary reception; the short consequence they assumed may with greater propriety, perhaps, be attributed to their novelty, than ascribed to their ingenuity.

Nothing, it is certain, can supply the place of genius, or enliven those seeds of fancy that nature originally may have implanted in our souls; and which, from want of culture, have lost their vegetation, or become corrupt. Yet critical observations may check those extravagances in which the
lively

lively imagination may sometimes indulge. It is their province to point out the defective, and not perhaps without proving of some real moment, as the authority of the critic will at least excite our attention, if not, eventually, convey the most valuable instruction.

Many authors have obtained the greatest applause, even from men of acknowledged sense, at the first appearance of their works, by an abject subservience to the political prejudices, or the spirit of certain religious disputes, that may have at some time agitated the greater part of a nation; though, when the temporary public passion or party opinion has subsided, we shall find the genuine taste and true judgment of a people, concerning their real merits, have not been exercised in the primary appreciation of their value; and with what just criticism has condemned, the public, in the end, will not fail to acquiesce.—Thus a work which in the first instance acquired the highest reputation is now consigned to oblivion; while, on the other hand, another composition of real excellence was, on its first publication, received unfavourably, because it opposed the then popular opinions; yet these marks of disapprobation gradually subsided, and the work, at length, rose into its deserved rank of general estimation.

However, it is by no means to be accounted surprising that contrariety should be found in the judgment of authors or critics, as their sentiments are but too generally marked with prejudice; and, to hazard a conjecture, few, I believe, are the opinions of either, which may not be proved to be distinguished by some singularities peculiar to their respective tempers, habits, or situations. In fact, on almost every subject, in whatever point of view, the taste of one man

is clearly opposed to that of another; and the temper of human nature, from its inequality, and dissimilitude of faculties, will reconcile this obvious diversity. In the same manner mankind differ in sympathy of heart, and possess unequal measures of sensibility. The tale of woe, which may interest the attention, and excite the strongest emotions of commiseration in one man, will be heard by another with the greatest apathy and indifference; and the perception of taste will not, unnaturally, appear expressive of the warmth or coldness of heart. Did not this dissimilarity exist from nature, the various modes of culture and exercise, to which the powers of taste are subjected, would prove sufficiently imperious to subvert their uniformity. According to the degree of exercise they receive, such will be their proportion of improvement; and, as that exercise is varied, their appearance will assume a correspondent similitude.

This variety of tastes may be applied to all the fine arts. Whether they are equally good, is a question too wild to consider. But that there is some certain standard, whereby we may determine excellence or defect, must at least be inferred, or it should seem the powers of taste, insomuch as not admitting improvement or perversion, are infinitely superior to all other of our mental faculties. If appears to me an observation in point, that as all men will, in particular instances, consider themselves at liberty to arraign the taste of each other, therefore our feeling a presentiment of the qualities of objects, or, to speak more clearly, having a knowledge of right and wrong in their relative tastes, demonstrates that a criterion may be reasonably presumed, nay, perhaps, proved equally as universal, and as little liable to fallibility,

as the efforts of any other faculty of the human constitution.

To conclude: as the greatest refinement and justness of taste are necessary to the critic, so must the sound principles of criticism, as the genuine transcripts of nature, faithfully investigate and ascertain the excellence or defects in every performance of art, and, by justly appreciating their intrinsic qualities, prevent extraneous matter, or dazzling beauties, which may conceal the grossest deformities, from receiving an indefinite or indiscriminate approbation. Nor can there, in fact, be admitted any appeal from these conclusions; and this will readily appear, if it be considered that these decisions are not of mere solitary authority, but the acknowledged sentiments of all men. In all arts there are some general rules by which we are as really governed, as, in matters of individual dispute, we implicitly abide the determination of law:—and these established principles are deduced from the most excellent and admired performances in each art, and form invariably the standard of criticism.

HENRY FRANCES.

EULOGIUM upon the ART of a LADY'S HAIR-DRESSER.

[From the *Journal des Dames et des Modes.*]

I WOULD propose to all the academies of Europe a prize for the best panegyric upon that art which is of all others the most useful to society, as well as the most arduous, the most noble, and the most sublime, in relation to the virtues which it requires—I mean the art of a lady's hair-dresser. To modify into pleasing forms these long and slender filaments which nature seems to have intended for the sport of every gale; to give to them a consistency

of which no one would suppose such materials were susceptible; to give to abundance regular order in the place of confusion, and to supply a want with fictitious riches, which would deceive the sharpest eye: to soften the coarseness of features; to increase the brilliancy of the eye, by contrast of colours, and even sometimes by reflected union: to effect all these miracles, without any other means than a comb, and some powder of different tints, these are the characteristics of the art, and yet constitute but a small part of a lady's hair-dresser's daily occupation.

If his industry entitles him to the rank of artist, its subject ought surely to give him a distinguished place on the list.

The pencil of the painter is exercised only upon the canvas; the chissel of the statuary upon the marble block. Cold copyists of the charms of which they only present the image, their labours necessarily bear the mark of dependence. They must have models to direct their imagination and their hand. Their greatest merit is faithful imitation; and the inanimate shadow which they sell so dear to luxury is but an imperfect sketch of the original, of which it teaches us to lament the loss.

What a difference between them and the lady's hair-dresser! It is a living beauty that he embellishes; it is a sex to which all the world pay homage that implores his aid. Has nature lavished upon it all her treasures? he improves their *éclat*. The forms and features of the sculptor and painter are all borrowed; the model is before their eyes. Not so with the coiffeur: he must have a peculiar genius for invention, a superior taste for combination; he must be able, at the first sight of a physiognomy, to ascertain what

sort

sort of decoration will suit it. He must adhere to the general fashion, yet modify the dress to the individual. One woman would appear horrible in the style which makes another lovely. The coiffeur must therefore be always uniform, yet always vary his productions. It is true, the industrious hands to which the canvas and the marble owe their metamorphosis have a superiority in one sense over the coiffeur. Their works possess a solidity which immortalise them. Each succeeding generation enriches itself with the labours of the preceding. The coiffeur has not that good fortune. The fruits of his art are more fleeting than those of the spring. Like the bouquets whose brilliancy they possess, they disappear with the day which has seen their growth, and find their tomb in the sleep, from whence the beauties they adorned derive new freshness. This is indeed a disadvantage: but ought the coiffeur to feel humbled on that account? In this particular, his art resembles that which we admire most in nature. It is the fate of every thing beautiful to fade away and vanish at the moment when arrived at the highest degree of perfection. The coiffeur always triumphs over this envious fatality by new creations. Every toilette is a fertile field, where he scatters his roses; and the prodigality of the evening is only a pledge of the abundance of the next day. I have hitherto considered him as a mere artist: but what if I were to enter into a detail of all his virtues? Are not discretion, reservedness, patience, punctuality, virtues? Of all artists, is there one to whom they must be more familiar than to the coiffeur? Admitted to the mystery of the toilet, must he not, like Job, make a compact with his tongue and his eyes? The more unreserved the confidence, the more

circumspection is required. How great must be his vigilance to keep himself constantly upon his guard against the charms which are placed in his hands! A new Pygmalion, does he not run a risk of having his head turned by the divinities whose heads he is employed to adorn? What scrupulous modesty does he not require to bear him safe through such variety of danger? He must not be merely as silent as Job, he must be equally patient. It is not a piece of inanimate metal that he forms; they are beings of quick sensibility, beings of delicate taste, accustomed to empire, and who regard every curl of their hair as forming part of their crown. He must, therefore, follow with his eye their interested and penetrating glances: he must divine the effect of a curl or a tress: he must seize in a moment all the immensity of rapid combinations which every motion of the comb produces, and answer with this instrument even the silent objections to his procedure. It will be easily admitted then, that the exercise of this art supposes a calm temper, excessive virtue, attention, and inexhaustible patience.

As to punctuality, only think for a moment what disorder would arise in society upon all such essential occasions as balls and assemblies, spectacles and birth-day galas, were a coiffeur to neglect his duty, or slip his memory. How many empty boxes, how many distressed families, how many broken engagements, and hence what confusion, what embarrassment, both in public and private?

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

HAVING accustomed myself for several years past to read the va-

rious publications of miscellaneous magazines, and other periodical works, &c. which are intended to afford useful amusement and instruction to their readers, I have, from their nature, and the most scrupulous attention shown to the culture and improvement of morality, conceived the greatest opinion of their worth and tendency to promote the virtues and happiness of society. But a person who has been a disinterested observer, acquainted with the numerous intercourses of the sexes, and their connections in the world, which are termed *social*, must perceive a great chasm or vacancy, as it were, either in the written dictates of their reciprocal duties, or in the performance of them. I am induced, therefore, to propose this subject to your correspondents for investigation, to discover the cause of this deficiency; or, should there be none, the reason why such rules of life as have been already prescribed operates not on the minds and inclinations of youth to practise them to the extent they require. If youth are educated into their several modes and habits of life, and their dispositions moulded by examples and instruction, from the many extraordinary connections which are formed, and inconsistencies, it appears, that there either has not been a clear decisive plan of conduct set forth to meet with general approbation, or that it requires a more universal distribution, and its principles more indelibly fixed on youthful minds and capacities for its observance, otherwise it is a physical evil. As to what may be urged in favour of the Classics, and authors who have already written on education, and for the improvement of the moral world, with the greatest respect to them, I must observe, that, in the particular now proposed, there can be found but

very imperfect and desultory hints, compared to the extent and great advantages resulting from a methodical and just explication of the relative duties in society, and the means shown of preserving the reputations and happiness of individuals, in an undissembled engaging behaviour and temper of mind, eventually producing the strictest life of unanimity and respect. And the late productions which are to be found inserted in the various periodical publications, and the single endeavours of different authors, by which, to their credit, some females have distinguished themselves, deserve the highest commendation and esteem; yet these appear to merit but little advancement to complete so excellent a design. Such compositions will be found to contain a profusion of matter irksomely repeated, without regularity or guide; different opinions are splenetically urged, and frequently contradictions; and from their prolixities and digressions, which serve to fill up the time in the perusal, instead of informing clogs the understanding, and often deters youth from study, and enforcing those fundamental principles on their memories, which should afterwards conduct them to manhood and goodness. Nothing can be more evident to persons who have a knowledge of the world, or are at all acquainted with the human heart; and how, by a simulation of conduct, actions are glossed over, which, when rightly known, would discover its turpitude and depravity, than that all former attempts to reform the manners and customs of society have proved ineffectual. How very common it is in mixed companies to hear those who compose them talk of sentiment, generosity, candour, and friendship, and those nominal significations of confidence and love; but

but to a strict observer, who has marked the manner in which they are generally participated, he seldom hears such, but that he is sure those ardent professions indicate some selfish motives of resentment—profit, pleasure, or the like—quite foreign from the apparent ingenuousness and sincerity which is made use of to merit the enjoyment of them. And those various idle propensities of censure, contempt, ridicule, slander, and many other aggravating proofs of moral derelictions, not to say any thing worse of a criminal nature, are manifest even in public assemblies, notwithstanding all that has been said, done, or written, to prevent it. Considering this, and if the means of education are already definitely fixed and obeyed, it argues its insufficiency to improve the understanding and heart towards perfection, otherwise than instilling into youth ideas which soon degenerate into cunning and refined depravity, which is obvious from the many repeated proofs an experienced man of observation and judgment may find in almost all societies. Particular instances of exception, which are admitted, is no argument against this. Or should the mistake be supposed to lay in the incompetency of those who pretend to teach others, or in the constitutional habits of the persons themselves, and that allowances should be made for the weaknesses of humanity, still these objections are convertible, and the requisites to remove these impediments are wanting, or not sufficiently known for its remedy. It is not only essential to impress on young and tender minds those general principles of education which are taught in childhood; but in every progressive stage of life there are particular parts of knowledge and necessary qualifications to be inculcated, always improving as they advance

in years. This, in my opinion, is neglected, and produces that want of maturity in morals and virtue which youth of both sexes, at an adult age, too frequently show, by a proneness to levity and indiscretion. The time they are taken from school is, I should imagine, the time when it required the greatest attention to the cultivation of their morals and the benefits of education: their passions and propensities then become more invigorated and ungovernable, which, if directed right, the exercise of reason, and serious reflections, would render them qualified to judge, and receive with greater propriety and satisfaction those useful rules and examples designed for their good and advancement in the world:—But, on the contrary, when neglected to be continued and enforced as they grow up, are often obliterated by the indulgences of the prodigal impulses of nature, and thirst for pleasures. At this most critical conjuncture of life, it unfortunately happens, that parents supinely defeat the most promising appearances of doing well, by confiding in what their children have previously learned; considering, that when they leave school their educations are finished; and on that account they are able to judge for themselves. Nothing can be more erroneous. This early part of their learning is only a foundation and preparatory to a more important branch of study and time of life, when their success and good conduct will prove, that reformation in the present established modes of social intercourse would greatly conduce to make them happier and better. For this purpose, I should like to be informed in your Magazine, by some of your female correspondents, what answer can be given to account for the many imperfections, and what are termed venial

offences, which are often visibly seen, to their prejudice, in their particular connections in the world.

J. P.

Rochester, Sept. 1801.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

STRAW hats are still worn, and their shape has not changed. In full dress, oblong head-dresses are worn, formed of a piece of *organdis*, or crape, which envelopes the hair; and over which are passed *bandelettes* of gold or silver. The richest of these head-dresses have the bottom embroidered with tinsel; some are made with a veil, which hangs down on the left shoulder. For a half-dress, pierced hats are worn; the backs of which are of satin, puckered. In undress, *toquets* are worn, which are more frequently round than with points, and always trimmed.

The knots of ribbons on the hats form a perfect rose. Neither feathers nor flowers are now much worn; tinsel is all the vogue. The bottoms of the robes, the ornaments of the tunic, and the *fichus* for head-dresses, are embroidered with silver foil.

The favourite colour for hats and the *capotes* of Florence is violet, embellished with jonquil ribbons and drapery, or brown earth of Egypt, decorated with lilac ribbons and drapery. The handkerchiefs are edged with rich lace. The *élégantes* wear their girdles in a cross behind, and tied with a graceful negligence in front.

The robes are chiefly made of muslin, with very large flowers; and the hair sometimes falls down the shoulders, regulated by sliders of enamelled gold. The ear-rings in the newest taste are of amber;

they vary much in form; but the most distinguished for elegance and effect are those of a square and octagonal shape.

Our *élégantes* have not yet dismissed either the veils or the oval head-dresses. The facility, however, of dispensing with long hair by the aid of veils which cover the neck has reproduced the fashion of short and cropped hair *à la Titus*. Several of our fashionables appear already cropped in public. The long-waisted gowns are still the mode. In half-dresses, the hats are work of straw interwoven in the manner of gauze, very dazzling and fine. In the undress the caps are round, and garnished with lace. Next after the long Cashmere shawls, those most in vogue are of muslin embroidered with silk. Some head-dresses of black lace, or embroidered with silk in colours, have lately made their appearance.

LONDON FASHIONS.

AN evening dress of lilac, or other coloured muslin, the body made quite plain, and trimmed round with lace; the sleeves very short, and trimmed round the bottom with broad lace. The hair dressed and ornamented with a bandeau of crape and flowers.

Walking dress. A round dress of cambric-muslin, the body made full, and drawn round the bosom with a frill; full long sleeves. Spanish cloak of white muslin, trimmed all round with lace. A bonnet of white or buff muslin, trimmed and tied under the chin with white ribbon.

The favourite colours are brown, yellow, and buff; and in flowers, scarlet, crimson, and other colours. Imperial chips, and flowers and feathers, are generally worn.



M. D. 1801

PARIS DRESS.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE FISHERMAN.

ALONG the smooth and glassy
 stream,
 The little boat glides slow;
 And while, beneath the rosy beam
 Of setting sun, the waters glow,
 The fisherman is singing gay,
 'Sweet is the hour of setting day!'
 The net, expanded wide, displays
 The snare of direful fate;
 And where the finny victim strays,
 The shafts of death, unseen, await;
 And still the fisherman is gay,
 Singing the close of summer's day!
 The zephyrs on the willow bed
 In busy whispers fly;
 And o'er the lowly peaceful shed
 The lonely screech-owls hov'ring
 cry;
 And still the fisherman can say,
 'How cheerful is the close of day!'
 The rising moon, with quiv'ring light,
 Along the river throws
 A soft beam, from the brow of night,
 And still a mimic day bestows;
 While on the smooth and liquid way,
 The silent fisherman is gay!
 The rosy dawn above the hill
 Scatters the sev'ring cloud,
 And myriads, flitting o'er the rill,
 The daisied margin faintly shroud—
 And from his hut, to greet the day,
 The fisherman comes blithe and gay!
 Happy is he who never knew
 The pomp and pride of state;
 Who, stranger to the sordid crew,
 Lives unmolested by the great;
 Who labours through his little day,
 And, *pleas'd with labour*—still is gay!
 For what but fishermen are those
 Who spread the golden snare—
 Who watch the scene of still repose,
 To mingle pain and ruin there—
 Who vaunt their gaudy sunny day,
 While others pine, in grief, away?

What is oppression but the net
 Which holds the helpless throng?
 What promis'd favour but the bait
 Scatter'd the servile race among?
 And who shall bid the wretch be gay,
 When skimming through the glitt'ring
 way?
 Poor fisherman! would man, like thee,
 Contented pass his hour—
 Would those of loftier destiny
 Forbear to use the rod of pow'r—
 How many, through life's busy day,
 Would sing, like thee—belov'd and
 gay!

 VERSES TO LADY G. GORDON,
 WITH A PRESENT OF ROSES.

[From *Anacreon*, Ode V.—*Italian Transla-*
tion.]

'O, rosa gentile,
 More del Prato:
 O, figlia d'Aprile,
 De nomi piacer!'

ROSES, that their fragrance drew
 From Aurora's smile and sport,
 Fly, Georgiana, fly to you,
 Still a sweeter smile to court!

'Twas Anacreon sung of old
 (Cupid ever lisps the song),
 'Roses in their bloom enfold
 Empires that to Love belong!'
 Hence thy rosy cheeks by morn,
 Hence thy lips of rosy dew,
 Hence the rose-buds that adorn
 Treasures Love has lent to you!
 Such a guardian is the rose
 Cupid's empire to maintain,
 Envy, Malice, Cupid's foes,
 Touch its thorn, and die in pain!
 Thine, Georgiana, is the flow'r
 Venus and the Muses prize;
 It will never lose its pow'r,
 While it meets Georgiana's eyes!

THE MANIAC BOY.

ON ADDRESSING A WOMAN WEEP-
ING AT A GRAVE IN A VILLAGE
CHURCH-YARD.

‘AND why thus waste your ev’n-
ing hours
By this mis-shapen mossy grave?
And why thus strew the sweetest
flow’rs,
And shed your tears in silent show’rs,
Where night-shade and the tall weeds
wave?’
‘Beneath this sod, bedew’d with
tears,
And deck’d with many a flow’ret wild,
Reflection oft her altar rears,
For here a thousand hopes and fears
Lie buried with my maniac child.
‘I’ve hous’d him from the wind and
rain,
From snows that fell in winter wild;
I’ve cloth’d him o’er and o’er again,
And with my labour did maintain
Him whom I lov’d, my maniac child.
‘What time the day-star sunk to
rest,
He’d scent the balmy-breeze of morn;
Climbing the neighb’ring mountains
crest,
Or blow the village herdsman’s horn,
To break the drowsy ploughman’s
rest.
‘Oft as he loiter’d by the tide,
That down the valley wildly gushes,
The flowers that on the surface glide
He’d catch, with more than human
pride,
To deck his cap of sea-green rushes.
‘And when the fervid noon-tide heat
Urg’d fainting cattle to the shade,
And village-swains on verdant seat,
With half-clos’d eyes, at length were
laid,
He’d seek the shepherd boy’s retreat.
‘In lanes as any meadow green,
O’ershadow’d by the drooping limes,
And there, by loit’ring elves unseen,
He’d loudly chaunt the village-chimes,
To many sad and simple rhymes.
‘But he the twilight time admir’d,
For then he’d oft forsake his home,
And wait and watch, as one inspir’d,
By nettle-skirted grave or tomb,
To chase the owlet through the gloom.
‘One fatal melancholy night,
I saw, oh God! with wild affright,

My William number’d with the
dead!
I guess, by Will-o’-wisp misled,
He miss’d the path-way to my shed.

‘For him I love at eve to weep,
And deck with flow’rets wild his clay;
For him my vigils here I keep,
‘Till summon’d home by coming day.’
Cambridge.

ODE TO TRUTH.

[From ‘*Juvenilia*, a Collection of Poems, by
J. H. L. Hunt.’]

TRUTH, fairest virgin of the sky!
With robes of light and beaming eye,
And temples crown’d with day!
Oh thou, of all the cherub choir,
That boast’st to wake the sweetest lyre,
And chant the softest lay!
By him who, ‘midst his country’s tears,
Stood moveless to a thousand fears,
And smil’d at racks and death;
By Persia’s turban’d heroes bold,
And all the Spartan chiefs of old,
That bow’d thy shrine beneath;
By holy Virtue’s vestal flame;
By laurel’d Honour’s stately name,
And cheek-bedimpled Love;
Oh lift from thy majestic head
The veil that o’er its tresses spread,
Doubt’s fairy fingers wove!
The chaste Religion’s virgin breast,
And Hope with fair unruffled vest,
Their lovely sister hail;
Simplicity with liliéd crown,
And Innocence untaught to frown,
And Peace that loves the vale.
The daemon that usurps thy day,
And casts upon its blemish’d ray
The poison of his tongue:
Oh bid him, from thy dazzling sight,
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred fiends among!
And, in the horrors of his train,
Let Discord seek his yelling reign,
Nor haunt thy path serene:
While Guilt, on every sullen wind,
Starts pale and trembling from behind
His wild and wizard mien.
Then o’er thy flower-enamel’d way
Shall youth, in artless frolic gay,
His rustic hymns increase:
While Britain, raptur’d at the sound,
Shouts, to her echoing shores around,
‘Truth, liberty, and peace!’

THE COMMON CAUSE.

OUR country is our ship, d'ye see,
 A gallant vessel too;
 And of his fortune proud be he
 Who's of the Albion's crew.
 Each man, whate'er his station be,
 When duty's call deamnds,
 Should take his stand, and lend a hand,
 Take his stand,
 Lend a hand,
 As *the common cause* demands!

And when our haughty enemies
 This noble ship assail,
 Then all true-hearted lads despise
 What perils may prevail;
 But, shrinking from the cause we prize,
 If lubbers skulk below,
 To the sharks heave such sparks;
 To the sharks
 Heave such sparks;
 They *assist the common foe*.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true
 We quarrel—make a rout;
 And, having nothing else to do,
 We fairly scold it out:
 But, once the enemy in view,
 Shake hands, we soon are friends;
 On the deck, 'till a wreck,
 On the deck,
 'Till a wreck,
 Each *our common cause* defends!

LINES

TO MISS CHARLOTTE I**GH**M,
 OF B**H-G**TES,

*Who was so obligingly cruel as to take
 a Thorn out of the Author's Finger.*

AS Henry late the hedge's wild fruit
 sought,
 A jealous thorn th' intrusive finger
 caught;
 To Charlotte straight he brings the
 wounded part,
 And seeks th' assistance of her dex-
 trous art:
 Her dextrous art extracts the pointed
 grief;
 A *dear-bought cure!* a cruel, kind relief!
 Shot from her eyes, the wing'd un-
 erring dart
 A passage found, and rankled at his
 heart;

For one light throb, unnumber'd vary-
 ing pains
 Now fire his blood, and rage through
 all his veins.
 In depth of anguish thus he silence
 broke,
 And thus the kind, the cruel fair be-
 spoke:
 'Is this your friendship, doctress?—
 this your art,
 To cure a finger, and to wound a heart?
 What a delusive transfer this of pain!
 Oh, that I had my milder wound again!
 In strains like these we charge the fa-
 tal art
 Which throws the gout upon a vital
 part.
 Victims we to the murd'rous med'cine
 lie:
 Untouch'd we'd live; thus cur'd, alas!
 we die!

Wakefield, 1801.

W. H. C.

IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing Miss Mortimore make her
 first Theatrical Attempt in the Charac-
 ter of Ophelia, in Shakspeare's Tra-
 gedie of Hamlet, at a private Theatre
 in Tottenham-court-road.*

BY GEORGE MOORE.

SHAKSPEARE, 'tis true, with magic
 pow'r,
 Can, in a short dramatic hour,
 With various scenes beguile:
 His well-turn'd jest we laugh to hear;
 His plaintive tale calls forth a tear;
 A tear adorns our smile.

But when the author's am'rous strain
 Rais'd from his vivid fertile brain
 A lovely maid or wife,
 'Twas but a spangled airy thought,
 'Till some fair form its beauties caught,
 And warm'd them into life.

The sweet Ophelia's modest grace,
 Her 'witching form, her charming
 face,

Was surely drawn for thee;
 The poet's mind by love inspir'd,
 Some fairy sylph his bosom fir'd,
 And whisper'd what might be.
*Tottenham-court-road,
 August 11, 1801.*

PAPER.

VARIOUS the papers various wants
 produce, [use :
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and
 Men are as various; and, if right I
 scan, [man.
 Each sort of paper represents some
 Pray, note the *fop*—half powder and
 half lace,
 Nice as a band-box were his dwelling-
 place;
 He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you
 store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in the
 'scrutoire.
Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so
 forth,
 Are *copy-paper* of inferior worth;
 Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk
 decreed,
 Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry
 need.
 The wretch whom *av'rice* bids to
 pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an
 heir,
 Is *coarse brown paper*, such as pedlars
 choose
 To wrap up wares which better men
 will use.
 Take next the *miser's contrast*, who
 destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune, in a round
 of joys.
 Will any paper match him? Yes,
 throughout,
 He's a true *sinking-paper*, past all
 doubt.
 The retail *politician's* anxious thought
 Deems this side always right, and that
 stark naught,
 He foams with censure, with applause
 he raves,
 A dupe to rumours, and a tool of
 knaves:
 He'll want no type his weakness to
 proclaim,
 While such a thing as *foolscap* has a
 name.
 The *basty gentleman*, whose blood runs
 high,
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry;
 Who can't a jest, a hint, a look endure;
 What is he? Why *touch-paper*, to be
 sure.

What are our *poets*, take them as they
 fall,
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not
 read at all?
 Them and their works in the same
 class you'll find,
 They are the mere *waste paper* of
 mankind.
 Observe the *maiden*, innocently sweet,
 She's fair *white paper*, an unsully'd
 sheet,
 On which the happy man whom fate
 ordains
 May write his name, and take her for
 his pains.
 One instance more, and only one, I'll
 bring,
 'Tis the *great man*, who scorns a little
 thing;
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose
 maxims are his own,
 Form'd on the feelings of his heart
 alone:
 True genuine *royal paper* is his breast,
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest,
 best.

EPITAPH

In Newark Church-yard,

ON ELIZABETH GREGG, OF LONG-
 SUTTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

IF modest worth and beauty claim a
 tear,
 Oh stop a while, and pay that tribute
 here!
 For know here lies, beneath this hum-
 ble tomb,
 A beauteous flower withered in its
 bloom:
 Cut off from all the social joys of life,
 Here sleeps a daughter, parent, and a
 wife.
 Charming her person; graceful was
 her mien;
 Her temper open, and her soul serene:
 'Of manners gentle, and affections
 mild.'
 Death made his conquest, and in tri-
 umph smil'd;
 For long may he his dart throw at man-
 kind
 Ere he shall such another victim find.
 L.B.
 FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, July 24.

A Considerable number of French, lately imprisoned in the castles on the Black Sea, have passed through this capital on their return home. It is reported, that all those belonging to that nation, apprehended in the Ottoman dominions at the commencement of the war, will be immediately set at liberty.

Madrid, July 30. It was but this day that the treaty of peace with Portugal was published. The following are the principal articles:—

All the ports of Portugal shall be shut against the English. Spain shall restore the places of Jurumena, Aronches, Porto-Allegro, Castelvide, Barbacena, Campo Maggiore, and Orguela, with the artillery and stores belonging to these places. Spain shall retain the towns and territory of Olivenza, from the river of La Guadiana. In the course of three months the expenses of the war shall be reimbursed by Portugal to Spain. The prisoners shall be reciprocally restored.

The two high contracting powers shall immediately after renew the ancient treaties of defensive alliance, modified according to the actual relations existing between France and Spain.

The first consul refusing, as it is known, to ratify this treaty, the French army was preparing to enter Portugal; but the court of Spain, in order to save that country, prevailed on the court of Lisbon to accede to the demands of France, by guaranteeing the integrity of the Portuguese states according to the treaty. A Portuguese plenipotentiary has consequently arrived with full powers. The French army was ordered to halt, and the prince of peace is returned to Madrid.

Vienna, August 1. Yesterday morning lord Minto, the English ambassador, received a courier from lord Elgin, at Constantinople; and in the afternoon he published the important official news that the

city and fort of Cairo, with the whole of the French troops in garrison, part of whom were in an entrenched camp, surrendered by capitulation to the united Turkish and British forces. The French troops were made prisoners of war, and are to be transported to France. The joy of the inhabitants of Cairo, upon the signing of the articles of capitulation, was unspeakable; and, had it not been for the presence of the English, the intemperance of the people would have been attended with fatal consequences to the French prisoners.

Ever since the middle of June, the grand vizier, supported by general Hutchinson, had surrounded Cairo; and the other parts of the combined forces had approached the forts, and threatened to attack them by a general storm. The French, perceiving they were likely to be overpowered, thought it most advisable not to wait the attack: they laid down their arms, and submitted themselves prisoners without drawing a sword.

The number of prisoners amounts to five thousand men, among whom are several Greeks and Armenians.

Stuttgart, August 3. The states of the Brisgau have again refused to take upon themselves the administration of the provisional government, as proposed to them by M. de Cobentzel and citizen Joseph Bonaparte. They justify themselves by stating that they are not yet free from the oath of fidelity which they took to the emperor.

Paris, August 11. The peace with Portugal was solemnly proclaimed at Madrid the 8th of July. A letter from Lisbon, of the 14th, announces that a new treaty has been signed at Badajos. Portugal consents to receive a French and Spanish garrison into its strong places, and the king of Spain has made himself guarantee to the French government for the execution of the treaty. The English ships of war of every

description are excluded from the ports of Portugal, and the marine property of that nation has been already embarked in haste to carry it to Gibraltar. They expect at Lisbon general St. Cyr, who is to maintain there the character of minister of the French republic.

The first consul has made known to the council of state, in the sitting of the 18th Thermidor, the convention which has been made with cardinal Gonsalvi, and the arrangement entered into, in concert with the court of Rome, to finish all the discussions, and to terminate radically all religious quarrels. The government has reason to hope, that in less than a month the priests called constitutional, those that have made the promise of fidelity, and all the others, united in sentiments and opinions, will employ themselves peaceably in the care of their ministry; and that neither the one nor the other will forget that their ministry is a ministry of peace, concord, and union.

Letters from Leghorn, of the 22d of July, state, that four thousand French were at Porto Ferrajo, preparing for an attempt to carry it by assault.

A lieutenant of a man of war, taken upon the coast of Egypt by the English, writes from the Lazaretto of Marseilles, of the date of the 2d of August, that an English cutter, in the beginning of June, had announced to the captain of the flag of truce on board of which he was, that the inhabitants of Rosetta had massacred the English garrison of that place.

Ratisbon, August 17. A Prussian courier has lately brought dispatches to M. Count de Goertz, which are of the highest importance. He had conferences immediately after with the ministers of Austria and France, and also with some of the secular princes of Germany. From what is circulated in public, it appears that these dispatches contain an opposition on the part of the court of Berlin to the nomination of any successor to the elector of Cologne, either for the electorate or for the bishopric of Munster. It is generally thought that the court of Vienna will yield to the wishes of the king of Prussia, and that the bishopric of Munster will form a part of the indemnities which are to

be reserved for that potentate. By this acquisition he will be enabled to join his possessions on the Weser and the Ems with those which remain to him on the Lower Rhine; to which, it is said, will be united the duchy of Berg, by an arrangement between the courts of Berlin and Munich. It is even stated, that the duchy of Westphalia, and other parts of the electorate of Cologne, will pass under the Prussian dominion.—The diet opened this day its deliberations on the last imperial rescript. It appears that the majority of votes will be for giving to the emperor all the full powers necessary for settling the affair of the secularisations with France, in concert with the courts of Berlin and Petersburg; but that the diet will reserve to itself the authority to examine and approve the arrangements which shall be adopted by those great powers.

Milan, August 17. According to letters from Leghorn, of the 12th instant, the deputies of the new king of Etruria and general Murat have returned from the Isle of Elba, without having effected any thing. The English squadron that lately appeared off that island has, it is said, reinforced the garrison of Porto Ferrajo with three hundred men, and inspired the defendants with fresh courage.

Vienna, August 21. It is certain that our court accords with that of Prussia upon the principal points of the secularisations; but they negotiate upon the mode of carrying them into execution. It is wished to avoid all delays, which are so much the more useless as the chief princes concerned have negotiated separately with the French republic.

29. On the 27th lord Minto received a courier from lord Elgin, at Constantinople, who, when these dispatches were sent off, on the 13th of August, had received no further advices from Egypt, except that the combined Turkish and English army had advanced to Alexandria, to lay siege to that city. General Menou had refused to accede to the convention of Cairo, as he still expected succours from the squadron of Gantheaume.

The day before yesterday the Aulic council of war received advices from the commandant of Semlin, that a corps of Janissaries,

Janissaries, principally consisting of those who formerly resided in Belgrade, and who were exiled from their country by the Porte after the peace of Czystów, had, under the conduct of an officer devoted to Paswan Oglou, obtained a complete victory over a corps of Turks, and immediately marched against Belgrade; of which, with the assistance of the malcontents within, they made themselves masters almost without striking a blow. They spared the life of the pacha of Belgrade, but deposed him, and appointed a successor. It is now expected that a strict alliance will be concluded between this new governor of Belgrade and Paswan Oglou.

Hague, August 29. The reports of a speedy approaching peace between England and France have greatly increased. Several couriers from Paris have been received at Amsterdam, and the Batavian rescriptions payable after the peace have considerably risen, though the funds on the house of Austria and the bank of Vienna have fallen.

Many believe that the preliminaries of peace between France and England will be concluded sooner than has hitherto seemed probable.

The prohibition of the exportation from our republic of wheat, rye, barley, buck wheat, peas, and beans, has been prolonged from the 1st of September to the 31st of December of the present year.

Banks of the Maine, Aug. 29. The assembling of French troops in the Neapolitan territory, and at Ancona, had for its object to make a landing on the Turkish coast, where it would be easy to effect a junction with Paswan Oglou. But according to the latest private accounts from Paris this project is now laid aside, the emperor of Russia having declared, by his ambassador at Paris, M. Kalischeff, that an attack on the territory of European Turkey could not be viewed with indifference by the Russian court.

Frankfort, August 29. Citizen Cail-lard passed this way, the day before yesterday, on his way to Ratisbon, with a mission from the French government, which we are assured is relative to the business of the indemnities, which appears to have been definitively settled at

Paris between France, Prussia, and Austria. It is generally expected that all the ecclesiastical states will be secularised; but it is believed that the electorates of Mentz and Treves will not be so settled until after the death of the reigning electors.

Hague, September 1. As no intelligence has yet been received of the actual signing of the preliminaries of peace between France and England, our funds have again fallen to their usual state: the negotiations between the two countries, however, continue very active.

Munster, September 2. On the 28th ult. solemn obsequies were performed here for the rest of the soul of his electoral highness of Cologne, our late prince and lord; the election of a new prince-bishop is appointed for the 3d of September and the following days.

The day before yesterday we received, by a courier from Vienna, the agreeable news that his imperial majesty will send a commissary of election to Munster, on whose arrival the election of a new prince-bishop will no doubt take place.

4. Yesterday the reverend chapter held its first meeting preparatory to the election of a prince-bishop. This morning lieutenant Bartel, who had been sent as envoy to Vienna, arrived here, and we are assured that the count of Westphalia will arrive to-morrow from Hildesheim, as imperial commissary of election; and that the election will then be appointed for the 7th instant. The brother of the emperor, prince Antony, will unite all the votes in his favour.

Wesel, September 4. We have had a report here that Prussian troops were on their march for Munster; but it does not seem probable that any such measure will be adopted, as M. Von Dohm is gone to Munster; and it may be expected that this experienced minister will be able to persuade the chapter to desist for the present from the election of a new bishop.

Paris, September 4. An English flag of truce arrived at Calais on the afternoon of the 1st instant with dispatches, and lord Paget, ambassador from the court of St. James's, with his suite, on his way to Vienna.—He received there passports which were sent him for his passage by France.

HOME NEWS.

Harwich, August 9.
THIS morning lord Nelson came to an anchor, in the *Medusa* frigate, off this harbour, having with him the *King George* and *Providence* cutters, a brig cutter, (supposed to be the *Anacreon*, lieutenant Guyon,) and another small cutter. His lordship cruised a part of the morning in one of the cutters in our harbour.

Leeds, August 10. Our volunteers had a very numerous muster on Friday, the 31st of July, to hear the instructions their commander had received from lord Hobart, through the medium of the lord-lieutenant; and it is with pleasure we learn, that their determination to comply with the request of their sovereign, 'To hold themselves in readiness to march, whenever called upon, to defend their country, and to perfect themselves in their exercise as much as possible,' was unanimous.

Such of the supplementary militia belonging to the West riding of this county as were some time ago disembodied are ordered again to assemble in this town on Friday the 21st instant, and the East riding militia are ordered to assemble at Beverley on Tuesday the 25th.

The North York militia have marched from Newcastle, and are encamped on the coast near Whitburn; the first West York march this day from Scarborough for Hull, and the East York from Hull for Scarborough.

Norwich, August 11. The supplementary militia of this county is ordered to be immediately embodied.

The Ingatestone and Brentwood volunteers, and Thornton pioneers, under the patronage of the right hon. lord Petre, have received orders from major Havers, major-commandant of the said corps, to hold themselves in readiness for duty at an hour's notice, should their services be required in the present emergency.

Harwich, August 11. It was rightly conjectured that lord Nelson's visit to this port related, among other things, to the sea-fencibles. Last night the fishing-smack owners here assembled on the Guildhall, and ballotted one man from each vessel to serve his majesty on board the guard-ships. Our owners consider themselves accommodated by captain Schomberg having required only a draught of one man, who is not to be absent from his smack more than one voyage of the smack, and then he is to be relieved by another. A greater draught would certainly have been injurious to the fishery; but as it could have been required, the present is properly considered as an indulgence.

London, August 13. The Hamburg mail due yesterday was received in the afternoon; and by the packet which brought the mail came a messenger, Mr. Hugden, with official information of the capture or surrender of Cairo, with six thousand prisoners. In the course of the evening government confirmed the intelligence by publishing the following *bulletin*:

'August 12.

'A messenger arrived this morning from lord Elgin, at lord Hobart's office, by whom we are informed, that the grand signior had received dispatches from the grand vizier, containing an account of the fall of Cairo, with six thousand prisoners.'

The guns were fired at Constantinople on this important success.

Aberdeen, August 24. On Wednesday we had a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, attended with heavy showers of rain. It began in the morning at Foundland; and, taking a south-east course, reached this place in the afternoon. Many of the peals were louder and longer than any ever remembered in this country. In the evening, one Forbes, a wright, in Ellon, travelling towards Newburgh, was killed.

killed by the lightning. His shirt was burnt to tinder, part of his watch-case melted, and his body greatly disfigured. He is much regretted as a worthy ingenious man. At Micklefolla, in the Garioch, the lightning came through the roof of a house into the rooms, and broke some articles of furniture; but, fortunately, no person was there at the time. In the same neighbourhood a horse was killed by the lightning.

Last week the salmon-fishing on the Sands was uncommonly successful. It is computed that above fifty thousand pounds weight were caught. They were sold at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $3d.$ a pound.

Dublin, August 29. Thursday evening captain John Atkinson, of the peace-establishment of this metropolis, assisted by Mr. Hyde, one of his majesty's messengers, brought into town from Limerick Denis Fitzgerald, who had been arrested there on a charge of being a spy. He appears to be a most extraordinary fugacious character, having been in many parts of the world, according to his own account. He is a smart, active, well-dressed young man, rather tall, of genteel appearance, and under thirty years of age, can speak all languages fluently, and says he has been in the service, at sea, of the English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. He is an Irishman, born in the county of Kerry, where he states his father resides: he also mentioned that he has not been in Ireland for seventeen years past; that he was in lord Keith's fleet some years ago, as a common man before the mast; but, having been accused of creating dissension among the seamen, was confined, and ordered to be tried by a court-martial; but his lordship changed his mind, and sent him home a prisoner to England, where he was confined three years, some time in Tothill-fields prison, and in Newgate, and was discharged; whether from its being inconvenient to bring evidence from sea against him, or that the charge could not be substantiated, is not known.

Portsmouth, September 3. The following is a copy of the decision of the court-martial held on captain Ferris, for the loss of the Hannibal, of 74 guns:

'At a court-martial assembled on board the Gladiator, in Portsmouth harbour, on Tuesday, the first of September, 1801, to try captain Solomon Ferris, his officers, and ship's company, for the loss of his majesty's ship the Hannibal, in Algeziras-bay, on the sixth of July, 1801—Present,

'Admiral Holloway, president.

'Captains G. Murray, G. Duff, J. N. Newman, Robert Lambert, Wm. Granger, F. Pickmore, E. J. Foote, Richard Dacres, Richard Retalick.

'Moses Greetham, jun. esq. judge advocate.

'The court, on hearing the narrative of captain Ferris, and the evidence of the officers and ship's company, and after mature deliberation, was of opinion, that the loss of his majesty's ship Hannibal was caused by her grounding on a shoal in the Bay of Algeziras, a-head of the French admiral, when captain Ferris, her commander, agreeably to the orders he had received, was making the gallant and well-judged attempt to place her so as to rake the enemy; and, after a considerable part of the ship's company had been killed or wounded, being obliged to strike his majesty's colours; and that the conduct of captain Ferris, in going into action, was that of an excellent and expert seaman, and that his conduct, after he was engaged, was that of a brave, cool, and determined officer; and that the said captain Ferris, his officers, and ship's company, by their conduct throughout the action, more particularly in continuing it for a considerable time after she was on shore, and the rest of his majesty's fleet had been obliged to quit her, did their utmost for the preservation of his majesty's ship and the honour of the British flag; and doth adjudge him to be honourably acquitted accordingly.'

This handsome and highly-honourable acquittal was immediately followed by the return of captain Ferris's sword by the president, who was pleased, in a manner that did honour to his feelings, to address him in the following words:

'Captain Ferris, I have great pleasure in returning this sword to you, as I feel assured, if ever you have occasion

to unsheath it again, it will be used with the same gallantry which you so nobly displayed in defending his majesty's ship the Hannibal.'

Cornwall, September 4. A singular circumstance occurred on Tuesday last at King Harry Passage, Cornwall.—A smuggler, with two ankers of brandy on the horse under him, was discovered by an exciseman, also on horseback, on the road leading to the Passage. The smuggler immediately rode off at full speed, pursued by the officer, who pressed so close upon him, that after rushing down the steep hill to the Passage, with the greatest rapidity, he plunged his horse into the water, and attempted to gain the opposite shore. The horse had not swam half-way over, before, exhausted with fatigue and the load on his back, he was on the point of sinking; when the intrepid rider slid from his back, and with his knife cut the slings of the ankers, and swam alongside his horse, exerting himself to keep his head above water, but all to no purpose: the horse was drowned, and the man with difficulty reached the shore. The less mettlesome exciseman had halted on the shore, where he surveyed the ineffectual struggle, and, afterwards, with the help of the ferry-men, got possession of the ankers.

A very large shoal of pilchards, said to exceed five hundred hogshheads, were driven into the Pier at St. Agnes, Cornwall, on Monday last, where they were fortunately stopped by shooting a ground-net across the entrance. The place not being provided with salt to cure them for exportation, they were sold out to the country-people at the very low price of one penny the hundred of six score.

A most desperate attempt to escape was made, on Wednesday, by nine convicts at Cumberland-fort. They had so far succeeded in their plan as to have reached the shore, where they had plunged a considerable depth into the mud before they were discovered. An alarm being immediately given, the troops of the garrison were ordered out in pursuit. The result was, which we are very sorry to state, that one of the convicts was shot dead, and another desperately wounded.

Dover, September 10. Four or five of the Boulogne gun-boats made a move this morning, and came out, for the purpose, it was supposed, of proceeding towards Calais. They soon, however, returned, and resumed their old station. Five of the Calais gun-boats were, it is said, ready to put to sea last night. As the wind is strong at east this morning, it is believed that they will take advantage of it, and endeavour to get to Boulogne.

London, September 12. On Wednesday evening last was found drowned in the Serpentine river, Hyde-park, a young woman about nineteen years of age, of the name of Kennedy, of respectable parents; but through the folly of her father, and the death of her mother, obliged to take to service. She had lived for five months past with Mr. Wolley, an ironmonger, in Piccadilly. Shortly after her coming to this place, being a very handsome girl, she was much noticed by one of the shopmen, who found means to seduce her under a supposed promise of marriage, his non-performance of which gave rise to a variety of fractious symptoms. She was heard some time ago to say to him, 'If you do not marry me, I will stab you first, and myself afterwards.' Another day, at work, the other servant heard her say, 'How happy a death it is to be drowned!' On Sunday evening last, at eight o'clock, she left her master's house, and no tidings were heard of her till Wednesday morning, when she was seen by two soldiers sitting under a tree in Hyde-park, and about an hour after was found drowned. The jury sat on the body at Knightsbridge. Verdict—Lunacy.

16. Yesterday parliament was prorogued to the 22d of October. The commissioners were earl St. Vincent, earl Harrington, lord Hobart, and the lord chancellor.

19. The following melancholy accident took place on Tuesday last:—Lady Carberry, who was travelling to the North, ordered one of her servants forward to prepare for her reception at the chief inn in Bugden. The poor fellow had scarcely advanced a mile, when the mail-coach, proceeding with uncommon rapidity in a contrary direction,

reaction, upset both horse and rider, and the servant was killed on the spot. Her ladyship was so much affected by this unexpected event, that she delayed her journey till the remains of the deceased were interred. On the following evening he was to have been married to a young woman of exquisite beauty.

BIRTHS.

August 25. At Landaff-castle, near Cow-bridge, Glamorganshire, the lady of sir Robert Lynch Blossie, bart. of a son and heir.

The lady of Richard Moore, esq. of a daughter, at his seat at Kentwell-hall, in the county of Suffolk.

September 4. In Cavendish-square, the honourable Mrs. Dorrien Magens, of a daughter.

At Stourfield-house, Hants, the lady of sir H. Harper, bart. of a son.

The lady of A. T. Rawlinson, esq. of a daughter.

5. At Belmont, Hants, the lady of lieutenant-general Harris, of a son.

6. At Tallow, Ireland, the lady of colonel Munro, of the Caithness legion, of a daughter.

At his house at Brompton, the lady of Sol. Treasure, esq. of a daughter.

Mrs. Darby, of Lime-street, of a son.

10. The lady of Robert Hartman, esq. of Portman-square, of a daughter.

13. In Stratford-place, the lady of R. Johnson, esq. of a son.

At Court-lodge, Lamberhurst, the lady of Daniel Webb, esq. of Audley-square, of a son.

Lady Catherine Graham, of a son.

14. The lady of John Dent, esq. M. P. of a daughter, at his house in South Audley-square.

In Baker-street, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Knox, first regiment of guards, of a daughter.

In Clifford-street, the wife of John Gunning, esq. of a daughter.

16. At Walthamstow, the lady of Robert Wigram, esq. of a son.

17. The lady of Dr. Macqueen, of Parliament-street, of a daughter.

Mrs. Westley, wife of Mr. Westley, bookseller, in the Strand, of her 7th son.

At Sydney-place, Dublin, the baroness Hompesch, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 27. Edmund Bacon, esq. eldest son of sir Edmund Bacon, bart. to miss Bacon, daughter of Dashwood Bacon, esq. of Ottey St. Mary's.

At Dumfries, Mr. John Swan, merchant, of London, to miss H. Maxwell.

29. Mr. Fraser, of Great Pulteney-street, to lady Croft, of Devonshire-str.

Robert Gamell, esq. to the widow of the late admiral Vandeput, both of Bungay, Suffolk.

30. At York, Mr. Bland, banker, to miss Ellis, only daughter of W. Ellis, one of the aldermen of that city.

Mr. Carr Elliston Lucas, son of Mr. Lucas, of York-house, Bath, to miss Penrose, of Hatfield.

September 2. At Lisbrian, county of Tipperary, the seat of sir Robert Waller, bart. captain Bates, of the 21st light dragoons, to miss Waller, youngest daughter of the late sir R. Waller, bart.

Lord Tara, of Bellinter, in the county of Meath, Ireland, to miss Powys, second daughter of Thomas Jelf Powys, esq. of Berwick-house, in Shropshire.

Mr. W. Crisp, of Watling-street, to miss S. Ayre, of Lynn Regis, Norfolk.

5. August Elliot Fuller, esq. of Ashdown-house, Sussex, to miss Meyrick, daughter of Owen Pukland Meyrick, esq. of Bodorgan, Anglesea.

6. Basil Montagu, esq. of Gray's-inn, to miss Rush, eldest daughter of sir William Beaumarice Rush, of Wimbledon-house, Surrey.

7. Mr. H. Awdry, of Chippenham, to miss Hill, eldest daughter of Dr. West Hill, Devizes, Wiltshire.

8. The rev. Thomas Downe, of Postling, Kent, to miss Mary Lord, late of Northiam, Sussex.

Brigadier-general John Murray, to miss Maria Pasco, niece to William Baker, esq. comptroller of the customs, at Montreal.

James Kelly, esq. to miss Fallon, daughter of Aug. Fallon, esq. of Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square.

J. Bacon, sculptor, to miss Taylor, of High-street, Southwark.

The rev. John Chandler, of Witley, Surrey, to miss Mary Currie, of Burwood-house, in the same county.

Jeremiah Watkins, esq. of Charing-cross, to Mrs. Walker, late of Stafford.

At

At Battersea church, Mr. Nathaniel Clarkson, of Guildford, to miss London, of Shalford, near the same place.

10. Mr. James Jones, brewer, of Lamborne, Berks, to miss Richings, eldest daughter of Mrs. Richings, in the Corn-market, Oxford.

12. Henry Howard, esq. of Thornbury-castle, M. P. for Gloucester, to miss Long, daughter of E. Long, esq.

The hon. sir Edward Crofton, bart. to lady Charlotte Stewart, daughter of the earl of Galloway. After the ceremony, the new-married couple set off for Hunt, in Berkshire.

16. Peter Lee, esq. of Highbury-place, to miss Emma Arbouin, third daughter of the late M. Arbouin, esq.

17. T. Bunn, esq. of Frome Selwood, to miss Kelson, of Beckington.

Mr. William Stock, of Pilton, to miss Smith.

Geo. Blackshaw, esq. of Donnington, Berkshire, to miss Brummell.

DEATHS.

Lately, at her apartments, Milcend, Mrs. H. Offley, aged twenty-three, after a long and painful illness.

August 23. At her house, Great Baddon, Essex, Mrs. Alice Miol, widow of Lewis Miol, esq. formerly of Austin-friars, merchant.

26. In the forty-fifth year of his age, Walter Hovenden, esq. late of Hemmingsford Grey, and formerly a field-officer in his majesty's service.

September 2. After a long and painful illness, the rev. William Sturt, rector of Down St. Mary, Devonshire.

3. At Gillingham, in Kent, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, Neil Thomson, esq. of Berner's-street, purser of his majesty's navy.

Suddenly, aged 103, Mr. Joshua Dixon, of Downton, Wiltshire. By his two wives he had a numerous family: his eldest daughter, now living, is upwards of seventy years of age, and his youngest child only eighteen. He was a remarkable free-liver; and, from his own account, had drank, in the course of his life, upwards of two thousand gallons of brandy, besides other liquors. He enjoyed his faculties to the last.

5. At Reading, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, John Manley, esq. senior bencher of the Middle Temple.

Mrs. Morrison, of Foster-lane, Cheapside.

In Soho-square, the lady of Lambert Fowler, esq.

At his lodgings in New Bond-street, I. C. Ten Bosch, esq.

At Stamford-hill, Mrs. Craven, wife of John Craven, of Goodman's-fields.

6. At his house in Caroline-street, Bedford-square, W. Tyler, esq. R. A.

7. At his magnificent country-seat at Hillsborough, the most noble Arthur Hill, marquis of Downshire, earl of Hillsborough, viscount and baron Kilwarlin; in England, viscount Fairford and baron Harwich.—His lordship was born the 23d of February, 1753; and succeeded his father, the late marquis, October 13, 1793.

At Weston, the seat of lord Bradford, the right hon. lady Lucy Bridgman, wife of the hon. and rev. George Bridgman, and only daughter of the late Edmund earl of Cork and Orrery.

At his son's house, near Birmingham, Abel Peyton, esq. of West Smithfield.

Aged forty-seven, at his house in Chelsea, Thomas Hammond, esq. clerk in the Tellers' Office of his majesty's Exchequer, agent in the army; and for many years deputy-agent to the out-pensioners of Chelsea-hospital.

9. At Hackney, Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. a gentleman not less distinguished for great acquirements in literature and science than for his excellency of character in private life.

The rev. Owen Manning, B. D. rector of Pepperharrow, Surrey.

Edward Barnes, esq. clerk of the Chester-road General Post-office.

Mrs. Laurence, of Church-street, Soho, widow of the late Mr. Montagu Laurence, of the Strand.

Mrs. Mary Bray, of Kingsland, widow of the late Mr. Benjamin Bray.

10. Mr. Charles Smith, of King-street, Westminster.

At her father's house, Judd-place, West Somer's-town, miss J. Baker.

14. At her house at Knightsbridge, Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, widow of captain John Morris, late of the royal navy.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC.—AN ADDRESS TO THE ROBIN-REDBREAST. Written by PETER PINDAR, Esq.; composed by Mr. W. BARRE.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORIO's Essay is too prolix and uninteresting.

We are obliged to Camilla for her remarks. Her request will be attended to.

The articles contained in A. C.'s packet will be made use of occasionally.

The brief Description of Part of Derbyshire is received—as are also the Ode to Peace, by W. T.—Verses on Peace, by J. E.—Allegory on the subject of the Death of Hector, by W. G.—Lines addressed to Miss C. M.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Indian Rivals.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
OCTOBER, 1801.

THE INDIAN RIVALS;
A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

AMID the uncultivated wilds of the new world, on the banks of the far-winding river Missouri, a tribe of Indians pursued their usual occupations of hunting and of war. Among them Hevor distinguished himself by his strength, his swiftness, and the heroism of his character. In war his enemies trembled and fled before him; but in peace, when the hostile hatchet was buried deep beneath the blood-stained earth, the chain of friendship brightened in his hands, and he served with ardent zeal those whom he had fought with unabating courage. Nor was he a stranger to the influence of the gentlest of passions: the charms of Alaba, who in symmetry of features and sprightliness of manners excelled all the females of her tribe, had won his heart; and his manly figure and noble qualities had made a similar impression on the affections of the Indian beauty. Together they traversed the spacious hills, or ranged along the borders of the mighty stream, supremely happy in each other, and mutually exchanging vows of eternal love and fidelity. Thus they lived, and a thousand successive rising and descending suns saw no change in their felicity.

But the beauties of Alaba were not the object of admiration to Hevor alone; they had excited more gross and ungovernable desires in the breast of Shawanee, another warrior of the same tribe. Though, fearing to contend with the superior strength of Hevor, he offered no violence, he was not wanting in insidious attempts to prevail over her constancy when her lover was absent; but all his offers received no other answer than the strongest expressions of contempt. Alaba, however, did not discover to Hevor the treacherous conduct of his friend—for such Shawanee professed himself to be—to prevent the consequences of the indignation and rage which she knew such a discovery must excite in his breast.

The passion of Shawanee was only still more inflamed by the coldness and contempt with which he was treated by Alaba, and he began secretly to wish that Hevor might fall or be taken prisoner in some encounter with the enemies of his nation, not doubting but Alaba would then listen with a much more favourable ear to his amorous solicitations. For some time he fondly indulged in this hope; and when ever a conflict took place, in which

they were engaged together with any of the parties of the foe, he endeavoured to urge him on, determined to leave him without assistance, and betray him into the hands of the enemy. But from every danger of this kind the courage, strength, and address of Hevor extricated him; and Shawanee at length resolved to inflict with his own hands, at some convenient opportunity, that mortal blow which he had no hope to see given by the hatchet of the enemy.

Not long after he had adopted this base resolution, it chanced that, while they were hunting together in the woods, Shawanee perceiving that Hevor had for a moment quitted his arms, conceived that now was the time to carry his design into execution. He immediately attacked him with his tomahawk; but Hevor, suddenly turning his head, perceived the blow aimed at him, and eluded it with extraordinary agility. He immediately seized the assailant and threw him on the ground, falling on him at the same instant, and endeavouring to wrench from his grasp the murderous weapon.

During the struggle, a party of warriors, of the nation which was almost continually engaged in hostilities with their tribe, came suddenly up, and compelled them to think only of saving their lives by a hasty flight. The agility and speed of Hevor enabled him to outstrip his pursuers; but Shawanee, hurt by the violence of his fall, and the exertions of his antagonist, fell into their hands; and with him they marched off in triumph; proposing, according to their sanguinary custom, to revenge, by his tortures and death, the fate of their friends and countrymen, who had fallen in battle by the arms of the warriors of his nation.

Hevor, when he had reached a

place of security, and found that Shawanee was the captive of the enemy, assembled as many of the warriors of his tribe as could be hastily collected, and resolved to pursue the enemy, and endeavour to effect the delivery of his late companion, the cause of whose perfidious attack upon him he knew not, and was even at a loss to conjecture. But Alaba, hearing what had passed, flew to him, and explained the attacks made on her fidelity by the treacherous Shawanee.

‘It matters not,’ exclaimed Hevor: ‘he is my countryman; and he was, I believe, my friend, before his passion overpowered his reason and his honour. He shall not die by the cruelty of the enemy.’

He immediately set out with the other warriors; and, following the traces of the enemy, came up with them at the time when they were preparing to sacrifice Shawanee to their vengeance, according to their barbarous rites. The victim was bound to the stake, and the fire already kindled, when Hevor and his warriors came up, and furiously began an attack on the foe, who did not suspect that an enemy was so near them, and were unprepared for the conflict. The brave Hevor and his companions soon compelled their antagonists to give way, and Hevor himself unbound Shawanee from the stake; who, lost in astonishment at the magnanimity of the noble-minded warrior, joined in the battle, and fought by his side, without uttering a word. But now the fortune of the day was suddenly changed by the arrival of a band of fresh warriors to the aid of the almost defeated party. The contest was, therefore, renewed with redoubled fury; when Hevor, led too far by his ardent courage, was separated from his companions in arms, surrounded by the enemy,

enemy, overpowered by numbers, and dragged away captive. The battle had been irrecoverably lost to his party, had it not been that instant joined by another band of warriors who had followed them with all the speed they could make. Shawanee immediately put himself at the head of them, and furiously rushed upon the enemy, exclaiming—

‘Oh, noble Hevor! thy rival in love, I basely sought thy life: now will I rival thee in magnanimity and courage, and rescue thee, or die!’

The contest was long and bloody, but at length the foe gave way on every side, and Shawanee and his warriors penetrated to that part of the troop where Hevor was detained a prisoner. Here the conflict was fiercely renewed; but nothing could withstand the courage, or rather desperation, of Shawanee, who, though covered with wounds from which the blood streamed in torrents, pressed on till he had completely delivered Hevor from the power of the enemy: then, exhausted and dying, he sank at his feet, and with a faltering voice exclaimed—

‘Accept, generous warrior, this expiation of my foul crime! Thy magnanimity will be satisfied with this atonement.—Forgive!’——

He could utter no more, but breathed his last.

‘If, when my rival in love,’ said Hevor, while he embraced and bathed him with his tears, ‘thou wast unsuccessful and disgraced thyself, in this rivalry thou hast obtained the victory and eternal honour. Thou art an example how much violent passions should be guarded against, which can thus degrade the soul, and hurry to the basest acts minds not incapable of noble exertions and heroic virtue.’

On the POETICAL PERSONIFICATION of ENVY.

ENVY is a personage frequently introduced by the poets, and we have several descriptions of her, all indeed formed on the same model, and copied from each other. The first of these is in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, book ii, where she is employed like a Fury by Minerva, to infect the mind of Aglauros. The description is partly natural, partly emblematical. She is represented as dwelling in a cave seated in a cold dark valley. She is found chewing the flesh of vipers, which may be interpreted feeding on malignant thoughts. Her gait is sluggish, her countenance pale, her body lean; she looks askance; her breast is suffused with gall, and her tongue flows with poison. She never smiles, but at mischief; she is sleepless through anxiety; she pines at the view of prosperity, and suffers as much as she inflicts. This is little more than the natural description of an envious person, the bodily effects of which corroding passion are almost literally to envenom the juices and cause a superabundance of acrid gall. It is a stroke of nature, too, when she is represented as sighing deeply at the view of Minerva’s beauty and splendor, and scarcely forbearing to weep as she passes over the flourishing and opulent city of Athens. Her thorny staff allegorically expresses the pains of mind produced by envious affections.—The blight and desolation which fall on the subjacent earth, over which she takes her flight, denote the baleful effects of this passion.

‘She takes her staff, with thorny wreaths begirt,
And, veil’d in murky clouds, where’er she
Beats down the ripening corn, the verdant fields
Withers, and every flowery summit crops;
And, ’mid subjacent people, houses, towns,
Breathes foul contagion.’

Her

Her mode of infecting the unhappy Aglauros is by stroking her breast with her envenomed hands, and infixing her hooked thorns.

There are two descriptions of Envy in 'The Fairy Queen,' both of them loathsome and disgusting, and, though manifestly imitated from that of Ovid, less distinct and consistent as allegories. The only additional circumstance worth remarking is, that the garment of Envy is painted full of eyes—an emblem, no doubt, of the sharp-sightedness of envious persons in discerning the faults of their neighbours.

Cowley, in his 'Davideis,' gives a portrait of Envy, drawn with much strength and with some novelty:

'Envy at last crawls forth from that dire
throng, [long,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp bones with-
in;
And at her breast hung vipers, which did
prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to
repair, [there.
Both day and night they left fresh poisons
Her garments were deep-stain'd in human
gore, [bore
And torn by her own hands, in which she
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood
swim.'

Garth has bestowed a good deal of labour upon a similar description in his 'Dispensary,' but with little or no improvement on the established imagery.

On the PROSPECT of PEACE.

[From Helen Maria Williams's 'Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic.']

THE glad tidings of the armistice, the harbinger of peace, had just

reached us when your letter arrived to confirm the joyful intelligence. Peace!—what music in that sound to the ear of humanity!—How the heart exults in the blessedness of that perspective! The thought is relief from almost physical oppression. I know not if there be any truth in the doctrine of those harsh metaphysicians who tell us that the state of nature is a state of war; but if it be true, it is no matter how soon we forsake, and how far we wander from the influence of this malevolent divinity. I love to believe that this philosophy is false, and this original sin (which is said so easily to beset mankind) of murdering each other in quarrels called wars; is the detestable dogma of some corrupted creed, which the world will do well to get rid of altogether. Ah, no! Nature is kind and beneficent; peace is her dear delight; and it is only in the birth of society, when its duties are ill understood—or its decay, when every principle that dignifies man is corrupted, that we see experiments made on human happiness, which philosophers endeavour to explain by calling them natural.

If we hail with satisfaction the benign hope of Peace, we who, shielded from the storm of war, hear only of its ravages by the information conveyed in gazettes, commonly served up with the repast of the morning, who sit leisurely sipping our tea and coffee, and calmly read of incursions and battles, of villages burnt, towns bombarded, cities famished, and armies destroyed,—if we, from whom the detail of these events is concealed by remote distance, whose ears are not tormented by the shriek of the widow, whose eyes are not moistened by the sight of the orphan,—if we feel delight in knowing that the fury of war is stayed,

stayed, that a respite is given to desolated humanity—what must be the rapture of those who are the immediate actors or sufferers in such scenes, on whom the cruel duty is imposed to invade, to ravage, and to destroy—on whom the terrible lot has fallen to be invaded, ravaged, and destroyed!

‘At a distance from this devastation, we hear indeed of battles and triumphs, we know that the conqueror’s laurel has been plentifully bedewed with blood; but we fly from the painful sensation which that idea excites, or hasten to relieve it by talking of dying in the field of honour and reposing on the lap of glory. If, however, while we hear the tale of memorable battles, we can lull our bitter feelings by such specious opiates; if the sounds of immortal renown, of names consecrated to everlasting remembrance, can drown the voice of pity and hush the feelings of regret; how shall we calm the horror excited by details of calamity occasioned by war, of which no glory alleviates the suffering, where no illusion affords us refuge?

‘Let us look for a moment at only one spot, one little spot of this wide scene of calamity; let us contemplate one short period of these nine years of human depopulation—that period when the army of Italy, after the taking Coni and wintering in the Appennines, defended the city of Genoa. Entirely destitute of succour, this wretched army passed a rigorous winter on the savage rocks which bound the Ligurian republic. Pale, squalid, disfigured, famished, and naked, the soldiers had the look of spectres. The roads were covered with the dying and the dead; and such as had strength to reach an hospital found there neither straw, food, or succour of any kind, meeting only with a speed-

ier, more certain and cruel death, than even in the infectious camps or highways which they had left.

‘Whole corps deserted without their chiefs; and it was an affecting spectacle to see officers, abandoned by their soldiers, remaining single at the posts which had been confided to their troops. Some generals even left the army without leave, abandoning countries given up to despair, and endeavouring to escape from death, which, on all sides, multiplied itself in its most hideous forms. Thus, without the least employment of their arms, the enemy beheld the French, in the state of Genoa alone, lose, in one single winter (the most disastrous, indeed, of which the annals of war make mention), nearly thirty thousand men capable of bearing arms.

‘If soldiers, with the means of force in their hands, are sometimes subject to such cruel calamities, what must be the lot of the defenceless citizen?—Who, without horror, will open the last page of modern history, and read a relation of that part of the blockade of Genoa which immediately preceded the capitulation? The city remained calm; the news of the negotiation contributed to this tranquillity, for the sufferings were horrible. Every feature was discomposed, every figure bore the stamp of deep affliction or sudden despair; the streets resounded with piercing cries; death multiplied its victims, and devouring famine raged on every side. The day sometimes opened on horrible pictures of human misery:—mothers, dead with hunger, were frequently found with infants at their breasts, corpses like themselves. And what an example of resignation and devotedness did this unhappy city of Genoa present! Scarcely will it be believed, that one hundred and sixty thousand souls, so long a prey to all the

the sorrows of famine, seeing the old and the young dying around them, reduced themselves to live on herbs or roots, on animals the most nauseous, or such as had died of diseases, and notwithstanding the rapid decline of their own health, should rather have chosen to bear such calamities as these, than attempt a revolt against troops weakened by combats, but still more by their physical state, and against whom they were often excited to rise. This is surely a remarkable effect of the force of national enmity, and of the hatred of the Genoese to the Austrian government!

The preceding extract is taken from the journal of a general officer, with whom I am acquainted, and who served in Genoa during the siege. Without pausing to lament the soldiers who perished, (it was their business to die!) who can bear to meditate on fifteen thousand innocent victims, on women and children, the feebleness of age, and the helplessness of infancy, all a prey to famine? When Ugolino and his children beheld their prison doors closed on them for ever, no perspective of succour mocked their hopes—they beheld no refuge but death. Here, while the father, tortured by hunger, beheld with desperation his imploring children; while the mother fixed her agonising look on her expiring infant, struggling in vain to draw the maternal nourishment from sources now dried up; ships were descried on the distant horizon, ships loaded with plenty and with life—but an hostile fleet barred their passage!

Let us draw a veil over scenes like these. In proportion to the horror which they inspire, is the delight arising from the hope that they will be renewed no more.

ANECDOTE.

A Poor fruit-woman at Paris not being able to pay two or three quarters' rent which she was indebted, her rigid landlord insisted she should sell her goods. The few effects she possessed were scarcely sufficient to discharge her debts and the expences of the sale, and she shed many tears at the prospect of being reduced to the most abject poverty. Her grief was increased when she saw put up to sale a little old dirty picture of St. Jerome, which had always hung at her bed's head, and which, as it had belonged to her mother and her grand-mother before her, she had conceived a great regard for. A painter, who had examined the picture, put it up at half-a-crown; a virtuoso, who was present at the sale, immediately bid double. The artist, thinking to stop the mouth of his competitor at once, bid a louis-d'or. 'Fifty livres!' replied the other. 'A hundred livres!' rejoined the painter.

In the mean time the poor woman was transported with joy: her rent and all expences were more than paid by the little St. Jerome. Her joy was redoubled when she heard the amateur offer two hundred livres for the picture, and she could scarcely contain herself when he raised the price, by bidding upon bidding, to six hundred.

The painter was then obliged to yield, and, with a countenance strongly expressive of disappointment, said to the purchaser,

'You are very fortunate, sir, in being richer than I am; for, if I could have spared the money, you should not have had it for six thousand livres.'

The picture was an original by Raphael.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 461.)

DIVISION II. SECTION I.

WHOLE-HOOFED ANIMALS.

Genus, Horse—Species, 5.

Herbivorous and Granivorous.

LETTER XXXII.

From *Eugenia* to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

EXPERIENCE suggests the idea that the subjugation of the horse to the service of man was one of the most beneficial events that ever occurred in the animal world; as the gracefulness of his form, the complacency and spirit blended in his disposition, and his general aptitude to perform various useful but laborious employs, render him an epitome of brute perfection. Your ladyship will perceive the necessity of confining our observations on this genus within due bounds, as their qualities are as generally known as admired; therefore it will be expedient only to mark their several varieties, and bestow due, but concise, commendations on their useful properties. The distinctive marks of this genus are—a hoof consisting of one piece, and six cutting teeth in each jaw.

THE GENEROUS HORSE.

EVERY appropriate appellation must be either a token of praise or reproach, as it expressly marks the quality of the subject to which it is annexed: in the present case it is evidently an eulogium in the most superlative degree, as it proclaims the noble properties of the horse species, by ascribing as its peculiar characteristic a magnanimity of nature which ennobles even the human kind, and thereby entitles it to

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superiority over the animal tribes. As the exterior structure of the horse is obvious to the most common observation, I shall only remark that this species have invariably a long flowing mane, and a tail covered uniformly with long hair. In their majestic stature, and the perfect symmetry of their limbs, they appear constructed with peculiar elegance and exact proportion. On a review of the several parts which are comprised in this beautiful and useful race, we may clearly perceive dignity blended with the most benign qualities, and conscious consequence tempered with due submission. If we attentively survey the countenance of the horse, we may discern its comprehensive expression. His eyes are vivacious, his ears beautifully formed, and his jaws, notwithstanding their length, do not appear of a displeasing magnitude. His chest is so open and graceful in its structure, that it elevates the head with singular grace, and thereby enables him to behold the human species in a congenial position. His mane adorns his neck, and displays the sign of strength and courage, with which this noble animal is eminently endued. His bushy tail not only completes the symmetry of his form, but also ministers to his comfort; as, notwithstanding he cannot elevate it, its pendulous position perfectly accords with the contours of his body, and, as he can move it on either side, it enables him to free himself from flies and other insects that annoy him, which evinces the cruelty of depriving him of this natural weapon of defence. As this animal is esteemed in proportion to his external beauty and internal perfections, I shall briefly endeavour to enumerate in what they chiefly consist.

A horse should have a thin head, but not too long; his ears should be

3 U

small

small and erect, but not stiff; they should be also narrow, and situated on the upper part of the head, and at a proportionate distance; the front should be narrow, and inclining to a convex form; the eyes should be large, prominent, clear, and brilliant; the pupil rather large, and their effect expressive of fire and benignity; the under jaw rather thick, but not fleshy; the nose inclining to be arched; the nostrils capacious, open, and deep, and separated by a thin partition; the mouth delicate, and the lips thin. The withers should be sharp and high; the shoulders flat; and the back a little inclining to be arched lengthways, elevated on each side of the back-bone, so as to have the appearance of being sunk. The flanks should be short and full; the crupper round and plump; the haunches well furnished with muscular flesh; the dock, or fleshy part of the tail, firm and thick; the thighs large and fleshy; the hock round before, broad on the side, and tendinous behind; the shank thin before, and broad on the sides; the tendon, or *tendo Achillis*, prominent, strong, and well detached from the leg-bone; the fetlock inclining to project, and furnished with a small tuft of long hair behind; the pasterns, or space between the fetlock and hoof, of a moderate length, and tolerably large; the coronet, or space where the hoof joins the leg, rather elevated; the hoof black, solid, and glossy; the instep high; the quarters round; the heels broad, and rather prominent; the frog thin and small; the sole thick and concave. These are literally the perfections specified by M. de Buffon, as requisite to constitute the intrinsic beauty of a horse, which but seldom are concentrated in one individual. The age of a horse may be clearly ascertained by the teeth. This useful animal

has twenty-four grinders, four canine, and twelve fore teeth. Mares have no canine teeth, or very short ones. The canine and fore teeth are the only ones that indicate the age. Five days after birth the fore teeth begin to shoot. Their teeth (which are round, short, and not very solid) fall out at different times, and are replaced by others. At the age of two years and an half, the four middle fore-teeth fall out, two in the upper, and two in the lower jaw; the next year other four are shed, one on each side of the first, which are then replaced. These four foal teeth are succeeded by other four, which do not grow so thick as the first eight. It is from these four teeth, denominated the corner teeth, that the age of a horse may be known, and may be clearly distinguished, being invariably the third in the upper and under-jaw from the middle to the extremity of the jaw. These teeth are hollow, and have a black mark in their cavities. At the age of four years and a half, or five years, these teeth scarcely rise above their gums, and their cavities are very perceptible. At six years and a half the cavities begin to fill, and the black marks gradually disappear, till the animal attains the age of seven or eight years, when they are wholly effaced. When this criterion of age fails, the tushes, or canine teeth, are regarded as an evidence. These four teeth are situated immediately contiguous to the others before described; neither the tushes or grinders shed. At the age of three years and a half the canine teeth of the under jaw begin to shoot; the two situated in the upper jaw appear at four years of age, and till the completion of six years are very sharp. When the horse is ten years old, the tushes in the upper jaw appear blunt and long; because the gums recede from

from them: they also have the semblance of decay; and, in proportion to the evidence of this defect, the age of the animal increases. From the age of ten to fourteen years there are scarcely any decisive proofs of age, as those by white hairs on the eye-brows are equivocal, consequently not to be depended on.—The age of a horse may in part be proved by the bars or ridges in his palate, which decrease in proportion as he advances in years till they wholly are effaced. The horse, from the earliest period of its existence, is shackled, and deprived of its native liberty; as when he is in actual service he is bound by harness and other fetters, and even when he is suffered to repose is not wholly freed from cumbrous checks; and his body suffers actual pain, as his mouth is hurt by the bit, his sides wounded by the spur, and his hoofs tortured with nails: in fine, these noble animals are seldom seen in a native state of liberty, as they are trained to a peculiar mode of action, and are restrained from the exertion of their genuine fleet motion and habits. As art, in its various operations, serves rather to conduce to the advantage of man than to benefit the animal subject to its laboured renovations, those horses that are not subjugated, but retain their native wildness in the regions of South-America and other parts, have more strength and innate dignity than those tutored by the more regular mode of education; yet are they neither fierce nor formidable. It must be regarded as a peculiar instance of Divine wisdom in the œconomy of nature, that an animal so superior in strength and spirit should become passively obedient to the human race. The bit and spur have been judiciously adapted to the purpose of rendering these useful beings subservient to their riders'

will; as the one, like a rudder, directs their course, and the other stimulates their progress.

The mouth of the horse, like the trunk of an elephant, is endued with an extraordinary degree of sensibility; as it not only possesses the faculties of taste and appetite, but also, by its exquisite perceptions, serves the purpose of an oral and optic organ, by transmitting, by the impression of the bit, the indication of the master's will. The natural movements of a horse consists in the walk, the trot, and the gallop; the amble being rather a defective motion than a natural pace. This species of animals essentially vary in colour, which may be in a great measure ascribed to the influence of climate, and the mixture of foreign races, by which the several varieties have been produced. Horses of all shades and colours cast their hair annually; usually in the spring, but sometimes in the autumn. They have also five different cadences in their mode of neighing; one expression of joy, and the others of desire, anger, fear, and pain: the voice of the female is always weaker than the male. The horse is naturally bold and impetuous, retains a sense of injuries and benefits, and manifests great attachment to his benefactors. They take but little rest, and at short intervals; and many individuals never lie down, but sleep in a standing position.

The females of this species bring forth one foal at a birth: their time of gestation is eleven months and some days. They attain their full growth in four years. The usual term of the existence of these animals is twenty-five or thirty years: those of a delicate construction do not attain that age.

I shall not expatiate on the nature of the subsistence of these useful animals, and their common course

of food, as they are too generally known to require discussion; I shall only remark that their diffusive utility raises them to a conspicuous degree of eminence, and excites universal admiration. By means of this agile member of the brute creation the most laborious avocations are executed, the most distant terraqueous excursions compassed, the fleetest animals subdued in the pursuits of the chase, the most tremendous effort of war rendered effective. Thus are the convenience, safety, and happiness, of mankind, increased by the useful services of the horse, who is ambitious of executing his master's will, and never shrinks from the task imposed on him.

This species of animals are subject to many fatal diseases, which are in a great measure occasioned by abuse, or injudicious care and indulgence. Their skin is used for various purposes; such as collars, harness, &c. Their hair is also converted to several uses, and even their excrement is beneficial. Their flesh is eaten by the Tartars, who drink the mares' milk, and extract a strong spirit from that lacteous fluid.

It will be proper to enumerate the several regions where this useful species abound: I shall, therefore, proceed to remark, that the Arabian horses are the most beautiful of the whole race: they are not only larger and more fleshy than the Barbs, or Barbary kinds, but more rare.

Barbary horses are more common than the preceding kind; they have a long fine neck, well divided from the withers, and not surcharged with hair. The head is small and handsome; the ears beautiful, and proportionately situated; the shoulders light and flat; the withers thin and well raised; the back straight and short; the flank and sides round; the belly not too large; the haunch-bones properly concealed; the crup-

per rather long; the tail situated high; the thigh well formed, and but seldom flat: the limbs formed with great symmetry, and not hairy; the foot well made, but the pastern generally long. These animals vary in colour; but are usually grey, or inclining to that hue. In their motion they are swift, light, and nervous; but unsteady, and not to be relied on: they, therefore, require to be restrained; and, from their fleetness, are peculiarly adapted to the chace. Their height never exceeds four feet eight inches; yet their offspring are often of a larger size. The natives of Morocco are the most valuable of the Barbary horses: the next in degree are those that inhabit the mountains. The Mauritanian, Turkish, Persian, and Armenian horses are inferior in quality to the genuine Barbs; though all horses, like other animals that are native inhabitants of warm climates, have smoother and finer coats than those resident in more temperate or cold regions. The bones of animals, in general, are also harder in warm than cold countries; whence the limbs of the horse in such countries are stronger. Though the Turkish horses are not so beautiful as the Barbs, by their necks being usually too slender, their legs too thin, and their bodies too long, they are, nevertheless, invaluable as travellers, and have strong powers of respiration.

The Spanish horses are next in degree to those already specified. These animals have a large fleshy head; the ears are long, but situated advantageously; their eyes vivacious; their aspect and deportment bold and majestic; their shoulders thick, and chest broad; the belly often too large; the sides round; the crupper generally large; the limbs delicate, but not hairy; the tendons in the legs prominent; the

pastern

pastern and foot rather long; the heel frequently too high. The best Spanish horses are thick, fleshy, and of a low stature; their movements are rapid and pliant, and their spirit intrepid. Their colour varies; but it is usually black, or of a dark-chestnut hue. Their noses and limbs are but rarely white; as the Spaniards esteem horses of an uniform colour, and therefore do not cultivate a varied breed. A star in the forehead is the only mark they consider as a beauty: though all are stamped in the thigh, to ascertain to what stud they belong. Horses that are natives of Spain are usually of small dimensions; though some measure four feet nine or ten inches in height. Those of the province of Andalusia are esteemed superior to the other Spanish kind, for the purpose of the *manège*, pomp, or hostile operations, as they are more docile than the Barbs, and of a graceful, spirited, and obedient nature. As the best English horses originally sprung from the Arabian and Barbary kinds, they retain a resemblance of their native stock. Notwithstanding their heads are large, they are of a beautiful construction, and their ears well situated, though too long: by the formation of the latter, a genuine English horse may be distinguished from a Barb. Their magnitude is also superior, as they are usually four feet ten inches high, and often five feet. They are found of all colours incident to the species, and are variegated by an infinitude of marks, and by the intercourse of black, and white individuals are often pied. They are endued with a wonderful degree of strength, and consequently are enabled to endure the fatigue of severe labour, or a long course; therefore are fit for draught, and the pursuits of the chase; though they do not liberally abound with grace or tractability,

as their joints, especially those of their shoulders, are rigid. The race-horses reared in England are remarkable for the fleetness of their pace, which may be proved by several signal instances, and the common observation of mankind. Horses reared in Italy were, in former times, superior in beauty to what they are at present, because the breed has not been attentively regarded; but, notwithstanding this neglect, the Neapolitan horses are excellently adapted for the draught of carriages: their form is stately; but, in general, their heads are too large, and their necks too thick: their disposition is also restive and untractable.

On account of their magnitude and symmetry, Danish horses are preferred to every other kind for the purpose of drawing carriages. Many of these animals have thick necks, and shoulders overcharged with flesh: backs too long and low, and cruppers too narrow in proportion to their anterior parts; but they are invariably graceful in their movement, and suited to the purposes of cavalcade and martial avocations. The tiger-spotted horses are the genuine produce of Denmark, though we likewise find there every variety of colour to which the species is subject.

Very fine horses are produced in Germany, which originally came from the Arabian, Barbary, Turkish, Spanish, and Italian races. In general, they are heavy and short-winded, while the Hungarian and Transylvanian horses are light and agile. As the means of strengthening their respiring faculties, the Hungarians slit their horses' nostrils, and also adopt this method to prevent their neighing in times of martial encounter.

The Hungarian, Croatian, and Polish horses, are remarkable for retaining

retaining the mark in their teeth till they attain a great age. Dutch horses are well adapted to draught, and are commonly used in France for that purpose: those of the best quality are brought from the province of Friesland. The Flemish horses are less esteemed than those reared in Holland: in general, they have large heads and broad feet, and their legs are subject to humours.

In France there are a diversity of horses, though but few handsome; those best adapted for saddle-horses are brought from the Limosin.—These animals have some semblance of the Barbs, and are suited to the chase. The progress of their growth is so slow, they cannot be of service till they are eight years old. There are likewise good ponies in the provinces of Poitou, Auvergne, and Burgundy. Next in degree to the Limosin race, the Normandy horses are esteemed; as, notwithstanding they are not so well suited for the chase, they are better for martial purposes. These animals are naturally plump, and soon attain maturity. There are good coach-horses bred in Lower Normandy and Contentin, and excellent draught-horses reared in Franche Comté and the Bolognois. The principal and general defect of the French horses consists in their shoulders being of too wide a construction.

The foregoing observations have been principally extracted from M. de Buffon, whose judicious observations deserve implicit attention. After having thus fully specified the several varieties of horses commonly known, he proceeds to enumerate those with which the generality of persons are less acquainted.

In the various islands of the Archipelago there are excellent horses; those of Crete were particularly esteemed by the ancients. These animals unquestionably sprung from

the Arabian race, which are the most beautiful of the whole species. The Arabs in their poorest state have horses; and usually ride on mares, because they require less sustenance, and can endure more fatigue. These animals are so harmless, they never offer the least violence, though great numbers of them are, often left together. As the Arabians live in tents, these portable habitations serve as a general dwelling for the wild Arab's family and horses, who live promiscuously. From this kind of intercourse the animals naturally become social; insomuch that the infants repose on them without receiving any injury. The Arabians carefully preserve the genealogy of their horses, treat them with great humanity, and attempt to reason with them: they also suffer them to walk at an usual pace, and never spur them but in cases of great exigency.

From the invariable influence of climate, the nearer we approach the pole, horses degenerate in size, and are weaker in quality. The Iceland horses are so small as to be suited only to the carrying of children. The Norwegian horses are likewise of a diminutive stature, but well proportioned. They are generally of a yellow hue, with a black line on the ridge of the back. Some are of a chesnut colour, and others dark grey. They are sure-footed, consequently suited to travel in those craggy mountainous regions. The native horses of West Nordland are peculiarly constructed: they have large heads and eyes; short necks; large nostrils; narrow withers; long thick bodies; short loins; the upper part of the legs long, the under short and naked; the hoofs small and hard; the tails and manes large and bushy; the feet small, but sure, and never clothed with shoes.—These animals are seldom untractable;

ble; and, by perseverance, reach the summit of the highest mountains.

Extremes of heat or cold are equally noxious to the stature of this animal. Horses reared in Japan and China are usually small; but those of Tonquin are of a good size, nervous, and easily trained to any pursuit. Horses bred in dry climates degenerate, and cannot exist when they are transported into moist countries.

There were no horses in America when that continent was first discovered; but in less than two centuries those transported from Europe multiplied so exceedingly, particularly in Chili, that they became very numerous, notwithstanding the Indians eat them, and killed many by injudicious treatment: on the eastern parts of the new continent they have also increased amazingly.

The horse is found wild in Asia, in the vicinity of the Lake Aral; near Kuzneck, in lat. 54; on the river Tom, in the southern regions of Siberia; in the great Mongolian deserts; and among the Kalkas, to the N.W. of China. By the Mongolians they are called 'takija.'—These animals are less than the subjugated kind; have very thick hair, especially in winter, and are of a mouse colour. Their heads are larger than the tame kind, and their foreheads remarkably arched. The wild horses are gregarious; and, as they travel in herds, frequently encompass the tame horses of the Mongals and Kalkas, and carry them away whilst they are grazing. They are of such a vigilant nature, that they appoint a centinel to watch on an eminence, and to warn them of danger by neighing. When thus alarmed, they flee with incredible agility. They are often martially encountered by the Calmucks, who courageously ride in amongst them,

mounted on fine horses, and kill them with broad lances. These savage people eat the flesh of these animals, and use their skins to repose on. These wild horses are often subdued by means of hawks, which are trained to the pursuit, and harass them by fixing on their heads, and thus enable the huntsman to overtake and conquer them.

In the Island of Ceylon there is a small variety of the horse not exceeding thirty inches in height. These beautiful animals are sometimes sent to Europe as a curiosity.

The horse is also found in a state of nature in the deserts of Africa, where it is reported to be taken by the Arabs and converted to the purposes of food. These wild animals are also found far north of the Cape of Good Hope.

The genuine wild horses of Asia must be distinguished from those found in the deserts on each side of the river Don; especially in the countries bordering on the sea of Asoph, and near the town of Backmut. These animals are evidently the offspring of the Russian horses employed in the siege of Asoph; which, for want of proper forage and domestic subsistence, gradually became wild, and receded from their cultivated habits. The Cossacks chase these animals in the winter season, by pursuing them into valleys filled with snow, into which they consequently plunge, and are easily taken. They are chiefly hunted on account of their skins.

The horses of the itinerant Tartars, that are seized by the herds of the wild kinds, intermix with the savage race. These mongrel animals may be easily distinguished, as their colour is invariably chesnut of various shades. There are no horses found in any latitude within the arctic circle, except a few on the extreme boundaries of Norway.

Having

Having thus fully expatiated on the nature of the horse, and its various congenial climes, I shall close the history of this beneficial race of animals, by remarking, that to them, as well as to every being endued with sensibility, kindness and attention is as necessary to their existence as food; that by caresses and familiarity they may be brought to the performance of every useful labour, but by cruelty and harsh treatment they become restive, disobedient, and formidable.

(To be continued.)

FETE at ST. IVES.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE sometimes wished that our journalists, or those who have been entrusted with the public archives, had been more minute in recording provincial occurrences: for, though they do not come within the design of general history, yet do they serve much to elucidate the manners and genius of the age, and as such would be an inexhaustible source of amusement to the curious. It is true indeed we do sometimes meet with things of this sort; but, as transient meteors, they serve only to render our darkness the more palpable. Under this idea I beg leave to offer you the following memorial; the subject of which I became acquainted with during a visit in that neighbourhood.

About a mile and a half from St. Ives, on an elevated site that overlooks the town and bay below, from whence you have a most picturesque view of the rocky shores of Cornwall, as far as the port of Padstow, projecting their craggy fronts in

wild irregularity into the broad bosom of the Atlantic, stands a triangular monument of a pyramidal form, about thirty feet high, and twelve feet wide at the bottom. On its sides, about fifteen feet from the base, are the following inscriptions cut in stone:

‘Johannes Knill, 1782:—‘I know that my Redeemer liveth.’—‘Resurgam.’

It contains an empty coffin, hewn out of a solid rock, and is intended for the mausoleum of the gentleman whose name is inscribed on it; the entrance, which is entirely closed up, can only be discovered by an arch on the one side. The idea of such a thing, built during the person's own life, on such a spot, appeared to me the most extravagant whim I had ever witnessed; and I concluded that nothing but a most unaccountable vanity could have given birth to it. On communicating this idea to my friend, I was thus informed:

‘Mr. Knill,’ said he, ‘was for many years collector of the port of St. Ives; and so great was his attachment to the place, that he even quitted situations, both lucrative and honourable, to return to it. There he was happy; for there he was beloved: his talents procured him respect; while his principles did him honour. To the poor and the distressed he was a father, to every virtuous man a friend. But he had many peculiarities.—The town, and more particularly the church, is built on the sand: and the frequent appearance of human bones that from this and other causes had been scattered over the church-yard, together with the idea, that churches, instead of being rendered, by the interment of human bodies, as nauseous as charnel-houses, should be kept as pure as possible, first suggested to him the idea of building this mausoleum.

leum. Had,' continued he, 'the same sum been laid out in purchasing and inclosing a plat in the neighbourhood of the town, that might have served the inhabitants as well as himself, it would have been a monument more honourable, though less ostentatious than this. However, he left St. Ives some years ago, and now resides in London; but he intends to bequeath a legacy of ten pounds *per annum*, and has already deposited it in trust to the mayor, justice, and clergyman of the town for the time being, for the purpose of commemorating him once every five years, when the accumulated sum of fifty pounds is to be disposed of in the following manner:

"To that poor person who shall have reared the greatest number of children, without any assistance from the parish, ten pounds.—To the best company of rowers, ten pounds.—To the clothing of ten virgins in white, &c. who are to march in procession from the town to the mausoleum, and dance round it, twenty pounds.—And to the trustees, to be spent in a public dinner, ten pounds."

'Next Monday,' he continued, 'will be celebrated, for the first time, what may properly be called "The Knillian games;" when, if you happen to be so disposed, we will assemble with the spectators.'

On Monday last, which was the day appointed, we failed not to be at St. Ives; and, fortunately, we arrived just in time to see the procession. Before went some gentlemen of the town, with the trustees, followed by two fiddlers; then came two *old virgins*, followed by eight young ones, of about seven or eight years of age, closely pressed on the rear by a mob, which, on this occasion, was composed of people from far and near, of every age, sex, and condition. Thus arranged, they marched in solemn procession up the hill, to pay their devotions to the

manes of a man who is not yet dead. On their arrival at the mausoleum, they did not, as I expected, dance round it, but immediately formed a circle amid the gazing multitude, similar to what I have sometimes seen in our streets, when the folks have been entertained with the sight of bears and puppies dancing to the sound of a bagpipe. Suddenly the two fiddlers, striking up a brisk tune on their violins, inspired the virgins with an agility that is equalled only by those who have experienced the bite of the tarantula. This continued about a quarter of an hour, when they concluded by singing the hundredth psalm, and proceeded down the hill in the same order as when they came up, to enjoy themselves at the table. We followed them to St. Ives; and expected, after this, to have seen the prize contested for by the rowers, and the reward of industry given to the deserving candidate; but were informed that the intended legacy had not been deposited in trust above a year or two, and that, being desirous of beginning with the nineteenth century, they were obliged to confine themselves to the dinner and the procession.

Thus, sir, have I attempted to give you a sketch of this singular institution; which, I believe, is not to be equalled by any in the kingdom. Should it come within the design of your miscellany, by giving it a place you will oblige, &c. H**N**s.

Penzance, August 1.

The History of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 470.)

IN the mean time, the count of Toulouse, strongly actuated by the desire of proving to the two friends how much he was satisfied with their

their services, and wishing to bestow on Robert an indemnification equal to his noble sacrifice, conceived that he could not do either with more effect than by proving to the whole world that the honours he conferred on the two warriors were solely the reward of their great actions. To render this act more public and conspicuous, he resolved to assemble all the knights within his states. He was confident that these judges of honour and merit, after having heard the recital of the achievements of Robert and Roger, would applaud his intention to reward their merit by raising them to the rank of knights, without compelling them to declare the secret of their birth.

The count of Toulouse soon informed the two friends of his design. After having heard him, Roger, unable longer to resist the emotions of joy which he felt, threw himself at the feet of the count to express his gratitude. His friend appeared to him so deserving of the honour promised him, and the count of Toulouse so generous, so great, that he no longer hesitated to declare to him the secret of their birth, and that of his heart. He related to him the circumstances of the two actions in which the courage of the father of Robert had saved the life of his own father; gave an account of the manner in which he lost his life; and how the count de L**** had endeavoured to discharge his debt of gratitude to the children of this brave warrior. He confessed with more embarrassment, but with all the ardour of love, his passion for Elvige; and explained the motives which had induced him to quit the castle of his ancestors, and repair to the court of the count.

This recital extremely increased the esteem which the count of Toulouse had conceived for the two friends, and the interest he took in

their success and happiness. He was convinced that he should still more ennoble his own character, by seizing such an opportunity to reward courage. His heart was animated by the most lively desire of promoting their happiness, yet was he still attentive to the counsels of prudence, and the means of most effectually ensuring complete success to their wishes.

‘Let the secret of your birth,’ said he to them, ‘remain still unknown. I will invite the knights of my territory to assemble at my court, under pretence of consulting them on an affair of importance: I will insist on the relationship by which I am allied to the father of Roger, the more certainly to induce him to repair hither on the invitation. I can rely with confidence on the elevation of his sentiments, and the integrity of his heart, which will not suffer me to doubt that, when he shall hear the recital of your great actions, he will unite his suffrage with mine, and declare that you merit the most noble of rewards. All the assembled knights, induced by our example, will then concur in judging you worthy to share their honours and their rank. When this decision shall have been pronounced, Roger may come forward, and fall at the feet of his father, who, I am certain, finding his son thus crowned with glory, will feel a transport of happiness while he clasps him in his arms; nor will he have a right to reject Robert, now become his equal by valour and by virtues.’

The two friends admired the project of the count of Toulouse: they could not however entirely banish their fears. But Raymond, not participating in their doubts, prepared to invite the knights, when an envoy arrived at his court, dispatched by the count de L****, to im-
plore

plore his aid, and describe the wretched situation to which he was reduced.

Since the departure of Robert, the silence which the count had observed with respect to the flight of his son had at first surprised all the great lords in the vicinity of his territory. After having vainly endeavoured to penetrate his secret, they learned that the castle was filled with sadness and mourning. A report of the death of Roger was then generally circulated, and the tears which the countess never ceased to shed seemed to confirm it. The families allied to that of the count, finding all their inquiries fruitless, began to think of securing to themselves the rich inheritances that would have devolved to Roger.

The head of the most powerful of these families, wishing to preclude all other pretenders, and consulting only his greedy ambition, had the barbarous indiscretion to send to the count de L****, requiring him to acknowledge him as heir to his domains. An answer expressive of indignation and contempt was returned to this demand. Actuated by avarice, and the thirst of revenge, this greedy relative assembled troops, with a view to extort by force what he could not obtain by persuasion.

The count, not having been able to foresee this unjust attack, had not taken any precaution to guard against it. The strength of his castle defended him against a surprise; but not having collected a sufficient number of troops to retain possession of the open country, and not having had time to lay up a store of provisions, he found that he must soon surrender at discretion to his cruel enemy, if he could not obtain speedy succour. In this pressing distress, knowing only the count of Toulouse who was sufficiently gene-

rous, and at the same time sufficiently powerful, to effect his deliverance, he availed himself of a secret subterranean passage, unknown to the enemy, to send off an emissary to solicit the protection of his sovereign, and the answer he should receive must decide his fate.

As soon as Raymond had learned the particulars of the situation of the count de L****, he did not hesitate a moment in what manner he should act. But, continually attentive to the interest of the two friends, and not willing that they should be recognised by the envoy, he caused him to set out again immediately, with orders to assure his master that he would send him speedy aid, and avenge him of his enemy. The messenger was sufficiently cautious and alert to elude the assailants of the castle; and on his return re-animated the hope of the count, by the promises he brought him on the part of Raymond.

The count of Toulouse wished to communicate himself to the two friends the intelligence he had just received. Their uneasiness equalled their rage; they immediately started up to run to their arms, and fly to the succour of those they held most dear.

‘Moderate this ardour,’ said Raymond to them; ‘I have already given my orders: my troops are collecting: you shall march at their head: to you alone I confide the care of defending so just a cause. But remember, Roger, and return me your thanks, Robert shall have the command in chief, and you shall serve under him: to him I shall give my orders to march and save your father.’

The noble heart of Roger felt the sublime goodness of this order; tears of gratitude gushed into his eyes, and his friend and himself, alike agitated with extreme impatience, hastened

the preparations for their departure.

For this, every thing was soon ready; the soldiers, animated by the ardour of their leaders, would only take, during their marches, such rest as was indispensable, and in a few days they arrived within sight of the enemy who invested the castle.—Robert then restrained his rage, to listen to his prudence. Like an able commander, he examined the position of the army he was to engage, and neglected nothing that could secure to him the victory.

Roger, at sight of the place which had given him birth, and which contained all that he held most dear, wept, sighed, and experienced every tender sentiment at once. But soon these gave way to an eager wish to meet the enemy, and save and avenge those he loved.

While Robert was making preparations for his attack on the besieging troops, the count de L**** observed, from the lofty towers of his castle, the motions and dispositions of those who were advancing to his succour. He immediately resolved to make a vigorous diversion, as soon as he should see the battle commenced, and the same subterranean passage which had afforded him the means of sending an envoy to the count of Toulouse enabled him to communicate his intention to the general who commanded the troops of that prince.

Robert, after having divided his troops into two divisions, put himself at the head of the first, and gave to Roger the command of the second. Both passed through the ranks, communicating to their soldiers the ardour by which they were themselves animated. The signal for battle was given, and the troops, accustomed to conquer under such leaders, easily surmounted the first obstacles that opposed them. The

combat was, however, renewed at every post, and the victory for some time continued doubtful.

While the two friends, terrible and sudden as the thunderbolt, overthrow every thing which obstructs their passage, and fly to every part where their presence is necessary, the count falls, with his usual impetuosity, on the troops of the enemy nearest the castle, and throws them into the greatest disorder; but too eager to pursue his victory, his imprudent courage hurries him away too far. The troops he had repulsed, recovering from their first surprise, perceive the small number of those by whom they are attacked: the centre appears to fly, but it only retires to form a thick circle, in the midst of which the count finds himself surrounded on every side.

Certain, then, that his defeat must be inevitable, he wishes only to sell dearly his life. Acquiring new strength from despair, he fells to the ground all within his reach, while the solidity of his armour defends him for some time against the attacks of his enemy. But fresh assailants continually succeeding, he becomes enfeebled with fatigue: his horse falls pierced with wounds, and he falls with him. He is on the point of being sacrificed by his enemies, when Robert, whom nothing could resist, while pursuing the fugitives, perceives the formidable troop in the midst of which this unequal contest is waged. At the sight he utters a terrible shout, and flies to the spot, almost alone, determined to die or save the count. The violence and rapidity of his blows soon open him a passage. Already he covers the count with his shield, and his sword deals death to all who dare to approach him; when, to his surprise, he quickly finds that he has no longer enemies

to contend with, but that he is surrounded on every side by his own soldiers, who, ardent to follow his plume, which had ever been to them the signal of victory, had hastened after him, followed his example, put to death all who offered to resist them, and forced the rest to fly, till the count and Robert had no longer around them any but their brave defenders.

The first wish of Robert was to throw himself at the feet of the count; but, ever timid, not conceiving he had yet done enough, and recollecting the prudent and generous advice of Raymond, he let down the visor of his helmet and retired. The count made an effort to run to his deliverer to testify his gratitude and admiration; but Robert found means to avoid him, and gave orders to his troops to march in pursuit of the enemy. He was on the point of departure when he perceived on the ground the shield of the count, broken into a number of pieces by the blows received on it. He hastily alighted from his horse, and took up one of the pieces, which he showed the count, and the same instant set off with the utmost speed, leaving the count equally astonished at this action, at his silence, and at his departure.

In this part of the field of battle the enemy was dispersed on every side: and Robert had only to pursue them. Roger had in like manner forced all to fly who made opposition on his side. The two friends now sought each other: they met, and as soon as Robert perceived Roger he hastened to throw himself into his embrace; he dispelled all his fears for the life of his father, and showed him the trophy he had acquired. Both were equally convinced of the necessity of not interrupting the plans of the count of

Toulouse, by making themselves known; and they resolved, though with a sigh, to withdraw from the place which was most dear to them.

Robert, having assured himself that it was not in the power of the enemy to attempt any new enterprises, left a part of his troops, with orders to act according to the directions of the count; to whom he caused to be expressed his regret that he was not able to wait on him personally to pay his respects, as he had been recalled by his sovereign on affairs of urgency. The count could not avoid remarking how carefully his deliverer appeared to avoid him; but it was in vain that he attempted to make any inquiries; the precaution which the two friends had taken by changing their names on their arrival at the court of Toulouse entirely prevented their being known. It was still more in vain that he earnestly requested to see them before their departure: he learned that they were already gone.

(To be continued.)

*To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,
I READ, with considerable regret, in your last, the complaint of a female, a woman of fashion too, and a giver of routs, intimating how frequently she had been disappointed in establishing her fame, and distinguishing her entertainments by something peculiarly eccentric, wild, or unseasonable. It is much to be lamented that our ladies of *ton* should fail in objects apparently of such easy acquisition, and that where absurdity is natural it should not at the same time be various. That there is a dullness in mediocrity, a sameness in reasonable desires, and a commonness in indulging the
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mere wants of society, may be believed; but that invention should be exhausted when it is confined by no laws, and that follies should be uniform when common sense is excluded, may be allowed to excite our surprise, and, under the existing circumstances of this case, our pity.

Men, Mr. Editor, are unreasonable beings, proud of a superiority which they are desirous to perpetuate at the expence of the fair sex. Not long ago our females sought fame in the walks of literature, and some obtained what they sought. A clamour was instantly raised against them, as invading the *rights of man*. History, philosophy, politics, poetry, and the drama, were menaced by authors in straw bonnets and muslin gowns. The legislature itself was not without its alarms. Such a revolution in genius might end in petticoat government. The bishops took fire: they foresaw piety in pattens. The lawyers trembled lest they should be out-talked, and the seat of justice occupied by *old women*! But in time the alarm subsided, and the ladies of fashion at least meditated to raise their reputation by other means.

To effect this required a combination of talents which do not generally meet; and, although we have not often seen the good arising from alliances of discordant materials, we have lived to behold the common cause of routs, of breakfasts, and of suppers, ably supported by the carpenter, the lamplighter, and the gardener. The question is no longer about the superiority of genius, but the spacious dimensions of a suite of rooms; and no lady values herself for any productions but those of the hot-house. On such her fame depends and her reputation rests. And is that ambition unreasonable which is bounded

by the priority of peaches and the precocity of pines; which derives its lustre from a festoon of lamps, and its triumphs from the rattling of coaches, the sound of a knocker, and the disturbance of a neighbourhood? Who would envy the excellence that centres in a plate of peas or a pottle of cherries? Surely *we* men have no right to interrupt a career of glory which centres in a fashionable confusion of the seasons, exciting perspiration in winter, and giving a party of friends the appearance of a mob, with all its inconveniences and dangers. To heighten the scene, besides artificial flowers and the pleasant union of *Floreal* and *Frimaire*, even peace officers are hired to keep order, and give an idea of artificial pickpockets mixing in the crowd. I have been, indeed, somewhat afraid, lest when the virtues of the mind, and the accomplishments of education, are all sacrificed to the *vegetable system*, there may be danger of introducing an emulation of the more vulgar cast, and more befitting the ambition of Covent-garden market. I will allow the *éclat* that naturally arises from early peaches and melons; but there may be danger in contending for a priority of cabbages and carrots, because, early or late, these are things that give a *bourgeoise* appearance to a table, and have been known to decorate a city feast, even at a very unseasonable time.

More, I think, depends on the temperature of the rooms; and here people of fashion naturally place their chief excellence. A lady who can get up the thermometer to 80°, when the rest of the world is content with 50°, is entitled to a great share of respect, which however will be heightened by the addition of frequent swoonings and fainting fits. It is impossible, indeed, to doubt

doubt the reputation of any rout which gives us *Thermidor* in *Nivose*, and introduces *Fructidor* when other people are content with the tardy prospects of *Germinal*. Besides, therefore, the productions of the hot-house, it will always be necessary to introduce the degree of heat which forced them; and the more uncomfortable this is, it will make the better figure in a newspaper detail, where, after all, the final decision must be made, and the size of the cherries, and the number of the company, ascertain the comparative merit of the *giver*. To me it appears that the historians of routs have lately fallen into an uniformity of style, which will soon level all distinction. It marks nothing to hear of the same company, the same vegetables, and the same lamps. There must be a difference; and whoever has studied either botany or lamp-lighting, must be aware that these are important distinctions. If all festoons were equally variegated—all chandeliers equally brilliant—if fruits were always uncommonly large, and geraniums equally odoriferous, one might as well let in the sun-beams, and wait for the natural growth of our delicacies. Besides, I suspect that there has of late been a contrivance to make all *porters' lists* of the same size—the same *lords*—the same *ladies*—the same *sirs*—the same *masters*—the same *mistresses*—and the same *misses*—names to be sure which we have seldom heard of before, but which, if obscure, can be more easily varied, especially as the court-calendar is at hand.

The confusion of *hours* is still a resource which ladies may employ to distinguish their entertainments, and this has been very happily done by joining two days in one, breakfasting at the close of the first day, and supping at the commencement

of the next. Dinner, somehow, has been entirely excluded, which may no doubt give a *tonish* appearance to things; but there is some risque that it may be thought to be borrowed from the practice of the vulgar, many thousands of whom have been habituated to go without dinner; although I do not find that they pride themselves upon it.

If these hints, Mr. Editor, can be serviceable, either as apologetic or promotive of female notoriety, I may probably take the liberty to send you a supplement, in which I shall endeavour to prove that it is possible to reverse the order of nature and revolutionize the manners of society in a more genteel and dashing manner than has ever yet been practised. But this discovery would be thrown away at present, as our people of fashion are in the country, and obliged to breathe the same air with the rest of the world.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

On the CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

HISTORY, travellers, and romances, have said nothing of the beauty of the Circassian women, which is not below the truth. Beauty has been long considered as an imaginary being, a thing of convention; and to justify this extravagant idea it has been alleged, that what is beautiful to the eyes of one people is not so to those of another; that a Chinese beauty would have no charms in France or England; and, in like manner, that a French or English beauty would have no attractions in the eyes of a Chinese. But the beauty of the Circassian women is a sufficient answer to this reasoning, since they are acknowledged to be beautiful by all nations. They are every where sought after,

and

and are the ornament of all the seraglios of Asia, Africa, and Europe, because they possess that pleasing union of features, that just proportion of all the parts of the body, that splendor, those brilliant tints, that whole which cannot be defined, but which exists, and necessarily constitutes beauty, since all men render it homage.

It is only in this point of view that the inhabitants of Circassia (a country between the Caspian and the Black Seas) deserve the attention of the observing traveller. It will easily be conceived that a nation which considers woman as a merchandise can never make her a companion, nor consider marriage as a sacred and indissoluble union. We find, accordingly, that the Circassians have many wives, whom they change at pleasure; but the first wife always has a superiority over the others, which nothing can take away, and which she retains till death.

This first wife, who is usually married when extremely young, is purchased like the rest in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale, habited in the manner which is judged most likely to excite the desires of the buyer. No inquiry is made with respect to whence the woman who is purchased was brought; and if the names of her parents are asked, it is only to ascertain whether she derives her birth from a stock of pure and acknowledged beauty. The usual price of a beautiful Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piastres.

Women being the principal article of commerce in Circassia, every thing in their education and habitual life has for its object to preserve

their beauty, and facilitate its development.

All domestic occupations are abandoned to the slaves, and women are solely employed with the arts of the toilette and the means of pleasing. They make it a particular study to modulate their voice in soft and melodious tones, and to display grace and elegance in every motion. Their habitations are intermingled with gardens, and form small villages very near to each other, and consisting of about twenty houses each. In the middle of each of these villages is a strongly fortified tower, in which, in case of invasion, they shut the women and the riches of the country. These towers, as well as all the houses, are built of wood, decorated with great art, and furnished with taste.

The dress of the Circassian men is a mixture of the Greek and Turkish habits. It consists of a pair of wide pantaloons, buskins, a close boddice fastened with a girdle, a kind of domino with open sleeves, and a cap or turban not very high, broad at top and narrow at bottom. They shave their beards, leaving very long moustachios.

The dress of the Circassian women is more simple and pleasing. It consists of pantaloons, a boddice, and a long robe in the Armenian taste, or a large furred pelisse. From the cap or bonnet, of the shape of a sugar-loaf, hangs a veil. This bonnet is richly ornamented with pearls.

The dress is never sold with the woman, unless agreed for separately. The Circassian women, however, like the European, wear, under all, a linen garment which they change every day, and this garment the seller is obliged to give with the woman to the purchaser. In this state he delivers his merchandise.

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from page 428.)

WHEN again on board, we fondly flattered ourselves we should shortly obtain ample recompence for all our misfortunes, in the endearing caresses of our friends: but how contrary do our most sanguine expectations often prove, particularly when we imagine ourselves the most secure from danger; for, ere we had gained sight of our native shore, a terrible storm suddenly arose, the violence of the wind soon destroyed our rigging and nearly shattered the vessel in pieces. Two days and nights were we tossed about the raging main, expecting every minute we should go to the bottom, but were miraculously preserved amid all the war of elements. The third morning we perceived land; and, before we could take any precaution, our deplorable bark struck on the rocks of Skelig, on the coast of Ireland. Fortunately, it was near a part which projected out near enough, by the assistance of a plank, for the crew to make their escape on; which they nearly all did. I and my companion, whom I gained in the wilds of America, were among the survivors.

The storm abating, we were discovered by a ship bound for Castlemain, the captain of which very humanely took us on board, where we received every mark of attention and kindness he was capable of showing. Thus were we again thrown on the compassion of our brethren, from whom we obtained a very liberal provision, sufficient to support us till we reached England. As I intended taking Dublin in my way, having a distant relation who resided there, we struck into the internal part of Ireland, after leaving Kerry, which abounds with beau-

tiful romantic prospects, particularly near the Lake of Killarney. Had my spirits been relieved of that burthensome pressure they had long sustained, a place so replete with the sublimity of nature's works would have given me inexpressible delight. Picture to yourselves an expanse of water, interspersed with numerous islands, the shores of which are indented with bay, holly, and numerous kinds of trees, thickly blended together; the whole surrounded on every side by lofty mountains covered to the very top with trees and shrubs; while, to crown all, a vast sheet of water rolls rapidly down the steep side of one of the mountains, and falls into the lake below with a noise that strikes the astonished traveller with an indescribable awe.

I am giving you an account of that delightful place, as if I then travelled to make my observations, and take an accurate survey of every object worthy notice; but need I tell you, my Emily, it was the severe command of necessity, rigidly enforced, which detained me a moment on the road that led me to all I held dear in the world. Every hour appeared to me an age. Oh! how my heart expanded with delight at the close of every day, when I reflected how much nearer I drew to the spot where all my fondest hopes were centered. So deeply was I absorbed in thought, that I should have passed the lake without casting one glance on its beauties, had not my friend, by his persuasive reasoning, brought me to a sense of my weak ridiculous conduct, and aroused me as it were from a lethargy into which I was fallen, to view the scene before me; when, struck with admiration, I could only express my thanks for his kindness, and join with him in rapturous expressions of astonish-

ment. Fortunately for him, he possessed that fortitude, that firmness of mind, not to be ruffled and disturbed by little events which are not suited to our wishes and expectations. Fully persuaded that perfect happiness is not attainable in this world, he wisely remained contented with the few comforts he possessed; conscious, if he merited more indulgences, they would in due time be granted to him by that benevolent Being who with-holds no good from us which may tend to our final advantage.

‘It is necessary to inform you that the name of my new-acquired acquaintance was Mr. Saef. He was a surgeon in a regiment of dragoons, which suffered considerably the day he was taken prisoner, which was the one preceding that on which I fortunately became acquainted with him, when I so much required the consolation of a companion to enable me to support my sad situation. Thus commenced a friendship which has been more strongly cemented by an entire knowledge of his disposition, which has given me much satisfaction, finding he possesses a refined and exalted understanding, together with a bosom endowed with sensibility capable of a long, a permanent attachment, which I know my Emily will gladly encourage, when, at a future moment, she is introduced to my friend and his adored Matilda; of whom, from his description of her mental qualifications, I think very highly. I know his account of her personal attractions was not an exaggeration; therefore I may rely on his veracity, and imagine her all that is aimable in woman, and rejoice in such an acquisition to the list of my friends.

‘When I reached Dublin, no relation was to be found; death had long since dissolved that chain of consanguinity. We then took our

passage on board a vessel bound to Holyhead. Once more elated with the hope of beholding my native land, with what ecstasy did I see the gently-swelling shores of Anglesea break upon my view!

“Ah!” I exclaimed, in the fervour of my heart, “if fortune has been propitious to my wishes, and preserved my adored Emily and invaluable sister to bless my longing eyes, I shall think a much larger portion of happiness is allotted me than almost ever falls to one individual.”

‘My friend, who overheard me, participated in my sensations. He, too, had left his lovely Matilda behind; who had given up friends and fortune in her attachment to him, and whom he had left under the protection of his parents till his return, as they were on the point of marriage when orders came for his embarkation. Not wishing to expose her to the hardships and dangers he must encounter, he reluctantly left her, to console his parents and anticipate his return, conscious his duty must be attended to, however great might be the sacrifice.

‘That I might witness his happiness, if Heaven had preserved those so dear to his heart, he begged of me to accompany him to his parents’ residence; which I did, as it was in my way to Orville Castle. We travelled many miles from Bangor. At length we struck out of the high road, and crossed a dreary heath, which was terminated by a thick wood almost impassable for carriages, for road it could not be called. The branches of the trees and underwood were merely cleared away to admit of a passage for the wood-cutters and those who purchased the timber. We soon came to an opening where a deep woody glen, through which the river Wye mæandered

mæandered romantically along, met our eyes. We alighted from the chaise; and, after walking a short distance, a turn of a corner of a thicket presented to our view the enviable cottage of my friend's parents, deeply embowered in trees of various descriptions, extending from the house to the very summit of a steep hill, which was crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle, whose massive towers were now crumbling to the ground.

"Stay a few minutes!" says my friend—putting his hand, with emotion painted in his looks, on my shoulder—"Let me assume composure ere I again enter the boundaries of a spot so dear to my remembrance; where I hope to meet again my invaluable friends, so long estranged from my bosom. This, truly, may be termed a tranquil retired habitation, remote and far removed from a busy tumultuous world, in which man betrays the friend who has generously contributed to his aid in the day of calamity, where even brother deceives brother for mercenary sordid advantages, and where the endearing ties of consanguinity prove no support in adversity. My parents were long buffeted by the storms of life, and experienced many distressing vicissitudes: at last, disgusted with public affairs, deprived by illegal means of affluence, yet possessing a sufficiency to support them in some sequestered spot, happy in the affections of each other, which was their only resource in all their troubles, they fixed upon this residence; where, wrapped close in conscious peace, they but hear the human tempest roar at a distance. The fall of kings, the rage of nations, and the crush of states, reach them not. Their solicitude on my account, who am still left to struggle in those scenes they are weary of, is the only source

of anxiety they now have. Hither, as I have before said, they repaired to taste the sweets of rural retirement. Heaven, I hope, has yet preserved them to be a blessing to their son.—Happy omens! I see the woodbine planted by my Matilda has not been neglected; no noisome weed dare rear its head around: see how it clings to the oak for support! emblem of her weak, unprotected state, flying to me for shelter. Generous unsuspecting girl, I will not abuse thy confidence! Every scene around is familiar to my eyes. Yonder is the verdant hill we ascended, which was gilded by the departing rays of the setting sun when I took my long farewell of her I so tenderly loved. On that spot I lingered till I saw her lovely form vanish from my view; then, summoning all the resolution I was master of, I tore myself away from those beloved shades, mounted my impatient steed, and fled with all the speed possible, soon to witness far different scenes than those of love and tranquillity, as the regiment I belonged to was under orders for embarkation to America. Here comes my poor old dog, the faithful companion of many a pleasant ramble."

"At this moment the door opened, and a pleasant-looking elderly man came out; who, he told me, with transport, was his father. His mother followed, accompanied by a very interesting female, who exactly answered the description he had given me of his Matilda. The excess of joy in all parties can be better conceived than described; suffice it to say, I left him to pursue the flowery path of happiness before him, and recount past misfortunes; while I, solitary and sad, took my leave, with almost every ray of hope extinct in my bosom. I soon reached the castle. You, my beloved girls, are

already acquainted with the reception I met with, and the result of that reception: and now I can inform my friend in Wales that Heaven has showered blessings on my head equal to those he possesses: assured of the unaltered love of his Emily, and the brightest scenes of earthly happiness consequently opening to his view.'

Mr. Norton very reluctantly took his leave to pay Mrs. Gregory a visit, and gain farther particulars of his father's death; as likewise to attend the war-office, to make known the various disasters which had so long detained him from his duty, inquire where his regiment was stationed, and where his friend the colonel was, &c. He learned to his infinite regret, that his regiment was yet in America, but that it was in daily expectation of embarking for England.

Susan and Emily were again left; but in far different circumstances than before. Now they were assured he was safe, yet tender and affectionate as ever, what had they to make them uneasy? They followed their respective amusements with their wonted cheerfulness and alacrity; time no longer hung heavy on their hands as it did before, when every day they wished, yet half-despaired of ever seeing him more. Now was he again restored, all their hearts could wish, writing often to them. His letters to Emily contained merely a renewal of his protestations of eternal love, &c. but to Susan they were a source of much anxiety; the cruel conduct of her sister Jesse distressed her to the highest degree, to think that she could desert her father even in his last moments, urging, as an extenuation of her baseness, that, as he was in a state of insanity, it was immaterial who visited him, since he knew no one. Mrs. Gregory was

very ill, and his death had aroused her to a sense of her cruelty to him, and in no small degree contributed towards her present illness: to Norton she was more partial than ever, and to such an excess did she carry her affection for him, that she was ever uneasy when he was from her sight, and expressed a wish that he would sell out of the army, and reside entirely with her. He could not therefore leave her till she was better, without forfeiting all claim to her esteem and her bounty, of which he of course now stood very much in need. She gave him a draft on her banker for a hundred pounds, and liberally promised him the same loan whenever he requested it; adding, that she knew his prudence would not hurry him into any unnecessary expence, neither did she think he would form any matrimonial connexion without her entire approbation; as to him she looked for the supporter of the ancient grandeur of her noble house.

Susan was almost distracted at the bare idea of her father's leaving the world quite neglected by all his family; she relapsed into her former state of melancholy, from which the kindest attention of Mr. Veronne and his daughter were ineffectual to arouse her, conscious how undutifully she had acted in not desiring some person about him to inform her of the various fluctuations in his health, if she could not personally have attended him. Mr. Veronne took her out in public, thinking to divert her attention from dwelling on such a mournful subject, but all was of no avail, grief became habitual, and she could by no means overcome it. At last he called her to him one morning, assuming a very serious aspect:—'Susan,' says he, 'I shall insist on your being more cheerful, or I shall think you are dissatisfied with me; consider

sider the presumptuous folly of thus mourning for the dead; your own good sense must tell you the state of your father must be your's: ere a few suns at most have rolled their cares away, you must be numbered with those who have preceded you: you cherish mistaken notions of your affections. Could you wish your parent to survive all his hopes of happiness in this world. Dry up your tears: "friends are ravished from us to bind, by soft affection's ties, on human hearts the thoughts of death." In our serious moments we must naturally resort to those regions for comfort, where our dearest friends are wrapped in endless sleep; which shows us in an impressive manner our own precarious situation.'

Susan, convinced of the truth of what he had observed, resolved to conquer her feelings, and again resume her cheerfulness, in some measure to repay her kind benefactor for his tender assiduities. Her brother, by his consolatory epistles, strengthened her determination, and added greatly to the tranquillity which again re-visited her bosom, by saying he intended shortly to pay them a visit, as he had gained permission to join his regiment, which was returning home. 'Then,' added he, 'I shall take an opportunity of introducing a dear invaluable friend.'

This circumstance gave them much pleasure. Mr. Veronne participated in the happiness of his girls, as he was never comfortable but when the smile of cheerfulness illumined their countenances. Time passed quickly on, and they were in daily expectation of the arrival of Norton.

During their suspense a circumstance happened which gave them all much satisfaction. Mr. Veronne, accidentally dining with a party of acquaintances, was much

struck on the appearance of an elegant youth in regimentals, introduced by the name of Griffiths. Both his name and features brought forcibly to his mind the worthy captain with whom he went to India, whose family he had in vain endeavoured to discover. He drew him unobserved from the company, and soon learned he was no other than Mr. Edwin Griffiths, son of that truly valuable man. He informed him his mother was comfortably, and even affluently, provided for by a distant relation, who had ever treated them with disdain, till the death of his father had revived his long dormant affection; he immediately settled an annuity on his mother, made ample provision for his sisters, one of whom had forfeited all claim on his bounty, by imprudently leaving her mother, and flying to the parents of a gentleman then in America, to whom she had been long attached: 'But,' added he, 'I heard the other day poor Matilda will yet be happy, as she is on the point of marriage with the object of her affections, who is just returned, and is about giving her his hand as a reward for her constancy. As to myself, my kind relative has procured me a cornetcy in the dragoons.'

Mr. Veronne was delighted thus to meet with a person he so much wished to see, and gave him a general invitation to his house, which was declined with the greatest politeness, as he was now on his march to embark on some expedition. He expressed himself sorry that he could not avail himself of such an opportunity of enjoying the society of the friend of his father, and took his leave; but not till a promise was extorted that he would call whenever he came to England again.

Mr. Veronne returned home with his spirits unusually elated, thus to meet the son of one he so much esteemed,

esteemed, with the paths of honour laid open before him for the display of the brilliant talents and natural greatness of soul which he inherited from his father, together with his features and figure, which promised to be the very height of perfection, when age had matured the stripling into manhood. 'Go, brave youth!' said Mr. Veronne at parting, while he tenderly pressed his hand, 'Go! Heaven protect you in all dangers, and grant you to be a blessing to your amiable mother! Go, pursue, with an enterprising undaunted resolution, the most honourable of all professions, the service of your king and country, and perpetuate to posterity a name already signalised in the annals of fame.'

Susan and Emily partook of the happiness of Mr. Veronne.—Emily, from several circumstances which Norton had mentioned respecting his friend in Wales, knew him to be the intended husband of Mr. Griffiths's sister. This her father was convinced of, when she related the particulars.

Some days passed, but no Norton came, and they began to think something serious had happened, but dared not write for fear their letters might be intercepted by Mrs. Gregory. A review being about to take place, Mr. Veronne prevailed on them to accompany him thither, thinking he should meet with him there. The morning at length arrived, they repaired to Hyde Park, the troops were already assembled, they performed their evolutions in a manner that did great credit to both officers and privates; but who can conceive the feelings of Emily and Susan, when they recognised in one of the colonels the features of Orville, too much taken up to observe them: he passed, Norton joined him, and with several others they left the ground. Emily could not

conceal her emotion; in a half-whisper to Susan she said, 'My former suggestions are but too true; he can no longer retain that affection for me he has so lately expressed; he could never have been so near my residence without devoting a few hours to us. His looks, too, denote a bosom perfectly tranquil.'

Mr. Veronne, to avoid noticing him, and their conclusion on the occasion, was purposely talking to some one out of the window, not willing to condemn him till he was convinced he had a proper foundation for his suspicion. Susan endeavoured to allege in his defence the recent meeting with his friend, and other probable circumstances. 'Indeed Emily,' added she, 'you entertain too mean an opinion of my brother; he does not deserve it: permit me to say, I, who can penetrate the inmost recesses of his soul, saw that, notwithstanding the bustle he was in, and the pleasure he experienced in meeting with colonel Orville, a certain something depressed his spirits; all was not so serene within as you may imagine.'

Mr. Veronne perceiving he must join their conversation, and wishing to remove her doubts, said, 'Emily, you should consider a sense of our duty must ever triumph over every other consideration. If Mr. Norton had neglected the call of his king and country in bringing his men well disciplined for public inspection, and had come and loitered away the hours which have been thus laudably employed in your society, what a mean opinion would serious reflexion have given you of a man who could thus supinely waste his time. No, I assure you it is bravery, activity, and an enterprising spirit, which gives the highest finish to the character of a soldier, and must exalt him in the eyes of my Emily, whose discernment must

must show her how insignificant a being he must otherwise be. A short time will develop the mystery: I doubt not Norton yet.

They had by this time reached home, expecting every minute would bring the captain; but evening came without him. They were on the rack of suspense:—morning brought no alleviation of their doubts. Mr. Veronne rallied them; Emily knew not how to support it; a thousand suspicions arose in her breast; yet was she unwilling to reproach him with duplicity. Susan, having more confidence in him, and perhaps less impatience, endeavoured to convince Emily how many circumstances (she was at her wit's end to devise) might have occasioned a delay. They were thus alternately reviving hope, and cherishing doubts, when the sound of horses' feet met their ears. Two persons in regimentals, galloping along the road, approached the house; their countenances assumed a degree of animation unknown before, when they saw they were captain Norton and his friend colonel Orville 'coming no doubt,' said Susan gaily, 'invested with full powers to disperse the cloud of unjust accusation and distrust.'

(To be continued.)

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 464.)

TREMBLING, speechless; and in a paroxysm of dismay, they clung irresistably, yet unconsciously, to each other, and hurried instinctively towards the steps by which they had descended into these gloomy vaults; but the very eagerness with which they sought to escape conspired with the darkness of the place, and the intolerable apprehen-

sions that haunted them, to defeat its own purpose: for, though they were only a few paces distant, the affrighted party, instead of ascending the steps, turned into a winding passage close to them; but they were insensible to that circumstance—insensible to every thing, save to the horror that shook their limbs, and the apprehension of being unable to avoid again seeing that dreadful appearance, and hearing those appalling sounds which had given rise to their terror.

Thus powerfully—thus irresistibly impelled, they rushed along the passage; and, notwithstanding their progress was considerably impeded by its winding direction, the extreme darkness, and the confusion of their flight, still would have proceeded, had they not suddenly found that the sides of the cavern opposed their advances as well to the right and left as straight forward. A pause of wild affright succeeded this discovery; and, while they stood in mute horror and dreadful expectation, a ray of light, all at once, streamed through a narrow aperture, at a little distance from them; a something like a shadow, of large and uncouth shape, presented itself, and, in an instant, both light and shadow vanished from their view. A groan, awful, deep, and distant, then struck upon their ears, and again darkness and silence enveloped them; broken, however, once or twice by a noise which, reverberating in those caverns, sounded in their ears like the hollow murmurs of distant thunder. Tancred and Innocent, overwhelmed with terror, dropt instinctively upon their knees. The prior leaned for support against the side of the vault; and, for some minutes, they continued fixed to the place in horror unspeakable.

But Apostolico's promptitude of mind

you may find worthy of your friendship. Bear hatred to none; but show yourself ready to do good offices to all when in your power. In a particular manner I beg you may meddle as little as possible in the affairs of others: be it always your study to avoid giving cause for the tongue of calumny being set loose against yourself, rather than attempt to expose the failings of others. Such has ever been the line of conduct pursued by our mother and sisters. They have of consequence been generally esteemed; and, if you do not deviate from their example, you may depend upon it that you will be no less so.

At the same time, however, that I recommend to you all the duties of morality, I wish you to keep ever in view that of yourself you can never perform them; and I beg to remind you, for your encouragement, that God hath himself declared that he will not withhold his aid from any one who sincerely asks it. Religion, my dear B. is of the greatest importance to all mankind; and in your sex it appears peculiarly amiable. This then is a subject which demands your most serious attention; but although it be absolutely necessary that you should rest your hopes of salvation upon the merits of the Saviour alone, yet you ought to prove the genuineness of your faith rather by your actions than by your professions: for, whatever our modern religionists may affirm, it is my opinion that that alone is true faith which is productive of the most good works.

Beauty or fortune is what the generality of men now-a-days consider indispensable in a wife. So far from regretting that my sisters are possessed of neither, I rejoice that it is so; for although the greater number of men make choice of

their wives on account of those externals, yet a man of principle, a man of good sense, views matrimony in quite a different light: he considers that upon his choice of a wife depends his domestic happiness or misery; and knowing that "beauty is a fair but fading flower," and that "riches often take to themselves wings and fly away;" and being convinced that neither of these can make amends for the evils of a wicked disposition or a bad temper, he makes the mental endowments and acquirements the criterion by which he judges. The man who acts thus is alone worthy of a good wife; and there is every reason to believe that no marriage which is not founded on this principle can ever be productive of real domestic happiness. Hence it has always been my opinion, that a young woman possessed of a greater degree of beauty than her neighbours ought rather to be an object of pity than of envy. It is true she will get married; but the affections of her husband being founded upon nothing permanent, when her beauty vanishes she will find that she is no longer beloved. A woman who is married on account of her fortune is exactly in a similar situation. In place of regretting, then, that you have neither beauty nor a fortune to procure you a husband, have you not cause to be thankful that it is so? Had it been otherwise, ten thousand chances to one if ever you would be happy in the married state. Now, however, if you enter into that state, the affections of the man who shall make you his choice must be fixed upon something rational—something solid, and of course you must enjoy domestic happiness. It is natural to suppose that you wish to get married; but when I tell you that it depends in a great measure upon yourself whether

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W. B. & Co. Engravers.

PARIS DRESS.

ther it shall ever happen, I know you will see the necessity of making the cultivation of your mind your chief study: for, depend upon it, your hopes in this respect can only be well founded in proportion to the progress which you make in mental acquirements. There is nothing that tends more to improve the mind than reading. Do therefore consult K. as to the books which are most proper for you to read.

‘There are several accomplishments which are absolutely necessary in a young woman, and which certainly you have an opportunity of making yourself mistress of. I shall only, at present, mention needle-work in all its branches; and music, though perhaps not so useful as the others, is a very genteel accomplishment, and one to which I must beg your particular attention. I know, as I used jocularly to observe, you have a genius for music, and that, if you were to persevere, you would soon make very great progress in it.

‘I fear you will not like this letter; but, being the first time I ever had the pleasure of writing to you, I could not resist the inclination I had to communicate my sentiments on a subject of so much importance. I am only sorry that my abilities disqualify me from executing the undertaking in the manner I could wish; and I trust that, considering the whole as a well-meant attempt, you will pardon any observations I may have made which could possibly give you offence. When I have the pleasure of hearing from you, which I hope will be soon, you may expect a letter in a different strain from,

My dear B.

Your most affectionate Brother,
J. MACLEYS.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE two head-dresses for full dress are the oblong head-dress ornamented with little silver fillets called *chefs*, and the veil laid flat on the head, and ever so little pinched up before, showing under the pinch either a diamond crescent, a rose, an *aigrette*, or sometimes a plume.

Sky-blue and rose are the most common colours for the Florence *capotes*, and muslin or crape robes.

White robes with silver spots, and tunics with points in like manner, sprinkled with silver spots or stars, are still worn. Long trains are also in vogue; but with respect to long waists the fashion seems undetermined, though there is no brilliant assemblage of fashionable company in which we do not see many of them.

Flowers are little worn, and then only in a bunch—the colour crimson. In jewellery the cornelian is the fashionable stone of the day. It is used in collars, ear-rings, bracelets, and seals. The collars of the newest taste have a large oval plate in cornelian hanging from a short chain of elastic meshes of gold.

Veils constitute the principal part of most head-dresses. For full dress they are left entirely to the taste of the coiffeur, who, with the assistance of *chefs*, or silver ribbons, forms them into oblong turbans. A great many *élégantes* use ribbons of unpolished silver, in the place of *chefs*. In half dress the veils are worn down, *à la religieuse*. Upon many of the most elegant head-dresses we observe an *aigrette* of hair, fastened with a pin. Black crape hats and black tunics are still in fashion. In general, rose is the

prevailing colour. The robes of the newest taste are cut *à la Psyche*. The ribbons are very narrow striped, and of very lively colours. The cambric bonnets are all the fashion for the morning; they are trimmed with gold, like the Spencers.

The collar of the gentlemen's coats is extraordinarily narrow.

LONDON FASHIONS.

A Round dress of thick white muslin; a *pellisse* of cambric muslin trimmed all round; long sleeves. A bonnet of buff silk, trimmed with purple ribbon.

A round dress of white muslin drawn close round the throat, with a double frill; long sleeves. A green handkerchief tied carelessly round the neck. A straw hat turned up in front, and trimmed with green ribbons.

Head-dresses.

A black silk hat turned up in front, with a full crown, and ornamented with black feathers.

A white muslin bonnet, trimmed and tied under the chin with white ribbon.

A straw hat turned up before, and lined with blue; blue ostrich feathers in front.

A bonnet of dark green silk, two ostrich feathers of the same colour placed in front to fall contrary ways; a bow of green, edged with white, on the left side.

A bonnet of pea-green or other coloured silk, tied under the chin, and ornamented with white feathers.

General Observations.

The most fashionable colours are buff, scarlet, and blue, for flowers and feathers.—White dresses are the most prevalent.

ACCOUNT of the new COMEDY entitled 'INTEGRITY,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Thursday, October 2.

THE principal characters were thus represented:

Herman,Mr. H. Siddons.
Albert,Mr. Branton.
Edward,Mr. H. Johnston.
Woolstan,Mr. Murray.
Uncle of Albert,Mr. Cory.
Waiter,Mr. Blanchard.
The Mother of Herman,	Miss Chapman.
Juliet,Miss Murray.
Helen,Mrs. H. Johnston.
Maid,Mrs. Mattocks.

THE PLOT.

The scene is laid in Germany. It opens with a family groupe, consisting of Herman, a young lawyer, his mother, and sister Helen, who are dependent upon him for their support.—He is the hero of the piece, and from his tried integrity it takes its name. The means by which his rectitude of mind is put to the test form the principal scenes. He is represented as having successfully pleaded the cause of Woolstan, a brave but distressed soldier. His celebrity next induces a wicked uncle to seek his assistance to defraud his nephew Roland of his fortune. This proposal he spurns with contempt, under circumstances of the severest pressure. They are interrupted by the arrival of Albert, the lover of Helen, who proves to be the very Roland whom the uncle sought to disinherit: he had assumed the name of Albert, to avoid the search of his father, from whose unnatural treatment he had fled. This discovery completely destroys the uncle's hopes, who retires, and in revenge procures the banishment of Herman and Albert, upon a false charge. Arrived at the boundaries, Herman is overtaken by Edward, a youth

youthful friend, naturally good, but led astray by the vice and folly of the world. He brings him the reversal of his sentence, his innocence having been discovered, and conducts him to a neighbouring edifice. This proves to be the house of Juliet, a lady whom he had seen and loved in early youth, whose image had never been absent from his mind, who had procured the reversal of his sentence, and who declares her love, proposing to put herself under his protection. Conceiving her a married woman, for such she was when he first saw her, he rejects the flattering offer. From this state he is soon relieved, by an assurance of the death of her husband, who is also the father of Albert. There is, therefore, no obstacle to their happiness, or that of Albert, in whose favour Edward, who was a lover of Helen, renounces his claim.

In the combination of these materials, the principal reliance is placed upon the sentiment, which is pure, and expressed in neat, sometimes beautiful, language. But the piece is liable to many objections. The *dénouement* appears somewhat abrupt, and many of the scenes are not very naturally produced. Most of the characters are mere sketches: indeed Herman is the only full-length portrait in the groupe. The great weight of the piece fell, consequently, on Mr. H. Siddons, who made his first appearance in that character. This gentleman comes forward with an hereditary claim to theatrical talents. He certainly has not disappointed the public expectation. His action is easy, without redundancy; his enunciation correct; and considerable practice upon the northern theatres has made him perfectly acquainted with the business of the stage. His conception of the character was just, and his perform-

ance marked with energy and feeling. His denunciation against adultery, in the last scene, was given with good effect, and showed him possessed of considerable powers. —He is about the middle-size, and has a very expressive countenance, a softened likeness of the Kemble family. In the early scenes there was a huskiness in his voice; but it went off as he became impassioned, and elevated his tones. He experienced a very flattering reception. Mr. Cory, the next in novelty, acquitted himself very well in the character of the uncle. The scene in which his villany is discovered affords the only striking situation, and was managed with judgment.

Mr. Brunton, miss Murray, miss Chapman, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mrs. Mattocks, also acquitted themselves well in their several parts. The piece was announced for future representation with applause.

THE GRACES.

WHY is it said that there are three Graces, that they are sisters, and that they hold each other by the hand? Why are they represented as young smiling virgins, habited in floating robes, and their arms covered with a transparent veil? Some say the first bestows the benefaction, the second receives, and the third returns it. Why do the Graces dance holding each other by the hand? Because such is the progress of a benefit which passes into the hands of him who receives it, but must, nevertheless, at last return to those of the benefactor; because the beauty of this progress is lost as soon as it is interrupted, while, on the contrary, it subsists while benefits are bestowed and returned reciprocally.

procally. They have a smiling air, because the countenances of those who give, and of those who receive, are usually arrayed in smiles. They are young, because the remembrance of benefits received ought never to grow old. They are virgins, because they ought to be without change and without blemish. They wear no zone, because benefits are not to be ligatures and chains. The veil which covers their arms is transparent, because benefactions ought to be visible.

PERIANDER of CORINTH, or
REVENGE;
A TALE.

(Continued from p. 476.)

PERIANDER, when he learned the flight of his son, feigned to be more angry than he really was; for in his heart he thanked the gods that he had escaped. The prospect of one day becoming the sovereign of Corinth, he doubted not must at length induce his son to relax in his pride. But a whole year passed, and he heard nothing of the youth. He every-where made inquiry after him, but in vain; and he began to believe that he was no longer living. The anger and pride of Periander then gave way. His eldest son was too weak in his intellects to intrust to him the tottering throne of Corinth, of which the noble and brave Lycophron would have been the firm support. He read in the eyes of the citizens their joy at his increasing age, and recognised the vengeance of the gods. He now recollected, with anxious dread, the prediction of the Delphic oracle, that heavy calamities should fall on his sons; and its fulfilment seemed to be hastened

by his ambition and his pride. He had rejoiced that Corinth feared him, yet now he trembled at that fear; and wished that he had rather won the love of his subjects, which before he had contemned.

‘Do you not perceive,’ said his aged friend, ‘that love is more to be desired than fear?’

In despite of all the doubts of his heart, Periander cast a haughty glance on the sage Medon. ‘Let Corinth tremble,’ said he, ‘if it dares to dispute my power.’

‘Tremble!’ replied Medon.—‘Dost thou still build thy power upon fear? Melissa trembled before thee; and in her thou hast murdered thy happiness. Thy children tremble before thee, and thou hast lost the noblest of thy offspring. All tremble before thee, but thy fate and the gods.’

Periander assumed a serious countenance, and became thoughtful; but his reflexions were solely employed on the means by which he might secure his declining power.

A descendant of the ancient sovereigns of Corinth, the Bacchiadæ, still lived: Amphion, a man of a rude and unamiable disposition, foolishly proud of the former splendor of his family, but destitute of all true nobility of mind. On him Periander cast his eyes, conceiving the design of giving him his daughter for a wife, and leaving to him the throne of Corinth. He accordingly sent for him, and made known to him his intentions. He then went to Melissa—who passed her days in pleasing dreams of her lover—and said to her in a commanding tone, ‘Thou must be the wife of Amphion!’

Melissa turned pale, threw herself at his feet, and conjured him not to make her miserable.

‘Miserable!’ replied he, coldly: ‘I secure to thee the throne of Corinth.

‘Oh,

‘Oh, my father!’ replied Melissa, with a sigh, ‘am I only to be considered as a step to the throne?’

Periander now repeated his command, and Melissa found herself compelled to declare that her heart was already united to the youth of her choice, in the closest bonds of tenderest affection.

‘Silly girl!’ replied he, coldly, ‘I will break these bonds.’

‘And with them my life must end,’ answered Melissa, with extreme agitation.

‘Be it so,’ rejoined he, hastily; ‘yet I will be obeyed.’

‘Father, recollect your son Lycophron: you have still two children to lose.’

‘It is better to be without children, than to be despised and insulted by them.’

‘Lycophron lives,’ said Melissa: ‘I know where he is. To him of right belongs the sovereignty of Corinth.’

‘He lives!’ said Periander, astonished. ‘Where is he?’

No threats were capable of inducing Melissa to betray her secret, until her father had solemnly promised her that he would consent to her becoming the wife of her lover. She then discovered to him the place of Lycophron’s retreat, and the assumed name by which he passed at Corcyra. Periander immediately sent a herald to Corcyra, to declare to his son, that if he would return to Corinth, he would acknowledge his right to the sovereignty of that city. Lycophron, in whose soul the impression of the cruelty of his father in condemning him to expire of hunger was indelible, only answered the herald with these words: ‘I am not his son.’

The messenger returned with this answer, and Periander now sent Melissa to Corcyra, to persuade her brother to return. She made the

voyage, animated by the most pleasing hope, and, having landed on the island, joyfully hastened to the residence of Agathon among the mountains, to bear to her brother the offer of the diadem, and her constant heart to his faithful friend. Her lover met her with transport, but Lycophron continued inflexible.

‘I am not the son of Periander,’ said he, gloomily. ‘He condemned me to perish with hunger. By the eternal gods I will not see him!’

‘Lycophron,’ said the gentle Melissa, seriously but tenderly; ‘the gods may change thy heart. They have subdued the pride of thy father, and will they pardon the pride of the son exerted against his father? Thou art a noble youth: Corcyra loudly extols thy virtues. Wilt thou alone be wanting in magnanimity towards thy father? The pride of thy father knows no bounds: this is the cause of thy anger; but thy anger is as unbounded as his pride. Brother, learn to forgive, since thou art a man: the gods are inexorable to the inexorable. Thou art engaged in a dreadful struggle against thy father. Shouldest thou persist in thy resolution, he must be punished; but the gods will avenge him, and destroy thee with him. I conjure thee, forgive; and seek not to remedy an evil by another still greater. Oh, ye gods! how does one spirit, the spirit of revenge, actuate both father and son! Oh remove it, give them instead a feeling heart, and make them sensible that they ought to love each other.’

Missella spoke in vain: Lycophron continued immoveable.

‘Never,’ said he, ‘Missella; never will I return to Corinth while my father lives!’

‘Cruel man!’ exclaimed Melissa. ‘To what purpose have I and thy friend preserved thy life! If thou wilt not be a son, be a brother and a friend.’

a friend. If thou art inexorable, at least be not ungrateful. The happiness of thy sister and of thy friend depends on thy consenting to be reconciled to thy father.'

Lycophron tore himself from his sister's embrace.

'By the immortal gods,' exclaimed he, 'I can die for thee; but I will not see thy father!'

He remained inexorable, and Melissa returned, sorrowful, and oppressed with melancholy forebodings of the ruin of her family, to Corinth.

She brought the unwelcome tidings to her father, but attributed the obstinate perseverance of her brother in his resolution to various causes, and insinuated that it was not so much to be ascribed to hatred and implacability as to fear of the anger of his father. She thus encouraged Periander still to hope a reconciliation might be effected; and stood, like a good genius, mediating between and assuaging the savage sentiments of vengeance and pride in the hearts of the father and the son.

The heavy sceptre of Corinth now required the stronger hand of youth; but the elder son of Periander was too feeble to sway it. Periander perceived how necessary it was to inspire the Corinthians with the hope of a milder government under a youthful king. The aged citizens of Corinth hated him, and the young, now hastening to maturity, no longer feared him. The concealed flames of insurrection already threatened to burst forth; and his prudence suggested to him the policy of relieving the Corinthians from the hated sight of their cruel sovereign.

He, therefore, now publicly sent a herald to Corcyra, to invite his son to return to Corinth, and immediately take upon him the sovereign-

ty; declaring, that he would in that case come himself to Corcyra, and content himself with the government of that island.

This proposal was accepted by the ambitious youth. It was soon made known in Corcyra, and excited an universal alarm among the inhabitants, who were terrified at the very idea of coming under the government of the cruel Periander. They assembled in crowds around the house in which Lycophron resided, and intreated and conjured him, from gratitude to Corcyra, which had protected him from the anger of his vengeful father, to be reconciled to Periander.

'Recollect,' said Agathon, taking his hand, 'we afforded you an asylum from the rage of Periander; and would you now render us a prey to his cruelty sooner than break a vow, which no son ought to make, never to be reconciled to your father?'

'I have sworn by the gods,' said the ambitious youth, gloomily.

'Keep, then, thy vow, and endure the consequences of thy rashness! Renounce the sovereignty of Corinth! Shall thy friends suffer for the vows thou mayest make in thy ungovernable anger? How often hast thou exclaimed against the injustice of thy father, yet dost thou not act in like manner? He vowed to offer to the gods a statue of gold; and, that he might not break his vow, took by force from the women of Corinth their golden ornaments and trinkets. Is it not thus that thou actest?—Renounce the throne, and live with us, in the embraces of friendship, among grateful men.'

'I have consented. I have given my word to Periander. I cannot falsify it.'

Agathon now opened the door, and admitted some of the principal citizens of Corcyra; requesting them
to

to join with him in intreaty. But nothing could move the ambitious Lycophron.

‘Whatever,’ said he, ‘you owe to your country, I owe to Corinth. It gave me birth.’

‘Country, then, for country!’ exclaimed a young and noble Corcyrean. ‘What dost thou think thou owest to Corinth?’

‘Every thing,’ answered Lycophron.

‘The same, then, do I owe to my country.—Lycophron, I conjure thee, by the protection which Corcyra has afforded thee, abandon thy purpose.’

‘I will go to Corinth,’ said Lycophron.

‘By the gods, thou shalt not!’ exclaimed the Corcyrean. A dagger glittered in his hand, and he plunged it into the breast of the son of Periander.

Lycophron sank in the arms of Agathon, and his friend bore him, fainting, to a couch. They were soon left alone; and Lycophron, sensible his death approached, took a tablet, and wrote thus to his father:

‘I die. Father, forgive thy son. I was inexorable; and the gods have punished me, as they punished thee. Since thou art a man, forgive the Corcyreans my death, and make my sister happy. Oppose not her love: reject not the wish of her heart. Farewell!’

He gave the tablet to his friend.

‘My sister was in the right,’ said he, with a feeble smile; ‘the gods have avenged the father on the son.’

He stretched out his hand to Agathon; said—‘Express for me my tenderest affection to my sister;’—and died.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT of a HINDOO DEVOTEE.

[From Captain Turner’s ‘Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshoo Lama in Tibet.’]

THE Gosein Prânpooree exhibited so extraordinary an instance of religious penance, that I cannot resist the temptation of relating some particulars of his life.

Having been adopted by a Hindoo devotee, and educated by him in the rigid tenets of his religion, he was yet young when he commenced the course of his extraordinary mortifications. The first vow which the plan of life he had chosen to himself induced him to make, was to continue perpetually upon his legs, and neither to sit down upon the ground, nor lie down to rest, for the space of twelve years. All this time he told me he had employed in wandering through different countries. When I inquired how he took the indispensable refreshment of sleep, when wearied with fatigue, he said, that at first, to prevent his falling, he used to be tied with ropes to some tree or post; but that this precaution, after some time, became unnecessary, and he was able to sleep standing without such support.

The complete term of this first penance being expired, the next he undertook was to hold his hands, locked in each other, over his head, the fingers of one hand dividing those of the other, for the same space of twelve years. Whether this particular period is chosen in compliment to the twelve signs of the zodiac, or to the Indian cycle of twelve years, I cannot decide. He was still determined not to dwell in any fixed abode; so that, before the term of this last vow could be accomplished, he had travelled over

the greater part of the continent of Asia. He first set out by crossing the peninsula of India through Guzerat. He then passed by Surat to Bussora, and thence to Constantinople. From Turkey he went to Ispahan, and sojourned so long among the different Persian tribes as to obtain a considerable knowledge of their language, in which he conversed with tolerable ease. In his passage from thence towards Russia, he fell in with the Kussaucs (hordes of Cossacs) upon the borders of the Caspian Sea, where he narrowly escaped being condemned to perpetual slavery; but at length he was suffered to pass on, and reached Moscov. He then travelled through the northern boundary of the Russian empire, and through Siberia, arrived at Pekin in China, from whence he came through Tibet, by the way of Teshoo Loomboo, and Nipal, down to Calcutta.

When I first saw him at this place, in the year 1783, he rode upon a pie-bald Tangun horse, from Bootan, and wore a satin embroidered dress, given to him by Teshoo Lama, of which he was not a little vain. He was robust and hale; and his complexion, contrasted with a long, bushy, black beard, appeared really florid. I do not suppose that he was then forty years of age. Two Goseins attended him, and assisted him in mounting and alighting from his horse. Indeed he was indebted to them for the assistance of their hands on every occasion; his own, being fixed and immoveable in the position in which he had placed them, were of course perfectly useless.

The circulation of blood seemed to have forsaken his arms: they were withered, void of sensation, and inflexible. Yet he spoke to me with confidence of recovering the use of

them, and mentioned his intention to take them down the following year, when the term of his penance would expire.

Other Goseins assured me, though I could not help doubting the fact, that it is practicable to restore withered limbs, thus circumstanced, to perfect use. This is effected they say, though not without great labour and some pain, by means of long continued friction, before a large fire, with a certain ointment which they compound. To complete the full measure of his religious penance, I understand that there still remained two other experiments for Prânpooree to perform. In the first of these, the devotee is suspended by the feet to a branch of a tree, over a fire, which is kept in a continual blaze, and swung backwards and forwards, his hair passing through the flame, for one pahr and a quarter, that is three hours and three quarters. Having passed through this fiery trial, he may then prepare himself for the last act of probation, which is, to be buried alive, standing upright in a pit dug for the purpose; the fresh earth being thrown in upon him, so that he is completely covered. In this situation he must remain for one pahr and a quarter, that is, three hours and three quarters; and if at the expiration of that time, on the removal of the earth, he should be found alive, he will ascend into the highest rank among the most pure of the Yogee (Jugi).

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

TO merit the esteem of men, it is sufficient to be able to regulate our actions according to the civil laws of society; but to render ourselves beloved, they must be embellished with

with delicacy and grace. Acts of humanity, goodness of heart, and greatness of soul, necessarily attract respect; but even these do not always ensure happiness. Happiness is a continual exchange of benefits given and received, and may be found in an uninterrupted repose of the soul and calm of the senses.—Such situations are easily imagined; but seldom realised; yet by persisting in the search of them they are sometimes found. Like a painter who, to imitate nature, defaces a hundred times his first sketch, considers and examines in difficult lights the object he wishes to copy, and when he has caught it in the true point of view easily gives its likeness:—thus man, affected in a lively manner by every thing around him, is ruffled by various objects, till examining, and by degrees discovering the truth, he becomes the master of his passions. The principal causes of our misfortunes arise from the sensibility of the heart and the caprices of the mind. The great and important labour to be performed is to moderate this sensibility, when our desires will soon become less lively, and our caprices less frequent.

It is sentiment which realises ideas, and changes them into affections, into pleasures, into true riches, into moral gold. Thoughts which are attached to nothing are draughts upon an empty treasury. The fortune of the mind is in the soul. Thoughts which are not felt are the golden furniture of Midas: they are the casket found by the Arab when dying with thirst in the middle of the desert. He hoped he had found fruits.—‘Alas!’ exclaimed he, with anguish, ‘here are only pearls.’

True courage is an intrepidity inspired by the contempt of danger; rashness a brutal madness which

precipitates into it, because it does not see it, and frequently because it fears it. Courage, on the contrary, sees the danger, braves it, and flies to meet it. The coward, when spurred on by fury and shame, sometimes becomes rash; but the truly brave man, whom honour and virtue animate, feels, in the midst of the most pressing danger, emotions of courage which lead him to great actions. Rashness, in fine, is only a blind and transient emotion; but courage the effect of an enlightened magnanimity.

Women by their very condition are devoted to repose. Nature intended them, like flowers, calmly to display their charms in the parterre in which they were produced.

Modesty has a great advantage which alone would suffice to render it valuable,—it places a man at his ease; whereas arrogant pretensions oblige him to take a great deal of trouble to appear what he is not. It proves to others the merit we possess, or rather the defect of him who wants it; for as a blush may sometimes make a lady of pleasure pass for a woman of virtue, modesty may cause him to be thought a man of wit and learning who in reality possesses neither.

Superior qualities frequently render a man less fit for society: we do not go to market with ingots of gold, but with silver and small money.

Courtship pleases more than marriage, for the same reason that romances are more amusing than history.

Distrust those persons who are always distrustful; they fear being deceived from the habit they are in of deceiving every one.

It is better to lose a friend by too much frankness, than to be guilty of the meanness of deceiving him in order to please him.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING A SCENE IN
BAVARIA.

*By Thomas Campbell, Esq. Author of 'The
Pleasures of Hope.'*

ADIEU, the woods and waters' side,
Imperial Danube's rich domain!
Adieu, the grotto wild and wide,
The rocks abrupt and grassy plain!
For pallid Autumn once again
Hath chill'd the breath of ev'ry gale,
And swell'd each torrent of the hill:
Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
And wat'ry winds that sweep the vale
Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
Yon monarch oak of massy pile,
Nor river roaring to the blast
Around its dark and desert isle,
Nor curfew tolling to beguile*
The cloud-born thunder passing by,
Can sound in discord to my soul:
Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll—
And rage, thou darken'd sky!

Thy blossom, though no longer bright,
Thy wither'd woods no longer green;
Yet, Eldun shore, with dark delight
I visit thy unlovely scene;
For many a sun-set hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew,
When his green light the fire-fly
gave,

When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew.

And plough'd, as with a swelling sail,
The billowy clouds and starry sea:
Then, while thy hermit nightingale
Sung on her fragrant apple-tree,
Romantic, solitary, free,

* During thunder-storms in the catholic countries of Germany, it strikes the imagination, in addition to the sublime horror of the scenery, to hear the pealing of bells from the adjacent monasteries, which are sounded as a religious ceremony to deprecate the effects of lightning.

The visitant of Eldun's shore
On such a moon-bright mountain
stray'd,
As echo'd to the music made
By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke—
No dying shriek thine echo knew!
But safe, sweet Eldun woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy
cave,

Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man!

Oh, heart effusions, that arose
By nightly wand'rings nourish'd here,
To him that flies from many woes
E'en homeless deserts can be dear!
The last, the solitary cheer
Of them that own no earthly home,
Say, is it not, ye banish'd race,
In such a lov'd and lonely place
Companionless to roam?

Yes, I have lov'd thy wild abode
(Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden
shore!) [road,

Where scarce the woodman finds a
And scarce the fisher plies an oar!
For man's neglect I love thee more;
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude!

Unheeded spreads thy blossom'd bud
Its milky bosom to the bee,
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree!
Forsaken scene! how like to thee
The state of unbefriended worth!—
Like thine her fruit dishonour'd falls,
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth!

Oh, silent spirit of the place,
If, ling'ring with the ruin'd year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here;
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy

Thy wildest walk a shelter giv'n,
 Sublimar thoughts on earth to find,
 And share, with nouthallow'd mind,
 The majesty of Heav'n!

What, tho' the bosom-friends of Fate,
 Prosperity's unwearied brood,
 Thy consolations cannot rate—
 Oh, self-dependent Solitude!
 Yet, with a spirit unsubdued,
 Tho' darken'd by the clouds of Care,
 To worship thy congenial gloom,
 Like pilgrim to the prophet's tomb,
 Misfortune shall repair!

On her the world hath never smil'd,
 Or look'd but with accusing eye:
 All-silent goddess of the wild,
 To thee that misanthrope shall fly.
 I hear her deep soliloquy,
 And mark her proud but ravag'd form,
 As stern she wraps her mantle round,
 And bids, on Winter's bleakest
 ground,
 Defiance to the storm!

Peace to her banish'd heart at last
 In thy dominions shall descend,
 And, strong as beech-wood in the blast,
 Her spirit shall refuse to bend;
 But, bearing life without a friend,
 The world and falsehood left behind,
 Thy votary shall bear elate
 In triumph o'er afflicting fate
 Her dark inspired mind!

But dost thou, Folly, mock the Muse
 A wand'rer's mountain-walk to sing,
 Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
 The vulture-cover of its wing?
 Then fly, thou tow'ring, shiv'ring
 thing,
 Back to the fost'ring world beguil'd,
 To waste in self-consuming strife
 The loveless brotherhood of life,
 Reviling and revil'd!

Away, thou lover of the race
 That hither chac'd yon weeping
 deer:—

If Nature's all-majestic face
 More pitiless than man's appear;
 Or, if the wild winds seem more drear
 Than man's cold charities below,
 Then search around his peopled
 plains,

Where'er the social savage reigns,
 Exuberance of woe!

His art and honours wilt thou seek,
 Emboss'd on grandeur's giant walls?

Or hear his moral thunder speak
 Where senates light their airy halls?
 Where man his brother man en-
 thralls, [forth;
 Or sends his whirlwinds'-warrants
 To rouse the slumb'ring fiends of
 war,
 To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
 And desolate the earth!

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
 And mark, on all thy spacious way,
 Where'er the tyrant man hath been,
 That Peace, the cherub, cannot stay:
 In wilds and woodlands, far away,
 She builds her solitary bower—
 Where none but anchorets have trod,
 Or friendless men to worship God
 Have wander'd for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale
 (And such, sweet Eldun vale, is
 thine)
 Afflicted Nature shall inhale
 Heav'n-borrow'd joys and thoughts
 divine—

No longer wish—no more repine
 For man's regret, or woman's scorn—
 Then wed thee to an exil'd lot,
 For if the world hath lov'd thee not,
 Its absence may be borne.

GLEE.

[Written by Lord Thurlow in his earlier
 Years.]

WHAT a frail life!—in fear and
 trouble past,
 Form'd by a breath, to perish by a blast.
 To this sad goal does every mortal run;
 Dust his beginning, and his end a stone;
 But yesterday the world in arms he led,
 Now in an urn—his mouldering dust is
 laid!

EPITAPHS, BY JOHN WEBB.

I.

WHEN the loud trumpet shakes the
 vaulted skies,
 And bids the tenant of this tomb to rise,
 Then, reader, may you both, without
 dismay,
 Behold the terrors of a judgment-day;
 And, through a Saviour's merits, soar
 on high
 To the bright scenes of immortality.

II. On

II. *On a Suicide.*

DENY'D a place in consecrated
ground,
Here rests a wretch in this unhallow'd
mound,
Who madly dar'd, with sacrilegious
hand,
To quit the stage—nor waited heav'n's
command;
Enter'd, precipitately, worlds un-
known,
To read his sentence in his Maker's
frown.
Stop, traveller!—these artless lines
peruse,—
(This salutary warning of the Muse!)
And learn this lesson from the hapless
dead,
Ne'er rashly to curtail thy vital thread.
If friends and relatives should prove
unkind;
If Conscience, with her scorpions, sting
thy mind;
If Fortune frown, and Pain thy vitals
tear;
To touch the sacred springs of life for-
bear.
Though dearest ties on earth un-
grateful prove,
Live! and ensure one friend that
dwells above.
Though Conscience wound thee for
thy mis-spent days,
Oh, live!—repent—the future spend
in praise!
Though thy past life has been one
scene of care,
Still live—perhaps to-morrow may be
fair.
Oh, reader! cherish thine existence
still;
And wait—with patience wait—th'
Almighty's will:
Serve him with humble fear, and thou
shalt rise,
And gain 'a bright reversion in the
skies.'

III. *On a Young Lady who fell a Martyr
to disappointed Affection.*

If beauty blasted in meridian bloom;
If youth consign'd untimely to the
tomb,
Can cause thy heart to throb—thine
eye to flow, [woe.
Here, passenger, indulge thy gen'rous

Fair as blithe Spring, when vernal
gales disclose
The silver lily and the crimson rose,
In radiant beauty bloom'd this lovely
maid,
The loveliest flower in all the rural
shade,
Till Love, that soft infatuating guest,
Robb'd of its wonted peace her tender
breast:
Too weak such complicated ills to
brave,
This beautiful victim sunk into the
grave.
Whatever motive drew thy footsteps
here,
Fair reader! this memorial claims thy
tear.
May Sally's fate bestow that happy
art,
From hurtful passions to secure thy
heart!
May her catastrophe a beacon prove,
To warn thee of the shoals of lawless
love!
Those fatal shoals on which ten thou-
sands run,
Nor heed their ruin till they are un-
done.
And thou, gay youth! whose paths
are strewn with flowers,
Whose days are spent in Pleasure's
jocund bowers,
Forgo awhile thy schemes of festive
bliss,
And deeply pause on such a scene as
this.
A scene like this may wholesome truths
impart,
To mend thy morals, and correct thy
heart;
For here Reflexion may her powers
employ,
To damp the ardor of polluted joy;
To views superior may allure thy
mind,
And point the way to rapture more
refin'd.
All whom amusement prompts this
spot to tread,
O read, reflect, and profit by the dead!
Nor let the sculptor and the bard com-
plain,
This tomb was rear'd, and Sally died
in vain.

JOHN WERR,

Haverhill, Sept. 1801.

LINES

ON SEEING A LADY IN A DECLINE
FROM ILL-TREATMENT IN A
LOVE AFFAIR.

OFt wand'ring in the mossy dale,
I've seen the lily of the vale,
Unconscious of its doom,
To ev'ry piercing wind that blows,
To pearly dews and chilling snows,
Expand its beauteous bloom.

But ere the noon-tide time appears,
The icy show'r dissolv'd to tears,
Hangs lovely on the flow'r;
Like many friendless victims born,
It droops beneath the leafless thorn,
The victim of an hour.

The flow'rs, in balmy breathing spring,
When shepherd-boys and ploughmen
sing,

Adorn again the grove;
But loveliness will ne'er return
To Laura, who must ever mourn,
The hour of hopeless love.

Yet when the clay-cold hand of Death
Consigns thee to thy kindred earth—

Thy aching heart at rest:
The Muse will oft at ev'ning hours,
Protect the many beauteous flow'rs
With which thy turf is drest.

And oft deep-shadow'd in the wild,
The sorrows of her fav'rite child,
In hallow'd accents mourn:
Or with some wand'ring spirit tread
The lonely path-ways of the dead,
To venerate her urn.

Cambridge.

T. M.

ADDRESS TO THE CUCKOW.

' When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Sings cuckow—'

SHAKSPEARE.

HAIL, welcome visitant! thy simple
notes

Charm my pleas'd ears more than the
sprightly lays

Of more accomplish'd songsters.—
When thy voice

Is heard to echo through the shady
grove,

I know, that rosy period, smiling Spring
Her annual reign commences. Blissful
season!

The fairest of the four! when the glad
eye

Ranges through all the blooming scenes
of nature;

When rural music captivates the ear;
And when the crimson rose and purple
violet,

With all the blushing family of flowers,
Regale the sense with odoriferous fra-
grance.

Hail, periodic guest! Thy wish'd
return

Oft cheers my heart. Oh, could I
mount like thee,

Like thee I'd emigrate on active wing,
And always dwell with rosy-crested
Spring!

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, Oct. 1801.

ODE TO SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring! and cheer our
plain,

Thy welcome annual visit deign
Our frigid soil to pay:

And come, thou Sun! reviving beam!
And gild our mead and gliding stream;
Cold Winter chase away!

And see where surly Winter flies;
His bellowing blasts forsake the skies,
At gentle Spring's command:

Nor dare he e'er thy reign oppose,
With all his hosts of frosts and snows,
Although a powerful band.

The spring of life returns not so
With us; we only one spring know,
And that's of youth the flower:

Our summer hurries on apace,
And autumn follows in the race,
Next winter,—then we're o'er.

But thou, O Spring! wilt still return,
And bless the nations yet unborn,
Till time shall be no more:

Thy pleasing reign shall glad the field,
And cause the earth her fruits to yield,
Of herb, and plant, and flower.

T.

A PARADOX.

THOUGH strangely diff'rent Eng-
 lishmen in mind,
 That scarce in two the same ideas we
 find,
 Yet still agreed in one opinion sure,
 That 'money's scarce, and all are
 sadly poor.'
 The century past full sway this lan-
 guage bore, [more:]
 And will, no doubt, usurp it twenty
 But should we survey every station, }
 Each business, rank, and avocation, }
 Where's the poor man seen through- }
 out the nation ? }
 'How hard the times!' the lower class
 complain;
 Yet scarce from them civility you gain:
 They tell you no employment can be
 got,
 Though, while they've money, will
 they work a jot;
 To spend it soon, a mode howe'er
 they seek,
 A club at least they frequent once a
 week;
 Not all—for sainted Monday-aids their
 views,
 To play at skittles, or to read the news.
 The honest tradesman, too, with
 business slack, [hack;
 Can sport his curricule and cross his
 With bills unpaid, and tax'd to great-
 est pitch, [rich;
 He's deadly fearful lest he grow too
 Therefore he keeps a table, for this
 reason,
 With fish and flesh the choicest of the
 season;
 In lieu of porter—happier era!—
 No beverage suits him but Madeira.
 But why this substitute?—Let this suf-
 fice, [the price:
 To know and feel, it bears ten times
 Add, too, his prudent wife and child-
 ren aid
 To sink the profits of the retail trade;
 And, last effort to render all complete,
 He keeps his girl, and rents his coun-
 try-seat:—
 As such his shifts, we cannot fairly
 wonder, [under.
 How he contrives to keep his riches
 Hear then the wary merchants moan
 their losses—
 Insurance heavy, with domestic crosses;

All trade stagnated—much too bad to
 bear;
 Effects of this most sad disastrous war:
 Yet still to get or spend, I know not
 which, }
 Requires more wit, or on what means
 they pitch, [rich. }
 But certain 'tis they grow immensely }
 And, hist! we find them not unfrequent
 thought, [groat:
 Though rich as ever, scarcely worth a
 Be't how it may, to spend their wealth
 so prone, [their own,
 That, when successful and consum'd
 They think it but a merely lawful la-
 bour [neighbour;
 To waste the substance of their nearest
 And when gazette the bankruptcy
 shall crown, }
 You'll find they spent (what mer-
 chants oft are prone) }
 Ten times of others more than of
 their own! }
 Now, then, the class of noblemen re-
 view;
 Each living like a prince, in palace too,
 Who vie with royalty in pompous show,
 And spend their thousands—but with
 credit though;
 For oft we hear expended, at one party,
 (In eating, drinking, we suppose, and
 hearty)
 That ample sum which, timely but
 supplied, [want have died!
 Had sav'd vast numbers whom with
 Nay, know we not (cash squander'd
 with dispatch) [match:
 The thousands spending on a boxing-
 But, here, humanity too often fleeces
 Him who has back'd the mortal *knock'd*
to pieces:
 So must our nobles; or, at least, they
 ought [thought;
 Be amply rich, and strictly virtuous
 Yet, should you traverse mortgag'd
 matters down, [a crown.
 You'll find their words scarce equal to
 This may suffice the paradox to clear;
 All men are rich though poor—cobler
 and peer;
 Hath not the senate, in a language bold,
 National bankruptcy full long foretold?
 Yet still our funds increasing loans defy,
 And rise prodigious on each new supply.
 How this may be explain'd let states-
 men tell: [well.
 If borne but patiently—why, then, all's
August, 1801. H. FRANCES,

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Sept. 4.

ON the 17th of August the siege of Alexandria commenced in form. On that day general Coote advanced (after an attack had been made on the French gun-boats, two of which had been blown up and two sunk) along the lake Mareotis, to take post with his corps of 5000 men at Marabon, which he effected without any opposition on the part of the garrison of Alexandria.

During this operation the English squadron before Alexandria made a feigned attack on the city, while general sir J. Hutchinson attacked the outer intrenchments of the enemy; a part of which, on what are called the Green Hills, was carried by the English with very little loss.

On the 26th of August, general Menou requested an armistice, to adjust the articles for the evacuation of that city. General Hutchinson, in concert with the grand vizier and the captain pacha, consented to this proposal; and the armistice began on the 27th of August, on which day general Hutchinson sent off dispatches to inform his court of this important event.

General Menou did not request an armistice till the English had taken two important posts, by means of which he still maintained some communication with the surrounding country, and procured supplies of provisions.

General Hutchinson, after taking these and other posts, summoned general Menou to surrender, with the garrison of Alexandria, prisoners at war, unless he would abide the consequence of a general assault by the three combined armies of the English, the grand vizier, and the captain pacha. To this summons general Menou returned a firm answer; but at length found himself compelled, by the discontent of his garrison, who had lost all hope of receiving succour, to solicit an armistice, in order to conclude an honourable convention, the conditions of which we

expect very soon to receive. No dispatches have for a long time arrived so speedily from Egypt as these.

Leghorn, Sept. 6. The king of Etruria has levied a loan of 150,000 scudi at Leghorn, which has been immediately raised.

The commander of Porto Ferrajo has declared that he will not desist from the defence of the place till he has received a formal declaration in writing, signifying that the archduke Ferdinand of Tuscany has renounced his right to that port.

Milan, Sept. 12. According to accounts from Naples, a Russian ship of the line and two frigates are lying in the harbour there, to convey home, as is supposed, the troops of that nation remaining in the kingdom of Naples. The remainder of the Neapolitan marine, consisting of two ships of the line, two frigates, and a corvette, will be delivered up to the French.—The minister Acton is expected at Naples. More French troops are marching into the Neapolitan territory. General Soult has given in a notification to the inhabitants, containing an estimate of the cost of maintaining the French troops; in which he shows that the new taxes are not sufficient for the defraying of it.

Rome, Sept. 14. Several families of distinction have arrived here from Naples, on account of the disturbances in that city. Other families have removed to Palermo in Sicily. A chief of the name of Mammone is at the head of the malcontents; he is at present on the boundaries between the Roman and Neapolitan territories, and appears determined to give battle to the troops sent against him.

In the island of Sardinia there are likewise similar disturbances. A man of the name of Mammia, in the northern part of that island, has put himself at the head of a great multitude of people, among whom he distributes honours and privileges. He defies the troops and all the measures taken against him by

the government; sets a price on the heads of those who oppose him; promises liberty and friendship to those who offer no resistance; makes prisoners; and levies money, without being able either to write or read. If every thing be true that is reported of these two fellows, Mammone and Mainmia, they appear to mean to act in their countries the part of Paswan Oglou. Their reign, however, will probably be very short.

Aix, Sept. 17. A few days ago, Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest of the first consul's brothers, passed through this place on his way to Paris. He had sailed with the squadron under admiral Gantheaume. He stated that the soldiers and sailors had suffered a great deal during the expedition, from the want of water and provisions; and it was bad weather alone which prevented the landing of the troops on the coast of Egypt within 40 leagues of Alexandria; since the squadron remained two days in sight of the shore, without seeing any of the English or the inhabitants. A corvette, however, reached Alexandria, but it had only women and artists on board.

Italy, Sept. 18. According to some accounts from Naples, new differences and disputes have arisen there about the beginning of this month, in consequence of the behaviour of the French, who, in their turn, complain of having been insulted.

Vienna, Sept. 19. On the 16th arrived here baron Kettler, from Munster, with advice that the archduke Anthony Victor had been elected prince bishop of Munster.

In the night between the 16th and 17th instant arrived here count Louis Cobentzel from Paris. At his audience of leave the chief consul conversed with him very circumstantially on the difficulties attending the negotiations. The present (which is not usual) made to the count on taking leave was an extremely valuable epaulette, suited to the Order of St. Stephen, to which the count belongs. Among the diamonds in this epaulette, is one which weighs 16 carats, and is of the finest water. His excellency will to-day take the direction of foreign affairs in the state chancery.

The French ambassador, counsellor Champagny, has not yet arrived, but is expected the day after to-morrow.

Lord Minto expects passes by Mr. Merry, from the French minister Talleyrand, to return with his lady by the way of Calais to England.

Hague, Sept. 19. The acknowledged necessity of a change in the constitution of the Batavian people appeared sometimes to occupy the attention of the majority of the executive directory of this republic. This majority has at length submitted its project on this head to the sanction of the people, by communicating it in the notification to the legislative body of this nation.

A single voice in the first chamber of the legislative assembly formed the majority against taking the opinion of the people on these circumstances.

The second chamber was divided in opinion: in order to prevent the consequences that might arise from a debate on the subject, and to allow the people time to avail itself of its rights, and to declare its wishes, the directory has in its wisdom thought proper to suspend the sittings of the representative body till the people shall have made its declaration; and the provisional closing has been put in execution yesterday, by the minister of the general police, and the commandant of the Batavian troops in the constitutional district, according to the orders of the directory, and with the approbation of the presidents of both chambers.

This business has been executed without any disturbance, and without the knowledge or opposition of a single person.

Ratisbon, Sept. 21. The elector of Cologne has this day given in a protest against the declaration of the electorate of Brandenburg, relative to the suspension of the election of a bishop.

Hague, Sept. 22. The new revolution here is now complete, and no disturbance or change has taken place since the 19th. On the 18th, in the evening, the directory issued its proclamation, and committed the guard of the Hague to general Augereau. The hall in which the legislative body meets still continues shut up: the new constitution will be presented to the people for their approbation on the first day of October; and there is no doubt that it will be accepted. The power of the legislative body will then cease;

cease; and several of the members who were in the minority, friends of the directory, will probably be appointed members of the council.

Berne, Sept. 23. The motions of the French and Swiss troops still continue. We are assured, that the latter will take possession of the Frickthal.

Hague, Sept. 26. The party in opposition to the present three directors, which is so firmly devoted to the constitution of 1798, and will hear of no other, remains, notwithstanding, very quiet, well knowing that our present government is powerfully supported by the French. The new revolution has hitherto been accompanied with no commotion, nor occasioned the shedding of a single drop of blood.

The opposition to the new constitution which had been formed in the department of the Texel in North Holland has likewise ceased.

Among our eight agents, or ministers, only two have refused to acknowledge the present directory.

The dissolved legislative body remains quiet. The presidents of the two chambers are friendly to the new constitution.

Frankfort, Oct. 3. To-day the Austrian minister, count Schlick, who is appointed commissary of election for the election of Cologne, set out from this city for Ahrensberg, accompanied by the counsellor of legation, M. Schiellen. His excellency received, the day before yesterday, a courier from Vienna, and immediately sent off an estafette, which he followed with so much dispatch, that the day after to-morrow he will be at the place of election.

Count Kessastadt, the nephew of the late stadtholder of Treves, had already arrived on the 1st inst. and brought count Schlick an invitation from the chapter at Ahrensberg, to repair thither.

Hague, Oct. 3. A part of the 15,000 French troops which are to be withdrawn from our republic have already begun their march.

Several of our gazettes contain the following article:—"Letters from Berlin, of good authority, assert, that his Prussian majesty has entirely relinquished every wish for the restoration of the

House of Orange, in any manner, in the Batavian republic.

"His majesty has entered into an agreement with the French government relative to the indemnities to be allotted the House of Orange in Germany, and already proposed to the Batavian republic, that, for a certain sum, the House of Orange shall renounce all its demands on that republic."

6. The arrival of the courier from Paris, who was the bearer of the news, that the preliminaries had been signed with England, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Semonville communicated it to the executive directory.

At this moment the cannon are announcing it to the city: in the evening there will be a general illumination.

The registers are closed.—The number of votes in favour of the constitution is much greater than of those who are against it.

Paris, Oct. 12. Peace between the French republic and his majesty the emperor of Russia having been concluded and signed at Paris, by the minister for foreign affairs, and by Mons. the count de Marcoff, the ratifications were exchanged yesterday (Oct. 11), between the respective plenipotentiaries.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Præfect of Police.

"I have the honour to inform you, citizen præfect, that peace between the French republic and his majesty the emperor of Russia having been signed here by Mons. the count de Marcoff and by me, the ratifications have been exchanged this day, the 19th Vendemaire.

"I intreat you to have this peace proclaimed in the accustomed manner.

I salute you, (Signed)

"C. M. TALLEYRAND."

A true copy.

"The Præfect." (Signed) DUBOIS."

The publication was made last night by torch-light with great pomp, by all the commissaries of police, assembled in all the squares and streets, to the acclamations of all the citizens.

It is asserted, and it appears to be certain, that peace between France and Turkey is negotiating at this moment, and that it will soon be signed.

HOME NEWS.

Didsbury, Sept. 6.

AS a gentleman and lady were travelling on the road adjoining the river Mersey, between this place and the Northern Ford, some boys disturbed a wasp's nest, by which the horse was so severely stung, that he instantly ran back into the river, which is five or six yards deep. The lady and gentleman fortunately leaped out as the chaise was falling over the bank, and escaped being hurt. The horse was drowned, and when taken out of the river many wasps were found sticking on his head. It is supposed that, from the dreadful manner the animal was stung, he must have died had he not been drowned.

Yarmouth, Sept. 7. Jacob Preston, esq. was last week elected mayor of this town. The ceremony of choosing the mayor is curious: six members of the common council and six freemen of the borough are locked up in the great hall near the church, until nine are unanimous in the choice of one person. The electors were this year thirty-three hours in coming to their determination. They have, however, been known to sit nine days. Neither food nor light should be admitted into the room during the election, but the parties left to watch and starve each other out.

Edinburg, Sep. 7. This morning, about six o'clock, a shock of an earthquake was felt in this city and its vicinity. It was violent, but luckily its duration was only about two seconds. It is thought the shock has been pretty general, as the same sensation was experienced in Glasgow, a distance of 44 miles, about the same moment. It was also felt at Dumferline, in Fife. The weather had been cold, with easterly winds and rain.

Worcester, Sept. 9. The following melancholy accident happened in a field in the parish of Hallow, near this

city, on Monday last:—On the morning of that day Mr. Henry Williams, aged 21 years, fourth son of the late John Williams, esq. of St. John's, went out for the purpose of shooting partridges, taking with him a double barrelled gun. On finding birds, he is supposed to have discharged one of the barrels only, and in the act of stooping to pick up the game the other barrel, it is thought, went off, the whole contents of which entered his head. From the appearance of the wound he is conjectured to have died instantly. His body was not discovered till Tuesday morning about eleven o'clock, when his two pointer dogs were found faithfully guarding their unfortunate master. He was a young gentleman of great promise, and highly respected by all who knew him. A coroner's inquest was taken on Wednesday morning. Verdict—accidental death.

Newcastle, Sept. 12. On Thursday evening the following melancholy and lamentable accident happened off the Spanish battery, near the entrance of Shields harbour:—A party, consisting of captain Stephen Hunter, of this town, the captain of the ship Peggy, the mate's wife, and four boys, were returning about seven o'clock in a boat from on board the Marianne, which vessel they had set over the bar, and parted with their friends therein: in order to avoid the strong current, they came too near the shore, and got among the rocks below the Spanish fort, as above, when the boat was shortly after overset by the violence of the waves, and (the wind at that time strong from the S.E.) the whole, except one boy, were thus unfortunately drowned.

Captain Hunter, the woman, and one boy, were washed overboard before the boat upset; and the other boys were several times driven by the force

of

of the breakers off the bottom of the boat, upon which they had got. The bodies of the whole came on shore about a quarter of an hour after the accident, except that of capt. Hunter, which had not been found yesterday morning. The above distressing scene happened not more than twenty yards from the shore, and in sight of several persons on the banks; but no assistance could be given from the heaviness of the sea at the time. One man (belonging to the artillery) ventured a considerable way in, with great intrepidity, but unhappily without effect.

Dover, Sept. 15. Two French boats arrived here early this morning from Calais, with dispatches, &c. Mr. H. Hammersley and Mr. Tho. Wedgwood came passengers in one of them. Dispatches go and come as fast at present as at any time during the negotiation. Capt. Lattemere also returned. Great hopes are entertained in France that the negotiation will soon be brought to a happy conclusion.

Dublin, Sept. 15. A very smart press took place on the river Liffey last night, when, it is said, upwards of 180 seamen were taken out of the trading vessels for his majesty's service.

Some pieces of flying artillery, on an apparently new construction, some of which were of a tolerably large calibre, being about eight-pounders, were sent from the ordnance yards of this city to the country, on Saturday; others also, from four to six pounders, were likewise sent, as also arms and ammunition, &c. which were all conveyed under a strong military escort.

It is confidently reported, that on the demise of the present incumbents, all sinecure places, in the civil or revenue departments, will for ever be abrogated; for which purpose an accurate inquiry has been instituted.

Sir Henry Brown Hayes is to be transported to Botany Bay for life. The other convicts, in the different parts of the kingdom, are to be collected at Cork, whence they are to be embarked on board two transports, which are expected from England.

London, Oct. 2. The happy intelligence of the signing of the PRELI-

MINARIES of PEACE between this country and the French republic was communicated this morning to the public in the following

EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE.

Downing-street, Oct. 2.

Preliminaries of peace between his majesty and the French republic were signed last night at lord Hawkesbury's office, in Downing-street, by the right honorable lord Hawkesbury, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, on the part of his majesty, and by M. Otto on the part of the French government.

The following communication was also made to the lord mayor, and at Lloyd's:

"Downing-street, Oct. 1, 1801.

"My Lord,

"I have the satisfaction of informing your lordship, that the Preliminaries of Peace between Great Britain and France have been signed this evening by me on the part of his majesty, and by M. Otto on the part of the French government. I request your lordship would have the goodness to make the intelligence immediately public in the city.

"I have the honour, &c.

"HAWKESBURY.

"The right hon. the Lord Mayor."

Mr. Hunter, jun. the messenger, was sent with the above letter to the lord mayor. His lordship was out of town. Mr. Hunter went to his country seat, and returned with his lordship at nine this morning, when the news was immediately made public.

It is impossible to express the tumult of joy that prevailed in every part of the metropolis as soon as the intelligence transpired. Lloyd's was so crowded to read the communication from government that it was scarcely possible to move.

3. A very melancholy event took place at Chelsea-hospital yesterday morning. Two invalid captains had entertained an animosity towards each other; but it was prevented from breaking out into violence by the influence

fluence of a superior officer, who constantly laboured to reconcile them.—Death unfortunately removed that restraint; and the enmity, of which we know not the cause, at length produced the fatal effect so long dreaded. Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, one of them came to the chamber of the other, as he was in the act of rising from his bed. He brought with him a case of pistols, which he bought the day before, and, presenting one of them to his adversary, demanded honourable satisfaction. The other indignantly struck the proffered present from his hand, and, by its fall to the ground, the trigger was broken. The assailant then left the room; but whether of his own accord or by compulsion is not known. He did not, however, go away; but, turning round, he fired through the glass window in the door, and shot the unfortunate man within right through the heart. The report of the pistol excited an immediate alarm, and attracted all the people of the place to the spot, where they found the two old captains, one dead on the floor, and the other standing at the door, from which he never made any attempt to stir. Being questioned as to the melancholy event, we understand he gave the above account of it, said it was he who fired the shot, and did not betray any consciousness of his having done a criminal or improper act. From this circumstance, and his whole manner and behaviour, he is supposed to be insane. They were both nearly 80 years of age.

West Cowes, Oct. 4. A fatal accident was near happening the other day to lady Louisa Manners, and her two lovely daughters, in a boat in which they went on the water: the wind suddenly rising when they were a few miles from the shore, placed them in the most imminent peril of being overwhelmed in a tremendous sea. A pilot of this place perceiving, from a glass, the danger of their situation, put to sea in a larger vessel for their deliverance, which he happily effected, and saved our fair visitors from a watery grave.

London, Oct. 10. This day at noon

M. Laureston, the chief consul's first aide-de-camp, arrived in town with the ratification of the preliminaries of peace. He had dispatched two couriers before his departure from Dover, to order horses on the road, and to announce his arrival to M. Otto. He entered London over Westminster-bridge, his horses decorated with ribbons, and the word PEACE conspicuous upon the carriage. The populace, who had been apprised of his being on the road, greeted him immediately upon his arrival, and followed his carriage with continued huzzas and acclamations of "Peace for ever! Blessings on the peace-makers!" to M. Otto's house in Hereford-street, Oxford-street.—As soon as he alighted at that gentleman's, there issued from the house a table covered with rockets and other fireworks, which were fired off, and announced to the multitude the arrival of the ratification. A hogshead of beer was also distributed from a neighbouring public house.

M. Laureston remained at M. Otto's but a few minutes. He returned to his carriage with that gentleman, and proceeded to Reddish's hotel, where apartments had been taken for him. The populace would not suffer him to be drawn by horses, but took them out, and, yoking themselves, drew the two gentlemen amidst the loudest huzzas to Reddish's. As soon as they arrived there, M. Otto presented M. Laureston at a window to the populace. He bowed several times, threw some money among the populace, and was greeted with acclamations. After he had made some alteration in his dress, he proceeded to lord Hawkesbury's office, in company with M. Otto. The populace again drew him from St. James's-square quite to Downing-street, crying out "Peace for ever!" Lord Hawkesbury was waiting at his office for the gentlemen, and the ratifications were exchanged at two o'clock. At half past, the tower and park guns announced the wished-for event to every part of the metropolis. The ratification of the preliminaries was announced to the lord mayor by the following letter:

"To

"To the right hon. the lord mayor,

"Downing-street, Oct. 10, 1801.

"My lord,

"I have the satisfaction to inform your lordship, that general Lareston arrived in town this morning, with the ratification of the preliminaries of peace, signed on the first instant.

"The ratification of the two governments has this afternoon been exchanged between M. Otto and myself.

(Signed) "HAWKESBURY."

About four o'clock the following gazette extraordinary was published:

"Downing-street, Oct. 10, 1801.

"The ratifications of the preliminary articles of peace between his majesty and the French republic, signed on the first instant, were this day exchanged by the right honourable lord Hawkesbury, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, and by M. Otto."

From the time the cannon were fired, the streets and squares were so crowded as to be rendered almost impassable. As soon as the day closed, the reign of squibs and crackers, of discharges of guns and pistols, accompanied with huzzas, commenced. The illuminations were general, and in many places very splendid.

BIRTHS.

September 21. In Queen Ann-street West, the lady of Charles Smith, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

The lady of sir John Sinclair, bart. M. P. of a son.

23. At Carlow, the honourable Mrs. Henniker, of a daughter.

27. At Marske-hall, in Cleveland, the lady of the hon. Lawrance Dundas, of a daughter.

Mrs. Vere, of Grosvenor-place, of a daughter.

October 1. In Baker-street, the hon. Mrs. Smith, of a son.

At his house in Nottingham-place, the lady of W. Berners, esq. of a daughter.

Signora Cianchettini, of Poland-street, of a daughter.

2. The lady of G. N. Best, esq. of Bedford-row, of a son.

Mrs. Bicknell, wife of Mr. Bicknell, solicitor to the Admiralty, at his house in Norfolk-street, Strand, of a daughter;

and Mrs. Skey, his daughter, the wife of Samuel Skey, esq. of Springgrove, Worcestershire, of a son and heir.

3. At his house in Weymouth-street, the lady of sir H. Martin, bart. of a son.

10. At Hammersmith, the lady of Douglass Loveday, esq. of a daughter.

12. At his house, at Hampton-court, the lady of William Stiell, esq. of a daughter.

Lady Charles Somerset, of a still-born son, at his lordship's house in Tenterden-street.

The lady of W. Boscawen, esq. of a daughter, at his house in Baker-street, Portman-square.

17. The lady of H. R. Reynolds, esq. of Great James-street, Bedford-row, of a daughter.

Lately, the lady of lord Elgin, the English ambassador at Constantinople, of a daughter, who was immediately inoculated with the cow-pock.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 24. Mr. Geo. Rule, of the Inner Temple, to miss Jeffery, of Ashford.

Henry Byne, esq. of Carshalton, Surrey, to miss Thomas, only daughter of Proctor Thomas, esq. of Drake's-place, near Wellington, Somersetshire.

25. Benjamin Barfoot, esq. of Cornhill, to miss Rachel Harris, of Harwich.

Capt. Richard Low, of the Fifeshire fencibles, to miss Manners, daughter of the hon. Mr. Manners, of Lambeth.

The rev. William Delves, vicar of Ashburnham, Sussex, to miss Eyles, of Frant, in the same county.

27. Thomas Pemberton, esq. to miss Rayment, only daughter of the late W. Rayment, esq. late of Sudbury, Suffolk.

October 1. Mr. Wm. Blackall, to miss Eliz. Hewson, both of Basinghall-street.

3. Mr. Steph. Jones, of Friday-street, to miss Mary Lyley, late of Wakefield.

5. George Potter, esq. of the East-India House, to miss Gunning, eldest daughter of the late John Gunning, esq. of Old Burlington-street.

—Brisac, esq. to miss Farquharson, of Harley-street.

Brigadier-general John Murray, to miss M. Pasco, niece to W. Baker, esq. comptroller of the customs at Montreal.

Thomas Wilson, esq. of the Pay-office,

office, Somerset-place, to miss Mein, daughter of Thomas Mein, esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

6. At Newport, Isle of Wight, Richard Bullen, esq. of the 2d, or royal North British dragoons, to miss Jemima Sutherland, youngest daughter of the late captain Sutherland.

The rev. sir John Head, bart. to miss Walker, of Russel-place.

7. John Conway, esq. to miss Christie, eldest daughter of James Christie, esq. of Pall-mall.

Joshua Ingham, esq. of Blake-hill, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, to Mrs. Welsh, of Shaw-house, Wilts, widow of the late George Welsh, esq. banker.

8. Col. Roberts, of the Bengal establishment, and lieut. of his majesty's band of gentlemen pensioners, to miss Wake, sister of sir Wm. Wake, bart.

13. Thomas Wynn, esq. nephew to lord Newborough, to the right hon. lady Charlotte Bellasyse, eldest daughter of the earl Fauconberg.

Sir John Riggs Miller, bart. to miss Beauchamp, of Park-place, St. James's, eldest daughter to the late John Beauchamp, esq. of Pengreese, Cornwall.

14. At Forden, Montgomeryshire, lieut.-col. Cockburn, eldest son of sir James Cockburn, to the hon. M. Devereux, daughter of lord Hereford.

Mr. Allen, merchant, Ironmonger-lane, to miss Eliz. Smith, of Belfast.

17. At Tottenham, Mr. Robert Nunn, of Friday-street, to miss Cecilia Willmott, daughter of the late Mr. John Willmott, of that place.

Dr. Nevinson, of Somerset-street, Portman-square, to Mrs. Moody, of Coopersale, Essex.

DEATHS.

Sept. 17. At Edinburgh, the right hon. lady Elizabeth Kemp, wife of the rev. Dr. Kemp, one of the ministers of that city, and sister to the earl of Hopetoun.

24. At Edinburgh, major Robert Wallace, of the 17th reg. of foot, eldest son of Alex. Wallace, esq. banker there.

28. At Lewes, in Sussex, Richard Peters Rickman, merchant.

At Margate, Mrs. Spencer, widow of the rev. Woolley Leigh Spencer.

At his house, in Edinburgh-castle, Benjamin Bartlet, esq. store-keeper.

At Ramsgate, Mrs. Roebuck, widow of Abraham Roebuck, esq. late supercargo at Canton.

29. At Langford-parsonage, Essex, the rev. C. Phillips, vicar of Terling.

At Stratford-le-Bow, the rev. Allan Harrison Eccles, rector of that parish.

30. Mr. Isaac Pearson, solicitor, of St. Saviour's church-yard, Southwark.

Oct. 2. At his house, in Hampton-court, R. Child, esq. late of Old-street.

3. In Upper King-street, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Romaine, widow of the rev. William Romaine, A.M. late rector of St. Andrew by Wardrobe, and St. Ann's, Black-friars, and lecturer of St. Dunstan's in the West.

At Cotham, the rev. William Topham, vicar of Shaftsbury, Dorset.

5. At St. Lucy's, lady Chapman, consort of sir Benjamin Chapman, bart.

6. At Bristol Wells, the lady of Edward Simeon, esq.

7. Mr. George Nairne, of Ely-place.

8. Mrs. Schrieber, at her home, at Tixover, in Rutland.

9. In Upper Berkley-street, Hastings de Feuillide, only son of the late count de Feuillide.

At Britfeildstown, in the county of Cork, lady Roberts, wife of sir Thomas Roberts, bart.

10. At Canterbury, Mrs. Joan Elizabeth Knatchbull, sister to the late sir Wyndham Knatchbull Wyndham, of Mersham-hatch, Kent, bart.

Charles Floyer, esq. Dosthill-manor, Staffordshire.

At his seat, at Bassingbourn-hall, Essex, his grace Robert, lord archbishop of Dublin.

Mr. John Binns, banker, of Leeds.

11. At Bath, in the prime of life, the lady of lord John Russell.

At Richmond, Surrey, Robert Darel, esq. of Sackville-street, deputy-governor of the South-Sea company.

At Setton, near Liverpool, the rev. R. Rothwell, esq. M. A. rector of that place, in the 84th year of his age.

13. At her house, in Hertford-street, Park-lane, the countess of Holderness.

At Blandford, Dorsetshire, Dr. R. Pulteney, physician and naturalist.

18. Mrs. Bartholomew, wife of Leonard Bartholomew, esq. of Arlington-place, Kent.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

- 1 THE DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER.
- 2 ELEGANT PARIS DRESSES, beautifully coloured.
- 3 FOR THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST—WILD RABBIT, DOMESTIC RABBIT, and the HARE.
- 4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a VEIL, &c. &c.
- 5 MUSIC—The FISHER; translated from the German, and adapted to the original Music, composed by REICHARDT.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE continuation of the Novel of Count Schweitzer has been received, but it has not yet been convenient to begin it; in the mean time, we should be obliged to *Louisa Eliza* for a further supply.

H. Frances will find his request attended to :—the Novel he mentions will certainly be acceptable.

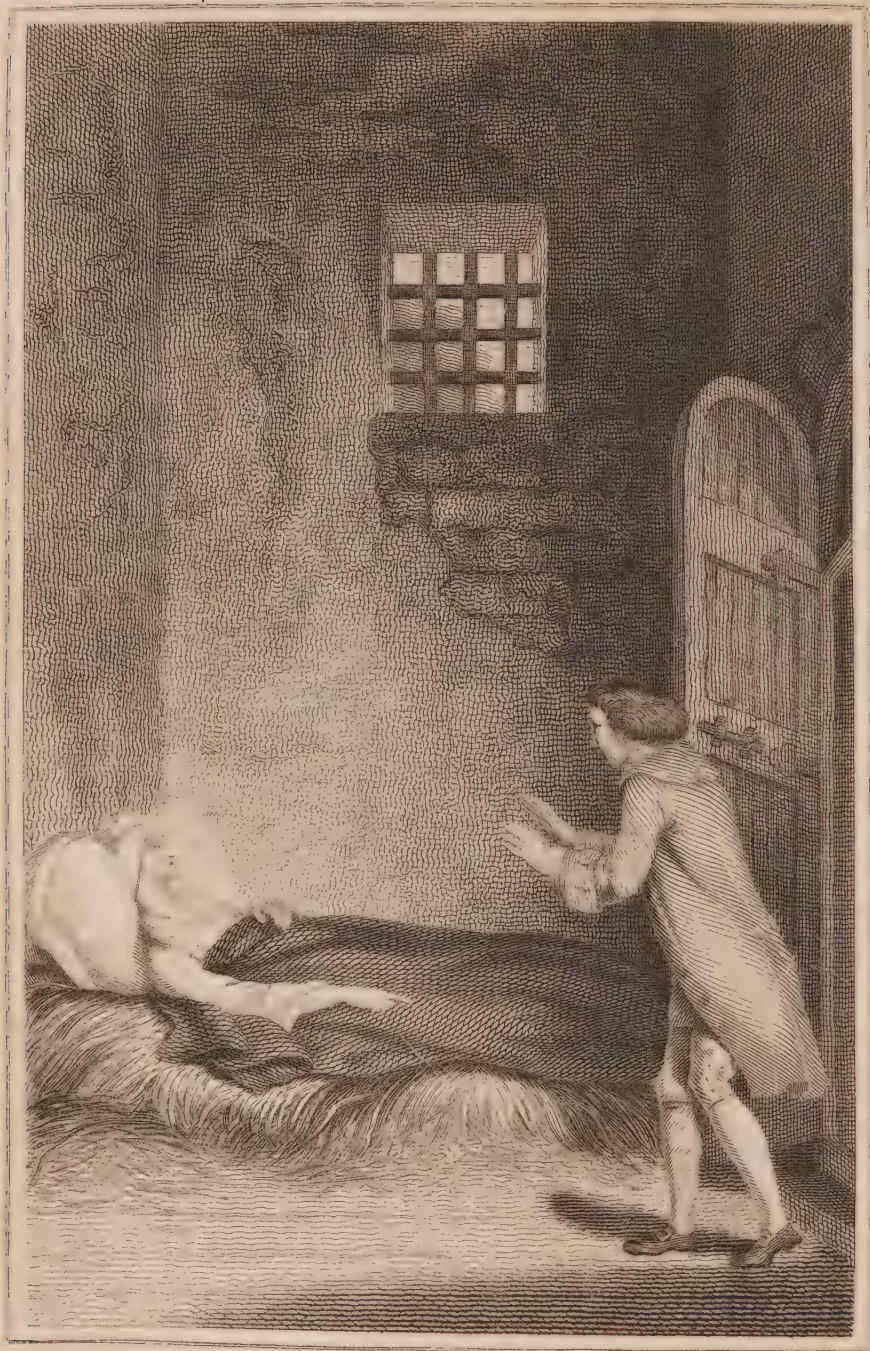
The *Story founded on recent facts* appears to be of too private a nature.

Eugenio's Essay has many defects; we would recommend it to his revision.

The Tale from the French shall have a place.

The Winter Fire-Side—Ode to a Lap-Dog—Verses on the Peace—Hymn to Peace—Lines on the Death of a beloved Father—To Spring—an Invocation to Health—are received.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Disobedient Daughter.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
NOVEMBER 1801.

THE DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

DISOBEDIENCE to parents is a fault which seldom fails to produce its own punishment; and sometimes that punishment is fearful. The child whose ungovernable passions refuse to listen to the experience of an affectionate parent, too often continues to proceed in the path of self-will and vicious ignorance, till all regard to decency is lost, and sometimes even life terminated in shame and disgrace.

Mr. Ashford, a plain and honest farmer on the borders of Wales, had, by industry and care, considerably improved the little stock with which he began business. His integrity procured him friends among persons of every rank, and his easy and inoffensive manners rendered him beloved and respected by all his neighbours. He was happy in a wife, whose character was the counterpart of his own, and who brought him a daughter, who, as she grew up, displayed every day more and more vivacity and beauty. She became, as may be supposed, the darling of her parents; but, when about the age of fourteen years, she had the misfortune to lose her mother. Mr. Ashford felt severely the loss of his excellent wife; and it was long before he could overcome

his grief sufficiently even to transact his ordinary business with suitable attention. But gradually his affections seemed all to subside on his daughter, who now was soon able to take a considerable part in the management of the household affairs; and in a year or two, being no longer under the restraint of a mother, acted as mistress over the servants and labourers, and had every thing submitted to her direction.

And now it was that dispositions less amiable than she had hitherto manifested began to display themselves in miss Mary Ashford. She certainly was entitled to the appellation of a fine handsome girl: she was tall, had regular features, bright auburn hair, and eyes that sparkled with vivacity; but her mind not being fortified with reading or reflection, the praise, compliments, and flatteries, she continually received, were more than her head could bear without turning giddy. Her vanity, appealing to her looking-glass, assured her, that her admirers scarcely did her justice. She grew addicted to pertness and affectation, imagined herself qualified to shine in a much higher sphere of life than that she was born in, and secretly began to despise the humble

plainness and honesty of her good and indulgent father.

Her personal attractions had, however, procured her many admirers, some of whom not only offered her a very sincere affection, but such a situation in life as was suitable to her own, and might have ensured her ease and comfort for the remainder of her days. But the high opinion she entertained of herself caused her to treat all her rustic lovers with a slighting coldness that quickly freed her from their importunities. Her vanity soon found an object more suited to it; for the young squire, the son of the wealthy owner of the extensive manor on which was her father's farm, having met her in his walks, and entered into some discourse with her, was encouraged, by her flippancy and forwardness, to pay her a number of flattering compliments, and lay the foundation of an intrigue which, from her manner of behaviour, he conceived she would not be averse to. He accompanied her home, and occasionally repeated his visits, expressing his admiration of her, whenever they were alone, in the most exaggerated language; and lamenting, that it was not in his power to marry her immediately, and raise her to that exalted station in life in which she was so eminently qualified to shine.

Mr. Ashford became not a little uneasy, and even seriously alarmed, at these frequent visits of the young squire to his house, though he knew nothing of what passed in the interviews when he was not present. 'Mary,' said he to his daughter, 'I feel the greatest concern and anxiety at the sudden friendship which the young squire seems to have conceived for us; if he has ever said any thing to you on the subject of love, do not conceal it from me, but take the advice of my experience.'

'Oh!' said Mary, 'he has not said any thing to me on any such subject; but I do not know that it is absolutely impossible that he should fall in love with me: things as odd as that have happened before now.'

'Dear simple girl,' said her father, 'beware how you let your vanity run away with your understanding; you are on the brink of a precipice. The mean arts and profligacy of many young men of fortune are notorious; and we have as yet no sufficient reason to believe that he is more to be confided in than they.'

Mr. Ashford now narrowly watched the behaviour, looks, and language, of Mr. Lascelles, as often as he called in at his house; and from the observations he made (for he was by no means deficient in good natural sense) was convinced that his wealthy visitor, if he had any designs at all, had only very improper ones on his daughter. By a careful inquiry into his character, he learned that he at that time kept a mistress in town, and was addicted to habits of the most riotous dissipation. He therefore began to treat him with a coldness, which soon induced him to come no more while Mr. Ashford was in the way; but he still continued to have private interviews with his daughter, meeting her, by appointment, at different places, and sometimes being admitted by her into the house after her father had retired to rest. One of these meetings Mr. Ashford discovered, and expostulated strongly with his daughter on her imprudence. He warned her of her danger; and conjured her, as she loved him, and valued her reputation and future happiness, that she would no more permit any clandestine interviews. He concluded by assuming the authority of a parent: 'If,' said he, 'my entreaties avail nothing, I command

mand you, as a father, that you see him no more, except when I am present, or at least openly and without disguise and intrigue. If you disobey me, depend on it your disobedience will not go unpunished.' His daughter, whose careless behaviour, while he earnestly entreated her, had occasioned this peremptory command, and the menacing reflexion which followed it, made, indeed, no reply; but it was too apparent, that her vanity had led her to despise the good sense and good counsel of her father.

She still continued to have secret meetings with Mr. Lascelles, and even often to admit him privately into the house. As he learned from her that this was contrary to the earnest entreaty and express command of her father, he was soon emboldened to proceed to the last step he had in view, by proposing that she should immediately elope with him to London, and there be privately married; assuring her that he would own her publicly as his wife, as soon as he could reconcile his father to the marriage, which he made no doubt he should soon be able to do after it had taken place, though he dared not at present mention to him his intention.

This proposal, at first, somewhat alarmed her; but, blinded by her vanity, she at length consented. She quitted her father's house in the night, came post with her lover to town, and there her ruin was soon completed. Mr. Ashford was extremely affected at the loss of his daughter, who had managed her elopement so secretly and suddenly, that he could neither tell which way she had gone, or even obtain any positive proof that she had continued any connexion with Mr. Lascelles. His researches were therefore all fruitless. His grief and incessant anxiety of mind occasioned a severe

fit of illness, which lasted a long time, and from which he very slowly recovered.

In the mean time, his daughter was placed by Mr. Lascelles in lodgings, furnished in the most elegant and expensive manner: she frequented all the public places of amusement, attired in the most costly dresses of the newest fashion, and lived a life of the most luxurious dissipation. This continued about two years; but then a coldness ensued between her and her paramour, which ended in a separation. She now found herself deserted and friendless, and began to reflect, with much remorse, on the fatal consequences of her vanity and disobedience. She, however, soon after met with another lover, who again took her into keeping, but on a much less expensive scale. This paramour likewise grew tired of her before many months had elapsed, and she was again deserted and left to her wretched fate.

To follow the history of this unhappy girl through all the progress of profligacy and vicissitudes of wretchedness, could only give pain and disgust to the reader; suffice it to say, that she sunk rapidly to the lowest degradation of vice, and became a prey to all the miseries of disease and poverty, till at length she was confined in a prison, with nothing to repose on but a bed of straw. Here she was sensible that her end approached, and sent for her father, to whom she never before had made known where she was to be found. The good old man hastened to town, and flew to the prison, feeling a real joy at again finding his daughter, though he shuddered at the situation in which he found her. The meeting was tender—it was awful.—'Father,' said she, 'forgive me—I have not long to live; I disobeyed you: what
you

foretold has come to pass ; my disobedience has been punished, and with a terrible punishment.'

She sunk down, and could utter no more. The wretched father, in an agony of suffering, endeavoured to revive her. He procured assistance, conveyed her to a comfortable apartment, and tried every means to restore her to sense, but all was in vain : it was too late :—the wretched girl continued speechless, and expired the next morning.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of the early Years of BONAPARTE.

Nihil ab hoc immaturum, nihil properum, nihil asperum formidandum est ; omnia seria, cuncta gravia, et quasi res publica ipsa jubeat, auguranda sunt. Scit enim qualem sibi principem semper optaverit : nec potest aliud nobis exhibere, quam quod ipse desideravit et voluit.

[THE following account of the early years of Bonaparte is from the pen of a gentleman who was his school-companion.]

BONAPARTE, of a family originally Italian, was born in the year 1769, at Calvi, a little town of Corsica, of parents noble but poor ; his god-father, the celebrated Paoli, gave him at the font the name of Napoleone. Madame Bonaparte, his mother, (handsome, as they say) had attracted the attention of the count de Marbœuf, named by Lewis XV. to the government of Corsica ; and it is to him that malice ascribes the honour of the hero's birth.—Should this be true, it would give force to the world's wild opinion, which inclines to bestow on children the offspring of unlawful love a more decided and manly character. However it may be, the count de Marbœuf had given many testimonies of friendship and good-will to-

ward the family of Bonaparte ; and had particularly taken upon himself the care of the young man, whom he had a long time assisted with his credit and his purse. In 1778 the count had designed to send this young *protégé* to France, with the view of giving him an education suitable to his birth, and necessary to his future establishment.

France, under the ancient government, and more particularly under the reigns of Lewis XV. and Lewis XVI., had formed establishments for the education of gentlemen of small fortune ; and the munificence of the kings had spared nothing to render them, at the same time, useful and agreeable to young men. These institutions, called *Ecoles Royales Militaires*, were to the number of thirteen, and established in different provinces of the kingdom ; that of Paris served as a centre to the whole, and was the object to which the young men, admitted by the king, directed their views. It was held up as a recompence to those who most distinguished themselves by their progress in the different studies*.

From their entrance into the school at an early age, the minds and bodies of the pupils were kept in constant employment ; and their instruction continued for seven or eight years, during which time the most unremitting care was equally bestowed on all. The most able masters in every branch gave up all their time to direct the studies of

* For that purpose, a royal inspector, commonly a general officer, accompanied by two members of the academy, made every year a review of the schools. The examination was made in his presence, with the most scrupulous exactness ; and those of the pupils who, to their proficiency in study, received the testimony of the regents in favour of their character, were admitted to the military school of Paris.

the youth, and to inspire them with sentiments of virtue. The study of ancient and modern languages, of history, of geography, of mathematics, and the various branches of military science, formed the basis of their education. And in these establishments, while the utmost attention was paid to youthful instruction, the agreeable was not forgotten; that, by rendering science amiable, the youth might not contract that dryness of manner which too frequently accompanies profound erudition.

It was in one of these schools that the count de Marbœuf was desirous to place the young Bonaparte. Corsica, since being united to France, had obtained for its inhabitants, among other privileges, that of sharing the royal beneficence; so that the count had no difficulty to procure for his *protégé* the place of one of the *élèves du Roi*.

The marshal de Segur, then minister of war, and charged with the department of military schools, placed Bonaparte in that of Brienne, in Champagne; in which he entered, I believe, in the beginning of the year 1779.

It was about 15 or 18 months afterwards, that my father, availing himself of the right which all strangers of family had to educate their children in these royal institutions, sent me there to begin my education. Different in temper and character, and younger than Bonaparte, I formed no particular friendship with him; but, living under the same roof, and sharing the same exercises, I remarked him early as something extraordinary, perceiving no one, among 150 youths, who in the least resembled him, either in disposition or in taste. In this I only confirmed an idea very generally allowed, that children are often more observing than they appear to

be. Of this, curiosity is probably in them the only cause, being more eager in youth than advanced age; and a young person, without troubling himself about the reason, which his faculties are not yet able to reach, has his attention attracted and fixed only by that which strikes him. Bonaparte, with inclinations different from his companions, separated himself from us, and therefore became, naturally enough, the object of our observation.

I do not recollect that he ever showed the slightest partiality in favour of any of his comrades: gloomy and fierce to excess, almost always by himself, one might say, that, newly issued from a forest, and till then withdrawn from the sight of men, he now began, for the first time, to feel the impressions of surprise and of suspicion. Continually alone, averse likewise to all that is called children's plays and amusements, he never was seen to share in the noisy mirth of his school-fellows: very far from that; if sometimes he came among them, it was only to find fault, notwithstanding the known danger to which a boy-pedagogue inevitably exposes himself by reprimanding his young companions—a danger of which his growing courage had early taught him not to be afraid; for, when attacked by a number of our school-fellows, whom his offensive raileries had provoked, I have seen him repel, with the utmost *sang froid*, their blows and united efforts. Thus, so young, Bonaparte seemed to disdain to be no more than a child, as if he had already foreseen that destiny would one day call him to surmount the greatest obstacles.

Bonaparte showed very early the desire, or rather the need, of liberty. The love of his country (the island of Corsica, which he then considered as his native home) triumphed

already

already over the sentiment of gratitude due to the bounty of the king. The idea of dependence appeared to him degrading; he was humbled by it; and often indignant to be exposed to the malicious witticisms of his comrades on the union of Corsica to the monarchy of France:—‘I hope to be able,’ replied he, in the tone of an offended spirit, ‘I hope to be able, one day, to restore it to freedom.’—Unconscious then that he was to be called in a few years to fix the power of France itself, and decide the fate of the other great states of Europe.

His first steps in learning were not marked by any extraordinary progress; and whether from carelessness or dislike, he gave but little application to the study of the Latin tongue. This negligence appears so much the more astonishing, as his desire of instruction and occupation very soon became in him a real passion; but latent genius already directed his choice to the study of those branches of knowledge, which were afterwards to become the instruments of his glory. Mathematics, fortification, the attack and defence of places, but, above all, the study of history, occupied all his time. To these studies he gave himself up without relaxation: and I have no doubt but his enthusiasm originated in his favourite reading of the lives of great and illustrious men, whom he had, from the beginning, proposed to himself as proper models.

No one was able to judge better than myself of the uncommon avidity with which he pursued his readings; and the great connexions, which we had together on that head, were, doubtless, what contributed to fix my attention upon him in so particular a manner.—To explain that more clearly, it is necessary to mention an establishment which had taken place in the military school

of Brienne, during the residence of Bonaparte, which was the foundation of a library entirely under the direction of the young men, and destined to their pleasure and instruction. But, to give us proper notions of arrangement and of order, our superiors proposed to leave the distribution of the books, and the administration of the funds dedicated to the support of the library, to the absolute management of two boarders, to be chosen by their comrades. I was one of those whom my school-fellows had named to that employment, to which I gave up the leisure hours of three years, perhaps the most pleasant in my life. It was then that I had repeated opportunities to see Bonaparte, who, perhaps, in preference to me, ought to have been chosen the librarian; but our companions thought otherwise; and probably he would have disdained the appointment, believing all the moments lost to his own instruction which he must have sacrificed to the minute detail of such an office. However that might be, his calls became so very frequent, as to render me unreasonably out of humour. It is in the nature of man, and in my own justification, not less in that of children, to arrogate to themselves, by degrees, all the privileges of authority. It was, indeed, my duty to have been complaisant, but I found it more convenient to be capricious. Plagued by demands so often repeated, I sometimes pretended to mistake his application for teasing and intentional importunities; and sometimes also I had reason to repent my rudeness. Bonaparte, young, was not more patient, nor less positive, than now, and has made me frequently feel that it was always unsafe to provoke him. At that time I should have been ashamed to own it, but at present such a confession is not so painful.

(To be continued.)

THE MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

*(Continued from p. 520.)*THE DSCHIKKETEI, OR WILD
MULE.

THIS animal, in size and form, resembles the common mule, or the offspring of the horse and the ass, or the ass and mare. It has a large head, flat forehead, gradually decreasing in width towards the nose. The eyes are of a dark ash colour, and of a middling size. It has thirty-eight teeth, which is two less than the horse; the ears are also longer than those of a horse, and lined with a thick, whitish, curling coat of hair. The neck is slender and compressed; the mane upright, short, soft, and of a greyish hue; in lieu of a foretop there is a short tuft of downy hair, about an inch and three quarters long. The body is long, the back very little elevated, and the breast protuberant and sharp. The limbs are long, and of an elegant construction; the thighs thin, like those of a common mule. On the interior part of the fore legs is, an oval callus; none on the hinder ones. The hoofs are of an oblong form, smooth, and black. The tail is slender, like that of a cow, and destitute of hair for half its length; the remaining part is covered with long ash-coloured hairs. In the winter season the coats of these animals are grey at the tips, and of a brownish ash-colour at the base; the hair is about two inches long, and in the fineness of its texture very similar to that of a camel, and undulated or waved on the regions of the back. In summer their coat is shorter, beautifully sleek, and elegantly marked with small spots. The end of the nose is white; from thence to the crown or foretop inclining to a tawny hue. The belly, buttocks, and the interior part of the limbs, are white. From the mane a

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blackish testaceous line extends on the ridge of the back to the tail, which is broadest on the loins, and gradually decreases. The colour of the upper part of the body is a yellowish grey, which becomes of a paler hue towards the sides. The length of the animal, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is six feet seven inches; the trunk of the tail is one foot four inches long, beyond which the hairs extend eight inches. The height is three feet nine. This species inhabit the deserts between the rivers Onon and Argan, in the southern regions of Siberia, the extensive plain and deserts in Western Tartary, and the famed arid deserts of Gobi, which reach even to India. In Siberia they are found in very small numbers, and appear as if they were accidentally detached from the numerous herds to the south of the Russian dominions. They avoid woody situations, and lofty mountains covered with snow. In Tartary they are abundant in the vicinity of Taricnoor, a salt lake, which at certain periods is dried up. These animals are of a social nature, and form themselves into herds, usually consisting of a chief, and mares and colts to the number of about twenty; but frequently these societies are less numerous. The female produces but one foal at a birth, which attains maturity, in form, dimensions, and colour, by the third year. When these animals are thus perfected, the seniors chase them from the herd, and they retreat till they find a suitable mate, when they establish a similar social community. This species always carry their heads horizontally, except when they take to flight, in which state they hold them upright, and erect their mane. Their voice or neighing is of a deeper cadence and louder tone than that of a horse. These animals are fierce and un-

4 D tractable,

tractable, and, when they fight, like the horse, defend themselves by biting and kicking. In fleetness of motion they even exceed the antelope; and, in consequence of their great agility, the Mongolians, when they shoot them, are obliged to lie in ambush, and have recourse to stratagem. They are timid and cautious in their disposition; as the male which heads the herd is always on his guard, and vigilantly observes the motions of the hunter. When they perceive any meditated assault, they run round and round their pursuer, and afterward rejoin the herd, which unanimously fly with precipitation. By endeavouring to be convinced they are pursued, they often approach so near to the hunters as to enable them to shoot them securely. It is also remarked, that, in rainy or boisterous weather, the weight of the atmosphere renders them stupid, consequently less cautious in admitting the approach of the human species. The flesh of these animals is eaten by the Mongolians and the Tangusi; their skins are also used for the purpose of making boots. These animals have a quick scent, and keen perception of hearing, which occasions the Mongolians to call them *dschikketei*, which implies the eared. This species anciently extended farther south, and was evidently the half-ass described by Aristotle, which was famed for being prolific and fleet: the former quality caused them to be regarded as wonders, the common mules being usually barren. Of these mongrel productions it will be necessary to make some mention.

COMMON MULES.

The term mule implies the offspring of two animals of different species; though it is more especially applied to the progeny of a horse and she-ass, or an ass and a mare.

These animals are very hardy, and proverbially obstinate. In form and disposition they resemble the ass more than the horse. The finest of these mongrels are bred in Spain, and very large ones are produced in Savoy. The French distinguish the mules brought forth by the she-ass by the term '*bardeau*:' this animal is smaller than the mule produced by the mare.

As Providence has wisely ordained that no material innovations should take place in the animal œconomy, mules and every species of heterogeneous productions, if they are not invariably barren, are at least but rarely endued with the power of continuing their spurious race: evidences of their fecundity are so extraordinary, as scarcely to admit of belief, though some particular instances are attested by several respectable naturalists. But even if this circumstance should exist, it is in so limited a degree as not to continue in succession—therefore cannot subvert the rational systematic opinion, that the Supreme Being inviolably preserves the operations of every created atom, and consequently restrains the wanton ingenuity of man; who, by seeking to produce varieties in the animal tribes, would, by succeeding in that endeavour, introduce deformity and universal degeneration.

Exclusive of the mongrel productions already specified, goats and ewes form a cross-breed, as well as dogs and wolves, and several other animals; but as these unnatural alliances cannot be agreeable to the intent of the Great Author of Nature, I shall forbear to expatiate on the subject beyond what is necessary to connect the chain of existing animals; the inquiry into their respective variations being rather a curious speculation than an improving or entertaining research.

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine.



The App.

THE TAME ASS.

The ass, by many naturalists, has been considered as a degenerated horse; yet, from the uniform œconomy of nature, it evidently appears this race of animals form a distinct species. The ass has long slouching ears, and a short mane; the tail is covered with long hairs at the extremity; the body is usually of an ash colour, with a black bar cross the shoulders; the hoof consists of one piece; and he has six cutting teeth in each jaw. The dimensions of this animal are less than those of a horse. The asses of Africa and the East are famed for their size and beauty. This animal, from the native superiority of the horse, becomes a second-rate instrument of convenience, and consequently is consigned to drudgery; and, as a natural effect, is not cultivated or embellished by art, but appears in a state of the wildest simplicity. To qualify him to endure the indignities offered to him, he is signally patient; and, as the means of enabling him to execute the laborious services that are imposed on him, he is endued with extraordinary strength, and is naturally propense to arduous pursuits: in his appetite he is not only temperate as to quantity, but humble as to the quality of his food, as he contentedly eats the herbage which the horse rejects; but he is extremely nice respecting the water that he drinks, which is ever of the purest kind. As no care is taken to refine the coat of this animal, he frequently rolls himself on the grass, and, by the friction of thistles or ferns, adjusts his hair. He appears averse to wetting his feet, and is less obnoxious to vermin than most other quadrupeds, which may perhaps be ascribed to the thick texture of his skin. This animal, notwithstanding the ill treatment he but too generally receives, manifests attachment to

his master. In fine, this persecuted member of the brute creation has a fine ear, quick scent, and acute oral perceptions; and, if it were not for the comparative excellences of the horse, would be esteemed by the human race as one of the most beneficial subjugated tribes.

The ass is generally pronounced to be stupid, obstinate, and slow; but these qualities are only the natural consequences of age and ill treatment; as when he is young he is gay, tractable, and even graceful. As the natural passions incident to animal nature exist with uncommon force in this species, their attachment to their offspring is so strong, that the female, it is reported, will even pass through fire to rejoin her young, when by any accident she has been separated from them. The female usually brings forth one colt, and sometimes, though rarely, two. Her time of gestation is nearly twelve months. Like to the horse, these animals are three or four years before they attain maturity: the length of their life but rarely exceeds twenty-five or thirty years. The female is said to live longer than the male, probably owing to the kinder treatment she receives during her pregnant state, which is the condition of the greatest part of her life. These animals sleep even less than the horse, and never lie down to repose, unless they are exhausted by fatigue. Their nature is also more robust than that of the horse, and their bodies subject to fewer diseases: the glanders is the principal malady incident to these hardy animals. The ass differs very essentially from the horse in its voice, as the former brays and the latter neighs. Asses are unquestionably natives of warm latitudes, and degenerate in size and other qualities, in proportion to the temperature of the climes they inhabit.

They appear to have been originally natives of Arabia, and from thence to have passed into Egypt; from Egypt they probably advanced to Greece, and from Greece most likely were transported to Italy, and so to Germany, Britain, Sweden, &c. &c. When America was discovered by the Europeans, no asses were found on that vast continent, though the southern regions appear peculiarly adapted to their nature; those transported thither having multiplied greatly, and herding in troops.

In the regions of India and Guinea, asses are larger, stronger, and of more general use than horses. They are also highly esteemed at Madura, where they are revered by the idolatrous inhabitants, from the absurd idea that the souls of the nobility transmigrate into the body of these animals. From Senegal to China the ass species is infinitely more numerous than that of the horse.

Wild asses are more common than wild horses, and require to be separately described, as they differ in many essential qualities from the tame kind.

THE WILD ASS, OR KOULAN.

This animal was denominated 'onager' by the Greeks, and by many naturalists has been mistaken for the zebra, notwithstanding it is not of so elegant a structure, or distinguished by such characteristic marks. The wild ass has an elevated forehead, much arched; ears invariably erect, sharp-pointed, and lined with curled hair of a whitish hue; the eyes of a livid-brown cast; the lips thick; the nostrils large and oval. This animal is much higher on its limbs than the tame ass, and its legs are more delicately formed. It resembles the tame kind in the narrowness of its chest and body,

but holds its head considerably higher, and its scull is remarkably thin. Its mane is dusky, and formed of soft woolly hair, which extends quite to the shoulders. The hairs at the extremity of the tail are about a span long, and of a coarse texture; the colour of the hair in general is silvery white. The upper part of the face, the sides of the neck and body, and hinder part of the thighs, are of a flaxen hue; the latter are separated from the flanks by a white line, which extends round the rump to the tail. The belly and legs are white. On the ridge of the back, from the mane to the tail, there is a stripe of bushy waved hairs of a coffee hue, which gradually decreases in width to the base of the tail; another stripe of a similar colour crosses that already described at the shoulders (in male subjects only). The band on the back, or dorsal band, as well as the mane, are bounded on each side by a beautiful white line. In the winter season the coat of this animal is very fine, soft, and of a silky texture, also much undulated or waved, and in quality similar to that of the camel: its colour is brighter at this period than any other. In summer its coat is smooth; the sides of the neck are marked with shaded rays pointing downwards. The dimensions of a male are six feet ten inches from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail; the tail is two feet one inch and a half; its anterior height is four feet two inches, its posterior four feet six inches.

The habitudes of these animals nearly resemble those of the dschik-kotei and wild horse. They are migratory, and assemble in troops under the command of a leader: they are of a shy nature, and often stop in the midst of their course, when they will suffer the approach of the human species, but instantly pursue

pursue their way with incredible agility. The flesh of these animals is made an article of food by the Arabs and Tartars, and by the ancient Romans was esteemed a delicacy. It is reported that it is more agreeable to the taste when kept two days after being boiled.

This species were anciently found in the Holy Land, Syria, the land of Uz, or Arabia Deserta, Mesopotamia, Phrygia, and Lycaonia: at present they are only found in the dry mountainous parts of Great Tartary, but not further than lat. 48°. As they are migratory, they feed in the summer season to the east and north of Lake Aral, and in autumn collect in herds, consisting of thousands, to secure a warm winter residence to the north of India; but the Persian regions, particularly the mountains of Casbin, are their general retreat. The untractable disposition of these animals is noticed in various passages of Holy Writ; yet in later times they have been trained to some degree of docility, and by the Persians are used for draught and other important purposes. They are very fleet, and in general taken in pitfalls. Their usual food is saline plants found in the deserts, and bitter lacteous herbs: they also prefer salt or brackish water to that of a fresh quality. The Persians esteem the bile of this animal as a specific remedy for a dim sight. Of their skin, particularly that part about the regions of the rump, the kind of ornamental covering called 'shagreen' is made, which is granulated by art, as it is not naturally rough. Horse's skin also may be converted into this commodity.

THE ZEBRA.

The zebra, notwithstanding it is a genuine species, appears, on a cursory view, to be of an intermediate nature between the horse and

ass. It is a beautiful animal. In general, it is smaller than the horse and larger than the ass; yet, by resembling both those animals in many particulars, has often been denominated the 'wild horse' and the 'striped ass.' This apparent compound animal has a short erect mane; a tail with long hairs at the extremity. The body of the male is striped alternately with black and yellow bands from the back to the belly; the thighs are marked crossways; and the female striped in a similar manner with black and white lines, which are disposed in a parallel direction, and the shades produce a beautiful and vivacious contrast. This animal is of an elegant construction, and very fleet; but vicious, untractable, and useless. This species are gregarious, and are natives of Africa, from Ethiopia to the Cape of Good Hope, and from thence as far as Congo.

THE QUACHA, OR OPEAGHA.

The quacha has been mistaken by many naturalists for the female zebra, though it evidently differs from the preceding species, by being of a more robust construction, and less untractable in its habits; as they have been so far rendered docile as to be used to draw small carriages. This animal is striped like the zebra on the head and body, but with fewer lines. Its flanks are spotted; the rump is plain. The ground colour of the head, neck, body, and rump, is a bright bay; the belly, thighs, and legs, are white, and destitute of marks.

In these several species comprehended in the horse genus, particularly in the superior classes, we should thankfully survey the kind dispensations of Providence in amply granting such adroit animals peculiarly to the service of man. These subordinate instruments of comfort

comfort are evidently consigned to our use in a limited degree, subject to the restraining impulse of conscience, as an effectual means of preventing unreasonable requisitions. The Scriptures inform us, in the language of conviction, that 'a good man is merciful to his beast;' humanity yields her assent to this assertion, and enforces its importance by example; yet cruelty, or its kindred associate, inattention, violates the common dictates of reason, and perverts the intention of nature, by compelling every subjugated being to the execution and ministration of its base purposes.

The common principle of gratitude, which it is to be hoped exists in every breast not alienated from the practice of social virtues, and the unerring dictates of philanthropy, will urge the necessity of benign treatment to those beings whose services are so beneficial, and whose natural spirit is tempered to a degree of passive obedience, requisite in animals who from superiority of strength would be our rulers, if they were not converted into the subordinate station of servants. Your ladyship, from the best of motives—a sense of duty—rewards these faithful agents of our convenience, not only with due food, but tender care: this laudable attention you extend to the utmost bounds that prudence and propriety prescribe; as, notwithstanding kindness and sustenance should be indispensably granted for the support of those whose labours tend to advance our happiness or promote our interest, injudicious attachment or luxurious provision are evident proofs of folly and a spurious benevolence. Every being has its destined course in the common order of nature, and those to whom labour is assigned in their corporeal structure are suited to the peculiar purpose; therefore a ra-

tional exercise of those powers are conducive not only to the health but happiness of the individual. As Providence has liberally dispensed the invaluable blessing of diffusive enjoyment to every class of beings, he has omnisciently ordained that those services which are expedient for the accommodation of man should be congenial to the creature, of whatever denomination, that performs them: thus the steed that conveys the hero participates in the pleasure, if not the glory of the exploit, and thereby receives an efficient reward. In the scale of being, subordination is the leading trait which connects the several individuals in a permanent combination of social effects.

The horse, with inherent dignity, is adapted to the use of princes, and the most noble pursuits, and the ass suited to the more humble use of peasants, and the performance of ignoble services; which proves that something superior to the ingenuity of man has arranged these important variations, which depend on the natural impulses of the animals more than on the degree of cultivation they receive.

The untractable ferocity of the wild horse and the koulan are tacit proofs of the savage propensity of the animal tribes unmeliorated by the influence of human prowess, and the powerful effect of social intercourse, which soften the nature, and form the manners into amiable habits. Even the human race require this cultivation, as a very small portion of essential good is acquired by intuition. Your ladyship is a brilliant example of the efficacy of inherent virtue, embellished by the most refined cultivation, which is resplendently displayed in your actions, and duly estimated by

EUGENIA.

(*To be continued.*)

INSTANCES

INSTANCES of SENSIBILITY in
CHILDREN.*[Related by M. de St. Pierre.]*

I WAS at Dresden in 1765, and happened to go to the Court-Theatre: the piece performed was 'The Father.' In came the Electress, with one of her daughters, who might be about five or six years of age. An officer of the Saxon guards, who had introduced me, said, in a whisper, 'That child will interest you much more than the play.' In fact, as soon as she had taken her seat, she rested both hands on the front of the box, fixed her eyes on the stage, and remained, with open mouth, immoveably attentive to the performers. It was a truly affecting exhibition; her face, like a mirror, reflected all the different passions which the drama was intended to excite. You could see in succession, depicted upon her countenance, anxiety, surprise, melancholy, sorrow; at last, as the interest increased from scene to scene, the tears began to trickle copiously down her little cheeks, —accompanied with shivering, sighing, sobbing,—till it became necessary at length to carry her out of the box for fear of her being stifled. My companion informed me, that, as often as this young princess attended the representation of a pathetic piece, she was obliged to retire before it came to the crisis.

I have witnessed instances of sensibility still more affecting in the children of the common people, because they were not produced by any theatrical effect. As I was taking my walk, some years ago, through the Pré St. Gervais, about the setting in of winter, I observed a poor woman lying along the ground, employed in weeding a bed of sorrel. Close to her was a little girl, of six years old at most, standing motion-

less, and quite impurpled with the cold. I addressed myself to the woman, who betrayed evident symptoms of indisposition, and inquired into the nature of her malady.

'Sir,' said she to me, 'for three months past I have suffered very severely from the rheumatism; but my disease gives me much less pain than that poor child does: she will not quit me a single moment. If I say to her, "See, you are quite benumbed with cold! go within doors and warm yourself:" she replies, "Alas! mother, if I leave you, your complaints will be your only companion."

Another time, being at Marly, I went into that magnificent park, and amused myself in the woods with looking at the charming groupe of children, who are feeding with vine boughs and grapes a she-goat which seems to play with them. At no great distance is an inclosed pavilion, where Louis XV. in fine weather, sometimes went to enjoy a collation. Being caught in a sudden shower, I went in for a moment to shelter myself; I there found three children, who interested me much more than the children in marble without doors. They were two little girls, uncommonly handsome, employed, with singular activity, in picking up, round the arbour, the scattered sticks of dry wood, which they deposited in a basket that stood on the king's table; while a little boy, all in tatters, and extremely lean, was devouring a morsel of bread in a corner. I asked the tallest, who might be about eight or nine years old, what she intended to do with that wood which she was so busily collecting?

She replied, 'Look, sir, at that poor boy there; he is very miserable. He is so unfortunate as to have a step-mother, who sends him out all day long, to pick up wood: if he

carries

carries none home he is beaten severely : when he happens to have got a little, and is carrying it off, the Swiss at the park-gate takes it from him, and applies it to his own use. He is half-dead with hunger, and we have given him our breakfast.'

Having thus spoken, she and her companion filled the little basket, helped him up with it on his back, and run away before their unhappy friend to the gate of the park, to see if he could pass unmolested.

On GRATITUDE.

TRUE gratitude is as rare as true friendship. Both sentiments, when they are wanting, are excluded from the heart from the same causes. To become a true friend it is necessary to be born with sensibility, integrity, and solidity of character; and without these qualities, which are essential to friendship, it is impossible to have a heart truly grateful. It is perhaps, likewise, because benefactors themselves are frequently destitute of the true principles of beneficence and generosity, that there are almost as many ungrateful persons as persons who have received benefits. But it is so usual to bestow benefits from pride or self-interest, and so rarely that they proceed only from goodness, that it is difficult to expect that men, considering all the imperfection of human nature, should be more sincere in their gratitude than in their benevolence. True gratitude is a sentiment the more rare from its intrinsic value. It must be placed among the number of those virtues which cost us much to acquire, and which are scarcely ever acquired unless we have the happiness to be born with a disposition favourable to their acquisition.

To feel a benefit, to wish to acknowledge it, and to seize with joy the opportunity of making such acknowledgment, may be the definition of true gratitude. Who would then suppose it is so difficult to be grateful? Do we not every day meet with a thousand persons who value themselves on their gratitude. But let us observe the whole of their conduct, and we shall see them fly their benefactors, and fearful of meeting with those opportunities of expressing their gratitude for which they pretend so much to wish.

Men have, in fact, too much self-love, or a self-love too ill understood, to be grateful with pleasure; as they have too much ambition, and too many personal interests, to be true friends. Only noble and firm hearts, formed by sensibility and probity, can find true nobleness of soul in gratitude. The moment we conceive ourselves humbled by receiving a benefit, it is impossible to be grateful; but if we consider ourselves as superior to such an idea, the heart then, without restraint, dictates gratitude, and the exertion of this sentiment raises the person obliged not only to an equality with his benefactor, but even perhaps renders him his superior.

The TREASURE; an APOLOGUE.

ALMANSOR, a rich and powerful Arabian, eat, drank, gamed, and indulged himself in every species of voluptuous dissipation. Once when he was tormented, which is ever the concomitant of satiety, he was struck with the curious desire of visiting the sepulchre of his ancestors. He descended, and wandered between rows of rotting bones, not with the solemn reflexion that his must one day be mixed with them,
but

but with the idea of a voluptuary, that it was very cool and pleasant.

Suddenly his eye was attracted by an inscription, which was half-erased. It was this:

‘Here is hidden a greater treasure than ever was possessed by Cræsus.’

Almanzor, whose wealth was not in a small degree exhausted, had the vault immediately opened, and found a handful of dust, under which was a marble slab, containing these words:

‘Ere thou, deluded mortal, with daring hand, profaned this vault, reigned here uninterrupted peace—a treasure which Cræsus himself never possessed.’

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Continued from page 525.)

AS soon as Robert and Roger had returned to the count of Toulouse, and informed him of all the particulars of the last battle, which had terminated their expedition with complete victory, that prince resolved no longer to defer carrying into execution his intention of conferring on them those honours of which they had rendered themselves so worthy. He therefore gave orders, on the same day, that all the knights within his states should be summoned to repair to his court.

To complete the happiness he wished to bestow, he wrote, at the same time, to the father of Roger, expressing a wish to consult him on an affair of importance. He added, that as he was preparing a festival to which he was desirous to give the utmost splendor and elegance, he requested that the countess, his kinswoman, would favour him with her presence at it, to participate in its honours, and add to its embellishment.

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The two friends, when they learned the determination of the count of Toulouse, and the steps he had taken to carry it into effect, felt no small agitation of mind, from uncertainty of the issue. Robert recollected his obscure birth, and feared that he had not yet done enough to obtain glory. Roger, though filled with a just admiration of his friend, reflected with the utmost anxiety on the value which his father attached to the splendor of birth. Raymond, who was acquainted with their fears and doubts, consoled and encouraged them, telling them with a noble frankness: ‘You have obtained my suffrage. Be assured that the knights whom I shall call to determine, together with myself, what reward is due to you, will recollect, when they hear me, that the rank and honours they enjoy would be without value, if they did not owe them to their renown and courage more than to the prerogatives of their birth. While they are assembling, you shall remain in the asylum that I have prepared for you, and shall not make your appearance till the moment when I give my instructions and orders.’

The two friends knew not how to express more properly their gratitude for so much goodness, than by assuring the generous count of Toulouse, that their hearts yielded to and expanded with the hope of happiness. On the same day, they repaired to the place which the count had appointed, resolved never again to appear, or make themselves known, if the judgment of the knights should be contrary to their wishes; but on this latter thought they dared not to dwell, and they mutually concealed from each other how great were their fears.

While Robert, trembling for the happiness of his friend and the tranquillity of his sister, and agitated by

a secret and tender sentiment, which he struggled in vain to combat, conceived himself to be yet far from having passed the interval which birth had placed between the count and himself; while Roger, more confident, enumerated with pleasure the laurels his friend had gathered, and saw his glory shed its splendor on Elvige; the count of L**** received the letters of his sovereign. Gratitude did not permit him to hesitate, and he instantly ordered preparations to be made for his departure. His thoughts were solely occupied with the means of making his appearance with splendor. The countess was to follow him without delay. And now he recollected the graces, talents, and beauty of Elvige, and how much she would contribute to embellish his retinue. He therefore permitted her to re-appear in his presence, to which the countess was now far from making any objection.

The countess, since the departure of Roger, had never ceased to shed tears, but she had constantly refused to admit the idea of his death. The hope of again finding her son her heart could never consent to abandon. For a long time Elvige, the cause of all her sufferings, had been to her only an object of aversion; but, in the course of that sorrow which she took a melancholy pleasure in indulging, she at length recollected that Elvige likewise shed tears for Roger. The thought that their grief was the same, and that they might mingle their tears, easily caused maternal tenderness to triumph over the pride of high birth, and at the same time produced the desire of again seeing her whom her son so tenderly loved. She had not dared to confess to herself such a wish, which a mother alone could form, and which the count would have considered as a culpable weakness;

but her heart had in some manner constrained her lips to utter it in presence of the woman who had most obtained her confidence. This woman, who was the attendant to whom Elvige already owed so much gratitude, immediately perceived how much such an emotion of the heart might be improved to the advantage of her unhappy friend, and she therefore determined to save her mistress from an embarrassment too delicate and too difficult to overcome. She ran to Elvige, and, without listening to her fears, drew her, almost by force, to the apartment of the countess. Overcome by her feelings, the moment she perceived her, Elvige could only fall at her feet, violently weeping and sobbing till almost suffocated. The countess uttered an exclamation of surprise and alarm. Astonishment, grief, tenderness, and the necessity of speaking of her son, seized at once on her heart, and she was unable to bear all the mingling emotions she felt. She looked on Elvige still prostrate before her, and the silence which she kept for some moments gave the orphan she had brought up from a child the courage to lift up to her her tender and suppliant eyes. The silence which they had not yet broken was still prolonged; they did not attempt to express what passed in their hearts; they had power only to shed tears.

Soon, however, the fear of the arrival of the count compelled them to put an end to this first interview. The countess looked on Elvige with kindness, stretched out her hand to her, which she permitted her to kiss, and left her, telling her, that she must see her again and weep with her.

Whatever were the sufferings and fears of Elvige, her affection, equally constant and lively with that of the countess, had prevented her from

from believing in the death of Roger. The silence of Robert and Rainulf, from whom she had heard nothing, had confirmed her in this doubt; and this secret hope it was that had sustained her, and prevented her from sinking beneath her painful feelings.

When she was again admitted to an interview with the countess, she ventured to speak to her of the reasons which induced her to reject the melancholy idea of the death of her son. The mother listened to her with transport; it seemed as if she had received from her some great benefaction, and she expressed her gratitude in the most affecting terms. Elvige, then, listening to the suggestions of her own heart, drew from her bosom the portrait of Roger, and, having presented it to the countess, covered her face with her hands.

At the sight of features so dear to her, and which love had rendered so resembling, the countess remained some time without being able to speak; all her strength appeared ready to forsake her, and it was not till a torrent of tears gushed from her eyes that she was restored to the exercise of her faculties. Her eager eyes returned a thousand times to this portrait, and a thousand times she in vain attempted to express her happiness and surprise, till at length, yielding entirely to the emotions of her heart, she flew to Elvige, clasped her tenderly in her arms, and freely forgave her her love for her son.

Several months had already elapsed since the countess went secretly to weep with Elvige, when the letters from the count of Toulouse arrived. The count her husband, while he informed her of the invitation with which his sovereign had honoured him, told her that he thought it would be proper that she

should be accompanied by her damsel of honour, and even expressed a desire that splendid dresses should in consequence be prepared for her. His orders in this respect met with no objection whatever from the countess, who, when she saw Elvige adorned with all the embellishments of art, and all the graces she had received from nature, found her son less to blame for loving her, and, perhaps, even regretted that she had herself treated her with so much severity.

The count of Toulouse, when he sent to invite the knights of his states to repair to his court, had fixed the day for their arrival, and given orders that they should be received with the utmost magnificence; and wishing especially to show honour to the count, as soon as he knew that he approached Toulouse, sent an escort to meet him and the countess. Penetrated with gratitude for the honour thus conferred on him by his sovereign, the count quitted his retinue, and, to show his alacrity in obeying the summons of his prince, preceded the countess, and came to Toulouse attended only by some of his esquires.

As soon as he came into the presence of the count of Toulouse, he rendered to that prince a new homage for all the estates he held, declaring that he owed the preservation of them entirely to his generous aid.

‘As your sovereign,’ said Raymond, while he raised him with complacency, ‘justice commanded me to repel an unjust aggression; other ties, which I consider as an honour, likewise imposed on me duties. It was incumbent on me to defend you as my kinsman, and it is in this quality that I have sent for you to my court, to consult you on a certain affair of importance.’ The count only answered by a low and respectful obeisance.

The knights had now arrived.—The count of Toulouse, to render more resplendent the reception which he wished to give the countess, had assembled all the ladies of his court. The vivacity, graces, youth, and beauty of the greater number excited admiration still more than the elegance and richness of their ornaments; but all their charms seemed to vanish before those of Adela, simply attired as she was in a mourning habit. She had been unable to refuse the earnest request of the count of Toulouse, that she would be present at the reception of the countess.

Raymond, in the hope that Elvige would accompany her, had taken care to inform Adela, that he greatly interested himself in favour of this charming young lady; but faithful to his secret, he did not tell her that Elvige was the sister of Robert: this title, however, was the most powerful of all to obtain her love; for she had learned from the count of Toulouse the great sacrifices which Robert had made for her, and remarking with what careful delicacy he avoided every thing which might remind her of them, gratitude and admiration every day increased the sentiments which she could not but feel in his favour.

When the countess appeared, the count of Toulouse received her with the greatest respect, and presented her himself to the ladies and knights of his court. Afterwards, approaching Elvige, who remained at a respectful distance, he said to her, in a tone expressive of the utmost kindness: 'I have heard of the bravery of your father; I know in what manner he sacrificed his life; and I request the count to permit me to unite myself to him, in supplying the place of a father to you. Charming Adela!' added he, turning towards her, 'Elvige de-

serves to interest every heart: I request your kindness and friendship for this new companion.'

The count manifested some surprise at seeing so great a prince address, in so flattering a manner, a simple damsel of honour. The countess only felt the liveliest joy; and the beautiful Adela, perceiving the embarrassment of Elvige, whose cheeks were overspread with a deep blush, came up to her, tenderly embraced her, and assured her that she should ever love her as a sister.

The count, having fulfilled every duty which he owed to his sovereign, expressed an earnest wish to be made acquainted with his deliverer, that he might testify to him his gratitude.

'He waits, before he makes his appearance,' said the count of Toulouse, in reply, 'the moment when the knights and yourself shall have determined the reward he has merited. It is to hear the recital of his achievements, and to judge of them, that I have assembled you at my court. I cannot doubt of the happiness you will feel, in showing yourself just and generous towards him from whom you have received such signal service.'

Raymond, not wishing to defer a ceremony in which he so greatly interested himself, appointed the next day for the knights to meet and give their opinions. When the hour appointed had arrived, the prince, arrayed in all the insignia of his power, ascended his throne, placed the count on his right hand, and the knights, habited in their robes of ermine, took their seats.

The count of Toulouse then thus addressed them: 'Illustrious and valiant knights! as sovereign, I possess the right of granting honours to those who appear to me deserving of them; and I am accountable for my actions to Heaven alone. But
whatever

whatever may be the extent of my power, justice is my first duty, and my favour is not sufficient to bestow fame on him who has not acquired it by his actions. I have called you together to consult you. You are the judges of honour and of courage; I wish, therefore, to take your opinion, that I may be assured that glory itself will confirm the rewards which I mean to bestow.

‘Two unknown warriors presented themselves at my court, to offer me their services. They had already acquired the support of a brave and brilliant action; their armour, their appearance, their language, their dexterity in the exercises of knights, warrant a belief that their birth is illustrious. They have required, however, to be permitted to conceal their names, as they are resolved to accept no other honours than those which shall be adjudged due to their valour. I have made use of their arms and of their courage; their services have exceeded my expectation. I owe them rewards; but, faithful to my word, I wish to prove to them my gratitude, by fulfilling the conditions which they have prescribed to me. I will not compel them to declare whether their birth is illustrious or obscure. Hear the recital of their actions, and say whether you find them worthy to be raised to your rank.’

The count of Toulouse here concluded his address, and a herald at arms recited with a loud voice the numerous achievements by which the two strangers had covered themselves with glory. When he had ended, Raymond, addressing himself to the count, requested him to give his opinion.

The mind of the count was at this moment occupied by a variety of thoughts. The last action, that of his deliverance, related by the herald, excited all his gratitude, by

reminding him of the danger from which the valour of the two friends had preserved him. He could not long remain undetermined, since the question was to recompense his deliverer. Other sentiments, more powerful and more tender, likewise came in aid to influence his judgment. He began to think that he might be attached to the two strangers by connexions dear to his heart. Their concealment of their names; the extraordinary manner in which one of them seemed to fly him at the moment he had saved his life; the fragment of his shield, which he had shown him at the moment he left him; the reception, so honourable and so little expected, which the count of Toulouse had given Elvige; and, still more, the desire, the hope, of finding again a son whom he so deeply regretted, and to find him covered with laurels; all united to inspire the count with a wish to ask several questions that might satisfy his doubts; but, convinced that it would be in vain to attempt to penetrate this mystery, he thought only of giving an opinion which should be at once agreeable to justice, gratitude, and the secret wishes of his heart.

‘We ought,’ said he, ‘to be satisfied with judging from the narrative we have heard. It was by performing similar actions that our ancestors rendered their names illustrious. The fame of their glory is the most noble inheritance that they have transmitted to their descendants, and the honours we now enjoy are only the tribute that gratitude acknowledges to be due to their heroism and their virtues. Let us prove to the world that it is only necessary to imitate them to obtain the same reward. We have not a right to raise the veil with which the two strangers have chosen to cover themselves; let them conceal their

their birth and their names: we shall participate in the glory they have acquired by raising them to our own rank.'

It was with transport that the count of Toulouse heard this suffrage. It was dictated by motives so noble, that all the knights adopted it, and resolved that the two unknown warriors should be armed knights, without being required to disclose their birth or real names.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*On the INFLUENCE of WOMEN
under the old GOVERNMENT of
FRANCE.*

(By M. de St. Pierre.)

THE earth would be a paradise were the Christian religion to produce universally its native effects. It is Christianity which has abolished slavery in the greatest part of Europe. It wrested in France enormous possessions out of the hands of the earls and barons, and destroyed there a part of their inhuman rights, by the terrors of a life to come. But the people opposed still another bulwark to tyranny, and that was the power of the women.

Our historians are at pains to remark the influence which some women have had under certain reigns, but never that of the sex in general. They do not write the history of the nation, but merely the history of princes. Women are nothing in their eyes, unless they are decorated with titles. It was, however, from this feeble division of society, that Providence, from time to time, called forth its defenders. I say nothing of those intrepid females who have repelled, even by arms, the invaders of their country, such as Joan of Arc, to whom Rome and Greece would have erected altars: I speak of those

who have defended the nation from internal foes, much more formidable still than foreign assailants; of those who are powerful from their weakness; and who have nothing to fear, because they have nothing to hope.

From the sceptre down to the shepherdess's crook, there is, perhaps, no country in Europe where women are treated so unkindly by the laws as in France; and there is no one where they have more power. I believe it was the only kingdom in Europe where they were absolutely excluded from the throne. In my country, a father can marry his daughters without giving any other dowry than a chaplet of roses: at his death they have all together only the portion of a younger son. This unjust distribution of property is common to the clown as to the gentleman. In other parts of the kingdom, if they are richer, they are not happier. They are rather sold than given in marriage. Of a hundred young women who there enter into the married state, there is not, perhaps, one who is united to her lover. Their condition was even still more wretched in former times. Cæsar, in his 'Commentaries,' informs us: 'That the husband had the power of life and death over his wife, as well as over his children: that when a man of noble birth happened to die, the relations of the family assembled; and if there was the slightest shadow of suspicion against his wife, she was put to the torture as a slave; and, if found guilty, was condemned to the flames, after a previous process of inexpressible suffering.'

What is singularly strange, at that very time, and even before, they enjoyed the most unbounded power. Hear what the good Plutarch says on this subject: 'Before the Gauls had passed the Alps, and got possession of that part of Italy which

which they now inhabit, a violent and alarming sedition arose among them, which issued in a civil war: but their wives, just as the two armies were on the point of engaging, threw themselves into the intervening space, and, taking up the cause of their dissension, discussed it with so much wisdom, and decided upon it with so much moderation and equity, that they gave complete satisfaction to both parties. The result was an unanimous return to mutual benevolence and cordial friendship, which united not only city and city, but family and family; and this with so much effect, that ever since they invariably consult their wives on all deliberations, whether respecting war or peace; and they settle all disputes and differences with neighbours and allies conformably to the advice of the women. Accordingly, in the agreement which they made with Hannibal, when he marched through Gaul, among other stipulations this was one, that, if the Gauls should have occasion to complain of any injury done them by the Carthaginians, the cause was to be submitted to the decision of the Carthaginian officers and governors serving in Spain; and if, on the contrary, the Carthaginians should allege any ground of complaint against the Gauls, the matter should be left to the determination of the wives of the Gauls*.

It will be difficult to reconcile these two clashing authorities, unless we pay attention to the re-action of human beings. The power of women proceeds from their oppression. The commonalty, as oppressed as they, gave them their confidence, as they had given theirs to the

people. Both parties were wretched, but misery attracted them towards each other, and they made a common stock of woe. They decided with the greater equity, as they had nothing to gain or lose. To the women we must ascribe the spirit of gallantry, the thoughtlessness, the gaiety, and, above all, the taste for raillery, which have at all times characterised our nation. With a song, simply, they have oftener than once made our tyrants tremble. Their ballads have sent many a banner into the field, and put many a battalion to flight. It is by them that ridicule has acquired such a prodigious influence in France, as to become the most terrible weapon which it is possible to employ, though it be the armour only of the weak, because women are the first to lay hold of it: and as, from national prejudice, their esteem is the first of blessings, it follows, that their contempt must be the most grievous calamity imaginable.

A provincial academy, some years ago, proposed this question as the subject for the prize of St. Louis: 'In what manner female education might be made to contribute toward rendering men better?'—I treated it, and was guilty of committing two faults of ignorance, not to mention others. The first was my presuming to write on such a subject after Fenelon had composed an excellent treatise on the education of young women; and the second, to think of arguing for truth in an academy. The one in question did not bestow the prize, and recalled its subject. All that can be said on this question is, that in every country women are indebted for their empire only to their virtues, and to the interest which they have always taken in behalf of the miserable.

* Plutarch 'On the virtuous Actions of Women.'

*On the present STATE of WOMEN in
the FRENCH REPUBLIC.*

[From Helen Maria Williams's '*Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic.*']

YOU ask me, if I made one of the three millions and upwards who signed the constitution with somewhat of the same sort of flippancy that a *petit-maitre* at Frascati, or an opera-lobby-lounger, calls the female attendant at the box-door, when he means to express his utmost contempt, *citoyenne*?—If your inquiry was meant for raillery, I deny that it has any point, and insist that it only proves your ill-nature.

Although I am certainly not hostile to the new order of things as far as I understand it, I was rather relieved when the whole business was settled, for nothing but disquisitions on the constitution were buzzed in my ear; and though some wished for a change in one article, and some were desirous of making a little addition in another, the general and almost unanimous impulse was to accept and sign with all possible alacrity.

It is the first time I have ever witnessed so universal an assent among Frenchmen on any important subject. A Parisian wag, who I presume was no great revolutionist, has characterised the acceptance of this constitution by two verses from 'the *Henriade*,' where the head of admiral Coligni is presented to Mary de Medicis, who is said to have received it—

'Sans craint, sans plaisir, maitresse de ses
sens,
Et comme accoutumé à de pareils présens.'

There was more wit, however, than truth in the application.

But you tell me that you are chiefly anxious to know what the ladies

of Paris think of this new organisation? If I could guess what sentiment had guided your pen in making the inquiry, I should know better how to reply; but, as that appears to me equivocal, I shall, from mere good nature, answer you as Sterne says a Frenchman always does a doubtful compliment, and suppose that your inquiry is dictated by a spirit of courtesy rather than of malice.

In a calculation made by one of the first political polemics, of the numbers who compose the people of England,—at least that part of the community who are endued with the faculty of thinking or reasoning on public transactions,—the women come in for their share to the enormous amount of twenty thousand. You will be more surprised at the magnitude of this number, when you learn that the reasoners of the other sex, according to the same calculator's opinion, are estimated at no more than nineteen times that amount. But as in the whole quantity a fifth part are stated to be pure jacobins, utterly incapable of amendment, it may be presumed that in this eighty thousand a proportionate number of females were included in the class of incurables.

I know not on what *data* this *compte rendu* of political opinion is formed; but, as the writer has no mean authority in political enumeration, and had no motives to swell the hostile numbers, we may conclude that he is not far wrong in his arithmetic. Had this great man had an opportunity of examining the state of the French politics in France, he would, I am sure, have found cause to take a large portion of French ladies into more tender affection than those of his own country.

The

The title of *homme d'état*, or statesman, was, during the time of terror, as great a reproach in France, as that of stateswoman in England, which was so pleasantly ridiculed by Mr. Addison. Statesmen have of late regained their title and their consequence; but the names of the *femmes d'état*, or stateswomen, has been hitherto unknown. Had Addison lived in our times, and in the French republic, he might have found female follies enough to employ his pen; but that passion which he calls party-rage, and against which he inveighs with so much eloquence, would have formed no subject of his animadversion. Nothing can be more calm and complacent than French ladies in general, when the topic of political events or opinions strays into conversation. The noise of disputants may invade their ear, but the jargon is to them perfectly unintelligible; for no definitions can be understood, where the terms are not comprehended. Here no patches distinguish a Whig lady from a Tory lady; no Camilla, who values herself more on being the virago of one party than the toast of both, encounters the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table, and, shaking with anger in the earnestness of dispute, scalds her fingers, and spills a dish of tea on her petticoat.

Amid the war of domestic factions which have disturbed the internal repose of the republic, the ladies have hitherto, whatever may have been their secret wishes, like the wiser part of the northern powers, preserved a strict neutrality. And let no surly republican suppose that this indifference proceeds from insensibility. The females of France have feelings for national glory like the females of other countries. As the ladies of England have decorated

themselves with Duncan plaids and Orange streamers, in honour of valorous chiefs, so heretofore the French ladies, adorned in caps *à la belle poule*, *à la Grenade*, *à la d'Éstaign*, *à la Fayette*, and even *au compte rendu* of Mr. Necker, offered their homage to the heroes and statesmen of their country. Since the revolution, indeed, ornaments of national allusion have been little in fashion. The revolution has been a thing in the eyes of women of doubtful, and sometimes of portentous aspect. The republic has often worn a stern and menacing countenance. Its forms have been terrifying or repulsive; it has affrighted even men; no wonder that women have shrunk from fraternal embrace. Women, who are in general more accurate calculators of good and evil from sentiment, than reasoners from abstract principle to remote consequences, have kept aloof from the contest, and, to use a military phrase, stood on their arms. A few only, of more ardent or enlightened minds, (I speak not of the mob, either high or low, who follow mechanically the impulse given them) have ranged themselves in their respective ranks.

That the almost universality of Frenchmen should have readily embraced, and, notwithstanding all its phrases of ominous aspect, should have adhered to the revolution, is not surprising: the vast majority have been great and substantial gainers. The women indeed participate in some of those advantages at second-hand; but they may be allowed to entertain doubts, whether the positive benefits they enjoy from the change form a sufficient subsidy to tempt them to depart from their neutrality.

The present equal division of hereditary property is certainly a great

and substantial benefit conferred on the women; and, as wealth in all countries is power, their real influence is considerably augmented. That cruel tyranny of paternal authority can also be no longer exercised which so often doomed the younger branches of noble families to wither in the gloom of convents, or with stern despotism disposed of the persons of females, without their choice or consent. These advantages may have been deemed sufficient to have obtained for the revolution somewhat more of female smiles. But the women may reply, that the question is not, whether they have gained by the revolution, but whether they have gained as much as they ought? They do not mean to insinuate that they would form a senate apart, as under the reign of the Roman emperor Heliogabalus, where all matters respecting women, such as dress, precedence, and affairs of equal importance, were decided by themselves. They do not aspire to the rank of leaders of armies, or rulers of states, or wish to exercise the functions of ministers or directors; though such has been the administration in the republic, that the nation, while it was making experiments, would probably have acted not unwisely had it made the trial. They also observe, *en passant*, that the rod of empire has often been held, and not ingloriously, by women; and suggest, that, had the women of France been its legislators, it may be doubted whether, notwithstanding their mutual love of domination, they would have composed more than forty thousand laws, some of which have so lately distressed the republic.

Of the injustice which has been done, or rather of the justice which has been withheld from the female

part of the state, complaints have been made by some of the most celebrated advocates of the revolution. Condorcet and Sieyès have entered protests in their favour; and a late writer, M. Theremin, has discussed more largely the question, in a treatise on the Condition of Women in Republics. This champion of the ladies condemns, with the fervour of an eloquent pen, that want of national liberality which, while the law opens numerous establishments for the children of the one sex, has provided no means of support or instruction to those of the other. I know not what ideas men in general may entertain on this subject, but I am sure every woman must feel the justice of the observation.

What claim has the republic to that part of the human race from whom it holds the first privilege of nature, the first gift of heaven—instruction and knowledge? How should the heart of woman glow with the love of liberty, or her understanding assent to the force of truth? She receives no lesson in the school of wisdom or philosophy: she is considered as a being unworthy to participate in the highest acquisitions of the mind, and unfitted for those intellectual attainments which ennoble our nature. While inscriptions on every portal where instruction is dispensed, throughout the republic, invite man to enter; while, in every region of learning which he seeks to explore, his path is carefully traced, his footsteps firmly guided, and the accumulated wisdom of ages unfolded to his research; she, whose bosom glows with the sacred ray of genius, or the proud desire of pre-eminence, finds the gates of learning rudely barred against her entrance: she has no professor but her

her music-master, no academy but her dancing-master: she may fill the hours by dress, dissipation, cards, or public amusements; but, although destined to be the companion of man through life, let her not aspire to the lofty privilege of comprehending his studies, or becoming the associate of his labours: she, to whose forming care the first years of the republican youth are confided, is expected to instil principles which she has never imbibed, and teach lessons which she has never learned: she, who exerts over man an empire which, being founded in nature, is as immutable as her laws, and beyond the reach of his imperious institutions, is treated as a being merely passive in the important interests of the state, while she has power to fix the republic on an immoveable basis, or shake it to its very foundation.—No! When republican lawgivers shall have established public institutions, where the women may receive the blessing of a liberal education; when they shall have allotted for her, whose mind is enlightened by study, and refined by nature, some honourable and dignified employments, which, if she is destitute of fortune, may shield her from the cruel alternative of penury, with all its train of ills, or of uniting herself to a man whom her heart despises or rejects—the victim, perhaps, of a sentiment of exalted virtue, sacrificing, at the very moment when the beating heart of sensibility first unfolds itself to the charm of tender emotions, all chance of happiness for ever, to save perhaps from despair a widowed mother, whom the revolution has reduced, and the republic has left to penury; when woman is shielded by the guardian care of the state from conflicts such as these; when she is supplied with the means of knowledge and of honourable independence, then will she

kneel, with that glowing enthusiasm, that instinctive impulse of admiration, for what is great and generous, which the female heart wants no lesson to feel, and bless the tutelary sway of the republic;—then will she bind the brow of the heroes with chaplets which her hands have woven; she will decorate her form with the cherished symbols of the trophies of her country, and teach her infants first to lisp the hallowed name, Liberty!

M. Theremin proposes to allot to women different offices in the public instruction of the state, certain portions in power in the decision of family tribunals, some distinguished places of parade in the celebration of national festivals; because, says he, gallantly, *‘les femmes sont, pour ainsi dire, formées pour les fêtes, et il est bien constant que sans elles il n’y auroit point de fêtes sur la terre.’* He also proposes subordinate occupations for the exercise of their physical and moral powers, but with a careful exclusion from all political rights. ‘Women being by nature so constituted,’ says he, ‘as to be necessarily and intimately united to an individual of our sex, and consequently to have their interests and their will in common with his, their suffrage in the first place will not be free, and in the second place will not be necessary; because the individual to whom they are attached cannot be doubly represented, and has no need of manifesting twice the same will. The husband and the wife are but one political person, and never can be any thing else, although they may be two civil persons.’

Some political Thalestris, warring for the rights of women, would probably hesitate in admitting either the proposition or consequence of this position. Political right, she would observe, is no more affected

by this union than by any other civil association; nor is it certain that union of persons constitutes necessarily union of will, unless it be by the mode of reasoning adopted by the lady to whose lot had fallen an husband she disliked, and who, not dissembling the *ennui* she felt in his company, answered his reproaches by observing, that, as she understood both were now *one*, she was extremely tired of herself.

The above-mentioned Thalestris might also observe, that if civil liberty be the consequence of political liberty, it is not clear how from this union women can remain civilly single, and politically married; that if the representation must always be vested in one party, since they are constituted by nature to exist together, like the oak and the hamadryad, yet that society, which is said to correct all inequalities, ought at least to leave to the tree, and the nymph, which should have the right of representation. She might also observe, that no provision was made for those to whose lot no such union had fallen, or with whom it had ceased.—Were such persons to have no political existence, because no oak had been planted to shade them? or were they to perish politically, when the tree had undergone its physical dissolution?

These are points of casuistry I do not pretend to settle, and shall therefore return to your inquiry, Whether the women approve of the late change in the government? Although the women of France have nothing at present to do with the constitution, but to obey it, you may be assured that their tacit assent has been more cordially given to this new order of things than to any by which it was preceded. If women are born to be controuled, it must be by objects fitter to captivate them. The love of glory is natural

to the sex; they love it in themselves, and in others. Many are the reasons which they might allege to justify their former political disaffection; but there is something in the idea of the conqueror of kings, and founder of states, that excuses superiority, while it excites admiration. Various symptoms of good understanding already discover themselves between the present government and the ladies of Paris.

One of the amusements which the Parisians held in most reverence, and which has been proscribed since the revolution, has been resorted to by them—that of masquerades, to which they flock with most unremitting ardour, and which hitherto have been attended with none of those inconveniences, the fear of which led timid prudence or suspicion to proscribe them. French ladies may be Grecian, but they are not Spartan dames; and it is more easy to win them by favours, than to subdue them by force. A fair royalist is now no longer compelled, when she enters the garden of the Thuilleries, with hostility in her heart and defiance in her eye, to hoist a flag of truce as she passes the gates, or devise some stratagem, as she approaches, to elude the microscopic eye of the Cerberean sentinels, who, if they did not ken the national cockade, often imperceptible from its diminutiveness to common eyes, or spitefully placed so as to lurk unseen beneath the folds of a ribband, sternly pronounced the ungrateful sounds of '*Citoyenne*, your cockade?' and, when no cockade was to be found, refused to let the rebel pass.

These are very important concessions on the part of government; and there is no doubt that, with a few more preliminaries of this nature, Bonaparte may succeed in coming to a definitive treaty of peace

and amity with those female powers. When the Russian admiral Uschakoff, after the taking of Corfu, was informed by a French lady, that the women in France were republicans, excepting a few devotees, who were too old to change, he had the good sense to observe, that; if that was the case, coalition was ruined, and that it would be impossible to conquer the French. This patriotic lady was excusable in boasting the strength and disposition of her forces before an enemy; and if the assertion at that period contained a little fiction, there is great reason to hope that it will soon become real history.

While we are on the subject of the women of France, it would be unjust, indeed, to forget the part they acted at that final epocha of the revolution, during which the courage of so many of the other sex shrunk back appalled. It was women who, in those days of horror, proved that sensibility has its heroism, and that the affections of the heart can brace the nerves with an energy that mocks the calculations of danger. It was women who penetrated into the depths of dungeons, who flew to the abodes of despair, who were the ministring angels that whispered hope and comfort to the prisoner, who wiped the cold damps from the brow of the enervated sufferer. It was women who, in defiance of captivity and death, sought the dwellings of tyrants covered with the blood of innocence, and pleaded the cause of the captive with that irresistible eloquence which belongs to the inspiration of the heart.

And if the women of France knew how to sympathise in the sorrows of others, who knew so well

as themselves how to suffer and how to die? Have we not seen the daughter led, in the bloom of beauty, to the scaffold with her parents, seeming to forget that she had herself the sacrifice of life to make, and only occupied in sustaining their sinking spirits? Have we not seen the wife, refusing to survive her husband, provoke also the fatal sentence, which it was her choice to share, and mingle her blood with his under the axe of the executioner? What Roman virtue was displayed by Charlotte Corday! What more than Roman fortitude dignified the last moments of madame Roland!—Since that period, new revolutions have left new memorials of female virtue. That class of the women of Naples who were born to elevated rank and splendid affluence, nursed in the lap of luxury and pleasure, whom the winds of heaven never visited too roughly, these women have exhibited the most sublime examples of greatness, generosity, and courage.—‘The last sighs of a handsome woman,’ says St. Evremond, ‘are more for the loss of beauty than of life.’ Without any reflexion on female weakness, we may presume that exalted rank, and the distinctions it confers, have charms for the sex as well as the beauty;—of that rank the women of Naples, however divested themselves, with as much indifference as if it had been a worn-out robe. They have endured the most cruel privations without complaint; they have borne the most horrible persecution without shrinking; they have nobly suffered, or greatly died;—and Naples seemed destined to exhibit at once, in the female character, the most striking extremes of vice and virtue.

ACCOUNT of the new COMEDY,
entitled 'FOLLY AS IT FLIES,'
performed for the first Time on
Thursday, Oct. 29, at the Theatre-
Royal, Covent-Garden.

THE characters were thus represented:

Sir Herbert Melmoth,....Mr. Murray.
Leonard Melmoth,.....Mr. H. Johnston.
Tom Tick,.....Mr. Lewis.
Peter Post-Obit,.....Mr. Munden.
Shenkin,.....Mr. Knight.
Dr. Infallible,.....Mr. Simmons.
Malcour,.....Mr. Whitfield.
Cursitor,.....Mr. Waddy.
Georgiana,.....Mrs. Gibbs.
Lady Melmoth,.....Miss Murray.

PLOT.

The scene lies in London. The serious part of this comedy arises from the extravagance of lady Melmoth, the second wife of sir Herbert, and who had been his ward. By indulging in every fashionable excess she had induced her husband to squander away all his property, and his only resource for paying his debts and supporting her expences is to persuade his son Leonard, the issue of his first marriage, to consent to cut off the entail of the family estate. Leonard, a gallant naval officer, is so affectionate a son, that he is readily disposed to assent to this desperate proposal, but is persuaded to refuse it by Georgiana, his father's ward, between whom and Leonard a tender attachment prevails. Leonard, therefore, instead of complying, expostulates with his father; and the latter, considering the refusal as the result of selfish artifice, dismisses his son in anger. At length creditors seize on the whole of sir Herbert's property, and he is obliged to secrete himself. Lady Melmoth, under all her fashionable extravagance, possesses an excellent heart, and is brought by

distress to the most agonising remorse. It appears that, in an interview between sir Herbert and Leonard, the former, with a pistol in his hand, had threatened to dispatch himself rather than avail himself of his son's consent to cut off the entail on the condition of parting with lady Melmoth. Leonard, apprehensive of desperate consequences, endeavoured to get hold of the pistol, but in the struggle it is discharged upon himself. This event gives encouragement to Malcour, an insidious friend of Leonard, and who had been a former lover of lady Melmoth, to hope that his dishonourable views on her would succeed. He therefore resolves, in case Leonard, who is said to be in extreme danger, should die, to accuse his father of the murder, unless lady Melmoth will listen to his licentious addresses. Sir Herbert, in the agonies of parental affection and remorse, determines to see his son who is at Malcour's house, and obtains admission in the absence of Malcour, who had ordered his servants to admit nobody to Leonard's apartment. Sir Herbert, however, prevails upon the attendant to let him pass. Lady Herbert also goes to Malcour's house, to express her contrition to Leonard before he dies, but is unfortunately encountered by Malcour, who urges his dishonourable suit, and is rejected with horror. Lady Herbert faints on the spot, oppressed by the exaggerated recital of Malcour, imparting the death of Leonard, and the probable conviction of her husband. At this period sir Herbert and Leonard appear, detect the perfidy of Malcour, and witness the virtuous affliction of the lady. Leonard, it seems, had been only slightly wounded in the arm. Leonard then readily offers to relieve his father from his distresses,

tresses, by consenting to the legal sacrifice required of him, and the prospect of the future is happiness. Such is the serious part of this comedy.

The humorous part of this production relates to Tom Tick, a pleasant fellow, who is always running in debt, and engaged in some generous enterprise. Peter Post-Obit, a legacy-hunter, Dr. Infallible, an advertising quack, and Caractacus Shenkin, a simple Welchman, proud of his pedigree, but content to assume a livery. Post-Obit, by his anxiety for a bequest, is deluded into an obligation to be responsible for all Tom Tick's debts, as well as to assign to him his right over Georgiana, as one of her guardians. Tick consents to her marriage with Leonard, who of course readily obtains her, as sir Herbert is the other guardian. Dr. Infallible is a proper lash upon the empirics of the day, who prey upon the unwary, and roll in affluence. Our dramatic doctor, however, instead of dealing in poisonous potions, only cheers his patients with British spirits.

As this comedy is the production of Mr. Reynolds, the public of course will rather expect facetious extravagance than a regular drama. This piece is full as eccentric as any of his former works, and hardly less amusing. It would be in vain to look for probability, for the author has never thought that an essential, or, indeed, a necessary quality, in his dramatic compositions. It is altogether an amusing jumble, with some scenes of pathos very interesting, but urged to an extent unsuitable to comedy. But if the austere and fastidious critic may find much to excite his censure, the whimsical excesses of the piece will often, in the midst of his churlish solemnity, insnare him into a smile. To the

credit of the play, it must be said, that its serious and comic incidents all tend to support the interests of virtue, to discountenance vice, and to

‘shoot folly as it flies.’

Through the piece, all the absurdities of fashionable life are held in ridicule; and, if it does not rank high in dramatic excellence, it is full of laughable extravagance, and very well adapted to the taste of the times.

Lewis, Munden, Murray, Simons, H. Johnston, Knight, Mrs. Gibbs, and miss Murray, powerfully supported the piece by their respective exertions, and all displayed a considerable share of merit.

The prologue contains some good lines in favour of former dramatists, and an apology for the present author. The epilogue, which obviously comes from Mr. Andrews, has some good hits at the present style of female dress; as cito, crops, sea-gulls, from the watering-places, lame ducks, &c. This epilogue was well delivered by Munden.

PERIANDER of CORINTH,
or REVENGE;
A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 545.)

THE herald returned with all speed, and delivered the tablet containing the last words of Lycophron, which he had received from Agathon. When Periander read them, he became furious with rage, and, thirsting for revenge, sent orders to the haven, immediately to fit out a fleet, to sail for Corcyra. He resolved to lay waste Corcyra; but first it was necessary to secure Corinth. He sent for Amphion, of the house of the Bacchiadae, and went with him into the apartment of

of his daughter, who was lamenting with tears the fate of her brother.

‘There is thy wife,’ said he to Amphion, and seized the hand of Melissa.

Melissa fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and intreated him with a torrent of tears not to render her for ever wretched. ‘I have sworn,’ said she, ‘eternal constancy to Agathon, in life and death!’

‘And I have sworn his death and utter destruction!’ exclaimed Periander, fiercely.

Medon took the tablet of Lycophron, and showed his father the words—‘Make my sister happy, oppose not her love.’ He then said, with serious earnestness: ‘Periander, thou art impelled by the vengeance of the gods, which pursues thy crimes.’ The enraged tyrant threw the tablet on the ground, rushed to an altar, and exclaimed—‘I will have revenge! this I swear by the dreadful gods! And thou, Melissa, shalt have no other choice but to die or become the wife of Amphion! I give thee till the evening to choose; then shall either be lighted the torch of Hymen, or that of Death!’ He then abruptly departed, leaving Melissa alone.

In vain did the hapless maiden lament her fate: the fatal evening approached, and the altar was prepared. In despair she retired to the garden, and thence to the porticoes, where her brother had waited death, and laid her head on a stone, there to die. The noise of the soldiers, who were marching down to the harbour, awakened her from the reverie into which her grief had plunged her: she felt herself animated with new courage, went at midnight to the harbour, and mixed with a number of merchants who were going on board a trading vessel. It was not discovered till the following morning that she did

not belong to their company. She assumed another name, and arrived without obstruction at Samos.

The rage of Periander became still more furious when he learnt the flight of Melissa. He sent out persons to seek her in Corinth, and all the circumjacent country. Among the rocks on the isthmus was at length found the body of a young female, which one of the slaves of Periander declared to be that of Melissa. They covered it with earth, and brought to the father the mournful tidings. ‘This,’ exclaimed Periander, looking on Medon, with a frantic laugh, and raising his threatening hands to heaven, ‘this is the work of thy cruel gods!’

‘Dost thou accuse the gods?’ replied Medon, calmly. ‘Wretched man! Why did the Corcyreans kill thy son? Because they dreaded thy cruelty!—Why did Melissa fly? Because thou wouldest force her to give her hand to a base and unworthy man!—Wilt thou never perceive to what thy cruelty, thy pride, thy ambition, and thy thirst for vengeance must at last lead thee?’

‘They shall lead me to Coreyra!’ cried Periander, wildly—‘I have still a son!’ He hastened to the haven, and sailed with his numerous fleet. Pale fear seized the Corcyreans, when they saw him land at the head of his army. A swift-sailing vessel now arrived, which brought him an account that the Corinthians had killed the son he had left at Corinth. The cruel Periander received the melancholy tidings with tears. He veiled his face, and for some time uttered not a word. He felt his ambition subdued, but not his wrath—‘Childless!’ exclaimed he with a furious laugh. Again an inexpressible pang rent his heart. ‘I can revenge myself!’ cried he, looking wildly round him. ‘Childless!’ exclaimed he

he again; and gave secret orders to his army.

In the evening his troops, which had divided themselves into detachments, brought the sons of three hundred of the first families of Corcyra, youths and boys of tender age, in chains, to the tent of Periander. The fathers, mothers, sisters, and affianced brides of the youths threw themselves in despair at the feet of the tyrant, entreating for the lives of the innocent prisoners. The youths themselves raised their hands laden with chains, and a loud cry of supplication ascended to heaven. Even the rough soldiers, with softened looks, solicited the compassion of Periander. One youth alone neither wept nor asked for mercy. His eyes were fixed on the ground; he surveyed, with a kind of wild unconcern, his fetters, and the drawn swords of the stern warriors who surrounded himself and his companions.

This was Agathon, the lover of Melissa. He had heard the report of the death of her to whom his heart was devoted, and his only wish was to die. Calmly he expected the fatal orders of Periander; but Periander issued them not. With a cruel eye he surveyed the wretched prisoners; and at length exclaimed, in a scoffing tone, 'Yes, they shall live; I swear by the gods they shall live!' A loud cry of joy and thankfulness answered his words.—'Rejoice not,' cried he fiercely, 'Periander is childless!—You shall not rejoice, while I mourn. Bear them away to the ships: they shall live, but without the hope, without the possibility, of becoming fathers. You, Polycrates, shall sail with them to Sardes, to king Alyattes, and answer with your life, that, when they return, it shall not be possible for them to be fathers of children:—Away with them to the ships!' Loud

shrieks of lamentation now were heard on every side: the wretched parents embraced their children; the despairing maidens their lovers. But the command of Periander was absolute, and his unfeeling mercenaries forced away the unhappy youths and hurried them to the ships. The anchors were weighed, while the inconsolable parents remained fruitlessly lamenting on the shore.

Periander returned to Corinth, and Polycrates, the cruel inhuman friend of the tyrant, sailed for Asia to execute his merciless command. The sea was calm, a fresh gale swelled the sails of the ships, and seemed to hasten the fate of the prisoners. Already they had passed the Cyclades; and the following morning the coast of Lydia and the sumptuous temple of Diana at Ephesus were visible in the distant horizon. But now a strong north-east wind arose, dark clouds covered Chios, and the surface of the sea was broken in dashing waves. A violent storm succeeded, which drove the ships to the southward. At length the sailors cried out, Land! With laborious exertions they avoided the rocks of the shore; and though their sails were split, and their masts carried away, they at length conducted the ships into a secure harbour. All got safe on shore, and found they had landed in Samos.

Tents were brought from on board the ships, and covered the wide beach. Polycrates placed guards over the prisoners, that none of them might escape. He then offered a sacrifice in the temple of Diana, which was near the shore. Agathon walked, absorbed in the thoughts of death, which he meditated to procure by his own hands, by the side of a thick grove. 'Agathon!' exclaimed a cheerful voice, and he found himself clasped in a sudden embrace. He looked up

and saw,—O transport!—Melissa, Melissa whom he believed to be dead.

‘Art thou indeed Melissa?’ cried he, when he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment. ‘Thy body was found among the rocks!—Oh, ye gods! art thou indeed Melissa? Dearest to my heart, dost thou indeed live? Do I see thee again—I! oh the most wretched of all mankind!’

‘Now, surely, no longer wretched,’ said Melissa, embracing him tenderly.

Her joy only heightened his grief and despair; her transports forced into his eyes the bitterest tears.

‘Why art thou thus, Agathon?’ said Melissa.

Agathon was silent; at length with a deep sigh he exclaimed—‘Oh transporting yet dreadful moment! Yes, I am happy, Melissa, for I can die in thy arms!’

‘Die, Agathon! now the gods have restored us to each other?’

Agathon related to Melissa his unhappy fate. ‘Here,’ concluded he, ‘here will I die, clasped in thy arms.’

A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of Melissa. ‘Oh, my father! my father!’ exclaimed she. The trumpet then sounded. ‘Dost thou hear?’ cried he. ‘My fate calls me!’ and with earnest gaze he pointed to a dagger which Melissa wore by her side. The trumpet then sounded again to call the prisoners to the ships.

‘No,’ said Melissa with a firm tone, ‘thou shalt not die. Begone, Agathon; fly with thy companions to the temple of Diana, on the sea-shore; embrace the image of the goddess. It is the most sacred right of this temple, that whoever shall once have touched the sacred statues within it shall never be torn involuntarily from it. Begone; make

no delay: I hasten to call the Samians who reside around.’ She embraced him, and flew through the grove and over the hills away to the town.

Agathon returned to the shore, where the prisoners were already assembled. ‘Follow me, all of you,’ said he to them in a low voice, ‘I will deliver you; do what you see me do.’ He went before them, and led them towards the temple. ‘Run to the temple,’ exclaimed he then aloud, ‘and touch the statue of the goddess!’ Youths and boys instantly rushed through the porticoes to the altar, and thronged to the statue of Diana.

The warriors of Corinth followed them, and observed what they did with surprise. ‘To the ships!’ cried they to their prisoners.

‘We shall not go,’ said Agathon with a tone of dignity: ‘We are under the protection of the great goddess.’

Two soldiers immediately sprang upon the steps, to compel Agathon to return by force. But the high priest coming forward exclaimed, ‘Retire, or you are lost!’ The soldiers desisted, and gazed on him with astonishment and awe.

‘Who are you?’ said the priest to the boys and youths.

‘Prisoners,’ answered Agathon, ‘who have fled hither to claim the protection of the goddess.’

The priest now advanced on the steps of the temple, and said to Polycrates, who had arrived, ‘They are free so long as they remain in the precincts of the temple. Offer not to touch them, or death and destruction must be your fate.’ The Corinthians drew back with dread; and the high priest now uttered aloud solemn imprecations on every one who should dare to offer violence to the suppliant votaries of Diana.

Polycrates now surrounded the temple with his soldiers. ‘Hunger,’ said he, ‘must soon force them to leave their asylum.’ But love was more powerful than cruelty. The next morning came from the grove on the eminence two bands of maidens and youths singing. Melissa had related to the Samians the fate of the prisoners. Love inspired her words, and her entreaties moved all hearts; but every one feared the wrath of Periander. Love then suggested a stratagem. Clad in garments of sacrifice; their hair adorned with flowers, with baskets of sesamum and honey and vessels full of milk in their hands, the youths and maidens approached the temple.

‘What is this festival that you celebrate?’ said Polycrates. ‘The festival of Love the Deliverer,’ said Melissa, who was at the head of the maidens, and who, with the festive procession, now passed under the porticoes of the temple. Agathon knew Melissa, and conjectured her intentions. ‘Follow my example,’ said he to the other prisoners, and snatched from Melissa the provisions she had brought; while his companions took from the other Samian youths and maidens their baskets and vessels of sacrifice. ‘Away, away!’ cried the Samians, and retired.

The next morning the festival again commenced, and ended as before. ‘How long,’ asked Polycrates, ‘do you celebrate this festival?’—‘As long,’ replied Melissa, ‘as the fugitives under the protection of the goddess shall take from us our offerings.’ Polycrates now perceived that it was in vain to continue to guard the temple with his soldiers: he therefore reembarked, and the unfortunate prisoners were restored to liberty. With the most heart-felt gratitude they fell at the feet of Melissa, and called her their

deliverer. The Samians instituted a yearly festival to Diana, which they called the festival of Love the Deliverer, and privately sent back the Corcyreans to their own country; only Agathon remained. Samos bestowed on him the right of citizenship, and Melissa gave him her hand. He dwelt with her in the grove near the shore, where he had first met her again, and purchased the surrounding lands. In calm tranquillity he lived with his wife in a neat commodious cottage, surrounded and shaded by fruit-trees, and divided his time between useful labour and innocent enjoyment. Melissa brought him a son; and the hearts of the happy lovers overflowed with the purest joy and content. They forgot Corinth and Periander, and his cruelty.

In the mean time Periander lived at Corinth, a prey to gloomy care and anxious fear. Without children, without friends, he perceived that his throne was gradually sinking, and only supported by watchful cruelty. Coreyra had escaped his vengeance; Samos had deceived him; and he could not attempt to take revenge, because he dared not leave Corinth. Now, surrounded by his guards, whose fidelity he purchased, beloved by no one, (for he had no friend, the aged Medon excepted) he first began to feel the want of the tender affections of humanity.

Often would he take his diadem in his hand, survey it, and exclaim: ‘How much hast thou cost me! Whither shall I flee? I am condemned to rule so long as I live, and to hate so long as I have feeling; for what city in Greece will receive the tyrant Periander? Where is the man who will not deliver me up to the Corinthians? Oh! how truly said Medon, that my cruelty had shut me out from the whole world!’

Such were frequently his reflexions; and in these moments of juster perception he would endeavour to obtain love. He was milder and more generous towards his slaves; but they only trembled so much the more, for they feared, that his returning pride and anger would be the more severe. His treasures were all embarked on board a ship, ready to sail at the shortest notice, that he might make his escape, in case of any sudden commotion which he should be unable to quell. Thus he lived for a whole year, continually prepared for flight, and surrounded with the images of death.

At length the insurrection he had long expected broke out while he was at the haven. A part of his guards joined the populace, who had obtained arms, and plundered and burned his palace. He then collected the few soldiers who remained faithful to him, and went on board the ship in which his treasures were. He threatened the Corinthians that he would soon return with new-raised troops; and, encouraging his soldiers with great promises, set sail, steering his course for Asia, where he expected to be able to collect an army.

As the vessel passed near Samos, the sight of which island reminded him of the death of his son, and the disappointment of his revenge, he cast a gloomy look on Polycrates.

‘There,’ said he in his former haughty and tyrannical tone, ‘is Samos!’ adding, with a menacing frown, ‘I will never forgive thee for failing in the execution of my orders, and disappointing my vengeance.’

In the night Polycrates and some of his friends seized Periander in his bed; and, thrusting a cloth into his mouth, forced him upon the deck.

‘We will no longer tremble be-

fore thee, tyrant!’ said Polycrates; and immediately they plunged him into the waves below.

The sea was calm; and Periander, exerting all his strength, swam towards a light which he perceived at a distance. It belonged to a fishing-boat, which he reached, and was taken on board. The fishermen, having taken a great quantity of fish in the night, rowed, towards morning, to land, and set Periander on shore. The proud sovereign of Corinth now found himself half-naked, without companion or friend, in a foreign country—in Samos.

He proceeded forwards to find some hospitable cottage. In a field of wheat was Agathon, with his labourers; who, as soon as he saw the stranger, ran to him and said, ‘Who are you, poor man?’ Periander dared not tell his name; but answered that he was a merchant of Athens, and that his sailors had thrown him into the sea to obtain his wealth. Agathon did not know him; for care and grief had entirely changed the features of Periander: his full and ruddy cheeks had become thin and pale, and his fierce and menacing eye mild and supplicatory. A mantle was soon brought for the stranger, and meat was set before him. About noon, when he was refreshed and had recovered his strength, Agathon conducted him to his cottage.

When Periander approached the grove, Melissa came out with her child in her arms to meet her beloved husband. ‘O my dearest Tyche!’ exclaimed Agathon, for that was the name which Melissa had now assumed. Periander surveyed the young woman with astonishment, for he thought he saw his own daughter Melissa. He walked by the side of her in mournful silence. As often as she spoke, the well-known tone of her voice reached

reached his heart; but his daughter was dead, and this young woman was named Tyche.

At length they all sat down to a simple meal. Periander admired the calm affection, the heart-felt confidence, and full content of this happy pair. At the end of their meal, Melissa took the cup, and said:

‘May the gods bestow tranquillity on my father!’

She then looked at the old man, her guest, at whose resemblance to her father she was astonished. With tears in her eyes, she then said:

‘Agathon, I still love my aged unfortunate father. Alas! did he but know what happiness, love and retirement can bestow, he would’—

She said no more.

‘And who is your father?’ asked the old man, trembling as he uttered the words.

Melissa hastily rose when she heard him speak, raised her hands, and, stretching them towards him,

‘Agathon!’ exclaimed she, ‘surely I know that voice!’

‘What is thy real name?’ asked Periander with still increasing emotion.

‘Melissa!’

The old man started up.

‘Oh, ye gods!’ exclaimed he:

‘I am the unfortunate Periander!’

The father and daughter long remained locked in each other’s embraces. They then mutually related their adventures. Blushing, for the first time, with repentance, Periander heard speak of himself; and now, for the first time, felt the happiness of love, of confidence, and of virtue. He had resided some days in the cottage of Agathon when the report reached it of the death of the tyrant Periander. He heard it with a smile, embraced his daughter, and said:

‘It is true: Periander is dead. I am now only a feeble old man, who has first learned to live when but one step distant from the grave.’

He did learn to live. The domestic happiness of his children, the profound respect they showed to him, and their confidential love of each other, every day made a deeper impression on his heart. Agathon made him overseer of his slaves, and he treated them with more humanity than he had formerly some of the noblest Corinthians. In the evening, amid the last rays of the declining sun, while he played with his grandchildren, with his grey hairs crowned with roses, no person who saw him could have believed that he had been the tyrant of Corinth.

‘But,’ he would say, ‘how much has it cost me, before I became a man?—A beloved wife, two sons, and a throne.’

THE CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

NO. VII.

ON LIBERALITY: with some REMARKS on the ENGLISH national BENEVOLENCE.

Relieve the indigent, when in thy pow’r;
The act displays benevolence of mind,
And carries in itself its own reward.

SINCE the Almighty, in the creation of the world, has uniformly evinced the desire of rendering his creatures happy, how seriously it behoves all men to endeavour to imitate (as far as in them lies) the divine example, by extending the like benevolence to the distressed of their fellow-creatures! It may the further be urged, that the chief happiness and comfort of mankind consist in the reciprocity of good actions: and, give me leave to observe, What sensation is equal to the pleasure we feel, when enabled either to satisfy the cravings of the hungry, clothe the naked, or administer

administer medicine to the diseased? Commiseration to the wants, and charity to the distresses, of mankind, and that benign generosity of heart which diffuses good around, constitute the grand blessing and *summum-bonum* of society. It should seem necessary, however, to remark, that I mean not to recommend that indiscriminate bounty bestowed without judgment or foresight; for, unless liberality be dispensed with reason and discernment, it degenerates into a folly,—as, without the bestowing judiciously, we may actually encourage vice, and sanction the inconsiderate levities of the undeserving, as well as alleviate the pressure of the misfortunes of the most worthy character: yet I am ready to confess, there are too many who, to excuse their want of benevolence, urge this fear of perversion; and, let me also in justice add, there are among that number those who discover more eagerness to pry out faults in their visits to the habitations of poverty, than evince a sincere inclination to relieve their necessities.

The truly liberal man, before his generosity is displayed, weighs well the character of the object who claims his bounty, wisely considering the probable good or ill it may produce, and he decides accordingly. To the wants and entreaties of indigent worth his heart and pocket are ever open; but to the necessities of the intemperate and irrefragably wicked he checks the generosity of his disposition, and withholds his wonted munificence, fully aware that feeding the children of Extravagance would be to promote the increase of her progeny: this is real philanthropy, and thus will the justly liberal man ever act.—Every virtue has its foundation in reason; and liberality, especially, should be governed by moderation:

for, unless it be, the truly generous mind, in the superabundance of its goodness, would outstrip the bounds of its ability, and exhaust that resource which (when resorted to with prudence) proves to its possessor, as well as to the needy, a steady fountain of relief. However, though the too generous man may be reprehended as faulty, we can easily pardon his failing, since it proceeds from that redundant virtue of soul which follows the divine maxim of ‘doing as we would be done by:’ and this are we bounden in justice to do; nor need we fear reproof from the Almighty, as he will certainly remit the generous error in his creatures, since unrestrained liberality pervades all his works.

Here, reader, permit me to digress; and, as the subject must equally transport every British heart, a few observations, I trust, on the public charities of this kingdom, will not be deemed impertinent.

It is the pride and characteristic happiness of this country, and, I had almost said, distinguishes it from others, to have institutions so diffusively established, that I may, without boldness, affirm, they are calculated to meet almost the exigency of every calamity incidental to man. While, on the one hand, voluntary contribution affords appropriate dwellings for the lame and the blind, and a refuge of safety for the orphan and the widow; on the other, parochial assessment is levied in every district throughout the country, upon every one according to his ability, under different limitations, for the purpose of alleviating the necessities of the distressed members of their several and respective communities, and affording them comfortable food, raiment, and habitation.

How many, whom the hand of death hath deprived of their parents,

rents, or whom father and mother have unnaturally deserted, must have fallen the victims of hunger and want, or sunk the involuntary sacrifice of vice, had not the philanthropy of their country relieved them in the miseries of the one, or detached them from the dissolute paths of the other!—Oh! with what ineffable satisfaction do we behold those numbers of youth of both sexes in our various charitable seminaries, either warned by the kind admonitions of their patrons, or taught by education, preserved from the wiles of profligacy, or snatched, as it were, from the very brink of destruction, now fully reclaimed; and, while they are instructed to shun, they look with fear and trembling on their former course of life, and emulate each other in the laudable exercises of virtue and industry.

No institution is more honourable to this country, or more worthy its humanity, than the Magdalen:—a charity purposely calculated for the reception of those unfortunate women who have deviated from the paths of honour. Here the miserable female finds a peaceful asylum in that agonising situation,

‘When from the face of friendship driven,
By the bitterest rancour of envenom’d spite,
And calumny unfeeling.’ DODD.

She, perhaps, justly merits forgiveness, but is, alas! pursued with unrelenting hatred. Too often, I believe, is the fatal deviation from virtue condemned, without investigating its magnitude; and thus a return to rectitude is barred by the insurmountable opposition of inflexible prejudice; and we may, with propriety, conclude, it is most usually imputable to the contempt unfortunate females receive from their parents and friends that so many are driven backward on those fatal rocks where honour and inno-

cence were wrecked, and their tranquillity of mind inevitably destroyed.

But, oh! my fair readers, let not false pride or delicacy ever induce you to despise these melancholy objects of compassion; but rather, animated by the spirit of Christian sympathy, commiserate their misfortunes; and let their situations (from the horrors of which may the Almighty, in his divine goodness, protect you!) influence your hearts to console them in their agony; and, ere the insults of the world, and the perfidy of an ungrateful friend, have urged them to actions which their souls abhor, which must overwhelm them in desperate despair, save them from sad and premature destruction.—Perhaps the exercise of charitable friendship may induce a return to virtue, before vice is confirmed by dissolute habits; and, if so, they may live to reward you: at least, in gratitude they will bless you; and how divine the recompense derived from the inward satisfaction of a self-approving conscience!

But, to avoid prolixity, the benevolence of the English nation is by no means confined to their countrymen: the genial blessings of sympathy diffuse themselves to our very enemies. How many, persecuted by domestic feuds, or driven by the horrors of civil war from their distracted country, have emigrated to our hospitable shores! Among us, these forlorn outcasts have sought refuge in their calamities, and we have afforded them the most ample protection. We have not only kindly received them into society, but we have with a liberal hand subscribed to their necessities. Our beloved sovereign and family, with a promptitude peculiar to their hearts, were the first to propose, and largely contribute, in a recent instance; and his affectionate people, at the all-potent example of

royal

royal clemency, most cheerfully added to their assistance. And certainly, by the munificence of a generous people, a sum unprecedented in amount to any one ever yet obtained for a charitable purpose was collected: nor will the faithful historian neglect to transmit to posterity an action so meritorious to an enemy—that at once bears an unquestionable testimony to the feelings, and reflects the highest honour on the humanity, of Englishmen.

Every foreigner is convinced of the extent of English philanthropy; and, while secretly blushing for the apathy and the want of feeling manifested in his own country, readily acknowledges the superiority of our benevolence.

‘And o’er the world these traits our isles obtain,
To British hearts distress ne’er pleads in vain;
Not unto friend alone, but e’en to foe,
Commiseration beats to bounty’s glow.
In acts of kindness, boundless, unconfin’d—
England, thank Heaven! ’s the friend of all mankind.’
OFILLY *.

Surely, then, let us hope that we, as a nation, have the justest claim, and may place the firmest reliance, on the goodness of the Almighty; and, since we are taught that charity and humanity are transcriptive of his image, and properties in which he delights, and that he earnestly exhorts us to practise, let us trust we are not unworthy his paternal favour and kindness; and, doubtless, ‘that which he delights in, is protected.’ HENRY FRANCIS.
November, 1801.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE Parisian ladies still wear veils. Silver *chefs* are worn not

only in their *coiffures à l’antique*, but are used to form borders to coloured *fichus*, plain veils, and sometimes as trimming for robes.

The robes of the latest taste are of blue Turkish muslin: those for full dress of black crape. The *canezouts* are trimmed with lace, and without sleeves, or with sleeves without lining: the collar is very high.

Silk and cotton shawls are worn: the ground of the colour called *ramoneur* (chimney-sweeper) with a white border, or of a Turkish blue ground with an orange border. We meet with many black *fichus*, some crossed in an X on the bosom. Plain ribbands are worn.

Veils and turbans adorned with *chefs* are the *coiffures* worn in full dress. At each point of the veil, which descends below the shoulder, is a tassel without fringe. The ends of the white shawls have also a similar ornament. The most fashionable shawls are Cashmere, a yard and a quarter wide. The square shawls are from a yard and a half to seven quarters. The black hats, with a small puff in the front, are still worn in half dress. The newest necklaces are remarkable for a large plate, either square, oval, or a hexagon, connected with two elastic chains of golden meshes. This plate is frequently set with pearls. In general, pearls are much the vogue in every sort of jewellery. The elastic serpents are still in fashion for bracelets and collars. The cornelian is the favourite stone. Of the turbans, the turban *en pyramide* is one of the most fashionable. It is a simple muslin handkerchief, brought round the head with a silver band upon the forehead, pointed like a pyramid, and raised upon a foundation. The *coiffure de fantaisie* of the most admired kind is a small opera hat, with a very flat crown, ornamented with feathers, placed
on

* See that gentleman’s ‘Address to the Public in Behalf of the Masonic Society.’

on the left side of the head. It is met by a hat in the shape of a trencher, worn flat upon the right side, with a gold band, bow, and ends; the two hats thus forming a head-dress of two wings. The robe *croisée en fichu* is much admired. It is a plain robe, with handkerchief fronts, fastened on the tips of the shoulders over white sleeves, very much ornamented, forming an angle at the waist, where it is confined with a girdle and bow; then sloping off at each side, showing the petticoat in an angle exactly equal to that formed on the bosom.

The collars of the coats of the young men of fashion are not more than an inch in breadth: the boots reach above the knee: the hat is perfectly round, and the rim of it enlarges every day. We see many coats buttoned in such a manner that the waistcoat is scarcely to be seen.

The MONKS and the ROBBERS.

(Continued from p. 537.)

AS the lady Juliet recovered from the consequences of her malady, these familiarities grew more frequent; and the tenderness of the manner and expressions of Tancred every day increased. Yet, so artfully did he veil the fierce desire that raged within him, under the appearance of that affection which is derived from consanguinity, that she suspected not that those caresses, which she considered as innocent marks of esteem and affection, unmixed with any sexual ideas, were steps towards the gratification of his brutal appetite in the possession of her person; which though her calamities and recent illness had faded in beauty, in grace and symmetry remained uncommonly fasci-

nating; and of his thirst for riches and power, in the possession of her extensive domains; that those were his sole inducements to spare no pains, and neglect no opportunities, to ingratiate himself in her favour; and that his constant anxiety for her health, his undeviating attention to please and amuse her, all sprang from the same source, and were directed to the same end.

Several months had now elapsed since the decease of the lady Rodigona; and Tancred, impatient of further delay, resolved to disclose his long-concealed wishes to the lovely object of them. He had hoped that his attentions to his fair niece had lessened the opposition he expected otherwise to meet with.

'Alas, my lord!' said she, one day, when he had been endeavouring to draw her into company, 'you weary yourself in vain. I pray you, cease these entreaties. I cannot accord to them. I have no spirits for company.'

'Trust me, love!' he replied, 'the gay scenes of Palermo will restore them. Pleasure, change of place, and gay society, would quickly lull thy sorrows, and bring thee peace of mind.'

'Ah, no! it is a vain hope: my heart is torn with anguish: my lost felicity is ever present to my mind, and will embitter every moment of my existence.'

'Oh! think not so, my Juliet.—Let me hope that by me thy sorrows will be tranquillised—by me thy happiness will be restored. Let me hope, too,' he continued, taking her hand, and pressing it between his own, while he sought to read in her expressive countenance the effect which what he was about to say would produce—'let me hope, too, that I shall awaken other and tenderer sentiments in your bosom than those you at present feel for me.'

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‘That is impossible, my lord. Your kind attentions, your unwearied solicitude, your endeavours to soften my affliction and restore my happiness, have already won my utmost esteem and gratitude.’

‘Shall I then hope, sweet Juliet,’ interrogated he, again pressing the hand he held—‘shall I then hope that those attentions, those endeavours, will have the effect I wish?’

He paused, and gazed anxiously upon her; while, in evident mistake of his meaning, she, sighing deeply, answered—

‘No; I feel that happiness is not for me. Alas! the dear objects that formed it are now no more. Thou art gone, my father! And thou, too, my beloved, art at rest for ever! Never again will thy sorrowing Juliet behold thee!—never again wilt thou return to bless her, who lived only in thee! Oh! never!’—

Her voice faltered; the strong remembrance of her loss struck upon her mind, and the rising emotion impeded her utterance. She clasped her hands despairingly together; sobs heaved her bosom; and the tears, which had stood collected in either eye, streamed down her pallid cheeks.

Tancred gazed passionately upon the lovely mourner. Never to him did she appear more powerfully attractive—more irresistibly fascinating: not even when she knew nought more of sorrow than the name; when the bewitching smile of uninterrupted gaiety and peace played upon her features; when the freshness of her cheeks rivalled the blushing rose; when the animated brilliancy of her eye was undimmed with sorrow; and when her soft angelic form bounded with the light and cheerful steps of full health and spirits. But though sorrow and illness had deprived her cheeks of their rosy hue, had dimmed the lustre of

her eyes, and enfeebled her lovely form, all the graces of her beauty were not fled; her face still retained its exquisite symmetry and expression, and her figure its soft and feminine grace. The sweet air of patient sorrow, that which pervaded every thing she said or did, rendered her appearance uncommonly interesting; and, on this occasion, her look, her attitude, and the soft plaintiveness of her voice, had their full effect on the passions of Tancred.

His bosom now throbbed with wild desire; his arm stole around her waist; his eyes sparkled with passionate ardour; and, no longer master of himself, he drew her towards him. He clasped her vehemently to his bosom, and eagerly pressed his lips to hers. Confused and indignant at his behaviour, she struggled to release herself from his embrace.

‘Unhand me, lord Tancred!’ she cried, while the sweet suffusion of offended modesty crimsoned her cheeks. ‘What mean you?’

‘Forgive me, lovely Juliet!’ he exclaimed, sinking on his knee before her, and still grasping her hand. ‘Sweet excellence! forgive and hear me. I love—I adore you!’

Conviction darted at once upon her senses at these words; and, starting, she turned an eye of fear upon her kinsman.

‘Nay, start not, sweet girl! Long have I loved thee—long have I strove with my love; but I can no longer suppress the passion that devours me.’

‘Release me, lord Tancred,’ interrupted Juliet, and strove to free her hand from his grasp. ‘This is language improper for a niece to hear.’

‘Hear me, loveliest of thy sex!’ continued Tancred, still detaining her: ‘hear me, while I solemnly swear, that, without you, life and fortune are nothing. Then bid me not despair.’

despair,' added he in a tone of softness. 'Reject not my suit, beloved Juliet! let me but hope that one day, however distant, I shall call you mine.'

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN of the NAME of the COLOUR called ISABELLA.

WHEN the Spaniards, in 1601, laid siege to Ostend, then held by the Dutch, Isabella—the wife of the archduke Albert, who commanded the besieging army—made a vow that she would not change her *chemise* till the town had capitulated. The garrison defended itself during three whole years; and the *chemise* of the archduchess, as may be supposed, assumed a yellow hue. After the surrender of the place, which was reduced to a heap of ruins, the ladies in the train of that princess, wishing to pay their court to her, introduced in their dress a colour between white and yellow, which they called *Isabella*. The name has been established by fashion, and has become common, especially on the continent.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

WHEN we are young we meet with ungrateful persons; they disgust us: by degrees we become habituated to them; and at length consider ingratitude as a vice natural to the human heart.

We are incessantly told that we must be born poets. Yes, in the same manner that we must be born musicians, orators, or mechanics: that is, with the dispositions necessary to become such, which dispositions must afterwards be unfolded

and brought to perfection by study and exercise.

Honour resides on the summit of a mountain; eagles fly, and reptiles can sometimes creep to it.

We are more frequently duped by an excess of distrust than an excess of confidence.

We often meet with, in the world, a sort of extravagant persons who affect to be worse than they are: vice has her hypocrites as well as virtue.

It is the triumph of reason to live on good terms with those who the destitute of reason.

Time does not pass; it remains continually immovable, while we pass before it.

We seek in vain what we call fortune, if it does not seek us: coquetry is the dream of love.

ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of Alfonso V. of Portugal, a treaty of peace was set on foot between Portugal and Castile. Ambassadors from both kingdoms held different meetings to settle the preliminaries, but in vain. Alfonso, weary of procrastination, had recourse to a singular expedient: he dispatched one of his ministers to the king of Castile with a die, on one side of which was engraved the word 'Peace,' on the opposite side 'War.' The Castilian sovereign having agreed to terminate the contest in this manner, the die was cast, and displayed its peaceful face.—Hereupon a treaty of peace was concluded between both kingdoms for the space of one hundred and one years; and it happened to be executed to the letter, it being just one hundred and one years after when Philip II. declared war against Portugal.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE,

ON OPENING THE THEATRE AT
SYDNEY, BOTANY-BAY.

*Spoken by the celebrated Mr. BAR-
RINGTON.*

FROM distant climes o'er wide-
spread seas we come, [drum:
Though not with much *éclat* or beat of
True patriots all; for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's
good.

No private views disgrac'd our gene-
rous zeal, [try's weal;

What urg'd our travels was our coun-
And none will doubt but that our emi-
gration [nation.

Has prov'd most useful to the British
But you inquire, what could our
breasts inflame [fame?

With this new passion for theatric
What, in the practice of our former
days, [plays?

Could shape our talents to exhibit
Your patience, sirs: some observations
made,

You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.

He, who to midnight ladders is no
stranger, [Ranger.

You'll own, will make an admirable
To see Macheath we have not far to
roam; [home.

And sure in Filch I shall be quite at
Unrival'd there, none will dispute my
claim [fame.

To high pre-eminence and *exalted*
As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our
stand, [your hand,

When 'twas so dark you could not see
Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope
to start, [play his part.

Who, when well bolster'd, well will
The scene to vary, we shall try in time
To treat you with a little pantomime.
Here light and easy Columbines are
found, [abound;

And well-tried Harlequins with us

From durance vile our precious selves
to keep, [leap;

We often have recourse to th' flying
To a black face have sometimes ow'd
escape, [worth of crape.

And Hounslow-heath has prov'd the
But how, you ask, can we e'er hope
to soar [lore?

Above these scenes, and rise to tragic
Too oft, alas! we forc'd th' unwilling
tear,

And petrified the heart with real fear.
Macbeth a harvest of applause will
reap, [sleep:

For some of us, I fear, have murder'd
His lady, too, with grace, will sleep and
talk— [walk.

Our females have been us'd at night to
Sometimes, indeed, so various is our
art, [part:

An actor may improve and mend his
'Give me a horse!' bawls Richard,
like a drone; [to one.

We'll find a man would help himself
Grant us your favour—put us to the
test, [best;

To gain your smiles we'll do our very
And, without dread of future Turnkey
Lockits, [pockets.

Thus, in an honest way, still pick your

PROLOGUE to the new Comedy en-
titled 'INTEGRITY.'

Written by Mr. T. DIBDIN.

Spoken by Mr. BRUNTON.

WHERE Commerce hourly wafts a
countless store [shore;
Of wealth from ev'ry clime and ev'ry
Here, where on Industry she loves to
smile, [your'd isle,
And deck with many a gem her fa-
Long may she reign—by Freedom
check'd alone, [throne!
Her crown, Success—Integrity her
Integrity,

Integrity, the British merchant's guide,
And ev'ry true-born child of Britain's
pride!

That ore from *Virtue's* mine, which
names our play,

Meets, with respect, your *critical* assay:
If *sterling*, we demand your warm ap-
plause— [your laws.

You must support what best supports
And they are prov'd, by ev'ry cause you
try,

To owe their being to *Integrity*.

Well may such laws to fame and for-
tune raise [of praise;

Whoe'er they honour with the meed
And one of those, one by your judgment

plac'd [grac'd,

High in the rank by genuine talent
One who so oft has charm'd your list'n-

ing ears, [Stage with tears;

While mimic sorrow 'drown'd the
Whose magic powers—but needless

'twere to tell [so well:

What your approving hands can speak
She here intrusts, of justice well as-

sur'd,

The scion of a plant by you matur'd:

He, trembling, begg'd I'd venture to
request [the rest.

You'd praise what pleases, and forgive

I, to encourage, told the frighten'd elf,

'The blood of Douglas should protect

itself:

But *he*, in spite of ev'ry anxious fear,
Looks, wisely, for the best protection

here.

DIALOGUE-EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Written by Mr. T. DIBDIN.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS and Miss
MURRAY.

Julia.

THAT the stage is a mirror we all
know for certain—

Flora.

Yes, ma'am, it is written so over the
curtain.

Julia.

What a charming large glass! 'Tis no
wonder the Graces

So often come here to behold their fair
faces:

It takes in all follies, copies ev'ry com-
plexion,

And you'll all of ye own, there's fine
room for *reflexion*.

To-night, on its surface, with wonder
you saw [of the law—

An honest, plain-spoken, young man

He refus'd a rich fee—

Flora.

And a beautiful lass.

Julia.

And as all this you only beheld in the
glass,

We're come just to look if perchance
we can see

The person reflected—Sure, that can't
be he?

Flora.

That?—No, ma'am: he sits with his
muscles so steady,

A body might swear that *he's* married
already.

Julia.

That spruce man in black—

Flora.

With sharp nose and wide stare!
No—*he'd* refuse nothing that came to

his share.

Stay—yonder—Pray, ma'am, will you
just move your fan—

Julia.

As I hope for a husband, you've found
out the man!

By those features I'm sure an ingenuous
youth, [and truth:

Who vastly admires honour, candour,
By those eyes half cast down—No, I'm

wrong, I confess.

Flora.

Lord, ma'am! *he's* admiring *himself*
and his dress.

Julia.

Well, 'tis strange we can't find—Yet
the reason is plain, [vain.

To look but for *one* such an hero were
Our glass reflects *many* who *Virtue* re-

vere,

And *Virtue* can never be singular *here*.
May its beams oft illumine the mirror

before you! [fluence o'er you!

May its blessings diffuse their best in-
While Folly, abash'd, shall retire at the

sight
Of the worth that's reflected from you
ev'ry night.

[Exit.
Flora.

Flora.

So much for *reflexions*—Ere I bid adieu,
I'll leave a most pleasing reflexion for
you:—

'Tis that Plenty shall crown ev'ry
year with increase,
While from War's dreadful toil our
lov'd heroes shall cease,
And receive their reward in the bos-
som of *Peace!* [Exit.]

THE NETTLE AND THE ROSE.

AS Emma trac'd her garden's round,
At day's refreshing close,
It chanc'd the youthful fair one found
A weed—where bloom'd her Rose.

'Behold,' she cried, 'my blushing
flower,
Which sham'd the morning's pride,
Lies scatter'd ere the dewy hour
Which bids the eve subside!'

The blushing leaves, which breath'd
perfume,
Are borne on Zephyr's wings,
Whilst o'er her flow'ret's early tomb
The Nettle frowns and stings.

'Fit emblem, sure,' the maid exclaim'd,
'Of Fate's uncertain sway:
'So Virtue fades, unseen, unnam'd,
Whilst Vice usurps the day.'

She paus'd, and to her mother's sigh,
Whose arm she fondly press'd,
She rais'd the mild inquiring eye
That spok'd the doubting breast.

'Weep not thy blossoms' early blight,'
So spake the parent tongue;
'Nor mourn that day's retiring light
Still sees the weed that sprung.

'Tho' life in form the rankling flower,
This moral bear in mind—
Thy Rose has bloom'd her fragrant
hour,
And left her sweets behind.

'What tho' unlov'd, and undesir'd,
This taints the vernal air;
His being hateful, unadmir'd,
Would Emma wish to share?

'Ah, no!' the mother fondly cry'd,
'Thy juster thoughts shall own,
Far better be the flower that died
Than Nettle newly blown.'

Her Emma's mild retracting eyes
Ingenuous drops adorn,
Whilst on her cheek the tints arise,
Sweet as the Rose she mourn'd.

THE MODERN WEDDING-DAY.

YE sons of moral wisdom, say,
What is a modern wedding-day?
A day of traffic! when the mind
The potent pow'rs of int'rest bind,
When rank, connexions, fortune, share
The motives of the wedded pair!

It is a day of sordid thought,
Where Liberty is sold and bought!
Where vows are made which Truth
denies, [dies!
While Love, with smiling Freedom,
Where worldly wishes, worldly toys,
Are barter'd—for domestic joys!

A husband, or a wife, bestows
The remnant of the heart's repose;
Takes, or for better or for worse,
A transient joy,—or lasting curse,
Resigns each hope to care or strife,
And swears,—to be a slave for life!

Perchance a temper sour and teasing
Succeeds the lover's task of pleasing!
For all things change, when once the
priest

Has sanctified the marriage-feast—
Then Truth in native garb appears—
A garb that lasts for length'ning years!
Then doubt, disgust, and weary days,
Bewilder life's precarious ways;
Then sighs the wretch for Freedom's
joys,

While ev'ry scene his soul annoys;
For, wheresoe'er he drags his chain,
He bears a length'ning load of pain.

Or if, by chance, congenial minds
The priest in sacred union binds;
If Love conspire with Truth to show
That wedded faith is heav'n below;
What are the evils that await
Upon the blissful, envied state?

Children, to fill the parent's mind
With fear and anxious hope combin'd!
Sickness and sorrow, pain and woe,
Which feeling breasts are sure to know;
And Death! which heart from heart
shall sever,

And bid them part, at last, *for ever!*

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
MISS MARY FRANCIS, OF MEN-
DLESHAM.

HARK! what is this I hear?—It is
the knell

Of her departed soul that fills the air.
A sad and solemn sound, her passing
bell!

Oh, how its pealing sound assaults
the ear!

Must worth like hers so soon forsake
the land?

Can't her good deeds another mo-
ment give?

Oh! must she go, at lurid Death's com-
mand?

Can nought on earth her early doom
reprieve?

Can't youth or beauty save her from
the tomb?

No, no; they're vain! (though a de-
lusive show:)

For, lo! th' Almighty hand hath sign'd
her doom;

Nor can we e'er reverse it here be-
low.

E'en as the rose which withers in its
bloom,

Pluck'd from the tree by some un-
wary hand;

Whose faded leaves afford a sweet per-
fume,

And spread a fragrance far around
the land—

So she, cut off e'en in the bloom of
youth,

Ere yet arriv'd the noon-tide of her
days,

Has left a name endu'd by sacred
truth

To be the matchless herald of her
praise*.

Lament not, friends, her life so soon is
o'er;

Her transient stay with mortals here
on earth;

For, lo! she's wafted to that peaceful
shore

Where angels dwell, to join their
heav'nly mirth.

* —: be the worthless herald of a lie.

SHAKSPEARE.

And ye, surviving fair ones! boast no
more

Of youth or beauty, since they are
so frail;

But fading flowers at best, which soon
are o'er,

And of their boasted influence leave
no trail.

When you shall gaze on the angelic
form

Reflected from the mirror's polish'd
face,

Remember age will very shortly come,
And beauty to deformity give place.

Even he, who'd fain perpetuate her
name,

Shall shortly want the boon he means
to pay,

To save him from oblivion; for his
frame

Must soon dissolve, his intellects
decay!

T.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD SOL-
DIER, WHO DIED IN A WORK-
HOUSE.

YE sons of Genius, ye whose polish'd
rhymes

Can make the hero live to future times;
With flowers poetic can adorn his name,

And make it glitter on the rolls of fame;
Permit a village Muse, with feeble

breath,

To sing, in simple strains, a soldier's
death;

Nor let the kind, the generous, and the
brave,

Sink down uncelebrated to the grave.
Permit my Muse to pierce th' incum-

bent gloom,

And snatch his mem'ry from th' obli-
vious tomb.

In early life, seduc'd by Glory's
charms,

He left his humble plough to carry arms;
Left the fair scenes of happy solitude,

To traverse plains with human blood
imbru'd.

Ah! how unlike those scenes of rural joy
The fields of Dettingen and Fontenoy!

Where thousands, in the bloom of
health array'd,

Led by their chiefs, were swept to
Death's cold shade;

Where

Where Havoc rear'd her sanguinary
 head,
 And smil'd upon the dying and the dead.
 In forty-five—when, from the scowl-
 ing North, [forth,—
 Rebellious Scotia pour'd her miscreants
 With loyal zeal he join'd the martial
 band, [land;
 And drove the rebels to their native
 To guard their rightful prince their
 swords they wield,
 And fought, and conquer'd, in Cullo-
 den's field:
 There royal William, at one signal
 blow, [low.
 Laid all the hopes of proud rebellion
 But say what bright reward, what
 brilliant meed, [deed?
 Awaits the private soldier's gallant
 Doubtless that realm for whom he
 fought and bled
 Will shield from poverty his aged head.
 Ah, no!—when he can fight and bleed
 no more,
 He seeks a refuge with the parish poor.
 In work-house doom'd to draw his
 'latest breath, [way to death!
 Where all that's dreadful paves the
 Though Britain to thy worth no tri-
 bute pay,
 Accept, heroic shade! this humble lay.
 What though no volleys thunder'd o'er
 thy dust; [bust;
 Though o'er thy relics rise no sculptur'd
 Yet, gallant vet'ran! the untrophy'd
 grave
 Affords a sweet quietus to the brave:
 Nor can the chieftain proud, with star-
 gilt breast,
 Boast sounder slumbers, or serenest rest.
Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

SONG,

FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER RE-
 TURNING FROM ENGLAND.

By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, *Author of*
'The Farmer's Boy.'

NOW fare thee well, England!—no
 farther I'll roam, [way home;
 But follow my shadow, that points the
 Your gay southern shores shall not
 tempt me to stay,
 For my Maggy's at home, and my
 children at play;
 'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on
 my brow, [bosom its glow?
 Gives my sinews their strength and my

Farewel, mountaineers! my compa-
 nions, adieu! [ver'd from you,
 Soon, many long miles when I'm se-
 I shall miss your white horns on the
 brink of the bourn,
 And o'er the rough heaths where you'll
 never return:
 But in brave English pastures you can-
 not complain, [Maggy again!
 Whilst your drover speeds back to his
 Oh, Tweed, gentle Tweed! as I pass
 your green vales,
 More than life, more than love, my tir'd
 spirit inhales;
 There Scotland, my darling, lies full in
 my view, [tains so blue!
 With her bare-footed lasses and moun-
 To the mountains away:—my heart
 bounds like the hind; [so kind!
 For home is so sweet, and my Maggy
 As day after day I still follow my course,
 And in fancy trace back ev'ry stream to
 its source,
 Hope cheers me up hills, where the
 road lies before, [of wild moor,
 O'er hills just as high and o'er tracks
 The keen polar star nightly rising to
 view— [true!
 But Maggy's my star just as steady and
 Oh, ghosts of my fathers—oh, heroes!
 look down; [deeds of renown;
 Fix my wandering thoughts on your
 For the glory of Scotland reigns warm
 in my breast, [from rest:—
 And fortitude grows both from toil and
 May your deeds and your worth be for
 ever in view, [worthy of you!
 And may Maggy bear sons not un-
 Love, why do you urge me, so weary
 and poor?—
 I cannot step faster, I cannot do more;
 I have pass'd silver Tweed, e'en the
 Tay flows behind; [shall find:
 Yet fatigue I'll disdain, my reward I
 Thou sweet smile of innocence, thou
 art my prize, [gy's blue eyes!
 And the joy that will sparkle in Mag-
 She'll watch to the southward—per-
 haps she will sigh,
 That the way is so long and the moun-
 tain so high!—
 Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk
 she may see, [surely is he!
 And will say in her fondness, 'That
 Good wife, you're deceiv'd: I'm still
 far from my home; [I'll come.
 Go sleep, my dear Maggy—to-morrow
 FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Moscow, Sept. 27.

IMMEDIATELY after the coronation, a proclamation was published, by which his imperial majesty releases all ranks of persons from subjection to the recruiting service during the remainder of this year; all fines hitherto not collected are remitted; persons imprisoned for debts to the crown, who can prove by credible witnesses that they are unable to pay, to be set at liberty, &c. &c.

Constantinople, Sept. 30. The English ambassador, lord Elgin, and the brother of general Hutchinson, who brought intelligence of the capitulation of Alexandria, have received the new Turkish order of knighthood, which was formerly conferred on lord Nelson, and the insignia of which consist of a crescent, with stars richly set with diamonds. To celebrate the surrender of Alexandria, the grand seignior has given liberty to 250 galley slaves, and ordered all persons to be released who were detained in prison for debts under 150,000 piastres.

On the 25th the grand seignior went in solemn procession to the mosque, to return thanks to Providence for the recovery of Egypt. On this occasion he took the title of 'Gazi, or the Victorious.'

The illuminations on the 22d and the following days extended along the canal to the distance of eighteen or twenty Italian miles. Some of the palaces of the sultanas were illuminated with more than 20,000 lamps.

The Porte has sent an especial deputation to the English commander in Egypt, to congratulate him on the success of his arms.—Our trade now begins rapidly to revive.

Madrid, Oct. 2. It appears that there exists still some fermentation among the inhabitants of the country parts near Valence; and that the small number of mal-contents, which

could not succeed in making the people be guilty of excesses at the time of the establishment of the provincial militia, hope to mislead them by other means. The emblems of feudality are torn down wherever they are met with; whoever shall pay the seignorial dues is threatened with death; the authors of these disorders are not numerous, but they are determined, and do not want a certain degree of capacity. It is believed that it will be sufficient to remove them, in order to re-establish speedily perfect tranquillity. In the mean time, some corps of troops have been sent from the coast, and the government is taking the most proper steps for preventing new troubles. The friends of order have been invited to take up arms against the seditious; it has been forbidden to any one to sound the marine trumpet, because it is the signal of the mal-contents; fathers are declared responsible for the conduct of their children, and masters for that of their domestics; large rewards are promised to whoever shall kill or take the leader of a tumult; in short, all the authorities are directed to watch the conduct of the inhabitants, and to take up the mal-contents. The king has appointed, as captain general of that province, Don Ventura Caro, a person known for his probity, experience, and wisdom.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 6. On the 4th inst. in the morning, we received from Moscow the long-wished intelligence of the crowning of our universally beloved sovereign, Alexander I. This joyful news was immediately communicated to the inhabitants by the discharge of 101 pieces of artillery, and the ringing of bells: in the evening the whole city was splendidly illuminated.

Vienna, Oct. 14. In the night between the 12th and 13th instant, the French ambassador Champagny re-

ceived a courier from Paris, with advice that the preliminaries of peace between England and France were signed on the 1st of October; which intelligence he immediately communicated to our court, and the foreign ministers here, with expressions of the greatest satisfaction.

Hague, Oct. 22. The new state directory was constituted on the 17th. It consists of the citizens Beveren, Bransten, Hoogstraten, Leeuw, Queysen, Spoors, and Verheyen, appointed by the late directory; and citizens Haersolte, Besler, Pymann, Lowe, and Van Burmannia Rengers, chosen by the seven first-named members. Citizen Beveren was chosen president, according to the 20th article of the new constitution.

Oct. 24. Yesterday the state directory proceeded to the nomination of the new legislative body. The greatest part of the 35 members of which it consists, belonged to the former legislation, and are at present at the Hague. There are 13 from the province of Holland, five from Guelderland, three from Batavian Brabant, three from Eutricht, three from Overijssel, three from Friesland, three from Groningen, and two from Zeeland. We are now anxious to see whether those members who had a share in the late stadholderian government, as Boezelaer, Collet d'Escury, Meermann, Van Linden, Van Lunenburg, Dampar, and Rengers, will accept their places, and follow the example of the two Orangists, Branzen and Burmannia Rengers, who have taken their seats in the directory. This will be a great step towards that union of parties which it is now endeavoured to effect. The directory will immediately proceed to organize the departments.

The prince of Orange, it is said, has asked of the French government 600,000 florins, to indemnify him for the loss of his estates in Belgium.

It is asserted here, that the definitive treaty of peace at Amiens will occasion a considerable change in the present situation of the Scheldt.

It is said, that, in consequence of a stipulation between France and Eng-

land, Osnaburg will be secularised in favour of Hanover.

Berlin, Oct. 25. Peace being now restored between England and France, the motives which occasioned the taking possession of the electorate of Hanover now no longer exist; his Prussian majesty has therefore determined that his troops shall evacuate the same; the necessary orders to which effect will be immediately forwarded to lieutenant-general Kleist. — The courts of London and Berlin will, according to accounts that may be relied on, immediately enter into negotiations relative to the subject of Hanover.

Hague, Oct. 27. The late director Ermering has given in a new protest relative to the form of the new government and its establishment, but which, however, has been without effect. His colleague, Van Swinden, has made no protests, but yesterday left the hotel of the present state directory, and returned with his family to his residence at Amsterdam, where he will resume his former place as professor of physic. — On Saturday the twelve state directors drew lots to determine the number of years that each shall continue in his place, by which it was decided that citizen Pymann shall go out next year, and a member each ensuing year, in the following order: Verheyen, Rengers, Hoogstraten, Spoors, Lowe, de Leeuw, Besler, Haersolte, Queysen, de Beyeren, and Branzen: the last will, therefore, remain in twelve years. The members of the state directory have each a salary of 10,000 florins, but no place of residence at the public expence.

An English ship has arrived at Brill, with different kinds of goods, which it has landed, and taken in a new cargo. More ships are expected.

The division of the Batavian fleet at Flushing, with a great number of gun-boats, has been dismantled.

Paris, Oct. 30. The minister of general police has adopted the requisite measures for delivering passports to such foreigners as may wish to travel into France. Foreigners who come by sea, and who land in the ports of Ostend, Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Cherbourg, Gran-

Granville, St. Malo, Nantz, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Certe, Frejus, and Nice; shall there receive, from the magistrates authorised to that effect, passports which have been transmitted from the capital for their accommodation; but foreigners who shall land in any part of France, not mentioned above, shall wait in such place till the minister of police sends down the necessary passports.

Hamburg, Oct. 31. Though the court of Berlin has given orders for the evacuation of Hanover, the Prussian minister is employed in certain modifications to be presented to the British court; these modifications rest upon the principle of free bottoms making free goods; in consequence, the Prussian ships will be charged, in future, in presence of the Prussian consuls, who shall deliver a certificate to the captains of the vessels that their cargo contains no contraband merchandise. If the English captains entertain doubts of the authenticity of the certificate, they will have a right to carry the ships into the nearest port; but, at the same time, when the authenticity shall be acknowledged, they shall be responsible for the consequence.

Calais, Nov. 4. Citizen Mengeaud, commissary-general in the ports of the Channel, and of the Pas de Calais, has published the following notice:

"In answer to the numerous inquiries and complaints relative to the expences of passports for embarking from or landing at Calais, travellers are informed, that the only thing demandable in that respect reduces itself to the payment of the stamp-duty on the passport. Beyond that, every thing has been, and should be still, matter of generosity and pure will."

Paris, Nov. 5. We hear from Leghorn, that the French advice-boat, the *Victoire*, arrived from Longone in two days, has returned to port. This is the vessel which the French government had sent to Corsica and the Isle of Elbe, to carry the news of peace with England. The captain deposed, that at the receipt of this news on the Isle of Elbe, all operations against Porto Ferrajo had ceased.

Hague, Nov. 7. The 27th demi-brigade of French auxiliary troops is gone to Flushing. The embarkation commenced three days ago; and while we are writing, the squadron which is to carry them to St. Domingo has without doubt set sail. There remain now here not more than 6000 French troops.

Calais, Nov. 7. Lord Cornwallis was not able to leave this place until the day after his arrival at three o'clock in the afternoon, on account of the difficulty in landing the carriages, which were on board the vessel that struck. He set out in very dreadful weather. The general of brigade, Ferrand, commandant of the coasts of the department of Calais, on horseback, placed himself at the head of his escort, and conducted him as far as Boulogne. There, after having supped with his excellency, he received from him a pair of pistols of the greatest beauty and rarest workmanship. We do not believe such beautiful arms could be made in any other country; but this present, rich and honourable for a soldier, was nothing in comparison with the polite and flattering manner in which it was bestowed.

Paris, Nov. 9. This day, at half past 11 o'clock, his excellency marquis Cornwallis, minister plenipotentiary of his Britannic majesty to the congress at Amiens, was introduced by the minister of foreign affairs to the chief consul, with whom he had a private audience.

16. By a proclamation of the 10th inst. the consuls have decreed, that conformably to the 33d article of the constitution, the session of the legislative body shall commence on the 1st Frimaire (22d November) at noon, at Paris. By an arrêté of the same day they have decreed the ceremony of the opening of the session; it is to be announced by several discharges of artillery; the minister of the interior is to receive the members of the legislative body; these counsellors of state are to repair to the legislative body, and one of them is to make a speech in the name of the government.

HOME NEWS.

London, Oct. 2.

THE following letter was sent to the French prisoners confined in Porchester castle, on the preliminaries of peace being signed:—

“London, Oct. 2, 10th year.

“The commissary of the French republic, in England, to the secretaries of French prisoners of war, at the depot of Portsmouth.

“Citizens!—I am eager to inform you that the preliminaries of peace between the French republic and Great Britain were signed last night at London. May these happy tidings resound throughout the prisons, and may each of your comrades of misfortune learn, that the moment of his deliverance is not far off. Assure them of the interest that their critical situation has always inspired me with, and that I shall employ myself, without intermission, with the means by which they may be restored to liberty and their families. Health and fraternity.

(Signed) OTTO.

Bristol, Oct. 12. On the approach of the London mail yesterday, which brought the news of peace to this city, it was met by a numerous company of horsemen, and its arrival at Temple-gate was announced by a discharge of cannon and the ringing of bells; when the following cavalcade passed through the city to the Bush tavern:—

1. A company of dragoons, with drawn swords, and decorated with laurel, &c.

2. One of the city officers, with a large flag, on horseback.

3. Mr. Weeks, in his cavalry dress, accompanied by a gentleman blowing the trumpet, in a triumphal car, decorated with laurel.

4. The mail, drawn by eight horses, with gilt crowns and laurels on their heads, richly decorated with flags, ribbons, and laurel,

5. A company of dragoons, as before.
6. A prodigious number of horsemen, &c.

The whole was conducted in extreme good order, and amidst many thousands of spectators.

Oxford, Oct. 12. A very splendid and general illumination took place in this city and university, in celebration of the happy return of peace. The parts of the different colleges which front the streets were beautiful in the extreme.

London, Oct. 13. The following melancholy accident occurred on Saturday evening last, during the public rejoicings:—As Miss Savage, of Newington Butts, an accomplished young lady, was standing at the door of her mother's house, in conversation with a gentleman who pays his respects to her, a flash of lightning suddenly came and discharged a pistol that he held in his hand into the face and eyes of the young lady, who, we are sorry to say, is dreadfully disfigured by the accident, and great apprehensions are entertained for the recovery of her sight.

A young man, the son of a respectable lincn-draper in the Strand, went to the shop of a banking house, and presented a forged draft for 510l. A gentleman in the shop, out of compassion to the youth, resisted the draft twice, but being again urged, the young man was desired to walk into the back counting-house, when, being told that it was a forgery, he instantly drew out a three-barreled pistol, loaded with slugs, with which he attempted to shoot himself, but was prevented. The keeping company with some loose women at the west end of the town has been the cause of his ruin.

14. The Gazette of last night contained a proclamation for the discontinuance

nuance of hostilities by sea and land, in compliance with the conditions of peace.

The Gazette also contained an order in council, declaring that passes will be delivered as soon as they can be interchanged, for the security of merchant ships sailing during the cessation of arms.

14. A great number of ships have been directed to be paid off immediately. Orders were issued on Monday for the paying off of sixty-three, most of which are of the line. Recruiting parties for the sea and land service have been called in. The sea-fencibles are to be disbanded immediately, and a considerable reduction is to take place in the numbers of the regular regiments, both infantry and cavalry.

General Lauriston set off this morning, on his return to Paris. He returns, as he has more than once said, impressed with a deep sense of obligation for the very flattering and distinguished manner in which he has been received by all ranks of people.

One of the couriers who accompanied him fell off his horse at Charing-cross, near the equestrian statue. He was not hurt at all, though his dress of scarlet and gold suffered a good deal from the mud. The populace lifted him again on his horse, and gave him a loud huzza.

Norwich, Oct. 14. On the last mail, viz. Ipswich, coming into town, persons with flags, &c. insisted on mounting the coach, which the coachman, from a knowledge of the spirit of his horses, remonstrated against, but in vain, and it was almost miraculous that the catastrophe was not dreadful:—On the firing of pistols and the shouting of the people, the horses became maddened; and the coachman losing his command of them, they went full speed down the market-place; the only chance he now had of preserving the lives of his passengers, &c. was to keep the horses from going into the inn-yard, which they attempted, and which he with great difficulty and exertion prevented. In this struggle between them, the horses got upon the pavement and fell; the carriage, suddenly losing that motion which impelled it forward, was thrown off its centre, and fell upon its flat side, throwing the

persons upon it to some distance, with considerable force; the coachman, the guard, and every one, was more or less bruised, but no bones were broken, and it is hoped no one materially hurt. The first sensations felt by this alarming accident were painful in the extreme; loud shrieks were issued from various parts of the market-place, and two or three ladies absolutely fainted away; but the feelings of the multitude were again roused into shouts of joy, when they found that no material injury had been sustained.

Air, Nov. 1. Last night it blew a tremendous gale from the W. and N. W. with the heaviest fall of rain, at times, ever known in this country. About noon this day, the sloop George and Sophia, Malcolm Morrison master, from Belfast to Greenock, with linen and butter, appeared in the Bay, having lost her main-sail, boom, and gaff, in the preceding gales, and run for this harbour, where the immense rush of water from the river, swollen by the previous prodigious fall of rain, cast her unfortunately behind the North Quay. From this perilous situation, five brave seamen, fearless of danger, set off in a boat for their relief—viz. David Hurd, mate of the ship Flora, James Anderson, J. Meek, P. Anderson, and John M'Kenzie; when, melancholy to relate, a prodigious sea struck the boat and overset it, by which the three first were unfortunately drowned: Peter Anderson, by getting hold of the bottom of the boat, and John M'Kenzie, by means of an oar, kept themselves afloat till a second boat, with seamen equally despising danger, went boldly to their assistance, and brought them safe off, viz. captain W. Lawson, Hugh Porter, M. Lyon, James Hume, Joe Paton, and two whose names are not known. The sloop has since been brought into harbour, but full of water.

Dover, Nov. 3. The Nancy, captain Lattimor, arrived this morning with dispatches for M. Otto. The marquis Cornwallis arrived at the York-hotel last night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, and sailed about eight this morning, in the Swift, captain Blake, for Calais; he was accompanied by lord Broom, colonel Little-

hales

hales, lieutenant-colonel Nightingale, and Mr. Moore, who embarked with him; also the Princess Royal packet, captain Thomas Hammond, with Mr. Dressen and Mr. Hunter, jun. king's messengers; and the Queen Charlotte, captain Curling, with five carriages, and near fifty passengers, wind N. A great concourse of people collected to see the marquis embark, and saluted him with three hearty cheers as he left the Pier; he looked very well, and seemed much pleased with the respect paid him.

Yarmouth, Nov. 3. Arrived here last night, his serene highness the prince of Orange, and it is expected he will embark on board the Diana packet, captain Stewart, for the continent. The chief magistrate and principal inhabitants of the place waited upon the prince this morning, at his hotel.

Plymouth, Nov. 3. Sunday night it blew a hurricane, which lasted all next day, accompanied with the most tremendous hollow sea seen for many years at this port. The men-of-war in the Sound dragged their anchors, but brought up again. The Earl St. Vincent brig-of-war, of 16 guns and 60 men, lieutenant H. Boyer, rode so hard at her anchors in the Sound, that in the night of the gale she parted both anchors; lieutenant Boyer set only the storm fore-sail, and her yards were topped fore and aft to the wind. In this situation she got to the entrance of the Catwater, amidst the breakers. Fortunately the tide was setting into Sutton Pool, and the trawlers were moored in two lines, with a free passage-way. The fishermen hailed her to keep the entrance of the Pier open. Being a good sea-boat she answered the helm, and lieutenant Boyer ran her plump through both Piers in upon the mud, to the joy of hundreds of spectators, who witnessed her perilous situation; for had she missed stay she must have gone ashore on those dreadful rocks near Deadman's Bay, where all hands must have perished. The Cambridge's cutter, in going on board her in Hamoaze, was swamped alongside, but the midshipman and all hands on board were saved.

Scilly, Nov. 5. On Monday morning last, at ten o'clock, the brig *Esperance*, of London, Wm. Barber master,

from Penzance, bound to Venice, laden with pilchards, parted from her cables in St. Mary's Road, (in a violent gale of wind at W. S. W.) and was driven on a reef of rocks, between St. Mary's and Truro. The crew remained on board, in a very perilous situation, for upwards of an hour; when finding the vessel falling to pieces, and no hopes of any assistance from the inhabitants, from the situation of the vessel, and the violence of the gale increasing, they at length ventured in their own boats, and happily reached the island of St. Martin's in safety. At three o'clock in the afternoon not any part of the vessel remained, nor was any part of her saved; a few hogsheads of pilchards were taken up next day, but very much damaged.

A few days since, miss Powis, of the Low Farm, near Stokesdon, Salop, was unfortunately drowned on her return from Bridgenorth market, in crossing a rivulet called Moor Brook, which was so much swollen by the violent rain, as (it is supposed) to wash her off the horse by the rapidity of the current.

Exeter, Nov. 9. During the storm on Monday, a child was blown over the bridge into the river, and, being carried by the current under Pine's Mills, was drowned. The mother of the infant witnessed the singular and calamitous accident.

London, Nov. 21. In a case that was argued yesterday in the Court of Common Pleas, the judges were unanimously of opinion, that a tender of bank notes in payment is not generally a good tender, though the legislature had declared it to be good under particular circumstances, such as to prevent an arrest. It had been contended by counsel, that the meaning of the act of parliament would be imperfect if it was not construed generally.

A vessel bound from London to Calais, and having on board several persons belonging to his excellency marquis Cornwallis, and baggage and furniture, destined for his residence at Amiens, was driven into Boulogne on the 2d, the day of the fête to Peace, by contrary winds. It appears by the quantity of articles, and the report of those who have the care of them, the richness and elegance

elegance of the liveries, dresses, and other effects, with which the vessel is laden, that marquis Cornwallis means to display during the congress the utmost magnificence.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 3. The lady of John Staniforth, esq. of George-street, Hanover-square, of a daughter.

4. At Laugharne-castle, Carmarthenshire, the lady of Richard J. Starke, esq. of a daughter.

In Rutland-square, Dublin, the lady of the right. hon. William Forward, of a son.

5. In Princes-street, Hanover-square, the lady of Thos. Meyrick, esq. of Lamyon, Pembrokeshire, of a daughter.

7. Mrs. W. Parish, of Guildford-street, of a son.

Mrs. J. Gosling, of Upper Fitzroy-street, of a daughter.

8. The lady of sir Hugh Dalrymple Hamilton, of a daughter.

9. At Stonehouse, Devonshire, the hon. Mrs. Dashwood, daughter of the right hon. the earl of Kinsale, and lady of capt. Dashwood, of the royal navy, of a son.

10. The lady of Charles Pole, esq. of a daughter.

12. At Hill, Scotland, the lady of captain Walker, of the royal navy, of a son.

At Edinburgh, the hon. Mrs. captain Hunter, of a son.

14. The lady of Henry Augustus Leycester, esq. of Ashton-Hayes, Cheshire, of a son.

21. In Chandos-street, the lady of vice-admiral sir Charles Morice Pole, bart. of a still-born daughter.

MARRIAGES.

October 17. At Catton, in Norfolk, the hon. G. Irby, eldest son of the right hon. lord Boston, to miss Rachael Ives Drake, daughter of Wm. Drake, jun. esq. late member for Amer-sham, in Buckinghamshire.

At Hemel-Hampstead, Herts, John Leigh, of Liverpool, and the city of Dublin, merchant, esq. to miss Hilton,

daughter of Wm. Hilton, Bury-house of the same place, esq.

21. at Paddington, James Frapavel Day, esq. of Tavistock-street, to Mrs. Setree, of Paddington.

28. At Mary-le-bone Church, William Glen Johnston, esq. of Nottingham-place, to miss Harriot Mary Richardson, of Mortimer-street, second daughter of the late sir George Richardson, bart.

Nov. 2. At Bramham, by the rev. James Willoughby, Edmund Garforth, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the East York regiment of militia, to miss Catharine Assheton, youngest daughter of the late rev. Richard Assheton, D. D. rector of Middleton, in Lancashire, and warden of Manchesters.

3. Mr. Lano, of South-street, Manchester-square, to miss A. Townson, of Threadneedle-street.

On Saturday, at Otley, Harvey Walklet Mortimer, esq. of Fleet-street, to miss Ritchie, of the former place.

4. At Aldersgate-church, James Grant, esq. of Cheapside, to miss Smith, eldest daughter of Robert Smith, esq. of Aldersgate-street.

Mr. Whitford, of Broad-street-buildings, to Miss Helena Wells, of Westminster.

6. Lawrence Brickwood, esq. of Lime-street, to miss Sismey, sister to captain Sismey, of Offord Cluny, in the county of Huntingdon.

Mr. Knight, of Pimlico, to miss Mary White, of the same place.

7. At the parish-church of St. Mary-le-bonne, J. F. Steadman, esq. of Bread-street-hill, London, to miss Greening, daughter of Thos. Greening, esq.

10. In St. Margaret's church, Westminster, by special licence, George Elles, esq. M. P. to miss Parker, daughter of Sir Peter Parker, bart. admiral of the British fleet.

14. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, James Macmaster, of Doughty-street, Guildford-street, esq. to miss Roberts, of Southampton-buildings, Holborn.

14. John S. Walton, esq. to Mrs. Charlotte C. Diemer, widow of the late rev. Dr. Diemer, of Calcutta, in the province of Bengal, in the East Indies.

At Bishopsgate church, Mr. James Ebenezer Saunders, fish-factor, to miss S. Gondge, daughter of Alexander Gondge, esq. of Norton-Falgate.

15. At Huntingdon, William Clark, esq. of Water-lane, Tower-street, to miss Sarah Edis, daughter of Matthew Edis, esq. of the former place.

At St. James's church, the rev. John Myers, rector of Watton-on-the-Hill, in the county of Surrey, to miss Woodman, daughter of John Woodman, esq. of Ewell, in the said county, and niece to Warren Hastings, esq. late governor-general of Bengal.

At St. Ann's. Soho, Mr. W. H. Houghton, of the navy-office, to miss S. A. Kidington, of Great Portland-street.

At Madron, in Cornwall, lieutenant By, of the royal engineers, to miss Baines, of Penzance.

At Manchester, Fred. Colquhoun, esq. of London, to miss Jane Hanson.

17. The rev. John Kennedy, curate of Kincotte, Leicestershire, to Mrs. Storace, widow of the late eminent composer, Mr. Stephen Storace.

DEATHS.

October 22. At Thoresby park, Nottinghamshire, the hon. Evelyn Pierrepont, one of the representatives of the county.

In Duke-street, St. James's, in the 9th year of his age, sir William Hay, bart. The title devolves to his first cousin, the infant son of the late colonel Lewis Hay, who was killed at the Helder.

Mr. Oddie, of Bear-yard, Lincoln's inn-fields.

At Petersham, in the county of Surrey, Francis Rush Clark, esq.

At his apartments in Colchester Barracks, William Ross, esq. lieutenant of the grenadier company of the East Middlesex regiment of militia, and the only son of Mr. Ross, of Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury.

27. At Bish-court, Surrey, in the 83d year of his age, John Ewart, esq.

On board the City of London East-Indiaman, on her homeward-bound passage, aged 20, Mr. John Walton

Dale, eldest son of Mr. Dale, Hatton-garden.

31. At Sutton-on-the-Forest, near York, the rev. Henry Goodricke, prebendary of Grindall, in that cathedral, rector of Hunsingore, and vicar of Aldborough, both in that county; and younger brother to the late right hon. sir John Goodricke, bart. of Ribston. He was born the 31st of October, 1719.

Nov. 2. At Silkstead house, near Winchester, greatly regretted, Mrs. Travis, wife of Robert Travis, esq. and sister to the right hon. lady Muncaster, being co-heiress of the late James Compton, esq. and lineally descended from the earls of Northampton.

7. At his house in Charter-house-square, the rev. Anthony Natt, A. M. in the 87th year of his age.

Mrs. Dorothea Younge, second daughter of the late Joan Vernon, esq. of Lincoln's-inn.

At his house in Cavendish-square, two months after the decease of his wife and infant son, the hon. John Cochrane.

After a long and painful illness, Blanchard Coward, esq. of Brentford.

At Brighton, Thomas Higgins, esq. of Finsbury-square, London.

At Woodford, Essex, Mrs. Sophia Hillersden.

8. After a very short illness, lieutenant John Turner, of East-hill Signal-house, near Walmer-castle.

At her seat at Sedgwick-park, Sussex, Mrs. Elizabeth Nelthorpe.

Mrs. Turner, wife of Mr. Henry Turner, of Belgrave-place, Pimlico.

Mrs. Hiller, wife of Mr. J. Hiller, of Crosby-row, Walworth.

Mrs. Millikin, wife of H. B. Millikin, esq. of Norfolk-street, Strand.

13. At his house, in Harley-street, capt. Roberts, of the Rodney West-Indiaman.

At Hunningham, in the seventh year of her age, the hon. Louisa Townshend, fifth daughter of the right hon. lord Bayning.

Miss Preston, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Preston, of Miles's-lane, Cannon-street.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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- 5 MUSIC—THE HARPER; translated from the German, and adapted to the original Music, composed by REICHARDT.

LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Oppressed Widow (founded on fact) is intended for insertion in the Supplement.

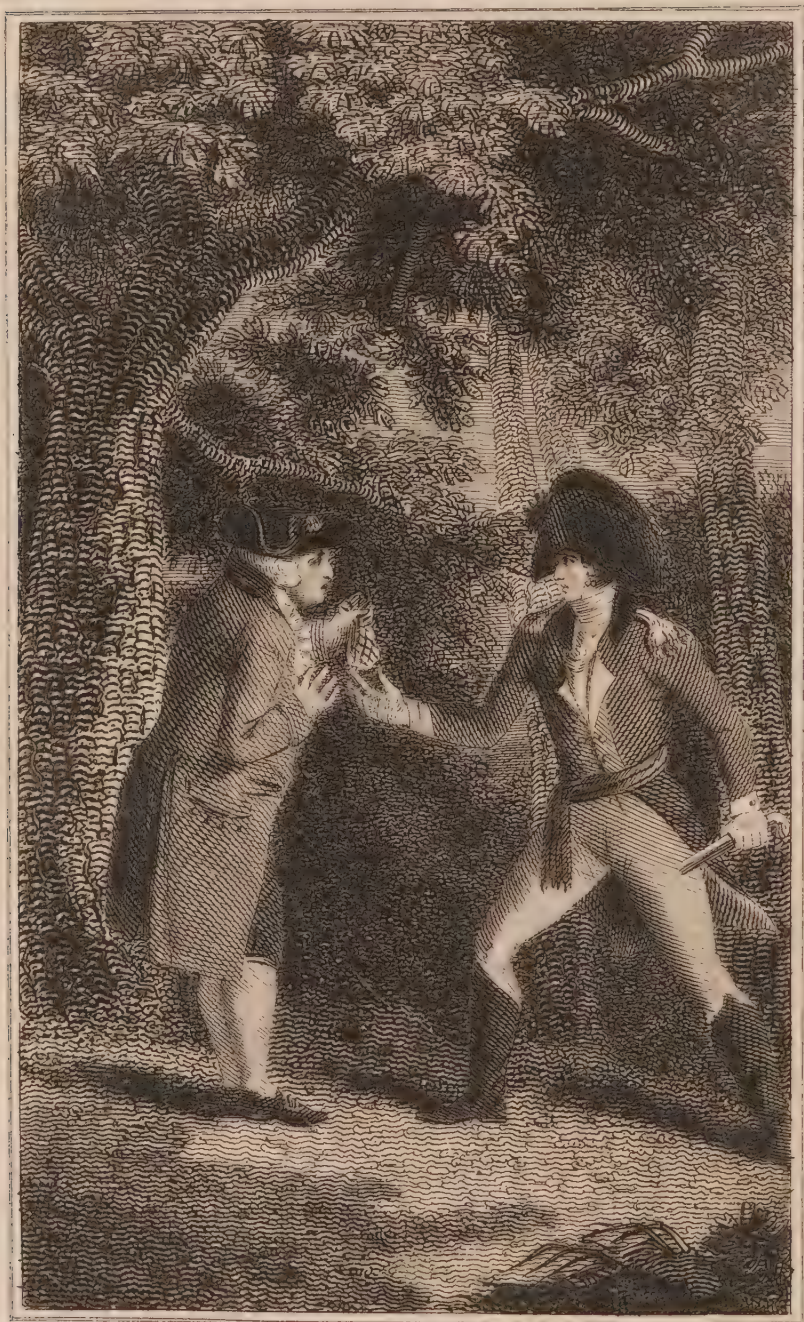
Mr. Smith's Stanzas will be very acceptable.

The Essay by Lorenzo requires revision.

We are obliged to Louisa-Eliza for the further continuation of Count Schweitzer, which has been received.

P. Grove's Verses have been received; as have also—The Expostulation, a Poem—The Farewell, addressed to Miss C****—Hymn to Peace, by Juvenis—Stanzas by R. Y.—Ode to Patience—and the Wish, by Sophronia.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Natural Child.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR
DECEMBER 1801.

THE NATURAL CHILD;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

AMONG the troops employed in quelling the disturbances that lately existed in Ireland was a private soldier of the name of Warner, who, by his assiduity and bravery, had gained the favour of his officers, and been promoted, first to the rank of corporal, then to that of serjeant; and, on his return to England, an ensignsy was given him. In his whole behaviour towards the misguided inhabitants of the country, he had shown as much forbearance and generosity as he had displayed courage in action, when the sanguinary contest could not be avoided.

With such a disposition it may be supposed that the heart of Warner was susceptible of the tenderest of passions. He had in fact married, before he left England, a young woman, neither deficient in beauty nor virtue, though entirely destitute of all the gifts of fortune. By her industry she supported a sickly mother, who had seen more prosperous times, and on whose delicate frame grief had preyed, till she was at length so reduced, that she was unable to contribute in any manner towards her own maintenance, and obliged to depend entirely on the labours of her daughter, whose utmost exertions were scarcely sufficient to

furnish them with a scanty meal. At length, soon after the departure of her husband, the daughter, finding herself unable with all that she received and could procure to support her declining parent, applied to the parish for relief, and they were in consequence passed to a distant part of the country, where the letters of Warner no longer reached them, and where they languished on the scanty pittance afforded them by parochial charity.

Warner was not a little surprised that he heard nothing from his wife, and especially that he had received no congratulations on his advancement, of which he had faithfully sent her an account; and it was not till the return of his regiment to England that he discovered the cause. He immediately obtained leave for a short absence; and, having informed himself of the place to which his wife and her mother had been removed, hastened thither, and found a scene which almost drove him to distraction. His Lucy had been brought to bed, in the workhouse, of a daughter, and, for want of proper care, was in an extremely dangerous state; while her mother lay at the point of death on a wretched and filthy bed in the same room.

Warner had as yet received no pay from his commission, and had brought but little money with him; for he had but little, and this little was immediately expended, while all that was dear to his heart lay ready to perish. Almost frantic with indignation, he flew to the overseer, demanding the immediate removal of his wife and her mother to a warmer apartment, and that they should be furnished with more comfortable accommodations, suitable to their condition. He was told, however, with a supercilious sneer, that they had been treated as well as others in similar circumstances were treated; that the parish could afford no better accommodations; and that, as to allowing any thing more on the credit of himself or his appearance, it was not probable that he had either money or credit, or his wife and her mother would hardly ever have come there.

After much fruitless altercation, Warner resolved to repair to sir John Gravely, a neighbouring justice of the peace, to represent the barbarous conduct of the overseer, and to obtain an order enjoining him to act with more humanity. He found sir John coming out of an avenue, shaded by some lofty trees near his house, and immediately made known to him the nature of his application. Sir John, however, answered him, very coldly, that he never interfered in such affairs; for that he knew the overseer might be safely relied on as a humane, as well as a prudent man, and that he never suffered the paupers to want, though he was, as became him, very careful not to be profuse of the money raised on the parish.

Warner had now recourse to entreaties, gave the most moving description of the wretched situation in which he had found his wife and

her mother, briefly related his own history, and at length requested the loan of a few guineas, which he assured his worship he should soon be able to repay. All the answer he received, however, was a sneering insinuation that he was an impostor, who had neither wife nor mother, and who had invented this new mode of obtaining money.

Fired with indignation at such a charge, Warner drew a pistol, and swore that the justice should accompany him to the work-house, and be convinced by his eyes that what he had told him was true. Sir John, seeing him thus determined, assured him that he was now satisfied, from the ardour of his manner, that all he had said was true, and that he would see the cause of his complaints removed: but he requested to be excused going with him at that time, as he had a very particular engagement. Then, taking out his purse, he gave it him, telling him to procure with that money whatever was immediately necessary for the use of the sick persons, and that he would himself meet him at the work-house the next morning, and see that they were provided with every comfortable accommodation.

Warner, with the most ardent expressions of thankfulness, took a guinea out of the purse, and returned it; after which he repaired with all speed to the work-house, whither he was almost immediately followed by the justice, who had brought with him a constable to apprehend him for a robbery.

When sir John entered the room in which was Warner, his sick wife, and her dying mother, he could not resist the scene he beheld. The honest soldier was uttering benedictions on the good justice who had sent them a present relief, and promised to come in the morning and see their wrongs redressed; while his wife

wife joined in blessings on their benefactor.

‘What is his name?’ said the dying mother.

‘I have heard it is sir John Gravely.’

‘One Gravely—I mean your father, child—was the cause of all my misfortunes; another may perhaps save your life, though nothing can save mine.’

The curiosity of sir John was now excited; and he advanced, and addressed some consoling words to the dying woman.

‘Gracious Heaven!’ exclaimed she, ‘how much that voice resembles that of my Frank, as I used to call him. Oh! though he betrayed me, and left me plunged in want and misery, my heart still bears a fond and constant affection towards him!’

Mutual inquiries followed, and an explanation took place, by which sir John was convinced that the wife of Warner was his own *natural child*. With her mother he had early in life formed a connexion; and soon after going to the East-Indies, left her without making any provision for her. He had there accumulated a large fortune, with which he returned to England, and had lately purchased the mansion-house in which he resided, together with the neighbouring manor. He clasped the dying woman, who, overpowered, in her exhausted state, by surprise and joy, kissed him, and expired in his arms.

As an atonement for the miseries his desertion and neglect had brought upon both the mother and the daughter, he settled a large annuity upon the latter, during his life-time; and, having no legitimate children, at his death left the greater part of his estate to Mr. Warner,

THE VAPOURISH VALETUDINARIAN;

A CHARACTER.

[From Dr. Moore's ‘Mordaunt.’]

SAMSON Plaintive, esq. is a man of about forty-seven years of age, above six feet in height, and of a very robust constitution; but, unfortunately for him, he had been left heir to a very considerable estate.

His father died when little Samson was only five years old, leaving him entirely to the care of his mother, a woman exceedingly whimsical about her own health. This good lady was likewise so anxious about that of her son, that, partly from affection to him, and partly from hatred to the next heir, she often brought the child to the brink of the grave through solicitude to keep him out of it. Yet, in spite of the pains she took to preserve him from the *cold air*, in spite of the clothes with which she loaded him when he went abroad, and in spite of all the drugs she obliged him to swallow, such was the natural strength of his constitution, that he was, in all appearance, a very stout healthy man at the age of twenty-three, when he lost his mother: I say in appearance, because he asserted at that time, as he has done ever since, that his constitution was remarkably delicate, and wonderfully susceptible of all manner of diseases.

Mr. Plaintive's mind was not so vigorous as his body: though the latter had withstood all the efforts of his mother, the former became their victim. He gradually was infected with all her whims; and at last his chief, indeed his only care, was that of his health; and, according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose, for he always declared himself to be in bad health;

health; and nothing provoked him so much as hinting that he was in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he kept much within doors, he was obliged sometimes to have recourse to books as an amusement, and took some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle, however obstinate, or no adventure, however surprising, delighted him so much as that of some severe distemper, in which the symptoms were faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Mr. Plaintive was continually consulting practitioners in physic of every denomination, though he never admitted that any of them had done him any permanent service. Those of the profession who advised him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismissed as theorists and men unacquainted with the *common practice* of medicine.

Mr. Plaintive was fond of telling long stories: he was generally the hero of his own tale; and being of the opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversity, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phraseology, the incidents of the narrative were seldom entertaining.

That any person, who has lived to the age of manhood in this world, and had opportunities of observing how completely mankind are occupied with themselves, and how little with others, should imagine that the history of his complaints, real or imaginary, could interest his whole set of acquaintance, would seem impossible, if we did not meet every

day with people who, by their fondness of repeating such histories, seem to be of that opinion. Those who are continually occupied about themselves are generally the most intolerable to others; and, in thinking that an account of their state of health can greatly interest their acquaintance, they must believe all their acquaintance of opposite characters to themselves, as they must be conscious that they never bestow a thought on any body's health but their own.

Indeed nothing else, whether of a public or private nature, can much interest them: a victory, a massacre, the dethronement or murder of kings or queens—in short, the greatest calamity that can happen to any individual, or to any number of individuals, interest such people little, in comparison with a fit of the tooth-ache, or a pain in their own little-finger.

Though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it than Mr. Plaintive. His complaints, no doubt, were often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wished his friends to think them: this appeared by his habitual exaggerations in the answers he returned to all messages respecting his health. He sometimes announced that he was indisposed, when even he himself knew that nothing ailed him, merely to have the pleasure of receiving sympathising inquiries concerning his health; and if he observed from the window any acquaintance coming to call on him, he has been known to throw himself under the cover of the bed, and declare to his visitor that he was unable to move across the room.

At other times, when he really was in bed, and had not been heard

to make any uncommon complaint that morning, if he heard the foot of a friend, who was to be admitted to his bed-side, he would groan so loud that the visitor heard him before he entered the chamber.

As Mr. Plaintive's favourite theme of discourse was always tiresome and often disgusting, he found it difficult to obtain steady listeners, except in such as had some personal interest in being so. This consideration first suggested to him the thought of marrying. An agreeable-looking young woman, of no fortune, but of an accommodating disposition, struck his fancy, and he paid his addresses to her.

The young lady was not mightily captivated with her lover: but her relations assured her that she was a most fortunate woman; that such a husband was a far more valuable prize than the highest in the state-lottery; that, to secure her own happiness, all she would have to do was, to listen to her husband's narratives with a patient ear and a sympathising countenance.

As Mr. Plaintive was a very stout-looking man, she thought that his complaints could not be many: she therefore yielded to the entreaties of her relations, and accepted his hand.

But it happened, unluckily, that Mrs. Plaintive, from her childhood, which with her lasted longer than the usual period, had been noted for an incessant propensity to prattle. This disposition, fortified by habit, she retained till the day of her marriage. From that time, in compliance with the injunctions of her relations, and to secure her own happiness, she allowed her husband to engross the discourse, which generally consisted of a history of his complaints.

Though she thought that she had some reason to complain as well as

her husband, yet she had the resolution to hold her tongue.

But it was soon evident that the character of a listener, in which she had never before appeared, but in which she made strong efforts to shine, did not agree with her constitution. This was obvious to all the world, except to Mr. Plaintive. He was so occupied with his own feelings, that he paid no attention to those of his wife, but engrossed the conversation every day so unmercifully with his own doleful narratives, that she hardly ever could find an opportunity of throwing in a single sentence; and the poor woman died of the shock occasioned by this unnatural retention.

The same unfeeling disposition which had proved fatal to his wife hindered Mr. Plaintive from suffering severely on account of her death. He seemed to be much annoyed, however, by the lamentations of some of her relations; and he had a great dislike to wearing black; which two circumstances made him swear, that no consideration should prompt him to marry a second time, that he might never more be subjected to the same inconveniences.

LOVE AND DEATH;

A FRAGMENT.

[From a French Writer.]

LOVE and Death resemble each other in many points. Both of them are blind, both are armed with darts, and both are equally cruel. Death strikes the prince and the peasant, levels the sceptre with the spade; and Love exercises the same empire. Both despise honours and riches: they acknowledge no distinction among mortals. True Love, like Death, never dies. These two tyrants

tyrants of human life leave us no consolation but sighs and tears; they are equally insensible to intreaties and to bribes. The principal difference between them is, that Death at last triumphs over every thing, but Love cannot overcome virtue.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

THE most certain indication of wisdom is an habitual serenity, as the tops of high mountains are above the region of clouds and mists.

True pleasures are alone enjoyed by the man of sensibility and charity. Every thing around him speaks to his heart; the joys of others become his own; and the relief he endeavours to afford to the sufferings of those in distress affects his own soul with the most lively sensations of happiness: but all nature is cold and barren to the man of a frigid heart.

How unhappy is the unjust man, even on the throne: he remains alone amid the crowd by which he is surrounded. The man of integrity is never alone; he is ever with brethren whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved.

Lockman, the celebrated Persian moralist, relates the following story of himself:

‘I was once,’ says he, ‘so poor, that I had not wherewith to buy me a pair of shoes, and was obliged to go bare-footed. However patient I had till then been, I now became very dissatisfied with my lot, and entered the temple at Cússa extremely melancholy and discontented. I there saw a man who had no legs; reflecting on whose condition, I no longer complained of wanting shoes, but gave thanks to God, from the bottom of my heart, that I

could still walk, though bare-footed. How much better is it, thought I, to be without shoes than without legs! If this poor man could recover his legs, how ecstatic would be his joy, though he should have no shoes!’

The reason that many men want their desires, is, because their desires want reason. He may do what he will that will do but what he may.

As there is a folly in wit, so there is a wisdom in ignorance. I would not be ignorant in a necessary knowledge, nor wise above wisdom: if I know enough, I am wise enough; if I seek more, I am foolish.

Abundance is a trouble, want a misery, honour a burden, baseness a scorn, advancement dangerous, disgrace odious: a competent estate alone yields the quiet of content. I will not climb, lest I fall; nor lie on the ground, lest I be trodden upon: I am safest whilst my legs bear me: a competent heat is most healthful for my body; I would desire neither to freeze nor to burn.

A large promise without performance is like a false fire to a great piece, which dischargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will fore-think what I will promise, that I may promise but that I will do. Thus, whilst my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions, I shall be careful in my promises, and just in their performance. I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do.

When I see leaves drop from the trees, in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.



Bull.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 574.)

DIVISION II. SECTION II.

CLOVEN-HOOFED ANIMALS.

In general, herbivorous or granivorous: some with horns, others without.

Genus.	Species.	Genus.	Species.
Ox, - - -	5	Camel, - -	3
Sheep, - -	2	Hog, - - -	5
Goat, - - -	2	Rhinoceros, -	2
Giraffe, - -	1	Hippopotamus,	1
Antelope, - -	26	Tapier, - - -	1
Deer, - - -	13	Elephant, - -	2
Musk, - - -	4		

LETTER XXXIII.

From *Eugenia* to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

IN the contemplation of the horse and ass, we are inspired with sensations of gratitude to the bounteous hand of Providence, for granting us animals so amply qualified for the execution of various necessary arduous pursuits. These laudable impressions cannot fail to be considerably augmented, when we extend our views to those species which were evidently designed for our sustenance; such as the ox, sheep, hog, &c. These useful animals constitute the most essential part of the nutriment which sustains our life, and by their various qualities serve to administer not only food but many articles of clothing. Our animal nature requires a constant supply of nourishment; yet it appears consonant to the benign suggestions of humanity; to object to a general carnage for the support of an individual. Man is the most rapacious of animals; as he preys on the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the vegetable productions of the earth:

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yet this universal appetite is not to be imputed as a fault, or the mode of gratification that he seeks deemed culpable; as Providence wisely ordained these several creatures and things to our use, and from the earliest ages accepted them as oblations, and assigned them as food for the human species. If the different animals above specified were not killed in regular succession, they would so superabundantly increase, as inevitably to cause a famine, which is a strong argument in favour of converting them to the purpose of affording us nourishment; and so uniform are the operations of Divine Wisdom, that there appears no chasm in any of the species which afford us a constant supply. Having thus far, by way of exordium, justified the depredations we commit on the animal world, I shall beg leave to give your ladyship an idea of the ox genus: the distinctive marks of which are,—horns bending outwardly, in a lateral direction; eight cutting teeth in the lower jaw, and none in the upper; the skin on the lower side of the neck pendulous. It may be proper to observe, that the term ox denotes black cattle in general, and is evidently an epicene noun, as it may be applied with propriety to either gender; yet it is commonly understood in a more partial and limited sense; therefore it will be necessary to specify the several individuals by the appellations of the bull, ox, and cow, as their properties are various, and their habitudes different.

THE BULL.

The generic specific marks of the common bull and cow are, round horns, with a large space between their bases. The bull is of such a ferocious nature that it is scarcely possible to subdue his untractable disposition in a sufficient degree to

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render

render him generally useful to mankind; as, notwithstanding he is capable of being trained to labour, his obedience is uncertain, and subject to frequent paroxysms of rage and impetuosity. These inherent qualities cause the bull to be of little service, except in the continuation of his kind, as his propensities are savage, and his efforts formidable; insomuch, that a herd of bulls would exhibit a tremendous spectacle. The cow is of a more gentle nature: her voice, like that of all females, is of a milder cadence than the male's, which is a tremendous bellow or roar. Her lowing is generally exerted as a token of her timidity or apprehension, as she is of a passive inoffensive disposition. The cow produces one calf at a birth, and her time of gestation is nine months. The length of life of the several individuals comprehended in this species seldom exceeds fourteen years. They sleep light and at short intervals, and are easily roused. They are also of a ruminating nature, which is a nutritive process occasioned by the animal having four stomachs; and is, in fact, nothing more than a re-action of the first stomach on its contents, by a slight emetic effort, which enables the being thus endued to more perfectly concoct its food by what is usually called chewing the cud. These animals vary in colour and marks as well as dimensions. They appear to be natives of temperate climes, and are still found wild, in small numbers, in the marshy forests of Poland, the Carpathian Mountains, and Lithuania; as also in Asia, about Mount Caucasus. The largest of the tame kind are bred in Holstein and Poland, and the smallest in Scotland. The cow, when we examine the several treasures she yields, appears an epitome of wealth to those whose desires are

circumscribed by the common demands of nature, as she perpetually ministers those articles most conducive to their nutriment. The calf is delicate food for adults; the milk effectual nourishment for children; the butter, and cheese, that are made from her lacteous produce, are essential articles of sustenance: in fine, every part of these animals is of important use; as their horns, hide, flesh, milk, blood, and fat, serve for various purposes. The cow, exclusive of these services, will also submit to be yoked to plow the ground; and, to sum up the whole, when she has employed her life in the service of man, in her last stage she proves a source of his subsistence, as her flesh is excellent beef.

The ox is of so tractable a nature that he is perfectly adapted to the purposes of severe labour; as, notwithstanding he is slow, he is extremely strong. The time appropriated to these services should be from the third to the tenth year of his age; as, if he works beyond that period, it injures the quality of his flesh for food. The patient endurance of these animals is a wonderful proof of the dominion of man over the brute creation; as they submit to the yoke, and perform their destined course with perfect submission; therefore, when they manifest a degree of ferocity ungenial to their common habitudes, it may be ascribed to the wanton cruelty of their guides, or the change of their local situation. The bull, ox, and cow, are capable of having their age ascertained by the state of their teeth and horns. The centre fore-teeth fall out when they are ten months old, and are replaced by others which are broader, but not of so white a hue. At the age of sixteen months those next to the former are shed, and are succeeded by others.

covered with long, harsh, black hair; the chin, under-side of the neck, and dewlap, are covered with long coarse hairs of the same hue. From the horns along the ridge of the neck to the middle of the back there is a long, loose, black mane; the body is covered with short, dark, cinereous hair; the base of the tail is almost naked, and of an ash hue; the remaining part clothed with long black hairs. The skin is of a thick and tough texture; the horns are thick at the base, bend outward, and afterward suddenly invert; their length along the curve is one foot nine inches; and from tip to tip eight inches and a half; their distance at the base is three inches. The length of an animal of middling dimensions from nose to tail is eight feet; the height five feet and a half; the trunk of the tail is one foot nine inches. This species inhabit the interior parts of Africa north of the Cape of Good Hope: they are also found in the interior regions of Guinea, where they are called 'aurochs.' In those torrid climes the hair is less bushy; but, from the exalted state of the herbage, the animals are of a superior magnitude to the other kinds.

There is another species of 'aurochs' briefly noticed by some travellers, which are described to resemble the common ox, except in dimensions, as their size is larger. Their heads are small; their horns short; their hair on the breast curled; and they have beards like the goat kinds. These animals are remarkably fleet. They are called 'baas' by the Nammaquas, and are very nearly similar to the gnou antelope.

THE DWARF OX.

The horns of this animal are erect, recede in the centre, and nearly meet at the points. It is of an

intermediate size between the stag and roebuck. Its limbs are compactly formed; its hair is of a tawny-brown hue, and shining quality. It has short legs; a thick neck; and shoulders inclining to be elevated. The tail is terminated with hairs of an extraordinary coarse texture. This species is probably a variety of the lant; however, it is described by Belon, who asserts it was brought from Asamie, or Azasi, a province of Morocco, situated on the ocean.

In these several species, how judiciously are their various properties suited to their individual condition, and general convenience of the community at large! Nothing but our limited comprehension could induce us to regard the most essential blessings as partially dispensed; as, the further we search into the economy of nature, conviction naturally ensues of the universal benefits granted to mankind. The terraqueous globe is amply adorned with verdure for the support of animals needful for our existence, which delight the eye, engage our affections, and sustain our life. These inferior beings are endued with a sufficient degree of instinct to perform their several functions with unerring regularity. As the Scriptures emphatically declare, 'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib.' This portion of intellect is all their state requires, as more refined sensations would be useless to creatures whose chief importance consists in their ministering to the convenience and sustenance of the human species. The dispersion of these animals, in their several varieties, over the earth is a subject of grateful admiration; and the peculiar consideration of the domestication of quadrupeds, apparently superior to restraint and uncongenial to subjugation, must needs induce us to ascribe their acquired tractability

to the divine permission of Providence, whose will can soften the most obdurate natures, and quell the most outrageous efforts. These reflexions I am conscious are but a transcript or counterpart of those animated sensations which perpetually exist in your ladyship's mind, and produce the most perfect adherence to just principles; which is evidenced by consistency of conduct, and, among a circle of other virtues, beams forth in humane attention to every member of the brute creation. Such humanity, combined with philanthropy, is an inexhaustible source from whence diffusive comforts are dispensed and derived. That your ladyship may receive as great a portion of this mental balm as I am convinced you liberally grant, is the sincere wish of

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

On the EFFECTS of FLATTERY.

[From a Paris Journal.]

THE critics of the fair sex tell us they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquetish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are! it is the fable of the lion and the man; but since the ladies have become authors they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But if the ladies were what surly misanthropes call them, who is to blame? Is it not we who spoil, who corrupt, who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise, to her face, her charms, her taste, and her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that

nothing can resist her attractions; that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften; nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue; when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day; that her form is fairer than summer, more refreshing than spring; that her lips are vermilion; that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the carnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple in which the Loves and the Graces wanton; that reflexion clouds her brow with care; and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught is, that beauty supersedes and dispenses with every other quality; that all she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent is to be pedantic; and that to be more learned than one's neighbour is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment,

ment, recommends the art of the beau, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. With all she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority?

Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise when she hears that the universe must be proud to wait her commands; that the utmost of a lover's hopes is to be the humblest of her slaves; that to fulfil the least of her commands is the highest ambition of her adorers?

And are women so unjust to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation: when men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the taste of the men; they only adapt themselves to it. They may corrupt, and be corrupted; they may improve, and be improved.

ON GOOD FORTUNE.

A RELIANCE on good fortune, or that extraordinary concurrence of events we do not foresee, supports a man in imminent danger, elevates his soul, and lessens that dread which he otherwise would feel in his mind: when about to execute some great achievement, he sees and weighs the difficulties and dangers he has to encounter.

This reliance on his good fortune produced that noble presumption which Cæsar, when yet but young, showed during his imprisonment in the island of Pharmacusa, among the pirates of Cilicia; who were then, by reason of their large ships and numerous fleets, masters of the sea,

and, at the same time, men of the most sanguinary character. Cæsar sent all his attendants to the adjacent towns, to collect money for his ransom, and stayed, accompanied only by his physician and two servants, with these barbarians, whom he treated with great contempt: often, when he went to rest, he ordered them to be silent, and not to disturb his sleep. The Cilicians required twenty talents for his ransom; and Cæsar, laughing at them as if they did not know what a valuable prisoner they had, promised them fifty. He continued perfectly easy and intrepid for near six weeks, jesting and diverting himself with these rude outlaws. He composed discourses and poems, which he read to them, and called such as were not affected by them barbarians and idiots. He went so far as often to assure them, with a laughing countenance, that he would have them all hanged; and, in fact, he hardly regained his freedom, before, taking some ships which he found in the harbour of Melitum, he directly attacked these pirates close to Pharmacusa, took the greatest part of them prisoners, and condemned them to be crucified.

The same reliance on his good fortune caused in this same Cæsar the memorable instance of intrepidity he showed a few days before the battle of Pharsalia: when, disguised in the habit of a slave, he went in a little bark to meet the fleet of Anthony, which was not come up, a violent tempest arose, and threatened immediately to overwhelm them in the waves; when Cæsar, taking the trembling pilot by the hand, said, 'Courage, man! you carry Cæsar and his fortunes!'

Columbus conjectured that a new world might be discovered; and, persevering in his good fortune, he discovered America.

Hence it appears, that a noble self-esteem actually gives us the power to exalt ourselves above the weakness of human nature; to exert our talents in praise-worthy enterprises; never to yield to the spirit of slavery; never to be slaves of vice; to obey the dictates of our conscience; to smile under misfortune; and to rely upon seeing better days.

NINON L'ENCLOS' LAP-DOG.

[From a French Journal.]

ALL the world has heard of Ninon l'Enclos, who preserved her beauty for near a century. Ninon l'Enclos' lap-dog was a neat, sleek, clever little cur, and his name was Raton. This celebrated beauty, so much admired, as well for the charms of her wit as the graces of her person, never went abroad but Raton was her constant companion. At table she used to place him in a basket beside her plate. He was, as history relates, her physician. He took care that his mistress should observe the strictest regimen, which preserved her beauty, her health, and her good humour, till she was a hundred years of age, and this because she abstained from coffee, ragouts, and liqueurs.

Raton permitted in silence plain soup, a simple roast or boiled joint of beef to pass; but whenever his mistress attempted to touch ragouts, he growled, looked stern, and absolutely prohibited all seasoned dishes. Their arguments on these occasions formed a most animated sentimental dialogue; and the doctor, after some pretty hard disputes, generally carried his point. Sometimes he permitted a few light *entremets* to escape his severity; but to others he was inexorable, particularly when his

nostrils were assailed by the odour of spices.

The attentive doctor allowed the different courses to succeed without the least demand for himself; nor even did he show the least longing for the breast of a pullet, or any other tit-bit. He was none of your physicians who preach temperance over turtle and venison. But as soon as the dessert entered, up he rose, leaped on the table-cloth, wagged his tail, ran backwards and forwards, paying his court to the ladies till he got a few macaroons, or some such thing, to appease his hunger.

He allowed his lady to eat as much fruit as she pleased, and to use sugar if she liked it; but as to coffee he was inexorable. As soon as the cordials were produced, Raton pressed close to his mistress, snatched up the glass, and hid it in the corner of his basket. If Ninon attempted to put her lips to the nectar, our four-footed Sangrado growled furiously. If she persevered, he was as ready to bite as show his teeth. He would bark, grin, and snap, and every body wondered to see such *hippocratical* zeal lodged in so small a body!

'Doctor,' said Ninon, 'at least you will allow me to take a glass of water?'

At these words he smoothed his wrinkled front, and composed his quivering jaws; and, in token of reconciliation, they drank out of the same tumbler. He then accepted and munched up his accustomed cheese-cake, skipped and gamboled about the room, triumphing in his victory, proud of guarding the life of his faithful mistress.

Ye fair, who eat without scruple whatever is put before you, think of Ninon l'Enclos' physician! But so rare a treasure never fell to the lot of any other but Ninon l'Enclos. In-

comparable

comparable physician, so tender yet so rigorous! Alas! poor Raton! His remains are still to be seen in the Museum of Natural History. There, stuffed with straw, is exhibited the skin of this matchless guardian and preserver of beauty! Go, ye fair, and visit his remains; and, while you melt over the memory of this paragon of animals, be guided by his prescriptions!

ESSAY on DRESS.

[From the French.]

THERE have been at all times violent declaimers against an attention to dress, which has also had, from time immemorial, illustrious defenders. In fact, it is averred, that the most polished and enlightened nations have been precisely those that have been most addicted to the cultivation of the arts of dress. It seems as if there were an immutable analogy between a taste for the arts and a taste for dress, in such a manner that the latter may almost be considered as a certain thermometer of the degree of the former.

Among the ancients the goddess of science had for her attributes, on the one side, books and mathematical instruments, and on the other, needles, spindles, and instruments for embroidery. Their mythology, which was almost always an allegory equally just and ingenious, proves that the instinct of genius (for experience, in this respect, they as yet could not have) had caused them to discover this relation.

Let us cast a rapid glance over the nations who loved and cultivated the arts. We shall find that the poets, the philosophers, the *petit-mâtres*, and the beauties, vied with each other in their exertions to charm the mind and the eyes; the

former by the lustre of their talents, the latter by the allurements of personal ornaments.

In Greece both were frequently equally solicitous to adorn at once their persons and their minds: thus we find that Plato, the wise Plato, seldom went to the Academy without his purple mantle; and it was Aspasia, the coquette Aspasia, who taught rhetoric to Socrates.

It is to be remarked, likewise, that the *tonish* ladies of Athens were almost all equally polite and well informed; while those who made a merit of not being in the fashion piqued themselves likewise on not being able to spell*.

The ancient rival of ancient Athens, Marseilles, which produced so many illustrious men of learning,—Marseilles, whose urbanity is extolled by Livy, and which Pliny calls the mistress of the arts,—was so celebrated for the attention of its inhabitants to dress, that, as Athenæus tells us, they became proverbial for it.

It was when the fine arts flourished among the Romans, in the time of Virgil, Sallust, and Athenodorus, that Rome was most devoted to fashions and dress. Horace complains of this: yet, when the return of Augustus was to be celebrated, his flattering Apollo advised the Roman ladies to adorn themselves with their most modish ribbands.—‘Let some one seek,’ exclaims he, ‘the singer Neræa! Let her come habited in her most brilliant robe, to celebrate with me this happy day!’

In the fifteenth century learning was revived and cultivated in Italy, and with it were cultivated the arts of civility and dress. In the following age Paris became the asylum and centre of the arts, and fashion the idol there universally worshipped.

* Travels of Anacharsis.

If, from the nations which have cultivated letters, we pass to the great men who have protected them, we shall find a new proof of this connexion. Pericles went every day from the cabinet to the toilette, to the apartment of Aspasia. The elegant Lucullus was as celebrated for his eight or ten thousand dresses as for his victories over Mithridates. 'His superb residence at Rome might be considered,' says Plutarch, 'as a palace of the Muses.' The master of the world, Augustus, sent for a mirror and adjusted his hair, when dying; and the famous Mæcenas, so great, so active, when the affairs of the state required discernment and vigilance—when they were no longer urgent, was as anxiously attentive as a woman to the embellishments of his person.

Leo X., Francis I., and Lewis XIV., loved and encouraged equally improvements in dress and the arts. At the same time that Peter the Great founded academies and opened public libraries, he invited the Muscovite beauties to his court, and presented them with gowns of a new shape. He civilised the fashions; and it was by his orders that the Russians shaved their beards. Examples of this kind might be greatly multiplied; nor are others wanting to prove, that, where literature and the arts have been neglected, dress has likewise been equally disregarded.

The Stoics were great enemies to dress; and they condemned, in like manner, all cultivation of style and language. The Carthaginians had no taste for learning; neither had they any, notwithstanding their great trade and wealth, for dress. The people of Croton equally despised it; and we are told, also, that, in their eyes, the most laudable act of Jupiter was his having driven

from heaven the god of the arts, the elegant Apollo.

A beautiful thought appears still more beautiful when arrayed in suitable and ornamental language; and the same motive which incites us to embellish reason with grace, must naturally induce us to heighten personal beauty with ornament. The mind is the beauty of men, and the care which they take to cultivate it is an indirect example which they give the women to adorn their beauty: that beauty which is to them the first gift of nature; or, at least, that to which they attach the greatest value, and which the greater part of men will ever consider as their most essential endowment. A well-suited dress, put on with taste, will make conquests, aided by some portion of beauty and wit, and sometimes even alone. Men may be made very secure prisoners by being enchained with ribbands: the strongest bond is not always that which holds them fastest.

Since all men avoid those who have not the good fortune to please them, why should they condemn those who are unwilling to omit any thing which they think may conduce to render themselves agreeable?

M. de Buffon has somewhere said, that our dress is a part of ourselves; and, however little we may have studied mankind, we must be convinced of the justness of this reflexion. It would be difficult to determine whether, when we commend their figure and their beauty, they find themselves more gratified than when we praise their taste in dress, and the grace with which they wear its ornaments: it is at least almost certain that they would prefer the latter praise to that which is bestowed on many (perhaps more valuable) endowments.

With respect to the importance attached

attached by women to dress, is it their fault if exterior objects always make the greatest impression upon them? Is it their fault, also, if almost the first ideas presented to their minds have dress for their object? Is it not, in some measure, the first art which they are made to study, by giving the doll into their hands? The toys of infancy are frequently only the means of conveying disguised instruction suited to that age.

Dress, in general, seems to be naturally so important to, I will not say women only, but even men, that among the Lacedæmonians, who certainly gave little encouragement to coquetry, young persons were permitted, by way of encouragement or reward, to ornament their habits and arms. They perfumed themselves, and carefully adjusted their hair, on the evening preceding a battle; and when they were drawn up to engage their enemies, the king, after having caused the song of Castor to be played, ordered them to crown their heads with chaplets of flowers.

At Rome, even at the time when her manners were most austere, the senate, on a very extraordinary emergency, in some manner authorised and consecrated a taste for dress. The vengeance of Coriolanus, as is well known, was subdued by the entreaties of his mother and his wife, and Rome was indebted solely to their tears for her safety and her liberty. What did the senate in this case? Did it decree crowns, statues, and public homage? Nothing of these. To discharge the debt of the country to the amiable sex, it passed a solemn decree, permitting the Roman ladies to add a new ornament to their dress. The love of dress, it may indeed be admitted, is generally a proof of frivolity of mind; but we should judge

wrong, were we to suppose it an invariable sign of effeminacy or want of courage: nay, it is an error to imagine it incompatible even with genius and exalted sentiments. Alcibiades, the disciple of Socrates, was the best-dressed and most fashionable man of his time. But, though he was elegant and polite at Athens, delicate and voluptuous in Ionia, and sumptuous with the satrap Tissaphernes, he could live at Lacedæmon with all the austerity of the most rigid Spartan, and was a great general at the head of armies. The famous Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, was one of the most celebrated *pétit-mâtres* of antiquity. He was generally esteemed as a model of Roman eloquence and fashionable extravagance. He is said to have commenced an action against a careless fellow, who in passing him had disordered the folds of his robe. The ridicule which this great orator did not fear to encounter in this instance is a remarkable proof of the importance which he annexed to his dress.

There was at Rome, in the time of Quintus Flaminius, a Messenian, named Dipocrates, a man addicted to all the fopperies and immersed in all the most fashionable luxuries of the age. One day, after having, at a sumptuous entertainment, feasted on the most delicate dishes, and drunk deeply of the most costly wines, he put on a very effeminate dress, and went to a ball at which Pleasure and the Graces presided. When this was over, the elegant fop mounted a curricule of that time, and, humming the most fashionable air of the day, drove to the house of Flaminius, to request his assistance in executing a plan he had formed for detaching Messina from the Achaean league.

‘I will consider of it,’ said Flaminius: ‘it is certainly well conceived;

ceived; but I could not have imagined that a person who would dance in the dress in which you now appear could have been capable of forming a plan of such magnitude."

The history of the French revolution will furnish more than one example of similar versatility and seeming contrariety of character. The promenades and spectacles of Paris, the walks of *Bagatelle* or *Tivoli*, have exhibited more than one Dinocrates. More than one Alcibiades, accustomed to all the enjoyments of luxury, all the delicacies of voluptuousness, has been seen, when oppressed by poverty, or proscribed by tyranny, to renounce, with heroic indifference, his perfumes and his pleasures; and, when brought to the scaffold, to die like Socrates or Malesherbes.

Experience therefore proves, that a taste for dress does not preclude acute ideas, or extinguish noble and generous sentiments; and if the most illustrious men did not endeavour to dissemble this taste, and the most austere nations did not fear to encourage it, why should it be condemned in those who live in an age like the present?

The HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE.

(Concluded from p. 582.)

THE generous Raymond did not lose a moment before he sent to inform the two friends of the triumph they had obtained. When they received this intelligence, they found themselves revived by a dawn of hope; but there still remained many obstacles to be removed to relieve them entirely from the pains of uncertainty. On the following day, in the presence of all they held dear, they were either to see their wishes fully accomplished, or to become

the prey of the most cruel grief and despair.

While they were exerting all their efforts to repel their fears, without daring to believe in the possibility of their happiness; while they at once complained of the tardiness of time, and dreaded its speed, the count de L****, restrained by the doubts which he could not elucidate, confined himself to the forming of a secret wish that he might again find his son, at the same time carefully concealing what passed in his heart, through fear of augmenting the painful feelings of the countess by inducing her to conceive a hope which there was too little certainty would ever be realised. He had seen her tremble with anxiety when she learned that two strangers, who had acquired signal glory, were the next day to receive the reward of their noble labours; she had, indeed, not been able to refrain from exclaiming, in the presence of the count, 'Where is my son?' and, after this afflicting question, abruptly quitted the room, and retired to shed tears on the bosom of Elvige. A kind of presentiment, which she could not define, agitated her so strongly, that she could not calm her mind but by repeating a thousand times questions concerning the fate of her son. Elvige, though she participated in her tender disquietude, concealed from her her own anxiety, and only returned such answers as tended to give her comfort, and encourage her hope.

The next day, as soon as the morning dawned, the shrill sound of the trumpet announced the festival that was preparing. The count of Toulouse had given all the necessary orders to render it as magnificent as possible. He had resolved that, during the first day, one only of the two candidates should be armed a knight. He appeared only to wish

to

to prolong the resplendent entertainment; but his real design was to learn the effect which the sight of Robert would produce on the count. He wished also, at the same time, to prepare in some manner the heart of the countess for the happiness of again finding her son.

The general acclamations soon announced the arrival of him of the two candidates who was first to be created a knight. The lists through which he had to pass were terminated by a raised platform of immense length, in the middle of which was placed the throne of the count of Toulouse. That prince, surrounded by all the knights of his court, had assigned the seat next to him to the count and countess, accompanied by Elvige and the beautiful Adela.

As soon as the signal was given, Robert was seen to advance. He wore a simple white armour, and the only ornament he bore was the fragment of a shield which he had taken up from the ground after his last combat. When the count perceived this trophy, he was ready to spring forwards to embrace his deliverer; but Raymond, attentive to all his motions, prevented him, telling him, that he reserved to himself the right of presenting to him his brave defender. The prince, when he had said this, rose from his throne, ordered Robert to ascend the steps of it, and, without permitting him to let down the visor of his helmet, presented him to the count and countess, that he might receive from their hands his scarf and his sword. The count immediately attempted to fold his deliverer in his arms; but, at the same moment, he sees him fall at his feet, feels him embrace his knees, and hears him say, 'Pardon your vassal!'

Robert then let down the visor of his helmet, and the count recognised

him. At sight of him he recollects only his services, and feels no other sentiment but that of paternal tenderness.

'Where is my son? Restore him to me,' cried he, pressing him to his heart.

Elvige and the countess at the same moment recognised Robert, and flew towards him. Astonishment, fear, and the eager desire and hope of seeing again him who was most dear to them, filled their hearts; but it was only by extending their arms, and uttering sighs, that they could intreat the count of Toulouse to give them further information.

Raymond saw their emotions, but was not without some fear of their effects: he even conceived it necessary to delay their happiness.

'You shall see him,' said he; 'but he will not make his appearance till he is certain of his pardon, and especially of the pardon of his friend. Count, when Robert preserved your life, your son was with him; never, indeed, have they been separated in combat. You have heard the recital of their valiant achievements; learn the true motive why they have concealed themselves beneath an impenetrable veil. They waited, before they would avow their birth and their real names, till the glory of Robert should be sufficient to shed a lustre on Elvige. Declare, now, whether your son shall die of disappointment and grief; or whether he shall obtain from you the certainty of his happiness.'

Scarcely had Raymond ended this address, when the count, yielding to the impulse of gratitude, hastened to present Robert with the sword which was destined for him; after his example, the countess put on his scarf; and both, as actuated by one feeling, stretched out their arms to embrace Elvige, who, pale and trembling,

trembling, was sinking under the emotions which agitated her heart.

At sight of this, the count of Toulouse, satisfied that the presence of Roger could produce no effect contrary to his wishes, and desirous not to prolong unnecessarily the anxiety and painful feelings of those whom he so ardently wished to render happy, quitted his throne and returned to his palace.

The count, the countess, Elvige, Adela, and Robert, were the only persons who followed the count of Toulouse to the inner apartments of his palace. There, when they were no longer under constraint from the eyes of a numerous court all turned upon them, and could freely give themselves up to the sentiments they felt, Raymond again pronounced the name of Roger.

‘My son! my son!’ exclaimed at once the count and countess.

At this exclamation of the heart Roger appeared, and threw himself into their arms. The countess, overwhelmed by her happiness, found herself in need of support, and was sustained by the arm of Robert; while Elvige, scarcely able to breathe, inclined her head and hid it in the bosom of Adela. Roger, unable to utter a word, only snatched himself from the embraces of his father to fall at the feet of his mother. She could not embrace him, but bedewed him with a flood of tears. A silence followed interrupted only by sighs. The count at length recovered sufficient strength to execute a resolution he had that instant formed. He approached Elvige, while yet trembling, supported her, and, taking her hand, put it into that of Roger, as he knelt before the countess.

We shall leave to our readers to imagine such a scene at such a moment: it is of the number of those which cannot be described,

but which the heart alone can feel. It was at once the triumph of paternal tenderness, of friendship, of love, and of every generous sentiment.

The count of Toulouse would not permit so happy a day to be disturbed by importunate duties. After having caused it to be proclaimed that Roger should be armed a knight on the following day, he dismissed his court, and rejoined those whose happiness constituted the most pleasing, and at the same time the noblest, reward of his benefactions and his cares. Happy to avail himself of every thing which he conceived would render them more happy, he previously informed Roger that he would receive his scarf from the hands of Elvige, and that his friend would gird on his sword.

‘Robert,’ added he, ‘shall be invested with the habit of the knights, and adorned with all their insignia; but it appertains to himself alone to choose the ornaments and devices with which he will embellish his shield. I must, at the same time, inform him, that if there is any lady whom his heart prefers, the greatest and most distinguished homage that she can receive from him will be to see that shield adorned with her colours.’

This last observation diffused a deep blush over the countenance of Robert, which indicated sufficiently that his heart was agitated by the tender passion; but, not daring to confess even to himself the wishes which he secretly formed, and fearing lest his eyes should reveal his thoughts, he modestly cast them to the ground in profound silence.

The count of Toulouse had foreseen this embarrassment, and it was not without design that he had excited it. He had long perceived the power which the beautiful
Adela

Adela had acquired over Robert, and he had likewise observed the emotions of admiration and tender gratitude manifested by that amiable lady when she learned that she was indebted solely to the delicate generosity of that youthful hero for the restitution of the estates of her ancestors. He easily judged that a knight so respectful might have forbidden himself to hope. He had never questioned him on the subject, but had reserved the trial of the sentiments of his heart and that of Adela for the moment when, raised to the rank of knight, and crowned with glory, he should have passed the interval which separated him from her.

Adela had till then been ignorant that the birth of Robert was much inferior to her own: he was in her eyes her benefactor, and the most amiable of heroes. She had frequently observed that she was alone the object of his timid and respectful attention. Without inquiring how far her heart was capable of a tender affection, she did not fear that it would always remain indifferent; and when she sometimes recollected that it would be one day necessary to choose an object on whom her delicate nature might rely for support, her pure and, as yet, disengaged heart felt that she might be rendered happy by bestowing the preference on Robert. Her affection for Elvige had become more lively since she had learned that she was the sister of that hero. When she heard the count of Toulouse intimate to him that he might ornament his shield with the colours of the lady to whom he was most fervently attached, her attention was strongly excited; the pulsations of her heart were even accelerated, and at that moment it was visible that she was desirous to discover the cause of the silence, the blushes, and the embarrassment of Robert.

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Various observations of the same nature convinced the penetrating count of Toulouse of the real sentiments of Adela; but, respecting the mournful attire in which she was still habited, he would not urge a confession which time and the obsequious attentions of Robert ought alone to produce: having, therefore, no doubt of the ultimate success of so respectful a lover, he extricated him from the embarrassment into which he had thrown him, by signifying to him that it was now proper that he should go and make ready his shield.

The count of Toulouse did not confine his attention to giving the necessary orders for the ceremony in which Roger was to be armed a knight. He availed himself of the transports which the count and countess experienced at the recovery of their son to obtain from them a promise, that, from the field of honour, they would conduct him to the foot of the altar, to consecrate there his union with Elvige.

The next day, as soon as the trumpets had announced the commencement of the ceremonies, the count of Toulouse seated himself on his throne. The barriers were thrown open. Robert advanced first, clad in magnificent armour, for which he was indebted to the generosity of his sovereign. His shield was covered with a white veil, which it appertained only to the count of Toulouse to remove. He presented it to exhibit the emblems, colours, and device; he had chosen, that they might be solemnly recorded.

As soon as Raymond had taken off the veil, a *white field* appeared, on which a *large black ribband* held the *fragment of a shield*. Above was this device, or motto: '*Every thing is obtained by glory.*'

The first duty of the new knight was to declare aloud the motives
4 N which

which had induced him to choose the emblems, colours, and device, he exhibited. A general silence, therefore, took place.

'The white field of this shield,' said Robert, 'will continually remind me that the life of a knight ought to be without blemish and without reproach; it will also admonish me that I cannot transmit to posterity any honourable remembrance of myself, except I acquire the right of embellishing it by emblems which may attest glorious actions.'

'The fragment of a shield, which adorns the white field, is the trophy at once the most honourable to me and the most dear.'

'The black ribband is the symbol of my obscure origin: it will incessantly remind me that I am nothing in myself, and that I can obtain nothing but by glorious achievements.'

The modesty of this declaration excited general admiration. The count felt his gratitude to Robert redouble, when he heard him style the act by which he had saved his life the most glorious he had achieved. Adela could not but attentively remark his choice of the black colour, and the count of Toulouse rendered her still more thoughtful by saying to her: 'So much delicacy merits that the motto of Robert should be completely verified.'

The reception of Roger was as brilliant as that of Robert had been; and, having attained on that day to the summit of happiness, he had no other wish to form than that he might see the good fortune of his friend become equal to his own.

When time had softened the grief of Adela for the death of her father, her tender friendship for Elvige rendered her so sensible to the happiness she saw her enjoy, she was so agitated by the desire of proving her

gratitude to Robert, whose sacrifice for her sake it was so difficult adequately to recompence, that she at length consulted the count of Toulouse on the means she could take to acquit herself of the obligations she owed to the most respectful, the most delicate, and most tenderly devoted of knights. Raymond suggested, and found it not difficult to persuade her, that Robert could only be duly rewarded and rendered truly happy by receiving the present of her hand.

It was from one of the descendants of Adela and Robert that we received the title-deed in which we found the facts we have here narrated. Were it permitted us to mention his name, all France would delight to declare that he inherits the fidelity, courage, and all the noble qualities of his illustrious ancestor.

Our readers may be assured that the honest and faithful Rainulf received all the distinctions and rewards which his assiduity and constant fidelity merited.

[In the Supplement we shall give the Introductory Essay prefixed to this work by the count de Tressan, elucidatory of the history of the times, and the laws and ceremonies of chivalry.]

THE PIN.

[From a Paris Journal.]

OUR neighbours the English, if we may judge from their marriage contracts, are, or at least were, the greatest consumers of pins in the world. Nothing is more usual than for a lady of fashion to be allowed a thousand pounds sterling a year (24,000 *livres tournois*) for the single article of pins. Historians relate, that in those days when pin-money was first introduced, the

English

English ladies consumed a vast number of pins to fasten their clothes. In process of time, however, the consumption of pins has decreased, and in the exact proportion with the diminution of drapery. At Paris, God knows, a husband will not be ruined by the expense of pins! Now-a-days an *élégante* makes almost as little use of a pin as of a needle!

But yet allow me to tell your dames of fashion, for whom pins have become useless, that a pin in place may sometimes be of importance to the reputation of your charms! Little do you think how much even a beauty may be indebted to a pin! Little do you consider how many vows, how many addresses, depend upon a single pin! Take out that solitary pin which, strange to tell, has found its way into your robe; take out that pin, and the Loves and Desires, which hover round what it mysteriously conceals, disappear. The imagination droops its wing: the illusion vanishes: pleasure is disappointed, and flies in search of new deceptions. Ah, madam! learn to conceal with grace; and remember that your charms soon lose their power when you display their utmost force. Above all, know that there are some pins which you should rarely unfasten!

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

N^o VIII.

On SUICIDE.

‘Self-murder! name it not—

Shall Nature (swerving from her earliest dictate,

Self-preservation) fall by her own act?

Forbid it, Heav’n! Let not, upon disgust,

The shameless hand be foully crimson’d
o’er

With the blood of its own lord.’ BLAIR.

IT is unnecessary to inquire how far suicide is inimical to the grand

law of nature: sufficient be it to us to lament the frequency of a practice in a country so refined as ours. Various have been the causes assigned whence this propensity in the English proceeds; however, I am by no means singular in believing it, in great measure, the natural result of the lenient system of education prevalent in this country. Youth are too much permitted the indulgence of their passions; and, consequently, from the early gratification of their desires, as their years advance, they become more turbulent and unruly, and at length rise above all restraint. Hence, when their appetites cannot meet immediate indulgence, sullen despondency succeeds, and violence terminates a life now rendered insupportable, as religion (our only firm support in adverse fortune) has been too much neglected.

As the Holy Scriptures contain no particular prohibition against this crime, it should seem so inconsistent to the strong instinct of self-preservation, that it was deemed scarce probable it should ever be perpetrated; and, indeed, men who do not live in a state of civil society, however inconsistent the assertion may appear, will never be guilty of it. Doubtless the Bible records some few persons who, either through the violent agitations of guilt or the agony of despair, have been urged to this desperate act; but where can be produced one solitary pretext to palliate self-murder? However, we have now such frequent melancholy instances of its commission, that it may appear incredible so many mortals should be found so ungrateful to their Creator, and act thus contrary to all the impulses of nature. The mind that can harbour the purpose of committing this crime betrays at once the greatest intellectual weakness and

defect, and the utmost want of fortitude in supporting the calamities of human nature,

‘And this world’s ills, that, at the very worst,
Will soon blow o’er.’——

It must be also entirely destitute of that confidence in the will of the Almighty Providence, who ‘work-eth all things together for our good.’ In fine, such a mind must be void of every virtuous and religious principle; and, if not ignorant, wholly regardless of a future state.

Let us endeavour to trace the character and disposition of those infatuated mortals who commit this crime. That it is a duty incumbent on all to reverence and fear God, and implicitly to submit to his dispensation with humility, is a truth to which none of my readers, I trust, will find any difficulty to subscribe: yet so atrocious is our rebellion to this Almighty Disposer of human events, that, should any unforeseen vicissitudes of fortune befall us, we question the benevolence of his providence, and assume to ourselves the authority of disputing his prerogative and power. This distrust in the will of the Ruler of the Universe most frequently proceeds from a sullen imagination, which is wont to view in the most gloomy light things of the smallest import, provided they militate against any favourite object or scheme; whence, if a serious calamity happens unto the individual possessing this unhappy disposition, he immediately impeaches the goodness of God, imagines his happiness ultimately destroyed, and, concluding every enjoyment of life vanished, determines, in a state of abject dejection, to put a period to his own existence; and, perpetrating this irretrievable act, rushes——

‘a spirit blacken’d with the basest crime’——

into the presence of his offended Maker;

‘As if he challeng’d him to do his worst,
And matter’d not his wrath:’——

Yet how often has it occurred, that, scarcely had he fallen the bleeding monument of sad depravity, than some welcome tidings have arrived that might have changed the face of woe; but now, alas! the blessings that Providence had in store are unequal to restore to life, or benefit him who is no longer capable of receiving them. We here see, then, the direful effect of a premature resolve, in consequence of the act of Providence. A fatal rashness precluded the possibility of partaking that happiness and comfort which the wretched victim of his temerity might otherwise have been enabled to enjoy. How necessary, therefore, is it, that we indulge not in hopeless despair; for though we, at the present moment, are involved in the bitterest gloom of adversity, we know not how soon the cloud may be dispelled and we may emerge into the sunshine of happiness and prosperity. This evangelical assurance should be deeply impressed upon our minds,—that, ‘though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.’ We should wait patiently the hour arriving that shall dissipate our chagrin and uneasiness, looking forward with hope and submission; for as it is highly impious to mistrust the administration of God, so it is the test of Christianity to meet the troubles and vicissitudes of life with calmness and humility. Well is it observed by a pious divine: ‘The noblest duty of man is to be grateful for what he enjoys, and acquiescent in that which he suffers.’

It has been previously remarked, that he who commits suicide must be perfectly regardless of future reward or punishment; for, if he were

were in the least influenced by that awful reverence that will always accompany the dread contemplation of futurity, he would recoil from the act with horror and dismay: he would know he was about to plunge into a world immense and unexplored—into eternity! and what his portion in it would be, his conscience would not fail faithfully to suggest—

‘An endless woe, in those dark shades of
night,
Where waits the bitt’rest cup of direful an-
guish,
To curse the deed.’

M. S.

There are some who endeavour to vindicate this atrocious crime by attributing it to the impulse of imperious necessity; and ‘where is the man,’ say these sophists, ‘who, surrounded with indigence, and unable to discover the most distant prospect of relief, that can bear his fate with fortitude? Urged by craving hunger, he has, perhaps, to heighten the anguish of his heart, a beloved wife laying on the bed of sickness, and famished babes extending forth their little hands for food, while unavailing tears too forcibly pour out intreaties for support, yet, alas! in vain; he is unable to relieve them. It is more than nature—more than man can bear!’

I do not hesitate to grant that such a scene of distress must inflict the keenest pangs; nay, rend the very heart in twain. But hold, vain reasoners! these ills cannot excuse the horrid act of suicide; and, as they cannot justify self-destruction, much I fear they will not avert the vengeance of an angry God. Suppose the sanguinary deed committed, what would then, O wretched man! become of thy poor wife and hungry shivering babes, left now defenceless and unprotected, abandoned to the mercy of a cruel and

remorseless world? Their cries would pursue thee, and call for vengeance on thy barbarity. They would accuse thee of want of compassion, and charge thee as the consummator of all their woes, because thou didst forsake them in the time of their greatest necessity, and didst desert them when there was none to afford them consolation. Could but that man, who thus violently departs this life, leaving his disconsolate wife and children in a state so distressing, revisit earth, with what remorse would he behold the miserable relics of his cruelty borne down by the oppressions of the world, and either seduced by the wiles of the abandoned into the paths of vice, or lingering out their years in want and wretchedness? How could he withstand these reproaches, as just as they are bitter? Be persuaded, my readers, no plea of distress can palliate a crime so horrid; and all those who argue in its vindication manifest minds equally deluded and abandoned; for the religious man will, when sickness or distress assail him, wisely consider that, as every affliction cometh from the Almighty, so he will in due time administer relief to his necessities, and comfort to his saddened heart. Therefore he will wait patiently his divine pleasure, nor murmur at his omnipotent dispensations.

There are those who attribute this rash action to the horrors of conscious guilt, arising from the retrospect of past vicious conduct, the poignant reflexion of which renders them desperate and unable to bear the bitter reproaches of their own minds, wherefore they fly to death as their only solace. Their situation I freely confess to be most dreadful; but permit me to aver, the remedy is far worse than the disease. Is it not much better, if we have been wicked

wicked and profligate, to preserve our existence, and, by true repentance, expiate our crimes? to silence the upbraidings of our conscience, that faithful witness and bitter tormentor of the guilty, by obeying its infallible dictates? We will live then, as long as Providence shall permit us, and probe and amend our polluted hearts. Then will the balm of sincere contrition heal the envenomed wounds, and restore serenity to our perturbed souls.

To conclude: let us be convinced that all arguments in favour of this horrid crime, and all vindication of it, are fallacious and impious;

‘For nought but hell dictates the horrid act,
And urges thus by its infernal wiles,
To go unlicensed to eternity.’——

Let us be assured then of the indispensable duty of cherishing our existence, to fulfil the great intention of our Creator; and let us endeavour to render it as beneficial to our fellow creatures as our varied means and conditions enable us. This is the only test of our gratitude for the many blessings bestowed upon us, and will ultimately prove a happy passport to a blessed immortality.

HENRY FRANCES.

December, 1801.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH of the early Years of BONAPARTE.

(Concluded from p. 568.)

RESERVED in his temper, and wholly occupied by his own pursuits, Bonaparte courted that solitude which seemed to constitute his delight. He employed, during a long time, some of the hours allotted to recreation in cultivating, as a little garden that spot which fell to his share of a considerable portion of ground which was divided among

us. After having forced two of his partners to give it up entirely to him, his first care was to render the access to it difficult by a strong pallisade; in forming which, he spent all the money which the count de Marbœuf had sent to him for his little expenses. The green arbours, which he planted himself, and cultivated with the utmost pains, rendered his garden, at the end of two years, the retreat of a perfect hermit. Woe to the curious, the malicious, or the playful, who dared to trouble his repose! You might see him burst furious from his retreat to repel them; nor was he deterred by the number of assailants. It was in this concealed retirement where the soul of Bonaparte, greedy of glory, insensibly evolved the seed of that noble ambition, feasting on the example of those great men whom he was preparing himself to surpass.

A mode of life so very singular could not fail to be remarked. Incapable to estimate his uncommon merit, or rather to penetrate his true motives, his superiors and his school-fellows taxed him as foolish and ridiculous. Every means was tried, in vain, to restore him to himself, by making him change his conduct. Insensible to affronts which he could not resent, he repelled the railleries of the masters by silence and disdain. Humiliation, and even punishment, which were also employed, had no better success. I believe I have forgotten to mention that the meetings of the young men were established on a military footing. Divided into companies, they composed a little battalion, the colonel and all the officers of which, chosen among ourselves, were decorated by the ornaments which distinguish the French uniform. Bonaparte had the rank of captain. One would suppose that he must be sensible to the loss of a distinction only

only granted to merit, and every day becoming more flattering from the eagerness by which it was sought for by the young men. A council of war, established with all its forms, declared him unworthy to command those comrades whose good will he despised. After the sentence was read, which degraded him to the last place of the battalion, he was stripped of the distinguishing marks of his rank. Bonaparte appeared insensible to the affront, or disdained at least to show that he was affected by it; his superiors, perhaps, repented having obliged him to undergo this disgrace; but his comrades, from that time, restored to him their friendship, because generous-minded youth ceases to persecute those who are unfortunate.

This conduct had the most happy effect. Bonaparte testified his sense of the generosity of his young friends. He continued his studies, but became more sociable with his school-fellows; he joined some time in our games, and acquired by that a right to propose in his turn some new diversion. It would have been little amusement to him, if he could not have united utility with pleasure; and, in fact, the plays which he proposed marked strongly his character. The Olympic games of Greece, and those of the Circus of Rome, were the models he proposed for our imitation. Novelty pleases children, particularly those of France. Bonaparte became our leader, and the loss of his title of captain was soon replaced by that of director of our diversions, which was unanimously granted to him. If men in their pleasures almost always exceed the limits of moderation, we may easily suppose that virtue to be still more seldom the lot of young people. Our games became battles; by turns Romans

and Carthaginians, Greeks and Persians, we believed ourselves called upon to imitate the enthusiastic fury of those ancient warriors. Stones were weapons, and often were productive of wounds, so that our superiors found themselves obliged to repress our courage. The games were forbidden, and our general severely reprimanded.

Bonaparte withdrew himself into his favourite garden, resumed his former occupations, and appeared no more among us, till the snow covering the ground and concealing the stones furnished him with a pretext to open a new campaign. The hostilities became necessarily of another sort, and the modern art of war succeeded to that of the ancient. Being seriously occupied by the study of fortification, he wished to put his theory in practice; and, soon, entrenchments, forts, bastions, and redoubts, were erected, of snow, in the great court of the school. We all laboured at these works with an activity and pleasure which can be easily imagined, the young Bonaparte directing our operations. The whole was executed with so much art and exactness as to excite the curiosity of the people of the town, and even of strangers, who came in crowds, during the winter, to admire our fortifications of snow. As soon as these works were finished we had no peace till the order of attack and defence was settled. Bonaparte again took the care of directing our motions; and, by turns at the head of assailants and opponents, he learned betimes, from these useful games, to unite address with courage. Snow-balls were the weapons of both parties, and the wounds they gave not being mortal, our masters saw our diversions without alarm; they even had the good sense to encourage them, by applauding those who distinguished them-

themselves, whether by their courage, or by some new stratagem. Bonaparte, already fertile in expedients, found means to keep up the interest by devising every day some new manœuvres; but the sun of the month of March disturbed our amusements, and put an end to them till the winter.

Such was the school, and such the first essay of the young hero, who since, at the head of a new raised army, without discipline, and almost without confidence, has known how to conquer the bravest troops of Europe, and disconcert the measures of the most experienced generals. Eager to gain the approbation of his young rivals, it was in these juvenile plays that he first learned the way to conquer; from them sprung that warlike enthusiasm, which afforded the first display of his great genius. Kindled into admiration of the heroes of antiquity, their great actions and virtues, became his models, and the glory of surpassing them the object of his life.

Notwithstanding the constant exercise and amusements of which I have spoken, and in which Bonaparte took so active a part, I am fully persuaded that his constitution suffered much from long inaction, during his first years at school. A too close application may perhaps retard more than long continued repose; for, though of a form calculated to resist fatigue, and of much natural strength, he had always the appearance of a weak and delicate health. Although of a middle stature, he is remarkable for the breadth of his shoulders; his eyes, of a deep blue, are small, but animated, his hair brown, his forehead large and prominent, his chin sharp, his face long, and his complexion olive; the general expression of his countenance does not strike at first sight;

but in observing him with attention, you readily distinguish the traces of deep thinking; and the vivacity of his looks indicate energy and activity.

His withdrawing from the society of his comrades had given a rudeness, perhaps a ferocity, to his manner; and, subject to violent passion, his anger against his young companions sometimes amounted even to fury: the instance I am going to relate is most characteristic.

Every year, on the 25th of August, the day of St. Louis, the pupils of the military school, in honour of the king, were permitted, almost without restraint, to give themselves up to pleasure, and the most noisy demonstrations of joy. Every species of punishment was suspended during that happy day, and it is easy to foresee, that it could seldom pass without being attended by some accident; but, without blaming or excusing that too great indulgence of our masters, I will only recount that of which I was eyewitness.

Whenever a pupil had reached the age of fourteen, a custom (which we kept up with great care) gave him the privilege to purchase a certain quantity of gun-powder for St. Louis's day; and, during the fortnight which preceded the solemnity, the young people of that age associated together to prepare fire-works. The indulgence went even so far as to intrust them with some small pieces of artillery, some musquets and pistols, which were fired to announce the day. What joy! What moment! perhaps the most happy of their lives.

So complete and so animated was the general pleasure amongst the scholars, as to render more remarkable the indifference, real or affected, which Bonaparte testified on that

that occasion the last year (1785) which he passed at the school of Brienne. Retired the whole day in his garden, he not only did not participate in the public rejoicing, but affected to continue his usual study and occupations, without being disturbed by the noise. His comrades were too much engaged in their own amusement to think of troubling him, and would only have laughed at him, if his strange behaviour, in an uncommon circumstance, had not drawn upon him the general attention.

Towards nine o'clock of the evening, about twenty of the young people were assembled in that garden which joined to his, where the proprietor had promised a show to his friends;—it was a pyramid, composed of different kinds of fireworks, to be played off; unfortunately, he had forgotten to remove a little box containing several pounds of powder; and the spectators little imagined how dear they were about to pay for their innocent curiosity. We were pressing round the little building to which he had set fire; and while we were admiring the effect, some unlucky sparks entered the fatal magazine—the explosion was dreadful—some legs and arms broken, two or three faces miserably burned, and some pieces of wall thrown down, were the disagreeable consequences of it: but while, to save themselves, all those whom the splinters had not reached broke down the pallisades of the neighbouring garden, Bonaparte was seen armed with a pickaxe, pushing back into the fire all those who had burst through his fence; he became enraged in seeing the destruction of his arbour; and the blows which he bestowed on the unhappy fugitives increased the number of the wounded.

It is useless to say how our com-

rades were revenged. Bonaparte himself, without doubt, would own now that he justly deserved our resentment; but at that time he thought of nothing but his ruined garden: he had no concern in the imprudence of his companions, and he thought it hard to be the victim of it. Exasperated, perhaps, by the noisy demonstrations of a joy of which his heart did not partake, it is also very reasonable to suppose that rejoicings in honour of a king might have excited the ill humour of a republican; and Bonaparte had long manifested his sentiments in that respect. However it may be, time seems to have much softened that unfeeling roughness; for he is not less celebrated by his moderation towards his enemies, than by his brilliant exploits.

Bonaparte quitted the school of Brienne at the end of the year 1785. M. le chevalier de Renault, then inspector-general, knew how to estimate the merit of that young man, to which he did justice, notwithstanding the bitter complaints of his masters, whom his hard stubborn character had generally rendered unfriendly to him. There was, in that year, a promotion of several of the king's pupils, whom their progresses in the studies had rendered worthy to be sent to the military school of Paris—Bonaparte was of the number; his talents gave him value in the eyes of a gallant officer, who himself owed his preferment and his fortune to his own merit and to the universal testimony of an irreproachable conduct. On his arrival at Paris, he testified his inclination to serve in the artillery, because this and the engineers were the only corps in France where interest and riches could not so easily usurp the place due to merit. He applied himself, with an unwearied zeal, to the mathematics, which then

became his principal study, and was soon in a situation to go through the necessary examinations. He acquitted himself with credit, and was then promoted to the rank of an officer in the regiment de la Pere, shortly before the revolution.

From the principles which he had avowed so early, it is very natural to believe Bonaparte, at that memorable epoch, did not hesitate to declare in favour of independence. Always unalterable in his dislike of royalty, and devoted to the love of glory, his ambition did not neglect so favourable an opportunity to signalise himself as was presented by the revolution. It is in difficult situations that a strong mind can best force itself into notice: in that moment, when timid indecision betrays its own weakness, it never hesitates to separate from the crowd; to triumph, or to die with glory, are the only alternatives, and from these nothing can turn it aside. Notwithstanding the danger of an early declaration in the beginning of the disturbances, Bonaparte disdained to feign. He declared himself in favour of freedom. Almost all his brother officers blamed him for so prompt a decision; and the spirit of party occasioned soon after the most violent altercations between him and them, so that it was fortunate the loss of their friendship did not cost him his life.

One day, walking by a river side with some young officers with whom he generally associated, the dispute ran high; and, in a moment of enthusiasm—on which there have been numerous instances in all the wars of opinion—the young people, enraged, seized Bonaparte, and were on the point of throwing him headlong into the stream, when a momentary reflexion made them perceive the shameful inequality of the

number. Bonaparte could not be forced to retract his mode of thinking; the danger which he had run altered not his plan; but he broke off all connexion with his companions till the revolutionary spirit having made more progress induced some of those who had condemned him to adopt, shortly after, the same opinion. The others, listening to nothing but their attachment to the king, and despairing to be able to aid his cause at the head of troops who had the most decidedly revolted against him, took the desperate resolution to sacrifice their rank and fortune to the sentiments of honour and probity by which they were animated. Their departure still rendered more exasperated those of their comrades who were attached to the opposite party.

A powerful friend *, it is true, seconded his personal merit, and facilitated his entry into that career, in which he has at least equalled the most celebrated heroes.

In 1790, Bonaparte accompanied to Corsica general Paoli, who had made some stay at Paris.—During the three years that he remained with his family, he employed the whole of his time in improving himself still more in the theory of military science; but the disturbances which arose in that island in 1793, after the accusation brought against Paoli by the convention, determined him to return to France. He persuaded his parents to accompany him, and the family settled near Toulon. The siege of that town, then occupied by the English, having taken place soon after, Bonaparte was promoted by Barras and the other commissioners to the rank of general of artillery. It was

* Barras.

there he gave the first proofs of his military genius: intrusted to direct the attack of the redoubts and out-works which formed the defence of the place, his bold and enterprising genius devised a plan which one would have thought impracticable, if the courage, of which he set the example and knew so well to communicate to his army, had not taught us that he was not less capable to execute than to project.

The reign of Robespierre, which immediately followed the re-taking of Toulon, was unfavourable to noble actions; and an ignominious death becoming the lot of whosoever excited the jealousy of that monster, condemned true merit to silence and retirement. I imagined Bonaparte to have been among the number of the victims; but the event of the 13th Vendemaire undeceived me. Barras, who directed on that occasion the measures of the government against the revolted sections, intrusted to him the command of the conventional army after the resignation of general Gentili, whose deafness was an obstacle to the discharge of the duty of his post. The most complete success justified still more the partiality of Barras for the young Bonaparte. Paris, on the point of being reduced to ashes, saw its interior calm restored. The convention was indebted for its triumph to Bonaparte; and France, appeased as much by his firmness as by his courage, owed to him the preservation of a number of its citizens, whom a senseless fury had excited to destroy each other.

From that period to the moment when the French government formed the project of carrying the war into Italy, the public life of Bonaparte offers nothing very interesting; but the unfavourable auspices under which he was intrusted with the

conduct of that dangerous expedition contributed not a little to heighten his reputation. The ferocious Robespierre had sacrificed to his fury the best generals of France: Custine and Houchard, both well known by their great successes, had perished on a scaffold; Dumourier had betrayed his trust; and Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland, had been recalled; when Bonaparte, still very young, was chosen to retrieve so many disasters.

On the eve of engaging the best troops and the most experienced generals of Europe, and in a country where nature presents on every side obstacles, which Hannibal alone had been able to overcome, the French troops could have little confidence in the conduct of a general of twenty-six years old. Unprovided as they were of magazines, inexperienced till now in the art of war, and in want of clothes, the soldiers did not seem encouraged by the appearance of their new chief. His exterior, not very prepossessing, gave occasion to many of their jokes. Bonaparte, far from being alarmed by these obstacles, did not seem at all affected by them. Persuaded that the attachment of soldiers cannot be forced, he sought the only true means of rendering himself worthy of their confidence. The pressing wants of his troops became the first object of his attention; he employed himself unceasingly to supply them; and, in a little time, his unremitting activity had provided for every thing. The army, in a condition to act offensively, was able very early to estimate the influence of his great talents. Hope elated every heart; and the campaign was hardly open when the first essays of that ill-organized army were marked by very important successes.

From this time I cannot follow

he hero; a pen bolder than mine is destined to record facts which posterity will hardly be able to credit. I had no other wish than to give you some account of his early youth and of his first conduct at the beginning of the astonishing revolution of France. Assisted by this slight sketch which I have traced for you, you will be able to discern, however, that, from infancy, his character has been consistent. As intrepid in the execution of his projects as he is unalterable in his principles, from the beginning of his military career, Bonaparte has displayed an ardour which is heightened by obstacles, a rapidity which anticipates every determination of the enemy. It is by following his blow, by redoubling his efforts, that he pours with his troops like a torrent against them. He is all activity, and every where the same; whether you behold him fighting, negotiating, punishing, it is always an affair of a moment, of a word; never any hesitation; he cuts the gordian knot which he cannot untie.

DESCRIPTION of the RUINS of a HINDU TEMPLE (or DEWULUM) on DEWUNDER-HEAD, the SOUTHERLY POINT of the ISLAND of CEYLON.

(From 'Remarks on some Antiquities in the Island of Ceylon,' by Captain Colin M'Kenzie, in the Sixth Volume of the Asiatic Researches.)

ABOUT three miles from Matura, the road passing along the sea-beach of the bay formed by the promontory to the east, we ascended a gentle declivity clothed with woods of various kinds of trees, but chiefly the cocoa, and in about a mile's

walk came to a Cingalese temple of a circular shape, of about 160 feet in circumference and twelve high, forming a terrace, from the centre of which rose a bell-shaped spire, crowned with a smaller cone, on a square pedestal, the height of the whole supposed to be thirty feet; a parapet ran round this terrace, to which a door and stair-case led up; and here, exposed to the open air, as we approached soon after sunrise, we observed some Cingalese men and women walking round, bending and inclined towards the spire, apparently praying: they retired before we ascended the steps. A small thatched hut disfigured a corner of the terrace, which seemed designed to lodge one of the priests, who received us as usual with complaisance. No figures, inscriptions, nor any thing else remarkable, appeared, excepting a single granite pillar four feet high placed on end, perhaps intended to receive a lamp at night. This structure we were told was solid; it had no doors, windows, or any opening: they said one of the teeth of the sacred elephant was buried in it. It was, on a large scale, what the spire within the inclosure at Billigaam was in miniature, and seems to be the peculiar shape of a shrine or appendage of a temple of Boodhoo.

After a short view we were conducted from thence to the sea-beach of Dewunder-head, scarcely 1400 yards distant, by a gradual descent along a walk or avenue in the woods; in walking over this ground, several remains of ancient buildings resembling the Carnatic temples struck us forcibly, and induced as narrow an inspection as could be made in a couple of hours.

Close to the beach we find the first avenue or building, probably designed for the use of the devotees, immediately before or after ablution

in the sea, which is not above forty yards off; the descent over the bank is not difficult, though the coast below is lined with masses of granite washed by the waves. It consists of a colonade of sixteen pillars of granite about nine feet high, the four centre ones of which only are cut to regular form with bases and capitals: it exactly fronts the line of the avenue to the temple on the height: on its north side are two pillars also sculptured, forming an exact square with the two central ones of the colonade, in the centre of which is a square opening of about two and a half feet, on the sides faced with stone, but nearly filled up with earth; this seems to have been the situation of the interior recess where the object of worship was placed, of which and of the roof no vestige remains.

Proceeding thence by an easy ascent, we cross the ruins of a wall, probably the inclosure of the grand temple, marked by several pillars and upright stones; but no sculptures are to be seen till we reach the Cingalese temple, nearly fronting which stands the inner portal of a Hindu temple, consisting of two upright stones supporting a cross one, all carved on one face, with ornaments similar to those of the interior parts of the pagodas on the coast; the centre of the cross stone occupied by a fierce fantastic head, the sides by a running border of foliage, and the basement supported by figures exactly in the same style and taste.

To the left of the Cingalese building are more ruins, evidently the remains of other temples: the steps leading up to the raised floors of these are decorated with the heads of elephants, carved out of stones placed on either side; an ornament frequently to be observed in Hindu temples, as the entrances of Egyp-

tian buildings were ornamented with those of the sphynx.

Near these we meet a deep well, across the mouth of which was placed a flat granite stone, with a perforation of six inches square through its centre, between the figure of the prints of two feet raised on the stone: the figure occupying the rest of the stone is scooped out to the depth of two feet. It is probable this well was inclosed within some of the buildings now no longer existing: its use does not appear; the cross stone was too heavy to be easily moved, and occupies too much room to admit of water being drawn from it for any common use; the figures carved on it indicate some connexion with the *lingam* and *phallus*; and may furnish a key to the object of worship here.

On narrowly examining these remains, little doubt remained in my mind that this was the site of an ancient Hindu temple, on the ruins of which the Cingalese building was raised at a much later period. The revolutions of religion, in which the first was overturned and almost every vestige of its worship destroyed, to make room for the other, would probably be explained by the Cingalese history, an abstract of which is published in Valentyn's book, under the article Ceylon.

The name of the place Divi-n-oor Dewalla favours the opinion; and when we recollect the partiality of the Hindus to build their religious structures in places near the sea, to water, to the spring heads of rivers on the tops of remarkable hills, and mountains and situations favourable to retirement from the world, and to purer ablutions, according to their ideas; in places to which the extraordinary length and toil of the journey attached a superior degree of merit; as instanced in the pil-

pilgrimages to Jagarnat and Ramisur; to the wilds of Purwuttum; to Tripetty; to the sources of the Godavery at Trimbuck Nasser, and of the Kistna at Balisur; we need not be surprised to find a fane of Mahadeo reared on the utmost bounds of Lankadeep, and their habitable world; and shall be ready to suppose that the ablutions at the furthest point of Ramisur became the greatest extent of their pilgrimages only, when revolutions, of which we have yet no distinct accounts, and the introduction of a foreign religion and nation into Ceylon, rendered the pilgrimage to Devinoor no longer practicable.

We may then suppose that, previous to the introduction of the Cingalese language from the eastward, that of the Hindus in one of its dialects prevailed. Some of the Dutch now tell us, (as Baldeus did long ago) that the inhabitants of Ceylon from Chilaw north, and round to Batacaloa on the east, speak the Malabar (or Tamul); while the Cingalese to the southward, and the Candians, speak the language said to be derived from Siam. In examining many of the names of places throughout the island, we find many apparently derived from the Hindu languages; and, judging by analogy, may infer that this was prior to the other, from giving names descriptive of certain qualities peculiar to these places—a rule as applicable in India, where the names of all the remarkable rivers, towns, and hills, are thus derived from a language descriptive of their qualities or history, as to the north and west of Europe, where the Celtic language is traced in the same manner; and particularly in our native islands of Britain, where the original inhabitants may be traced, from many of the names, after various revolutions, and suc-

cessive settlements of Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, and Germans.

The head man of the village, a Cingalese, who could give no account of the origin of the ruins, proposed to conduct us to another, to which we went by a path winding among the woods about three quarters of a mile distant, gradually ascending to the face of a rising ground, where we found a small pagoda or *dewul*, built of hewn stone, flat-roofed, square, with one door, and having no spire, pillars, or arches; it had no sculpture, except some mouldings about the pediment, cornices, and door; nor did any altar, image, or decoration, appear to show the object of worship; though from its exact likeness to the plain style of some of the small pagodas built of hewn stone in the Carnatic, there can be little doubt of its origin.

The villager could give no other account of it than ‘that it was built by one Galgami, who dealt with evil spirits, by whose aid he reared these structures.’ Thus we find the origin of all works, beyond the reach of recent time and vulgar knowledge, in every country attributed to some supernatural agency, from the rude and laborious structure of Stonehenge to those of Elora (Elloor), and the more diminutive one of Galgami.

Though the figure of the *lingam*, cow, and every object of Hindu veneration, seems purposely removed, enough remains, in the simplicity of the style of the architecture and its few decorations, to ascertain its claim to antiquity; and this shows the use of classing the objects of this kind we frequently meet dispersed over India. In the more modern religious structures of India (I allude more particularly to those of the Carnatic Upper and Lower, the archi-

chitecture of which is very different from that used in the north-west parts of the Dekan), we find a novel style more complicated and certainly more contrary to good taste. These buildings and their *cowerums* or spires are crowded with an immense number of small pillars, pilasters, cornices; and the numerous and ill-distributed compartments filled with monstrous disproportioned figures of the deities, or rather their attributes, which disfigure them, and make a strange impression at first sight on Europeans accustomed to form their ideas of the beauties of architecture by classical rules drawn from the Grecians.

The more modern Hindu buildings are further distinguished by being generally built of brick, excepting some of the greatest, as Canjeveram, Madura, Seringa, Ramisur, which, from their style, are supposed not to be of the more ancient. The more ancient temples are not covered with the monstrous figures above alluded to; they are generally plain; or at most exhibit a few groupes representing some remarkable parts of the history of the god worshipped; such as the adventures of Krishna, his escape when an infant, his sporting amusements among the Gopia, or the churning of the ocean by the Dewatas and Assoors; which seem rather designed to convey some moral, than as immediate objects of worship: from whence we may suspect that, as in latter times, the ancient simplicity of their religion was debased and corrupted, the custom of covering their walls with these monstrous figures with many arms and heads was by degrees introduced; and this furnishes data for forming rules by which perhaps the antiquity of these buildings could be ascertained, by a comparison of the different styles; when

written evidence (as found in the copper-plates at Conjeveram, translated in the third volume of the Asiatic Researches, and may perhaps be found if the plates at Purwuttam were translated) is wanting.

These might assist, with the extensive knowledge obtained of late of Hindu literature, in illustrating the more ancient part of the history of this nation, and ascertaining the justice of their claim to a knowledge of the arts and sciences through a remote antiquity; at least their gradual advances in the arts might be traced from the first rude attempts; and new light thrown on the history of mankind in its early stages.

ACCOUNT
of the TEMPLE of BOODHOO,
at VILLIGAAM in CEYLON.

(From the same.)

ON the 30th of March we came to Villigaam or Billigaam, a place of some consideration, near a bay of the coasts; houses are scattered about, among the trees and cocoa woods, which obstruct all view, and give the idea of a thick-planted grove or garden rather than of a village. Being desirous of seeing a Cingalese temple here of some repute, I was conducted by a winding road of about half a mile to a small eminence enclosed at top by a low stone wall, surmounted by a kind of balustrade, in the midst of thick surrounding groves. At the gate, to which we ascended by some steps, the priests received and conducted me to the door of the temple: they were bare-headed, and their hair cut close; they had none of the distinguishing marks worn by the Hindus on the fore-head; their

their garment consisted of a cloth of a dusky snuff colour, which folded round the body and descended to the feet; their dark complexions and inanimate features exhibited no symptom of superior intelligence, of deep penetration, or of keen genius; nor did any of that mild cast of countenance, or chastened resigned features, which sometimes distinguish the recluse or devotee of every nation, appear here; neither severe nor shy, their looks rather indicated a kind of apathy or indifference. The building had no decorations without; a close gallery ran round the body of it, to which only one door opened, that rendered it so close, for want of fresh air, with the strong fumes of the oil of several lamps burning, and the aromatic odour of yellow flowers, profusely scattered on a raised terrace before the idol, that it almost overcame me on entering the interior apartment. On our being introduced, a curtain which enclosed the shrine was drawn back, and the figure of Boodhoo, of a gigantic size, reclining at full length on his side, was at once displayed. His head lay on a pillow, supported by one hand, the other extended on his body; the habit was very simple, of a saffron colour, covering him from the neck to the heels; and the only decoration was a kind of plain belt across the body. This statue was about eighteen feet long, and well proportioned; but whether made of wood or of composition I could not learn. The countenance was mild and full, and the top of the head painted to represent the hair in several small curls of a black colour. This was the grand idol of the place; but on approaching it, placed thus at full length on a raised terrace on which several lamps and a profusion of flowers were placed, no external signs of adoration or respect were

shown by the priests. In a corner of the room was a smaller figure represented sitting cross-legged on a coiled snake, the expanded head of which shaded him. From the same habit and the same rotund turn of feature, it was easy to see that Boodhoo was also here represented. A female figure, the natural size, decently, and not ungracefully, arrayed in the same garb, was represented standing in another corner, and holding a lamp in the extended hand. In a third corner stood a male figure said to represent Vistnu: and in the fourth Rama Swamy, of a dark blue colour, and distinguished by his peculiar attributes of several hands and the correspondent Hindu ornaments of bracelets, rings, and chains. How a figure so totally different in its dress and ornaments came to be placed here, I was not, for want of an interpreter, able to learn. We may however conclude, that the votaries of Boodhoo do not exclude the worship of the other Avatars. The gallery which ran round the inner apartment was entirely covered with paintings, in compartments, rudely finished, each apparently containing the history of some event of the life of Boodhoo: these, they told me, were also narrated in a great book always kept by the modelier of the place: one of these paintings seemed to represent the birth of the divine child; others represented his youthful adventures; some of which seemed a-kin to the sportive Kishen's amusements on the plains of Muttra. In one, a youth held earnest converse with a nymph, among deep shades and woods, while a monkey, hid by the branches of a tree, seemed to listen with mischievous intent: in another, the God appeared as a youth slyly stealing and distributing handfuls of coin from a chest, towards which an aged

man approached with cautious steps, holding a huge key in his hand : on others processions appeared : feasts seemed prepared ; food was distributed to the poor of various nations (as appeared by their various habits) ; and the different habits and manners of men in active life were pourtrayed. A large white elephant made a conspicuous figure in most of these assemblies. The style or *costume* of these paintings was entirely different from that of the Hindus on the peninsula, and plainly belonged to a different people, though they undoubtedly showed those of the Cingalese and the followers of Boodhoo. On observing in these representations, chairs, tables, metal lamps, and raised seats, such as are used by the present race inhabiting the coast of the European part of Ceylon, which I had at first supposed they had borrowed from their present masters, I reflected that these indicated a connexion with the nations to the eastward which still use them, and that custom so widely different from that of the Hindus, who always seat themselves on carpets, or cloths spread on the ground, might have been imported from China, Siam, or Pegu, with their other customs and religion.

Without the temple, but within the enclosure, was a solid building, with a cupola-figured roof : it had no opening whatever ; within it they told us Boodhoo was interred, or rather the sacred elephant.

On my expressing a wish to be possessed of a book containing the history and drawings of the deeds of Boodhoo, the priests informed me, through a very indifferent interpreter, that it could not be copied off within a fortnight, but they promised to have a drawing of the principal figure ready on my return from Matura.

They were as good as their promise ; for on my return on the evening of the 31st March, they had ready for me the outlines of the principal figure of Boodhoo, with some account of it, in the Cingalese character.

Near a mile from Matura we were shown another temple of Boodhoo, in the deep recesses of woods and shrubs, the whole country being covered with them, and the habitations dispersed among these enclosed by gardens and little plantations. This temple, or rather house, was decorated in front with flowering trees and shrubs ; among which was a clump of bamboos, remarkable for being of a bright yellow colour, with small stripes of green branching from below the joints. The priests, with much complaisance, permitted us to cut one as a specimen, and presented us with flowers, among which was the yellow moogry. Within was an image of Boodhoo, and several other figures illuminated by lamps and inclosed by curtains, as at the other temples. In like manner the terrace or raised altar was covered with flowers, and the walls with paintings. The dress of the priests was the same as already described, an orange or tawny-coloured cloth enveloped the body, the colour decaying turned to a kind of snuff-colour.

We were conducted by a narrow stair-case to an upper room, wherein was placed a painting of one of the figures below, (a female,) but we could not get a distinct account of it from want of an interpreter.

The head priests of these temples, we understand, were called *terrinanie*. The inferior orders *ganinaanra*.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

WE have still head-dresses with *chefs*, or with gold combs and diamonds, and for a less full-dress oval hats of black crape, or straw hats almost round. In full-dress veils are formed into a kind of turban before, with the end falling behind into the robe. Instead of *chefs* many *élégantes* wear silver ribbands.

The robes à *la Psyche* are still in great vogue. Satin begins to be worn; but velvet is not yet in use. Spencers are as yet only resumed by the *demi-élégantes*. Long Cashmere shawls are much worn; or square shawls, one of the corners of which hangs down almost to the heels.

Striped ribbands with narrow stripes are in vogue.

The head-dresses of simple hair still prevail in full-dress; but hats, notwithstanding, are coming into favour. The most simple, and at the same time the most elegant, are of black velvet, with rose satin drape, and ornamented with two white ostrich feathers, or a white plume. The *capotes* are in general speckled with small black velvet spots; the ground rose-colour, jonquil, or shamoy. Some ladies of the first fashion wear a net, which comes close round the forehead, and is tied before. Another article of full-dress is a turban, made of a gold or silver embroidered handkerchief. The shawls, of which there are nearly thirty kinds, are all remarkable for their excessive size—most of them are fringed. The coldness of the season does not prevent naked arms and exposed bosoms.

After having nearly exhausted all the combinations of Grecian *coiffures*, and endeavoured, but almost in vain, to naturalise the Egyptian, our head-dresses are now in imitation of the Persian. These

head-dresses, extremely well calculated, from their compass, to admit, at the same time, diamonds, embroidery, and feathers, leave very little of the hair visible upon the forehead, and none at all in the nape of the neck. Lately, at the opera, we noticed several foundations of this kind of head-dress, consisting of a full turban, with four bands, beautifully embroidered in gold, one passing close round the forehead, behind the ears, and round the back of the neck, and so forming the edge of the turban; the other three at equal distances, parallel to each other, to the crown of the head. Other head-dresses of this class were made entirely of black velvet, enriched in front with an *aigrette*, and a *bandeau* of diamonds. Pearls were scarce. The bosom was modestly covered with a plain handkerchief sitting close, the ends confined under a plain corset fastened behind, with plain white sleeves reaching down to the point of the elbow. The corset, skirt, and train, which was very long, were mostly plain, buff, sky-blue, or rose-colour. We observe also, in all elegant circles, flat feathers, rising one above another, upon hats of white or rose-colour satin, and of black velvet. Rose seems to be the prevailing colour. For robes, white satin, and white or black crape, are the fashion. We see a great many white satin spencers, faced and edged with fur. The tippets are white. Veils are becoming scarce. The blue Cashmere shawls are embroidered in silver. The spencers are all black, but not all of cloth. Within the last fortnight a great many of them are of silk. Our *élégantes* are not yet tired of long and full shawls. To the round mobs, and the *cornettes* with points, the fashion of which has not passed away, some milliners add half-bonnets, of an oblong form, edged with a plain quilling.

The

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Decr. 1801.



Mudlow & Co. Printers & Co.

PARIS DRESS.

The recent *costume* in full dress, particularly at balls, seems, with respect to shape, to be modelled after the fashion and taste of the theatre. The shades of the prologue *de Tartare* have brought into vogue veils lightly attached to the head, and gracefully floating on the shoulders. Asiatic turbans are generally worn, and white feathers are used to decorate black velvet, or black feathers with satin of rose colour. Coloured velvet, of a zig-zag form, or spotted, is employed in half-dress bonnets, which have an oblong shape, except towards the crown; that is generally adorned with two or three elegant folds.—The cape of the spencers resembles those worn by the men. The shawls are made of kerseymere or cloth, richly embroidered in gold or silver; but the colours are various. The most fashionable are deep blue, Egyptian earth, and amaranth.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Walking-dress.

ROUND dress of thick white muslin. The Hungarian cloak made of nacarat or scarlet silk, trimmed all round with broad black lace or fur. A bonnet of the same colour as the cloak; trimmed with black lace or fur, and ornamented with a flower or feather of the same colour.

Full-dress.—A short robe of fine muslin, with a train or petticoat of the same: the robe made plain over the bosom, with additional fronts to fly open from the shoulders. The whole bound with scarlet ribband; the sleeves and the robe from the shoulders to the bottom ornamented with scarlet ribband. The bosom trimmed round with deep white lace. A hat of white silk, turned up in front, and lined with scarlet; a feather of the same colour, fixed in front to fall over the crown.

The prevailing colours are scarlet, pink, and purple. Black-bear muffs

and tippets long before, and in the form of a handkerchief, are general for morning and walking-dress; and white muffs and tippets for full-dress. Feathers and flowers of all descriptions are universal. Long scarlet ribbands are worn round the bosom, from which miniatures or lockets are suspended. Caps in full-dress are more prevalent than last winter.

ANECDOTE.

AN English gentleman, a few years since, having attempted in vain to procure from half the taverns in Paris a real English plumb-pudding, according to his receipt, and having undertaken to procure one, to gratify the curiosity of his French friends, bethought himself of the following expedient:—As the Parisian cooks would exercise their own judgment, adding or diminishing from this rule, he determined to apply to an apothecary, who should make his pudding in a mortar, and weigh every thing with scrupulous precision. He therefore converted his receipt into medical Latin, and his quantities into Troy weight, and signed his prescription with the name of the celebrated John Hunter. The honest Frenchman duly executed his order, which perplexed his professional sagacity not a little. Whether it was for a wound or a disease he could not tell, and was extremely puzzled whether to bottle it, or spread it upon leather. A brother of the pestle, coming into his shop, was appealed to, who, having no small share of the confidence and vivacity of his countrymen, pronounced decidedly, that it was not a cataplasm, but a *remède*, which he had frequently administered in cases of the *lock-jaw*. The pudding was therefore ticketed *enema*, and the apothecary, who had been enjoined punctuality, made his arrangements accordingly, and was himself the bearer of it, in order to be of use to his patient.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

PROLOGUE TO HENRY IV.—
SECOND PART;ACTED AT READING SCHOOL,
OCT. 15, 16, AND 17.*Written by H. J. PYE, Esq.**Spoken by Mr. LORING.*TO-NIGHT once more our scene
from Shakspeare's pageShows the dire factions of a former age;
Shows when the noble fierce, and pre-
late proud, [crowd;To rash rebellion urg'd the madd'ning
Perfidious Gaul in treach'rous league
combin'd [join'd.Sedition's banners with her legions
In vain she join'd, in vain she brought
relief [chief.On Cambria's shores to Cambria's rebel
From the steep mountains' height in
vain Glendower.Threw many a glance to meet the
hostile power.No recreant Briton join'd th' invading
train, [main.Borne back disgraceful on the reflux
Oh! ever may Britannia's naval host
Drive fell Invasion from her happy
coast!But should her warlike bands be wasted
o'er [shore,By fav'ring tempests to her sea-girt
An adamant fortress would she find
In ev'ry British arm, and British mind.
The threat'ning storm would Faction's
fire assuage, [rage.And gen'ral danger kindle gen'ral
Old age would glow with youthful ar-
dour warm, [ling's arm;And manhood's vigour nerve the strip-
Vengeance draw force from trembling
Beauty's tear,And dauntless Courage spring from fe-
male fear.Such ever be of Albion's sons the
pride, [riate tide.—

When swells of ruthless war th' enfu-

But lo! where radiant through the
sinking stormShines of celestial Peace the lovely form;
And the green laurel from his brow un-
bound [crown'd;See with the olive leaf our sov'reign
While grateful Europe owns her states
restor'dTo peace and safety by his victor sword.
Nile views no longer his redundant
streamWith Desolation's iron harvest gleam;
No longer Lusitania's vine-clad coast
Shrinks from the Gallic and Iberian
host;Hesperia smiles through all her fragrant
vales, [hails;And saving Albion's guardian genius
While her proud city, whose imperial
swayA subject world once gloried to obey,
Like Veia's conqueror, views our
friendly powers [towers.Free from the Gallic yoke her lofty
As joyful England, with exulting
voice, [choice,Hails either statesman of his monarch's
Who drove with arm undaunted Glory's
car [war,Through the loud thunder of unequal
Or bade the fury of the battle cease,
And reach'd the blest abode of Fame
and Peace.While Concord blesses, with celestial
smiles, [Isles,The favour'd empire of the British
Berkshire,—though Honour twine the
fairest bough [brow,To grace her Addington's illustrious
Proud that awhile her genial fields
should claim [name,—Enroll'd amidst her sons his glorious
His absence long shall mourn.—Tho'
scenes more bright,And plains more fertile now may charm
his sight,Ne'er shall he find, through all the
race of earth, [worth!

Hearts more devoted to his patriot

SONG.

I'VE roam'd through many a weary
round,
I've wander'd east and west;
Pleasure in ev'ry clime I found,
But sought in vain for rest.

While Glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide,
And think the home, which Love en-
dears,
Worth all the world beside.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

[From Mr. G. Dyer's Poems.]

I. 1.

THERE are who skim the stream
of life,
And catch delight from every passing
gale;
No sounds of grief their ear assail,
They heed not nature's strife.
Bright skies illumine their dawn of day,
While Music wakes her magic pow-
ers,
No clouds obstruct their noon-tide ray,
And to soft measures move their ev'n-
ing hours;
Gaily, Love's sidle rovers, on they glide,
And Pleasure, laughing fair, their ves-
sel loves to guide.

I. 2.

Their destin'd course some lonely bend
Where no propitious gales attend;
And, hark! the note of woe from far,
The frantic scream, the din of war.
Struggling with storms, their mornings
doubtful rise;
Sullen and slow proceed their hours
along;
'Mid scowling tempests close their
ev'ning skies;
Nor soothes their ear the cheerful
voice of song.

I. 3.

But, see! the sons of Genius stand,
And Science open spreads the volume
fair,
And Friendship waves her hand,
To check the child of Mirth, to soothe
the child of Care.

Nature assumes a smiling form,
Like Ocean resting from a storm:
From distant India's pearly shores,
From mystic Egypt's latent stores,
To where in Grecia's tuneful groves,
The Graces wanton'd with the Loves,
Lo! Science comes,—the wilderness
looks gay,
And savage Nature smiles, and rises
into day.

II. 1.

The blooming wreath of rapt'rous
praise
Now weave with varied skill and con-
scious pride,
As when, near Pisa's laurell'd side,
The Theban* wove the bays.
Of brow serene, and eye sublime,
Immortal Science, hail! To thee,
Deck'd with the precious spoils of Time,
We yield the crown, we bend the
willing knee:
To thee the Virtues all obedient rise,
And Truth unveils her face, and looks
with smiling eyes.

II. 2.

'Ye sons of Mirth, and sons of Care,
I the bower of bliss prepare;
Near me descend ambrosial showers,
And near me bloom immortal flowers:
Oh! hither, then, your erring courses
bend;
Close by my side shall Care forget
to grieve;
Here Mirth's wild crew may, haply,
find a friend,
And pining Melancholy dare to live.'

III.

Thus Science spoke aloud—when, lo!
By Fancy's eye was seen the sacred
choir,
That taught, with vivid glow,
The canvas first to shine; that wak'd
the melting lyre.
And round and round their queen
they move,
Symphonious to the voice of Love;
Nor did in vain the thrilling dart
Of Music pierce the captiv'd heart,
Till every discord died away,
As clouds before the solar ray.
Through the wide earth th' harmonic
chords resound,
While Rapture lifts her voice, and
Goodness smiles around.

* Pindar.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN PARIS.

By HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

SHE comes, benign enchantress,
 heav'n-born Peace,
 With Mercy beaming in her radiant
 eye!—
 She bids the horrid din of battle cease,
 And at her glance the savage passions
 die!
 'Tis Nature's festival: let earth re-
 joice,
 Vanquish'd and conqu'ror pour ex-
 ulting songs;
 In distant regions, with according
 voice,
 Let man the vict'ry bless—its prize
 to man belongs!
 Resistless Freedom—when she nerves
 the arm,
 No vulgar triumph crowns the hero's
 might;
 She, she alone can spread a moral
 charm
 O'er war's fell deeds, and sanctify
 the fight!
 Oh, Gallia, in this bright immortal
 hour,
 How proud a trophy binds thy lau-
 rel'd brow!
 Republic, hail, whose independent
 pow'r
 All earth *contested once*—all earth
confesses now!
 Protecting spirits of the glorious dead,
 Ah, not in vain the hero's noble toil!
 Ah, not in vain the patriot's blood is
 shed—
 That blood shall *consecrate* his na-
 tive soil!
 Illustrious names to Hist'ry's record
 dear,
 And breath'd when some high im-
 pulse fires the bard,
 For you shall Virtue pour the glowing
 tear—
 And your remember'd deeds shall
 still your country guard.
 And thou, lov'd Britain, my parental
 isle, [waves,
 Secure, encircled by thy subject
 Thou land august, where Freedom
 rear'd her pile, [of slaves;
 While Gothic night obscur'd a world

Thy Genius, that indignant heard the
 shock [thee!]
 Of frantic combat (strife unmeet for
 Now views, triumphant, from his sea-
 girt rock, [alone wert free!
 Thee unsubdu'd alone; for thou
 Oh, happy thy misguided efforts fail'd,
 My country, when with tyrant hosts
 combin'd!
 Oh, hideous Conquest, had thy sword
 prevail'd,
 And crown'd the impious league
 against mankind;
 Thou nurse of great design, of lofty
 thought,
 What homicide, had thy insensate
 rage
 Effac'd the sacred lesson thou hast
 taught, [on Glory's page!
 And with thy purest blood inscrib'd
 Ah, rather haste to Concord's holy
 shrine,
 Ye rival nations—haste with joy elate;
 Your blending garlands round her altar
 twine, [hate!
 And bind the wounds of no immortal
 Go, breathe responsive rituals o'er the
 sod
 Where Freedom's martyrs press an
 early grave;
 Go, vow that never shall their turf be
 trod [slave!
 By the polluted step of tyrant or of
 And from your shores the abject vices
 chase— [disdain;
 That low Ambition gen'rous souls
 Corruption, blasting ev'ry moral grace;
 Servility; that kneels to bless his chain;
 Oh, Liberty! those dæmons far remove!
 Come, nymph, severely good, sub-
 limely great;
 Nor to the 'raptur'd hope of mortals
 prove [the iv'ry gate!
 Like those illusive dreams that pass
 New Age, that rolls o'er man thy dawn-
 ing year, [birth;
 Ah, sure all happy omens hail thy
 Sure whiter annals in thy train appear,
 And purer glory cheers the gladden'd
 earth.
 Like the young eagle, when his stedfast
 glance [ward flight,
 Meets the full sun-beam in his up-
 So thou shalt with majestic step advance,
 And fix thy dauntless eye on Liberty
 and light!

ON PEACE.

AGAIN sweet Peace, with plenty
crown'd,

Illumes with joy our fav'rite isles;
Each Briton gladly hails the sound,
And welcomes it with heart-felt
smiles!

For now shall Science re-appear;
Each Art resume its wonted sway;
Commerce again shall flourish here,
And spread its genial happy ray.

No more shall War the sword uncase,
Whilst Britain's still with freedom
blest;

Domestic discord now shall cease;
And friendship warm each party's
breast.

Let those who thought fell War unjust,
And loudly rail'd against its cause,
Reflect 'Whatever must be, must,'
And give their frowns a lasting pause.

And he who still with ardour burns,
Nor has at all at War demurr'd,
Must know that Peace, on any terms,
To that should surely be preferr'd.

For, see! a seven-years' vig'rous strife;
Its complicated carnage view;
And thousands, now depriv'd of life,
But prove the awful fact too true.

And, now the dreadful conflict's past,
Shall we a wish or thought enjoy
To see sweet Concord's smiles o'er-cast,
And War's dread blaze its beams
annoy?

Rather should we, in Friendship's band,
Ev'ry such hostile thought erase,
And gladly join each heart and hand
To celebrate a lasting peace.

Blue-Boar-Row, Salisbury, J. E. jun.
October 19, 1801.

HASSAN, THE PERSIAN LOVER.

EACH gale that dips its scented wing,
In bells of dewy flow'rs,
Has lent the rosy hand of Spring
Sweet buds and balmy show'rs.

To gem the Morning's golden hair,
And cool the citron grove,
Where Hassan fills the wanton air
With sighs of hopeless love.

For every aromatic shade
Has heard poor Hassan sigh,
While stars that o'er Love's altar
play'd,

Like virgin meteors die.
Since the false Azza mocks my pain,
I'll quit the roseat vale,
Where blushing almonds bloom in vain,
To check the whisp'ring gale.

That bids me from cold beauty fly,
From grotts and mossy dell,
Where sullen streams flow murmur'ing
by

The love-lorn Hassan's cell.
They seem to chide this fond delay,
Which bids me linger here,
To chill the blooming sweets of May,
With sorrow's icy tear.

Some mountain cave I'll quickly seek
That's wet with baneful dew,
Or trace some desert wide and bleak,
Where wild flow'rs never grew.

And when the dawn is overcast,
O'er dang'rous rocks I'll stray,
While horror howls in ev'ry blast,
And lightnings round me play.

Then chance the friendly hand of death
May stop life's ebbing tide,
And saints who caught my dying breath,
Will weep where Hassan died.

For love's fierce pangs which warm the
breast,
E'en holy bosoms prove,
And hearts which ne'er those pangs
confess'd,

Ne'er shar'd an angel's love.

Cambridge, December 2. W. M.

PLEASURE AND REASON.

[From the French.]

FLED is that age, when ev'ry day,
And ev'ry month and year, was May;
When all my path was strew'd with
flow'rs;

And Love led on the laughing hours.
Inconstant, tender, fond, and frail,
No sorrow could my breast assail.
Fled is that age—and now I seem
To wake from a delicious dream;
Dull Reason comes to make me wise,
And Love his light wings spreads and
flies.

How will I exchange'd for Reason's measure
Is one dear day of Love and Pleasure.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

ON A WINTER'S MORNING.

THE hamlet's still, and silence reigns
around;

Aurora slow unveils yon eastern hill;
In icy chains the frigid earth is bound,
And Hyems holds his sway supremely still.

No songsters now from off the leafless
spray,

Ere cheerly chaunt their sweet harmonious song,
Save when the Robin pours his pensive lay,
And mimic Echo does his notes prolong.

And yonder streamlet clad in virgin snow,

Once sweetly murmur'd through the deep'ning vale;
Now, lull'd to slumber, can no longer flow

In sounds concordant with my plaintive tale.

Where yonder cottage rears its lowly head,

Oppression long has rais'd its iron hand;

There pallid Sickness reigns with Horror dread,

And Health, receding, yields to his command.

The solemn charm is broke—I hear the knell

(The awful herald of the ways of death!)

Slow sounding through the windings of yon dell,

And wildly echoing o'er the briary heath—

'Urania's dead!' Ah cruel, cruel Fate!

Tonip the blossom in its early bloom;
To blast pure beauty in its dawning state,

And yield perfection to the silent tomb!

Ah, what avails the boasted pomp of state,

The gaudy trifle of a fleeting hour!
The worthless titles that proclaim the great!

The menial boastings of extended pow'r!

Not all conjoin'd can calm the troubled
breast, [the soul;

When conscience stings the quiet of
Not all conjoin'd can render mortal
blest, [destin'd goal.

When Fate shall urge him to the
Dec. 12, 1801. WM. SMITH.

THE DUNGEON.

[From the 'Lyrical Ballads.']

AND this place our forefathers made
for man! [dom,

This is the process of our love and wis-
To each poor brother who offends
against us— [guilty?

Most innocent perhaps—and what if
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd
up

By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till chang'd
to poison, [some plague-spot,

They break out on him, like a loath-
Then we call in our pamper'd mounte-
banks— [forted

And this is their best cure! uncom-
And friendless solitude, groaning and
tears,

And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steams and vapour of
his dungeon, [lies

By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he
Circled with evil, till his very soul

Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly de-
form'd

By sights of ever more deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O

Nature! [child:

Healest thy wand'ring and distemper'd
Thou pourest on him thy soft in-
fluences, [breathing sweets,

Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and
waters,

Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing,

Amid this general dance and minstrel-
sy; [way,

But, bursting into tears, wins back his
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonis'd

By the benignant touch of love and
beauty.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Genoa, Sept. 16.

A Courier has arrived here from Paris, who has brought a new constitution for our republic, which was laid before our government and legislative body. The principal features of it are: Genoa is again to have a doge, thirty senators, and a legislative assembly of seventy members, who must possess property to the amount of at least ten thousand livres. One fifth of that body is to go out every year, and be replaced by new members.

Bern, Sept. 23. After many debates, the Helvetic government has come to an agreement with the French general Manchoisi, relative to the guarding of the city of Bern. It is settled, that guard shall be mounted alternately; one day by the Helvetic, and the next by the French troops. There are to be two sets of keys to the gates; one to be kept by the French, and the other by the Helvetic commandant.

Vienna, Oct. 28. An answer has now been returned on the part of our court and his highness the archduke Anthony to the chapter of Munster, relative to the late election of that bishopric. This answer imports, that, in consequence of the present situation of political affairs, the office and functions of bishop of Munster cannot be assumed and exercised till the final settlement of the indemnifications of the German empire.

Brussels, Oct. 29. The towns of Dunkirk, Ostend, Havre, Nantes, and others, which will suffer considerably by the opening of the Scheldt and the harbour of Antwerp, have made very pressing remonstrances on that subject to the first consul.

Hague, Oct. 31. After the arrival, at Helvoetsluys, of a flag of truce from England, which brought the official notification of the raising the blockade of that port on the part of the English, our Maese fleet, consisting of seven

ships of the line and three frigates, under admiral de Winter, sailed thence on the 24th instant, partly to Flushing and partly to the Texel.

To-morrow the thirty-five members who compose the new legislative body will assemble at the Hague, and the next day enter on the exercise of their functions. It is believed that the greater part of the Orangists who have been chosen will not accept their appointments; should this be the case, new members will be chosen in their stead.

The new state directory has now appointed a committee of seven members for each of the eight departments or provinces, to frame for each department a particular constitution relative to all such objects as do not appertain to the general administration of the republic. These eight committees, which are composed of natives of the provinces of every different party, will assemble on the 16th November at the Hague, Arnheim, Middleburg, Utrecht, Lenwarden, Zwoll, Groningen, and Herzogenbusch; and within five weeks lay the result of their labours before the directory for their approbation.—On the 1st of December each committee will send hither a member to confer with a deputation from the directory on this subject, so that the new order of things may commence with the new year. By this regulation, the late provinces will receive more authority than they had before; but the report, that they will be restored to their former situation and entirely govern themselves as before the year 1795, is unfounded.

Amsterdam, Oct. 31. Some hundreds of merchant-ships are lying here ready to sail in a short time for different ports. Our ministry of marine has formally given notice, that, according to the preliminaries of peace concluded between France and her allies, and England, a free navigation will be insured to the Batavian flag. Our republic has ap-

plied to England for passes for ships under the Batavian flag, in case they should meet with English ships who have not yet received notice of the peace. These passes are immediately expected from England.

Two Dutch ships of war will soon sail for the East Indies and the coast of Guinea; other ships of war will likewise sail for the West Indies, in order, after the signing of the definitive treaty, to take possession of our former establishments. The number of our colonial troops will be considerably augmented.

A new plan has been given into the French government for clearing the harbour of Antwerp, making docks, and enlarging the entrance of the harbour, so as to admit ships of 600 tons burthen.

Milan, Nov. 12. Since the 3d instant, the day of the great storm in the north of Europe, we have had here such violent and continual rains as have never been known in the memory of man. The Adda, Olona, Lambro, and Sivero, have overflowed their banks, and caused great devastations. Trees, houses, and mills, have been carried away by the floods, and several peasants have been drowned.

The country round this city resembles one great sea; the streets of a great part of the suburbs are overflowed. The Tecino, the Gravelane, and the Po, not far from Pavia, form only one wide stream. The bridges of Pavia, Lodi, and Cassano, are partly destroyed; and we expect to hear of many similar accidents in other places. Our archbishop, to avert the calamity, has ordered three days prayers in the cathedral, which will commence to-day; and the departmental administration has ordered similar prayers in the church of Santa Maria Segreta.

Alexandria (Italy), Nov. 13. The Tanaro, the Bormida, and the Scrivia, have so overflowed, that they form but one body of water. The rise of the Tanaro prevents us from passing from the city to the citadel. Ten persons have been drowned on that side. The Bormida flows on one side up to the gates of the town, and on the other has inundated the fields of Marengo, Spicetta, and St. Guiliano. In short,

we can now go in boats from hence to Tortona. Yesterday morning, the flying bridge which was in the Bormida was carried away, and the deluge is not yet over.

Milan, Nov. 14. It is confirmed, that the dispatches brought by the courier Moustache related to the constitution of the Cisalpine. The French government has approved the plan of the constitution that had been sent to it. As far as relates to the appointment to the places created by the constitution, our provisional government, in concert with the minister Petiet and general Murat, has proposed to the first consul the appointment of the first magistrates, who shall afterwards appoint to the subordinate offices. The first consul has replied, that he will take the task upon himself with pleasure, and that he would even have come to Milan, if the affairs of France permitted him; that they, however, would soon carry him to Lyons, whither, in consequence, he invited the following persons to follow him, in order to proceed, in concert with him, to the appointments to be made. The persons invited are all the bishops of the Cisalpine, twenty-nine in number, thirty-three rectors or curates, forty-six persons attached to the tribunals, fifty-one merchants, thirty-one learned men, twelve administrators of departments, forty deputies from towns, forty-eight persons belonging to the national-guard, twenty-seven deputies from troops of the line, one hundred and fifty notables, six members of the committee of government, thirty-one members of the consulta. Each of these persons will have previously, as an indemnity, one hundred ducats. Those who have no property are to be fully indemnified.

Paris, Nov. 16. The bishop of Acqs, the cardinal archbishop of Strasburg, the archbishop of Auch, the bishop of Lavaur, the bishop of Vence, the bishop of Rochelle, and the bishop of Blois, have sent their resignations to the pope.

Marquis Cornwallis dined the day before yesterday at the minister of war's. To the number of general officers who dined there are to be added, adjutant-general Duroc, who is
just

just arrived from Russia, and the chief of brigade Lauriston, who carried to England the ratification of the preliminaries of peace. The day of the departure of the English and French plenipotentiaries for Amiens is not publicly known, but it is believed that it will take place in the course of this decade. We learn from Amiens that great preparations are making there for their reception.

Ratisbon, Nov. 22. A new contest has arisen between the courts of Vienna and Berlin, on the subject of the indemnities to the stadtholder. The emperor pretends that the losses sustained by that prince do not in any way concern the German empire, which, in consequence, cannot be required to supply territories for his indemnity. It is asserted that count Stadion has presented a memorial to the court of Berlin on the subject: but Prussia insists on this point; and as it is agreed between her and the French government, the business will not experience much difficulty. The court of Vienna must end by yielding.

It is not only with regard to the prince of Orange's indemnities that difficulties have arisen between the principal powers; it is said, that some princes of the second order, who have lost nothing, seek in the midst of the general distress to acquire new dignities—Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Russia, and France, are negotiating for the elevation of the houses of Baden; Wirtemberg and Tuscany, Orange and Hesse Cassel, to the electoral dignity.

Paris, Nov. 22. We learn from Brest, that general Rochambeau has arrived at that place with his staff. The general-in-chief, Leclerc, is also arrived at Brest, and this day he was to embark. We learn by the telegraph, that admiral Villaret-Joyeuse was on the 22d to give orders that no more communication should be held with the shore, and that he was to be in readiness to put to sea.

Citizen Rampen, general of division and senator, is arrived at Marseilles. He was one of the generals who commanded at Alexandria, the garrison of

which place did not capitulate until the last extremity.

23. We are assured that cardinal de Montmorency has addressed the pope's brief to the ancient French bishops who were in Germany. It is said that several of them have united themselves with him to deliberate upon the subject at Munster. Some others, among whom are the bishops of Boulogne, Painiers, and Auxerre, have joined the archbishop of Rheims at Brunswick.

According to the last letters from Havre, the *Comète* and *Indefatigable* frigates were to have sailed on the 20th, with six hundred troops, to join the expedition at Brest. It is also said that *La Revanche* and *La Valeureuse* frigates, with several corvettes, will, on the 6th of December, proceed to the place.

Marquis Cornwallis was present yesterday at the opening of the legislative body. His excellency was received with marks of peculiar distinction on his entering and departing from the hall. He was observed to converse with M. de Lucchesini, the Prussian minister, near whom he sat.

The Russian ambassador, on his departure from Paris, received from the first consul a box with the letters *P. F. (Peuples Français.)*

Amsterdam, Nov. 24. The following persons are appointed by the directory to be members of the different ministries:—For the ministry of the interior, citizens Van der Palm, Leemans, and Ram; for the finances, Abbima, (a brother to the late envoy at Hamburg), Appelins, Vos Van Stunwyck, and Mollerus, who is treasurer; for the marine, Van Kingsbergen, Van Royen, and Jacobson; and for the ministry at war, Cambur, Zuilen, Van Nievelt, and Pompe Van Mardevoit.

Vienna, Nov. 25. His excellence field-marshal count Lusey died last night.

The new constitution of the Cisalpine republic is formed on the model of that of France; but with this difference, that, instead of a first consul, there will be a president for twenty years; to which eminent dignity, it is said, Lucien Bonaparte will be appointed.

HOME NEWS.

Farnham, Nov. 10.

LAST Monday se'nnight a dreadful fire happened at Frimley, Surrey, in a barn belonging to Mr. Hollest, of Farnham, and in the occupation of farmer Price, which in a short time entirely consumed the same, together with divers out-houses, ricks, &c. adjoining, and a great quantity of corn in the barn, a waggon, utensils, &c. which has reduced the unfortunate farmer to the greatest distress. It was from the first imagined that the premisses must have been set on fire: and suspicion falling on a maid servant in the farm-house, she was apprehended, and, after repeated examinations, confessed she had done it. It appeared in the course of her examination, that she had for some time past played the most mischievous tricks in former services where she had lived, and pretended to feel on this occasion a sort of irresistible impulse to set fire to the premisses, although not, as she declared, with an intention of injuring her master, who behaved to her with great kindness. She was committed to the county jail by lord Middleton.

Newcastle, Nov. 10. Early on Thursday morning a farmer near this town, who is very infirm, supposed he heard some persons picking locks in the lower part of the house. On listening attentively, he could distinguish different voices; and having no man servant who slept under his roof, he was afraid in his feeble state to go among them: he had the presence of mind, however, to get some large cheeses out of a drawing-room near his chamber, and trundle them, one after another, down stairs. All was soon silent, and he ventured with his maid servant to examine the house.

They found a beaufet, in which was a little old plate, forced open, and his bureau nearly so; but only a few spoons were gone, which the thieves had pocketed before they were alarmed by the rolling of the cheeses. They left behind them a few small keys and a great coat. There were notes and cash in the bureau to the amount of two hundred pounds.

Dublin, Nov. 12. Tuesday evening a most shocking murder was discovered in North Frederic-street. Thomas Barry, esq. a gentleman residing in that place, was found murdered in the evening in his own house; his brains were beat out in a most savage manner, and the place robbed. Mr. Barry was a gentleman of immense property. Upon intimation of his murder, G. Hepenstal, esq. coroner of the county of Dublin, and one of its magistrates, came to the place and made the most strict investigation, but found it necessary to defer holding an inquest until this day. The unfortunate gentleman had dined at home; a bottle and glass were found on the table in the room where he was killed. Mr. Hepenstal found in the house property in scrip to the amount of 35,000*l.* which escaped the murderers. Mr. Barry, at the commencement of the war, was a partner in the house of Barton, &c. at Bourdeaux, but drew his property afterwards.

Bodmin, Nov. 13. On Thursday night, the 22d ult. a mob of about 150 persons assembled at Boscarne, in this parish, some of whom surrounded the house, armed with guns, while a party of them concealed themselves in an outhouse, with an intention, it is supposed, of murdering the miller and his men, if they attempted to make an alarm. They proceeded to destroy the

the salmon-wear, the property of the Rev. Mr. Flamank, that prevented the fish from going up the river. A reward of 100*l.* has been offered for the apprehension of the ringleaders.

Lewes, Nov. 16. The Brighton fishing-boats were last week very successful; having brought more herrings to shore than the attendants of the fish-market recollect to have seen before, any one week, for many seasons past.

At Hastings, last week, the herring-boats were equally successful.

Last Thursday, the 12th inst. Mr. Stafford, near Wooting, and Mr. W. Weeks, of Broadwater, near the above place, were taken before the sitting magistrates, at Arundel, for refusing to receive some soldiers of the Sussex militia, who were billeted upon them during their march. They were both fined, the former five pounds, and the latter four pounds. These convictions are noticed for the information of other liverymen, that they may not err in like manner from the mistaken idea that they are not by law obliged to quarter foot-soldiers.

One day last week prime ox-beef was cried through the town of Rye, to be sold at sixpence per pound.

London, Nov. 16. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Wetherstone, a patten-maker, near St. Margaret's-Hill, in the Borough, immediately after his return home from viewing a house he had taken in Blackman-street, said to his sister—'that house will ruin me; it will cost more repairing than it is worth.' The unfortunate man then went up stairs, and in a little time after was found hanging by the neck, quite dead. The deceased was a single man, of unblemished morals, strict integrity, and possessed of very good property. A despondency had appeared about him ever since he was warned out of the house in which he was born, and where his father and he had carried on business for thirty years and upwards, which is supposed to have led to the commission of this rash act.

17. The following notice was this day posted up at Lloyd's:—'Bata-

vian passports are ready to be granted immediately, on application to Thomas Bidwell, esq. at Lord Hawkesbury's office.

'Such gentlemen as have already obtained French passports will not have occasion to send a second attested copy of the register of their respective ships.

'No Spanish passports are yet arrived, nor are there any French ones now remaining; but both are hourly expected.

'Dated this 17th Nov. 1801.'

18. Last Sunday, as a gentleman's groom was driving a one-horse chaise through the town of Kensington, he ran it against a post-chaise. The horse taking fright drew the chaise against the water-spout of the Queen's-Arms public house, and tore it away from the house. The groom fell out into the mud. A young man that was along with him jumped out, and they both escaped unhurt. The horse, turning sharply round the corner of Church-lane, ran the chaise against the church-yard wall, and broke loose from the chaise, which got but little damage. The horse entered the church, but the sexton frightened him away; and after running about the church-yard he was secured.

Dover, Nov. 22. The Quebec fleet passed to-day for the Downs, all well. Several passengers landed from the Everetta and Reliance. I cannot learn that they bring any news of consequence; but all the passengers agree that the harvest has been uncommonly productive; a finer or more plentiful crop of wheat was never known. Lord Minto landed yesterday morning, and went off for London; he came in the Princess-Royal packet, captain Hammond.

London, Nov. 23. Friday two gardeners, formerly in partnership in a piece of ground at Hackney, having had a dispute about a matter of right in the ground, one of them fired at the other at nearly sixty yards distance: the contents of the piece perforated the hat of the man, part of his clothes, and grazed his boots, as he was in a declining posture, plucking up roots.

The

The merits of the case will be heard this day before a magistrate in White-chapel office.

23. On Friday a coal-porter exhibited his wife in Smithfield, with a halter round her neck, for sale: he demanded a guinea for her; but she hung on hand for some time, until a man of good appearance made the purchase; who packing her, halter and all, into a hackney-coach, drove for Blackfriar's bridge, amidst the huzzas of the mob. These disgraceful scenes, we are sorry to observe, are very frequent. Both the seller and buyer richly deserve to be whipped; and there is surely some law in the country by which they may obtain their deserts. A contraband trade, be it ever so trifling, is very rigorously watched by those concerned; yet a traffic so scandalous and immoral is carried on publicly with impunity almost every day.

The Bury paper of Tuesday gives the following account of a bull-bait:— 'The poor animal (which was perfectly gentle) had been privately baited in the morning, and goaded with sharp instruments, in order to render him furious enough for public exhibition, when he was brought to the stake, baited by dogs, and more brutal men, till in his agony and rage he burst his tethers, to the terror of his tormentors, and the great danger of the peaceable inhabitants of the place, some of whom were obliged to shut up their shops. He was again entangled with ropes; and, monstrous to relate, his hoofs were cut off, and in this state he was again baited, feebly supporting himself on his mangled bleeding stumps!'

24. About three o'clock on Tuesday morning, Manchester was considerably alarmed by the watchmen giving the cry of fire, which appeared in a building at the back of Hanging Ditch, so entirely surrounded with dwellings, &c. that there are a few yards of space on one side only. The danger was in consequence very great to a large pile of buildings; but, from the speedy assistance of engines, and the most active aid of the military and a number of inhabitants, the fire was

happily extinguished; not, however, without the loss of the property, and the destruction of the inside of the building, the lower part of which was used as a calender-house, and the upper part for cotton spinning.

Abroath (Scotland), Dec. 2. A mob of disorderly people assembled here about six o'clock last night with an intention of burning a ship in the harbour, which was to receive grain, and also to destroy the houses of some gentlemen in the corn trade; but, from the immediate interference of the detachment of the Aberdeenshire militia quartered here, their intentions were in some degree frustrated, though not till they had destroyed the windows of three or four houses. Much praise is due to the detachment, for their steadiness and alacrity; though they were pelted by the mob with stones and brick bats, and several of them much hurt; yet their humanity was such as not to fire, but closed on the mob, and seized several of the ringleaders, who were lodged in jail. About ten o'clock the whole were dispersed, and quietness restored to the town. We are sorry to say, captain Gordon, commanding the detachment, received a violent blow on the head and side with a brick bat; and had it not been for his cap, there is but little doubt of his skull being fractured.

London, Dec. 5. Thursday morning, at the house of Mr. Squire's, in Kent-street in the Borough, two children playing together near the fire, it caught the clothes of one of them, which burnt it in a shocking manner: the father, hearing the cries of the child, ran from his work, in the attic story; but in his hurry missed his footsteps, when he was precipitated from the top to the landing-place, and was so much injured as not to be able to assist the child. The mother, at this calamitous juncture, being out on business, arrived to witness this deplorable scene; she went to the relief of the child, who flew to her, and, dreadful to relate, the mother was set on fire by the clothes of the blazing child. The mother is so much scorched as to render her incapable of gaining a livelihood;

livelihood ; the child has had medical assistance, but there are little hopes of a recovery ; and the case of the father is very doubtful.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 27. At her house in Queen-Anne-street, East, Mrs. Haigh, of a still-born infant.

Dec. 1. The countess of Albemarle, at his lordship's house, in Berkeley-square, of a son.

7. In Old Burlington-street, the lady of Richard Croft, esq. M. D. of a son.

10. In Great Cumberland-place, Bath, the lady of William Holland, esq. of a son.

In Duke-street, Portland-place, the lady of Joseph T. Hone, esq. of a son.

11. At Thurcroft-hall, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, the lady of Hurt Sitwell, esq. of a son and heir.

In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of William Holland, esq.

At her father's house at Hatfield, near Doncaster, the lady of captain Jenkins, of the royal West-Middlesex militia, of a daughter.

The lady of Percival Hart Dyke, of a son.

Near Bromley, in Kent, Mrs. Norman, of a son.

12. In Harley-street, the countess of Oxford, of a daughter.

At his house, in Harley-street, the lady of Charles Lambert, esq. of a daughter.

15. At Brighton, the lady of William Moore, M. D. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 26. In the neighbourhood of Bury, captain Mundy, of the king's-own dragoons, to the youngest daughter of the late lord Rodney.

Dec. 1. Colonel Archer, of the first regiment of foot-guards, to miss Morgan, daughter of the late John Morgan, esq. of Bath.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Rich. Bowles, esq. of Pentonville, to miss Chapman, of Camberwell.

At Haughton-le-Spring, Wm. Hunter, esq. of the Inner Temple, to miss

Frances Mary Maling, daughter of Christopher Thomson Maling, esq. of West Herrington-hall, in the county of Durham.

6. At Kensington, Mr. Wright, merchant, to miss Maria Raybould, second daughter of William Raybould, esq. of Brompton.

7. At Hammersmith, Edward Roberts, esq. to miss Elizabeth Hollis, second daughter of Thomas Hollis, esq. all of the above place.

9. At Twickenham, Henry William Espinasse, esq. major in the 4th or king's-own infantry, to the hon. Mrs. G. Petre, relict of the hon. George William Petre, son to the late, and brother to the present lord Petre.

At Walthamstow, W. N. Lancaster, esq. to miss Mary Locke, eldest daughter of John Locke, esq. of the same place.

At Exton, in Hants, sir Thomas Champneys, of Amport, in the county of Hants, baronet, to miss Minchin, eldest daughter of the late Humphrey Minchin, of Soberton in the same county, esq.

At Depiford, by the rev. Dr. Milne, Mr. Pitch, of Avely, to miss Surridge, daughter of North-Surridge, esq. of Rainham, Essex.

13. Mr. Ireland, of Hackney, to Mrs. Simmonds, of the same place.

15. At St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, Robert Rhode, esq. to miss Sotheby, of York-street Covent-Garden.

The rev. George Clerk, Rector of Meysey-Hampton, Gloucestershire, to Mrs. Gould.

After a courtship of forty years and upwards, Adam Wathen, bachelor, to Letitia Bevan, spinster, of Talbenny-hall, in the county of Pembroke, whose united ages amount to 120 years.

At Ospringe, in Kent, Edward Toker, esq. eldest son of John Toker, esq. of the Oaks, to miss Clarissa Champion Crespigny, daughter of Philip Champion Crespigny, of Aldborough, in Suffolk.

16. At Myrthir Tidvil, Benjamin Hall, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to miss Charlotte Crawshay, second daughter of Richard Crawshay, esq. of Cyfarthfa, in Glamorganshire.

At

At Claines, by the rev. the dean of Worcester, William Welch, LL. D. fellow of All Soul's college, Oxford, to Mrs. Berwick, of Hawford, in Worcestershire.

DEATHS.

Nov. 24. At Castle Hedingham, Essex, in the 77th year of his age, the rev. Brook Bridget, rector of Badbrook, in the county of Essex.

At Exeter, lady Ann Thornborough, wife of Edward Thornborough, esq. rear-admiral of the blue.

25. At his house in Fenchurch-street, John Townsend, pewterer, a minister of good esteem in the society of quakers.

27. Mrs. Bradbury, wife of B. Bradbury, esq. of Richmond, Surrey. Miss Elizabeth Cock, Wapping.

28. W. Hamilton, esq. R. A.

At the barracks in Windsor, ensign Benjamin Woolriche, of the Stafford regiment, aged 21 years.

Dec. 2. Mr. Jacob Yallowley, of the brew-house in Chiswell-street.

At Hornsey, Mr. William Lens, of the three-per-cent. reduced office, Bank.

5. In Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, George Redhead, esq. of the Island of Antigua.

The rev. Thomas Chamberlayne, vice-provost of Eton, and rector of Worplesdon, Surrey.

7. At her house in Grosvenor-square, the marchioness of Antrim.

At his house in Highbury-place, Mr. William Grey.

8. At Harleyford-place, Kennington, Mr. Russel.

Mrs. Stancliffe, wife of Mr. Stancliffe, of Mary-le-bone.

Suddenly, of an apoplectic fit, lieutenant-colonel Forster, of the corps of marines.

Mr. Thomas Pemberton, of Chelsea.

9. At his lodgings, in Kensington, Mr. George Egenoffe, son of the late Mr. Egenoffe, of New Lisle-street, Leicester-square.

At Richmond, the hon. Mrs. Keene, wife of Whitshed Keene, esq.

At Shaw, near Bath, of a consumption, Mrs. Davies, wife of Mr. Davies, attorney at law, Ely-place.

10. At his house in Paradise-row, Hammersmith, Mr. Humphrey Barton, in his 81st year, formerly an eminent cabinet-maker in Portsmouth-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Mr. Joseph Sandell, of Wych-street, silk-dyer, aged 66.

At Shorne, near Rochester, Mr. Edward Willett, late of the Falcon-tavern, Gravesend.

At Maidenhead, Mrs. Nash, widow of the late Mr. T. Nash, of Goodman's-fields.

12. At his house in Crutched Friars, Mr. H. O'Connor, much lamented by his family and numerous friends.

In Edgware-road, aged 72, Mrs. Garrard, widow of Mr. R. H. Garrard, formerly of Cheapside.

At Canonbury, Islington, John Wilson, esq. in partnership with messrs. Coney and co. merchants and dry-salters, of Leadenhall-street.

At his house in Bedford-square, Alexander Willock, esq.

At Mare-street, Hackney, Mrs. Alvares, wife of J. J. Alvares, esq. aged 73.

Mrs. Sills, relict of the late Mr. Jonathan Sills, of Upper Thames-street.

In Great George's-street, N. M. Dublin, John Lyster, secretary to the commissioners of Wide-street.

14. Mr. Griffith, formerly of Drury-lane theatre, who, though not attached to an elevated station as an actor, always held his rank as a worthy member of society in the circle of his friends.

At Sandwich, Mrs. Rainier, wife of D. Rainier, esq. brother to the admiral of that name.

At his house at Berwick, near Font-hill, Nicholas Williams, esq. agent to Mr. Beckford.

At Bristol, Thomas Purnell Purnell, esq. of King's-mill, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Gloucestershire, and late lieutenant-colonel in the North battalion of that militia.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR
ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR
THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED
SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

The SUPPLEMENT for 1801.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;
Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

On Monday, February 1, will be published,

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THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For JANUARY, 1802.


Containing, besides the usual Variety of interesting, entertaining, and instructive Articles,

THE RIGID FATHER,

OR PATERNAL AUTHORITY TOO STRICTLY ENFORCED,

A Novel; in a Series of Letters,

Translated from the German of AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE; which
will be concluded in the Course of the Year.

 THE liberal Encouragement with which the LADY'S MAGAZINE has so long been honoured, and which it still continues to receive, from a candid and generous Public, demands the most grateful Acknowledgments on the Part of the Proprietors, who beg leave to assure their FAIR PATRONESSES, that they will unremittingly continue their Exertions to merit the same highly flattering Approbation.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Defamer Punished.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

SUPPLEMENT FOR 1801.

THE DEFAMER PUNISHED;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

NOTHING can be a greater proof of innate meanness of mind than the love of scandal. Whoever delights to dwell on the errors and weaknesses of others, can scarcely be supposed to possess himself any excellent or amiable quality; as such a disposition can only be the offspring of envy, and the consciousness of defect and vice; but he, who to this meanness can add base and deliberate falsehood, must be destitute of every virtue, of every semblance of generous feeling.

Mr. Marsden, a youth of high spirit and elegant accomplishments, had conceived an ardent affection for a young lady of great beauty and merit. Miss Letitia Ellerton received the avowal of his passion in a manner which, by encouraging his hope, redoubled its ardour. Both her father and mother had died while she was very young, and left her, with a considerable fortune, under the guardianship of her uncle; who, as Mr. Marsden was known to be heir to a large and unincumbered estate, made no objection to his paying his addresses to his ward; and with the young lady herself he was soon 'a thriving wooer.' Every thing, in short, went on so smoothly, so free from all objection or interruption, that it was to be expected

a very few weeks would put him in possession of all his heart held dear.

But among the various friends, or, more properly, companions, with whom chance, rather than choice, had brought Mr. Marsden acquainted, was a Mr. Bevil, whose character was in most respects the reverse of his own. In his person he was of a mean appearance, and in his disposition contracted and selfish; though the latter quality was concealed, by profuse professions of a willingness to serve his friends, which were accompanied by a kind of officiousness in little matters, and such as neither put him to much expense, nor cost him much exertion. On this account he acquired among all his companions the character of an extremely good-natured honest fellow; and though he was often laughed at for his forwardness in forcing his service, and the trouble he would insist on taking frequently for nothing, his offers were always taken, in good part, and honest Jack Bevil, as he was called, generally received for his trifling services much more than they were at any rate worth.

But under all this specious appearance of friendship for his acquaintances, Bevil concealed a heart entirely incapable of such a virtue.

He had learned that the well-counterfeited semblance of friendship is frequently of more value, in point of interest, to the hypocrite who artfully assumed it, than the reality to the man of integrity. His soul was, in fact, secretly a prey to the rankest envy; and one of the principal objects of this his base passion was Mr. Marsden, whose elegant figure, so unlike his own, added to his success in love—which, though he felt not the passion, he could envy—and the prospect of the great addition to his fortune that he would acquire by his approaching marriage, almost deprived him of all pleasure by day and sleep by night.

It chanced, however, that he found an opportunity to gratify this malignant passion, by insinuating the basest calumnies against the man he called his friend. He accidentally came into the company of Mr. Freeman, Letitia's uncle, and Mr. Marsden became the subject of their discourse. Mr. Freeman warmly commended his personal appearance and deportment, and the good sense he displayed in conversation. Mr. Bevil readily admitted the merit of the former, but hinted that the latter was not of the most superior kind, and his knowledge on every subject extremely superficial; at the same time gravely observing, that both these were of small importance indeed, compared with the far more important object, morals. As the conversation proceeded, he gave many obscure, but sufficiently intelligible, intimations, that Mr. Marsden lived a most dissolute life; that he was addicted to gaming and profligate debauchery; significantly insinuating how much the young lady was to be pitied who was about to be sacrificed to a suitor who could only obtain her by being able to conceal these vices under the veil of the most consummate hypocrisy.

To this latter reflexion he recurred the oftener, as he now began foolishly to conceive the idea, that if he could, without discovery, prevent the marriage of Mr. Marsden, he should not only gratify his envious hatred of his superiority in accomplishments, but, as he had obtained the ear of Mr. Freeman, might himself make successful pretensions to the hand of miss Letitia, whose fortune was of that magnitude as well to deserve his acceptance.

He now proceeded to form a more regular plan; and explicitly told Mr. Freeman, that, if he would engage his honour not to give him up as his informer, he would prove to him that Mr. Marsden kept a mistress, on whom he had settled a large annuity, and that he was still so devoted to her, that it could not be supposed that he could have any real affection for miss Letitia; and that, after marriage, it was but too probable that he would sooner discard his wife than his mistress. The proofs of this were to be given next day, when Mr. Freeman appointed to meet him again.

As soon as they had parted, Bevil immediately repaired to a fashionable lady of easy virtue whom he occasionally visited; though, as she lived in great style, he grudged himself the expense too much to make his visits very frequently. This woman he induced, by a suitable present, to personate the mistress of Mr. Marsden, according to the instructions he gave her, when he should come there the next day, accompanied by Mr. Freeman. The next day Mr. Freeman met him, according to appointment; and was conducted by him to the residence of this dissolute female; who acted her part so well, according to the lesson she had received from Bevil, that Mr. Freeman came away fully persuaded that all he had been told

of

of the vices and profligacy of Mr. Marsden were true, and expressed his great obligation to Bevil for the information he had received from him; assuring him, at the same time, on his honour, that he would discover to no person that it was from him he had obtained it.

Mr. Freeman now proceeded to disclose, as gently as possible, this sad discovery to Letitia; enjoining her immediately to break off all connexion with Mr. Marsden, at least till he should reform his conduct. This communication was a thunder-stroke to poor Letitia, who now felt that her heart was more seriously and tenderly engaged than she had as yet supposed it. Before the next visit of Mr. Marsden, however, she had so far recovered her spirits and fortitude, that her pride seemed to have overcome her affection, and she received her lover with the same distant and cold politeness that she would have shown to a stranger. He instantly felt the alteration, and earnestly pressed her to declare the cause of it; but this she for some time avoided with great dignity, telling him to ask his own conscience, and he could not be long at a loss, for all his mean hypocrisy was detected. As he was perfectly innocent of the charge alluded to, nothing could exceed his astonishment; and, after some passionate altercation, he, in his turn, charged her with fickleness, with favouring the pretensions of some more fortunate rival, and meanly inventing this accusation to justify her own inconstancy. Unable to bear such an insinuation, she upbraidingly told him all that she had heard from her uncle, not doubting but he must now be convinced that he was discovered. But he listened to the whole with such apparently unfeigned astonishment, made such solemn asseverations that it was a base false-

hood devised by some infernal villain to ruin him in her good opinion, and accompanied these with such passionate declarations of the ardent and pure affection he felt for her, that she soon began to doubt, or rather to hope, that there must be some mistake or some treachery in this affair. She, however, peremptorily forbade him to visit her again, till he had either found means to prove his innocence, or at least had an opportunity to have an interview with, and vindicate himself to, her uncle, whom particular business had obliged to set out on a journey the day following this supposed discovery, and who would not return for a week. With this injunction he was obliged, though very reluctantly, to comply.

Several days of the utmost anxiety, and as many sleepless nights, were passed by Mr. Marsden in fruitless endeavours to discover or imagine by whom or for what purpose such a groundless and wicked charge could have been brought against him, or by what pretended proofs it could have been supported. At length, an extraordinary accident furnished him with a clue to detect the author of this vile attack on his character and his future happiness. A person with whom he had some slight acquaintance, had met, in the course of his rambles through the purlieus of fashionable dissipation, with the frail fair one who had been Bevil's agent in the base imposition he had practised on Mr. Freeman. Allured by her syren charms, he had accompanied her home, and, in the course of their conversation, she had told him the story of the character she had assumed, and how well she had acted her part. As she had remembered Mr. Marsden's name, she had mentioned it in the course of her narrative. Her temporary admirer meeting with Mr. Marsden almost

almost immediately afterwards, told him the story, though without suspecting of how much importance it was to him, or, indeed, that he could be the person meant; but the latter, not doubting that this information would lead to a detection of the whole plot against him, immediately flew to the residence of the fashionable wanton, and obtained from her a discovery of all she knew. She was not, indeed, acquainted with the true name of her suborner to this disgraceful act of falsehood, as he had visited her under an assumed one; but she gave so exact a description of his person, dress, and general appearance, that Mr. Marsden's suspicions were soon fixed on Bevil: to him, therefore, he without delay applied, charged him with the foul calumny and base imposture, demanded what could be his motive, and insisted on instant satisfaction. Bevil, who was an adept in dissimulation, affected surprise in an admirable manner, with great calmness asserted his innocence, but said that, with respect to satisfaction, if his friend would not listen to reason, he was at any time ready to give it. Mr. Marsden took him at his word, and they immediately walked out with swords to the most unfrequented part of a neighbouring park, where, at the very first onset, Bevil was disarmed, and, struck with a panic, heightened by the reproaches of his conscience, fell on his knees, and, begging piteously for life, made a full confession of his guilt. In this condition Mr. Marsden led him to Mr. Freeman's, to repeat his confession before his Letitia and her uncle, who was now returned from his journey, and before whom he made a complete avowal of the falsehood of which he had been guilty, and the base contrivance to which he had had recourse to give it the ap-

pearance of proof; thus fully clearing the character of Mr. Marsden from the foul and villanous aspersions he had endeavoured to fix upon it.

Bevil, after this detection, found himself excluded the society of all his former acquaintances; and soon after left England, and resided on the continent in voluntary exile, suffering thus at least some small part of the punishment justly merited by every false defamer.

On the FEMALE CHARACTER.

[*From the French.*]

THE philosopher Aristotle was once asked, why we take such pleasure in looking on the countenance of a beautiful woman? 'That,' said he, 'is the question of a blind person.'

The same answer might be returned to him who should ask, why, in every country and in every age, in every period of human life, men find so much pleasure in conversing with women, in attending to them, in reading books, or hearing discourses of which they are the subject?

But perhaps a question which is the reverse to this may likewise deserve examination—'Why, in every age, there have been men who have had the wretched propensity to speak ill of women, and neither to render justice to their hearts nor their understandings, but to defame and degrade to the utmost of their power the fairest half of the creation?'

When these defamers cite the authority of Juvenal, Boileau, and Molière, we may reply, that these great men availed themselves, as poets, of their right to exaggerate; that Juvenal wrote against women at a time when the imitation of cynic manners was carried to an excess; that Boileau, admirable as he

he is in his other works, would never have thought of writing against them, had he not taken Juvenal for his pattern; and that Molière has only ridiculed their false pretensions to wit and learning, and consequently has merely attacked their foibles.

But what shall we say of La Bruyère, who has so pointedly directed against them his sarcastic philosophy? of Montaigne, who denies them the virtue of friendship—a virtue which he himself so well practised? We may, however, reply, that if La Bruyère did not spare the women, he spared still less the vicious men of his time. The greater the number of women was who deserved praise and admiration, the more there were who attempted to imitate them in external appearance; and it was against these, and against their counterfeit virtues, that the satirist launched his censure.

As to Montaigne, who saw in the women of his age only beings without good-sense, or any taste but that for frivolity, he would not have thought the same had he been born sixty years later. Would he have been more difficult than the penetrating duc de la Rochefoucault? would he have relied less than him on the solid friendship of madame de la Fayette? What man of good taste would not be delighted with the society of the Sevigné, Grignans, Paulines, Coulanges, Lavadins, Devins, and the good duchess de Chaulnes? How deeply is the heart affected while we peruse the delicate and refined letters which so gracefully depict to us these ladies! how entirely is the soul filled with just and beautiful images! how much are we delighted, when, looking round a circle of females, we think that we find in them the same

traits of character that have so much charmed us in those who are no more!

It is to be added, that women in that age, sensible that nature had bestowed on them the gift of feeling rather than that of profound reflexion and investigation, had not the mania of compiling cumbrous volumes; they permitted themselves only, and that with caution, the composition of verses or romances. The same veil of modesty which concealed their other charms, covered also the charms of their wit.

No, it was not to such women that Montaigne would have refused the virtue of friendship. Alas! what is friendship, if women are incapable of attaining to it? In what consists its delicacy, if it be not in the affection which our sisters and our mothers show to us every day? What is that sentiment which renders the procuring our happiness their dearest occupation and perpetual solicitude? Have *they* not the *capacity of being friends*, who, in our misfortunes, our infirmities, our severe maladies, would sacrifice their fortune, their health, their life, for our relief; who have the exemplary patience to endure us with all our faults, to love us with all our caprices?

I know that it is not with respect to *friendship* alone that the character of women is to be defended against their calumniators. How much have they been reproached with their levity, their inconstancy in love;—and of this, if their censurers should be deficient in assigning the reason, I am ready to admit they can produce examples. I recollect, however, on this subject, that Voltaire, on a question nearly similar, cites the authority of David, to prove that, in love, women have more ardour than we. When David laments the

the death of Jonathan, slain on Gilboa, he exclaims, 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women!'—The love of women, therefore, is here used for unbounded tenderness: it is like that entire and perfect love with which Fenelon required that we should love God.

But, without having recourse to the authority of David and Voltaire, we must allow, that, in all the natural affections, women are more near to nature than men. Hence was it that, in the disastrous reign of terror, this sex surpassed ours in the genuine exertions of humanity, in commiseration, in magnanimous sacrifices of life, in the heroism of virtue. Let the man of gallantry give to women the frivolous title of the *fair sex*; the unfortunate man, the suffering man, the honest man, under persecution, bestow on them one far more truly honourable and affecting,—that of the *good sex*.

NEW REGULATIONS for MARRIAGES in FRANCE.

THE following are some of the articles in the new civil code of France, relative to marriage:—

'Previous to the celebration of the marriage, the officer of the civil state shall make two publications, at an interval of ten days, on the day of the decadi, before the door of the town-hall (*maison commune*). These publications, and the act which shall be drawn up of it, shall express the Christian names, surnames, professions, and places of abode, of the persons intending to be married, their qualities, if majors or minors, and the Christian names, surnames, professions, and places of abode of

their parents. This act shall express, besides, the days, places, hours, in which the publication shall have been made: it shall be inscribed upon a single register, and placed, at the end of each year, in the registry of the tribunal of the district.

'An extract from the act of publication shall be and shall remain stuck up on the gate of the town-hall, during the ten days' interval between the two publications. The marriage shall not be celebrated before the third day afterwards, and not comprising the day of the second publication.

'The acts of opposition to the marriage shall be signed on the original and on the copy, by the officers or persons having special and authentic procuration; they shall be signified, with the copy of the procuration, to the person, or at the abode of the parties, and to the officer of the civil state who shall place his visa on the original.

'The civil officer shall, without delay, make summary mention of the oppositions upon the register of publication; he shall also mention, in the margin of the inscription of the said oppositions, of the judgments either definitive or acquiesced in, or of the acts of the removal of objections, the communication of which shall have been entrusted to him.

'In case of opposition, the civil officer shall not be at liberty to celebrate the marriage until he shall have received the removal of the prohibition, under a penalty of three hundred francs and full damages.

'If there be no opposition, it shall be so stated in the act of marriage; and if the banns have been published in several communes, the parties shall send a certificate, delivered by the civil officer of each commune, proving that there is no opposition.'

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(Continued from p. 632.)

LETTER XXXIV.

From *Eugenia* to the Right Hon.
Lady ———.

NATURE, in her varied scenes, exhibits a succession of pleasing objects, which are all endued with perfections, and are heightened in their effect by essential contrasts. Thus the brutal ferocity of the ox is a foil to the amiable timidity of the sheep; and yet the different qualities of each tend to advance the benefit of man, and sustain the equilibrium of animal life. Of all the small classes of quadrupeds, sheep are confessedly the most useful; as their flesh is of a quality that we can longer subsist on without satiety than any other food. Their fleeces also are a principal source of wealth and commerce, and in their manufactured state yield us clothing, furniture, and various domestic comforts. The qualities of this harmless tribe of animals are too well known to need diffuse remarks; I shall, therefore, only observe that they are of a timid nature; and, when their spirit is roused, express their displeasure by butting with their horns, and menace by stamping with their feet. They drink but little. The female generally produces one lamb, sometimes two, and but very rarely three at a birth; her time of gestation is five months. This genus is subject to various diseases; such as the vertigo, the rot, and worms in the liver. Their principal characteristic marks are—horns twisted spirally, and pointing outwards; eight cutting teeth in the lower jaw, and none in the upper.

Notwithstanding there are several varieties in this genus, there are but

two distinct species ascertained, which are those of the common sheep and bearded kind.

THE COMMON SHEEP.

The outward construction of these animals is a type of their mental harmless propensities; as their countenance is peculiarly emblematic of innocence, and their habitudes are so inoffensive that they excite the most benign sensations on their behalf. Innate simplicity is a quality which wonderfully engages our affection, and in the sheep we may clearly perceive it in its most genuine form.

M. de Buffon, contrary to his usual candour and judicious mode of proceeding, represents this inoffensive race as the most stupid of the animal tribes; which is unjust, as, notwithstanding there are other classes endued with more brilliant qualities, they have a sufficient degree of instinct to avoid danger, seek sustenance, and perform all the requisite demands of nature and social existence. From the clearest evidence it appears that every species of subjugated animals degenerate in sagacity, in proportion to their wants being regularly supplied by the attention of man. This is a natural consequence; as the demands of appetite, and the exigency of precarious existence, are constant incentives to ingenuity, caution, and the various operations of instinct. Even man becomes supine, when the urgent calls of necessity do not impel him to have recourse to active efforts. Thus, in every sphere and relation of animal life, our powers of execution are proportioned to the needful requisitions. As the means of vindicating the sheep from the load of reproach M. de Buffon has charged it with, I shall become the advocate of these timid creatures; and, by

asserting their rights, shall experience the reward that ever attends pleading on behalf of the innocent. In order to form a just idea of these animals, we must review them in their native free state, and subjugated condition. When they range as denizens of the mountains, they manifest a degree of spirit suited to their defenceless condition. The rams often have the prowess to attack a dog, and generally prove the victors: when the combat appears unequal, with a degree of exemplary sagacity, they do not rely on single efforts, but have recourse to a combined attack. In this martial arrangement, they place the females and young in the centre, while the strongest rams take their station in ranks on each side, and by this means form an impenetrable phalanx. Thus fortified, they wait the assault with intrepid ardour; and when the enemy approach, the rams dart on them, and by their resolute efforts conquer dogs, foxes, or even a bull. In their domestic state they are nice in the choice of their food, and pay great attention to the tokens used by the shepherds who guard them; as is common in most species. The female is of a more gentle nature than the male; yet, when her offspring is in danger, she becomes courageous, and strives to protect them with exemplary affection; as, when by violence she is deprived of her young; she bleats in a tone expressive of the most acute anguish, and her countenance betrays the solicitude she feels. As subjugation, it has been previously observed, tends to render animals less provident in their propensities, sheep in a domesticated state form no natural mode of defence against their enemies, but apparently implicitly rely on the protection of the shepherd, and his dog. These animals, like every being absorbed in a

luxurious course of life, become less acutely active, overcharged with fat, and subject to consequent fatal diseases, which in their wild state they are exempt from; as exercise conduces to their health, and makes them robust, active, and capable of enduring great fatigue.

The fleece of the sheep, like the fur of most other animals, loosens from the skin at the commencement of the summer, and would naturally fall off; but, to prevent the consequent waste of this valuable commodity, the farmer sheers his sheep before the wool is detached. When the young fleece begins to shoot, the old one becomes loose and displaced; so that, when the operation is skilfully performed, the animal is never destitute of clothing; being by nature clad in that garb that best suits the season and its individual condition. As white wool is held in higher estimation than other kinds, black or variegated lambs are generally slaughtered. In some places most of the sheep are black, in others white with black faces. In France there are white, black, brown, and spotted sheep; in Spain there are some of a reddish hue; and in Scotland there are many of a yellowish cast: these varieties probably proceed from the influence of climate and the quality of the nourishment.

The wool of the English sheep is of a superior excellent quality, and the staple commodity of the island. It was formerly unrivalled in this beneficial article of commerce; but, from the concurrence of various circumstances, other powers have attained to perfection in that branch of traffic. The Spanish wool is of a very fine texture, owing to the salubrity of the climate to animals in general, and also to the peculiar care, and annual migrations of the shepherds with their flocks. The finest fleeces in the known world

are

are those produced in Caramania, reserved for the immediate use of the priests and Moulhaes; those of Cachemere and Bucharra are also excellent.

Dry, elevated grounds are the most congenial to the nature of sheep; especially those abounding with wild thyme and odoriferous plants. The flesh of animals thus nurtured is superior in quality to those that are fed in low, moist plains. Sandy downs on the sea-coast are yet more conducive to the production of fine mutton; as the herbage imbibes a saline property, and consequently gives the flesh a peculiar fine flavour. These animals are fond of salt, and have a propensity to lick it. The rays of the sun seem materially to incommode sheep, and produce in them a kind of vertigo, which causes the shepherds to pasture them in the shade. The most common observation enables us to form an idea of the regularity of these animals in the general process of their daily avocations: their passive obedience to the shepherd, their uniform assembling when they are to fold, are certain assurances of their meek qualities and instinctive powers. To the beautiful simplicity of this genus of animals we are indebted for the most pleasing poetic performances. The pastoral style, and the innocent delights of an Arcadian existence, are picturesque exhibitions of a shepherd's harmless life, and the gentle propensities of his fleecy flock.

As the species usually called common sheep produce many varieties, I shall class them in regular gradation. The common sheep has large horns twisted spirally, and pointing in an exterior direction.

1. The Cretan sheep have large, erect horns, twisted like a screw. This kind are common in Hungary: large flocks of them are found on

Mount Ida, in Crete. They are described by M. de Buffon under the title of 'Wallachian sheep.'

2. The hornless sheep, which are common in many parts of England: the largest horned sheep are found in Lincolnshire, the smallest in Wales.

3. The many-horned sheep, which are found in great abundance in Iceland and other northern regions. These animals have usually three horns, sometimes four, and by chance five. There are also many-horned sheep in Siberia, near the river Jenisei. The horns of this kind of sheep are irregularly formed.

4. There is a kind of sheep which M. de Buffon has described under the title of 'le morvan de la Chine.' This animal has two upright, and two lateral or side horns. The body is covered with wool; the fore part of the neck with yellowish hairs fourteen inches long. This species are mischievous, and the animal from which the description was taken was brought from Spain; but whether it was a native of that country is not clearly ascertained.

5. The African sheep; which are represented as being thin, long-legged, and short-horned; having pendent ears covered with hair instead of wool; short hair on the body, and wattles on the neck.

6. The broad-tailed sheep. This variety is common in Syria, Barbary, and Ethiopia. The tails of some of these animals terminate in a point; but more frequently they are round at the extremity.—These tails are so long that they trail on the ground, and would become incommodious to the sheep, if the shepherds did not put a board under them with small wheels, which support the cumbrous exuberance, and prevent its receiving any injury. This part is esteemed a great delicacy, and is of an intermediate

mediate substance between marrow and fat: many of them weigh fifty pounds.

These animals are common in the kingdom of Thibet, and their fleeces equal in fineness and length those of Caramania. The Cachemirians monopolise this valuable commodity, which they manufacture into shawls superior in quality, and that bear a considerably higher price than the produce of their own country. The short thick-tailed sheep are found in great abundance in the country inhabited by the Tartars:

7. The fat-rumped sheep have curled horns, similar to those of the common sheep; arched noses; pendulous ears; wattles under the neck; and no tail. The legs are slender; the head is black; as are the ears, with a bed of white in the middle. The wool is usually white; but, in some individuals, it is spotted, reddish, or black. The voice, or bleating, of these sheep in some degree resembles the lowing of a calf. They grow to a great size, particularly in their posterior parts. These animals are found in great abundance in the Tartarian deserts, from the Volga to the Irtysh, and also on the Altaic chain; but acquire fat in proportion to the quality of the soil they inhabit, and the plants on which they subsist; herbage impregnated with saline particles being the most conducive to their nutriment.

8. The wild sheep, or parent stock of the domestic races, is the same animal as the 'mouflon' described by M. de Buffon. As every species of subjugated animals have received material changes in their formation and habitudes, from the influence of the different climates in which they have been reared, it is reasonable to conclude, from the similarity of construction and the robust quality of his constitution, which enable him to flourish in

every clime, that the wild sheep, or 'mouflon,' is the genuine origin of every degenerated variety in the sheep species. This animal lives in a state of uncultivated nature, as he maintains his independence by subsisting without the aid of man. In form and habitudes it resembles the domestic sheep more than any unsubjugated quadruped; but, from its course of life, is endued with superior strength, and is more fleet and vivacious.

The wild sheep, or 'mouflon,' has horns placed on the summit of the head, which are close at the base: they rise first upright, then bend downwards, and twist outwards, like those of the common ram: their surface is angular, and wrinkled in a transverse direction; the horns of the female are less, more upright, and bend backwards. The construction of the head is similar to that of a ram; but the ears are less; the eyes are of a bright hazel; the neck is slender; the body large; the limbs are delicately formed, but endued with great strength; the hoofs are small, like those of the common sheep; the tail but little exceeds three inches in length. The hair in the summer season is very short and smooth, like the coat of a stag. The head is grey; the neck and body are of a brownish hue, mixed with ash colour; at the back of the neck, and behind each shoulder, is a dusky spot; the regions about the tail are yellowish. In winter the end of the nose is white; the face cinereous; the back of a ferruginous or rust colour, intermingled with grey, inclining to a yellow cast towards the rump; the tail, belly, and rump, are white. In this state the coat is rough, undulated, and slightly curled; the length of the hairs is about an inch and an half, on the neck two inches, and under the throat still longer. The usual dimensions

mensions of the male are nearly those of a small hind: the female is less, and more delicate.

The second branch of the wild sheep is the Corsican kind; the male of which, in its native country, is called 'mufro;' the female, 'mufra.' This animal has horns ten inches and an half long, five inches and an half in circumference at the base, and twelve inches distant from the extremity of each point. Like the antelope tribe, the *sinus lachrymalis*, or hollow under the eye, is very long and deep. The ears are short and pointed; brown and hoary on the exterior part, and white on the inside. The head is of a short construction, and brown hue; the lower part of the cheeks black; the sides of the neck tawny; the under regions of the body are clothed with black pendent hairs six inches long; the body and shoulders are covered with brown hairs tipped with tawny. On the centre of the sides is a white mark pointing from the back to the belly. The rump, belly, and legs, are white; on the latter is a dusky line on the interior part. These animals inhabit the most elevated regions of the Corsican Alps, from which they never descend unless compelled by drifts of snow. They are of a wild nature, and so intimidated at the sight of the human species that no adults are ever taken alive. The females bring forth in May: when the dam is shot, the young are consequently easily captured, and become instantly tame, familiar, and attached to their master. They will intermix with the common sheep, and have a natural propensity to associate with goats. In their wild state these animals subsist on plants of the most hot and pungent qualities; and, when they are domesticated, will eat tobacco and drink wine. From spring to autumn they feed in the little valleys, on the tops of the mountains, on

young shoots and the Alpine plants, which makes them very fat. As the winter approaches they descend gradually from these heights, and are nourished by the perennial plants, dry grass, moss, or lichens; which, by not affording much nutriment, causes them to be very thin: at all seasons of the year they seek salt with great avidity. Their flesh has a savoury, pleasant flavour; but is always lean, which is probably occasioned by their excursive search in quest of food. Their horns are used by the Corsicans, for powder-flasks and other purposes, and their skins are worn by the Sardinians as garments, and next their body, as a preservative from noxious air.

This race of animals is found in Corsica and Sardinia, but is extinct in Spain: it is also discovered in the north-east regions of Asia, beyond the lake Baikal, between the rivers Onon and Argun, on the east of the Lena, and from thence to Kamtschatka. They are also abundant on the desert mountains of Mongalia, Songaria, and Tartary, and on the Persian mountains, and the northern regions of Indostan. They once inhabited the British islands; and, it is probable, now exist in California, and the Kurile Isles. These animals are gregarious, and herd in small flocks. When the female brings forth, she separates from the male, and rears her young with great attention. The horns of the rams advanced in age are of a very great size, having been found of the amazing length of two Russian yards. They are of a quarrelsome nature, and frequently engage in martial combat. They have a natural tendency to shun mankind; and, when they are pursued, betray their affinity to the sheep by running obliquely, not straight forwards; and, as the means of security, take to the mountains, and gain the summit

mit of the most dangerous precipices with facility. The northern inhabitants of Asia chase these animals; which is a beneficial but dangerous pursuit. Their flesh and skins are important objects of advantage; but the seizing of quadrupeds, naturally fleet and accustomed to range in inaccessible precipices and the summits of rocks and mountains, must unavoidably be attended with difficulty and imminent danger. They are often taken in pits, or shot with cross-bows placed in their haunts.

THE BEARDED SHEEP.

These animals are classed as a distinct species, from possessing some peculiar characteristics. They have received the appellation of 'bearded,' from the circumstance of having very long hairs on the lower part of the cheeks and upper jaws, which form a divided or double beard. The hairs on the body and sides are short; on the top of the neck erect, and rather longer. The under part of the neck and shoulders is covered with coarse hairs, nearly fourteen inches long; under the hairs universally a kind of genuine wool or down. The colour of the breast, neck, back, and sides, is of a pale ferruginous cast; the tail is very short. The horns are twenty-five inches long, close at their base; eleven inches in circumference at the thickest part; diverging, and bending outwards, also recurvated; their points are nineteen inches distant from each other. This animal, which is a native of Barbary, is probably the 'tragelaphus,' described by Pliny, and the 'lerwee,' or 'fish-tail,' noticed by Dr. Shaw. Its nature is timid; and in its wild state, when pursued, it takes refuge in mountains and precipices: when confined it appears gentle, good-humoured, and playful.

In the several varieties of the

sheep genus, we may derive an useful lesson from the amiable effect of their timid, harmless qualities. Their innocent simplicity is a reproach to those who boast of rationality, and yet have recourse to craft to effect mischievous purposes.— Their habits are gentle, and their instinctive powers of that mild tendency peculiarly suited to the state of subjugation, or limited sphere of their action; which Pope elegantly expresses in the following lines:

'The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.'

By this quotation, cited from your favourite author, your ladyship will perceive, and I have no doubt will readily grant, that a due portion of intellect has been dispensed to the sheep, as well as to every other created being; an opinion which will be confirmed by a retrospect of the peculiar care of Providence, in the different texture of the clothing, which is particularly adapted to the several temperatures of the climes this race of animals inhabits.

It has been wisely ordained by the Author of Nature, that in cold countries, particularly in Iceland, there is a kind of sheep well clothed with coarse thick wool; under which there is a layer of softer finer wool, of a texture resembling down. This circumstance appears peculiarly adapted to those inclement regions where every animated object seems to be in danger of being frozen to death. It is an equal proof of Divine wisdom and beneficent attention, that, in torrid climes, where a heavy fleece would be incommodious and oppressive to the animal, the sheep is covered with wool of a lighter texture; sometimes with hair, and frequently with a coat of an intermediate quality: they have also short horns, which are less cumbrous,
consequently

consequently more conducive to their comfort; and have tails of an extraordinary length, that administer to their ease and convenience by enabling them to chase away flies and insects, which in hot countries are extremely noxious to the animal tribes. Thus we behold the attention bestowed on every branch of animated nature by its eternal and final source; to whose omnipotence be due praise ascribed, and every blessing acknowledged by general plaudits, in which your ladyship will be joyfully inclined to unite with

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

On VARIETY.

THE anxiety we feel to be able to account for every appearance in men and things is so great, that we are often apt to find fault with certain things, not so much from being able to prove that they are wrong, as for not being able to account for them. It is in our dispositions to measure the inclinations of others by our own, and, therefore, we think it wholly unaccountable that any should prefer what we dislike, or hold in contempt what is to us a source of pleasure and admiration. Without considering that, if the inclinations of all mankind were fixed on the same objects, there would be no enjoyment, we go on to obtrude our tastes and likings upon one another, encouraging an unaccommodating and selfish spirit, and depriving ourselves of many of the comforts of society. Society cannot be a state of happiness without mutual concessions and sacrifices, provided they are such as do not interfere with prudence and economy, or infringe on the principles of virtue. To be too compliant is dangerous; but never to

comply is a mark of selfishness, and deprives us of all right to expect in our turn what we have so often denied to others. In our intercourse, however, with our friends and acquaintances, we still have a hankering to make converts to our inclinations, to reduce mankind to an equality of desires; or, where we fail in these objects, to set down our disappointments as wholly unaccountable. Among other appearances which the present season affords, nothing strikes some people as more unaccountable than that a man of rank and wealth should quit his splendid mansion, his extensive domains, rich and variegated park, and all the happiness which surrounds his establishment, for lodgings narrow and confined, at a place where he meets the refuse of the metropolis, the idle, the dissipated and the affected, where time either hangs with an oppressive weight, or must be killed by the most frivolous and ridiculous amusements.

All this appears wholly unaccountable to certain people; but may we not, without very deep reasoning on the subject, refer it to a principle very predominant in our minds—*variety*?

If, indeed, we examine most of the pursuits of those who are not confined to that regular routine of business, which is subject to vicissitudes, and finds constant employment to the mind, we shall be able in no other way to account for the frivolity of one of their amusements, the danger of another, or the wickedness of a third, than that they cannot, by the constitution of their minds, dwell long upon one subject, and that, there being but a small catalogue of pleasures within the reach of human power and skill, they are obliged to go through the whole, whether good or bad, for the sake of *variety*.

Perhaps

Perhaps it will be said that, after all, this is explaining *obscurum per obscurius*, one unaccountable thing by another; and that, when we say *variety* is the cause of many seemingly unaccountable things, we convey no more information than the philosopher, who tells us that the reason why a body thrown from a height must fall to the ground is the principle of *gravitation*, or the physician who informs a fine lady that her case is *nervous*.

Nevertheless, if we have attained thus far; if we have got half way on the road to perfect knowledge, we may be content to rest a while until we acquire fresh strength to complete our journey.

The existence of idleness is universally acknowledged; and, as it spreads over a greater number of human beings, in proportion must their invention be racked to discover new modes of being idle.

Many grave and sober citizens are apt to connect the idea of idleness with that of doing nothing; but that this is a mistake we all know, by observing the great fatigue of body which follows a day of idleness. This fatigue is, indeed, excessive, and is accompanied by the consequences of excessive fatigue; which, physicians tell us, is a certain irritability of nerves that prevents sleep, or renders it disturbed and unrefreshing. This is expressing the case in learned language; but it is a disorder perhaps better known by the vulgar name of the *fidgets*, and is epidemical at most places of fashionable resort. It requires little description; to name it is to recollect that we all have felt it at some time or other, and the only cure for it is—*variety*.

Idleness, therefore, being diffused over a vast proportion of a flourishing nation, the demand for amusement increases. Referring to history, we know that it is not a century

since what are called watering-places were known, and the early places of this kind were the receptacles of only two classes of persons: the diseased, who expected a cure for their bodily complaints, or the very rich, whose only complaint was the vacuity of mind. But as wealth began to spread over a more extensive surface, other ranks and degrees of men discovered that they had time which they knew not how to dispose of at home, and, to accommodate them, other places were provided; wretched fishing-huts spread into large towns; and the north, the south, the east, and the west, displayed London in miniature, for three or four months in the year. All this appeared wholly unaccountable to persons who were ignorant of the demand for *variety*.

But there are things much more unaccountable, than that a man should spend his time in idleness. We sometimes see a well-informed and rational being, the heir of vast possessions, who, after having enjoyed them in reputation and with advantage to his neighbourhood, on a sudden dissipates the whole into thin air, by the assistance only of a horse, a pack of cards, or a dice-box. This, for a man of such a character, seems wholly unaccountable. But if we consider that a good character is a smooth even stream, flowing in one uniform course; that he who possesses great wealth is a stranger to all the passions and vicissitudes of him who has none; that he is a stranger to the cravings of appetite, the fatigue of labour, the contempt of the proud, and the biting sarcasms of the ungrateful and the successful; that, in short, he knows only one state of human nature, namely, a state of prosperity; who can doubt but that he has assumed the character of a practical philosopher, scatters his riches with a stoical contempt,

tempt, and becomes mean, poor, degraded, and despised, merely for the sake of *variety*!

In estimating the comparative merits of those amusements to which men are most addicted, we find that they rise or fall, in the opinion of *amateurs*, in proportion as they afford greater *variety*. The huntsman, the fowler, and the angler, all contend for the superior advantages of their different pursuits in this way. Nay, in pleasures more intellectual, we find the same passion predominating. Theatrical critics assign the palm of honour to those plays in which there is most *variety*.

In other affairs of common life we meet with the abhorrence of *sameness*, and the desire of *variety*. In shopping, which my fair readers know is a business of no small importance, those tradesmen who have the greatest quantity of goods are sure to have the greatest number of customers. As to books, I shall not state how successful those are which contain the greatest *variety* of matter, for I am writing in a miscellany which is a proof of it: but I was lately not a little surprised to hear a young lady censured very much, because she had no *variety* in her character. Upon due consideration, however, the objection has some validity; and it is to be hoped that the ladies will lay the matter to heart, and not create prejudices against them by that sameness of good temper, sweetness, affability, and other graces, which it appears does not suit the taste of the lovers of *variety*.

The seekers after the *varium et mutabile*, the various and the changeable, may perhaps plead antiquity in favour of their passion; nay, they may affirm that nature has been before-hand with them, and that she delights in *variety*. But, on the other hand, they ought to recollect, that we should be able to account

for our fickleness and quest of amusements in some other way, than by merely referring to the principle of *variety*. Nature abounds in *variety*, that man may find it in the place where he happens to be, without all that vast trouble and expense which our modern *changeables* undergo. The great business of life is not to be neglected for that childish fickleness which delights in destroying its toys that it may be indulged with others. Life is short and uncertain. What we waste cannot be recalled; but what we employ in useful pursuits may be remembered with pleasure. The discharge of the duties of our relative stations requires a steady perseverance, and upon that only will be found to depend the happiness which we in vain seek in change of place or difference of amusement; and let it be remembered, that the only *variety* which does not pall is the progress of the mind in useful knowledge. C.

On the IMPORTANCE of TIME.

'Time wasted is existence—us'd, is life;
And bare existence man to live ordain'd,
Wrings and oppresses, with enormous
weight.'
YOUNG.

TO break the shackles of prejudice, and set at liberty the long-imprisoned captive; to form the heart to virtue, and, in consequence, the mind to peace; are objects worthy the endeavours of ablest writers, in the most enlightened age. To impress conviction on the minds of youth, of the numberless advantages to be obtained by a proper employment of their time, of the great importance and swift departure of it, are the main purposes of this essay. The man of pleasure, the *bon vivant*, will be immediately alarmed, by supposing I am about

to infringe upon and curtail his imaginary enjoyments, and will drown the whisperings of reason in the riotous clamourings of dissipation; while the candid observer will listen and adhere to the dictates of propriety, and be guided therein by an internal conviction.

Time, the common possession of every man, is capable of affording the richest products, if carefully attended to and cultivated; and, undoubtedly, the cultivation of such possessions as are of most value should be the principal concern of the possessor, in order to render them the more advantageous. It is to time we owe all the pleasures and happiness of the present state. It is time that prompts research, and perfects discovery. The splendid achievements of naval and military glory, the progress of religion, the gigantic strides of science, and the unbounded display of arts, are all the work of time; and, by extending our view of the great and important advantages resulting to society from the cultivation of time, the pages of biography will immediately present us with the names of Hale, Newton, Bacon, &c. whose works have so largely contributed to the knowledge and happiness of mankind, whose lives may be held up as examples worthy the admiration and imitation of their fellow men, and will clearly develop to the contemplative mind the necessity of making the utmost use of the present moment: while, on the other hand, examples are too numerous of those who, by a disregard to the proper employment of time, suffer idleness and debauchery, clothed in the garments of pleasure, to delude and corrupt their imaginations, to disturb their peace, and, finally, to destroy their morals.

The frailties of the human frame, the important duties affixed to life, and, at the best, the short duration

of it, are, or should be, equally stimulatives to a proper employment of our time. Sickness may impede our progress; disease may chill the ardour of our pursuits; accidents may endanger our lives; or the sweeping scythe of death may crop the opening flower just blooming to the sun, and rob us of existence at a moment when we little expect him, and when we are least prepared: it is, therefore, highly necessary that we should endeavour—

‘To catch the light-wing’d moments in
their flight,
And stamp importance on the passing
hour.’ COLES.

But, alas! how little is it taken notice of! and, though the advantages to be obtained are so innumerable, yet inventions are exhausted—

‘To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us, happy riddance! from our-
selves.’ YOUNG.

The midnight ball, the riotous masquerade, the trifling card-table, are amusements aptly fitted for the purpose; and in the haunts of vice and folly, where mirth and revelry display their fancied charms, time is disposed of at a painful rate: the hours so wasted never can return. Notwithstanding common experience clearly demonstrates that the general situations of this life are unfortunate and calamitous, and although the important truths contained in the Holy Scriptures point out the necessity of so employing the transitory duration allotted thereto, so as to become fit petitioners for the mercy of Heaven, and enjoyers of a life to come, eternal and everlasting; yet is the light of reason so blinded by the mists of error and prejudice, that few persons really consider how important and invaluable is time. Is it not a little extraordinary to find ourselves surrounded with beings who appear to be rational, and who acknowledge the

the value of the very possessions they are squandering away, yet continue eagerly to pursue pleasures which in the end must disappoint them—pleasures which, when enjoyed, become pains?

When we consider the business of life, and the various avocations or pursuits that engage the attention of man, we shall also perceive that time steps forward and readily offers his assistance towards their accomplishment; and there can be no excuse for those who, reconciling themselves to the evils of procrastination, carelessly neglect to seize the present moment. The mind of man in every station appears to be constant in pursuit of happiness; but, from some defect in the education of the generality, this happiness is supposed to exist in the vacant enjoyments of indolence or sensual gratification; and, with unfortunate zeal, they launch on the ocean of vice, and are tossed on the turbulent tempests of passion. The happiness thus sought is never found; nor can it be supposed that the man who rests on the supine couch of indolence, in a sleep of delusion, can ever experience even a transient ray of solid happiness. For want of exercise his bodily functions become incapacitated to fulfil their several duties; for want of exercise the nobler enjoyments of a cultivated understanding are supplied only by a barrenness of mind and a feebleness of intellect. Thus the heart becomes prejudiced, till, alas! the conflict of life is over, and he is snatched away—

‘To that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns.’

The general anxiety of man seems to be principally that he may live—not that he may live well; or, in

other words, to do good: he therefore considers, that, having obtained the necessary supply for his bodily support, by dedicating a portion of his hours to his business or occupation, he has little more to do than to form plans for the dissipation of the remainder. This observation I think may be proved by turning our attention to some principal characters in the different situations in life: examples of this among the men of affluence, whose possessions are vast, are but too numerous; but likewise in the middle order, skilful artists and mechanics, who by their abilities are enabled to earn considerable sums in a short space of time, are frequently seen devoting the remainder, as long as their wages will admit, to the most degrading idleness and dissipation. There is, however, no general rule without an exception; and I am happy to admit there are some who nobly deviate from such conduct.

Since then it is so necessary to make the most of every moment of our time, it may not be amiss to conclude these observations with a few remarks on the proper employment of it. The store-house of religion is open: the most precious gems are therein contained: every one has an opportunity of becoming a sharer in the unbounded stock of sacred treasure. Time points the way: lose not the present moment; but seize the kindly offered prize. An employment of every leisure hour in the duties of religion, and obtaining a true knowledge of ourselves, will enable us to regulate our moral conduct so as to glide unmolested down the rapid stream of life, and finally to enter the haven of eternal joy.

TOM JONES.

Norwich, December 7, 1801.

ACCOUNT of the new OPERA called
'CHAINS OF THE HEART, OR
THE SLAVE BY CHOICE,' per-
formed, for the first Time, at the
Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on
Thursday December 10.

THE principal characters were
thus represented :

MOORS.

Ala Bensalla, king of Ceuta,.....	}	Mr. Braham.
Azam, grand slave-master,.....		Mr. Munden.
Taruda, } slave-mér-	}	Mr. Waddy.
Seid, } chants,...		Mr. Atkins.
Zulema, the favourite of Azam,.....	}	Signora Storace.
Zara,.....		Mrs. Edwards.
Favourite attendants of Zulema,....Misses Dixon, Howel, Wheatley, and Simms.		

EUROPEANS.

Villaflor, a noble Portuguese,.....	}	Mr. Cory.
Prince Henry of Portugal,.....		Mr. Brunton.
Don Manuel, his son,...	}	Mr. Hill.
Riccardo, son to Villaflor, under the name of Osmin,...		Mr. H. Johnston.
Cotillon, formerly a dancing-master, now a soldier,.....	}	Mr. Fawcett.
O'Phelim, cook to a regiment,.....		Mr. Johnstone.
Gulnare,.....	}	Miss Murray.
Silvia,.....		Miss Waters.
Portuguese and Moorish officers, mariners, mutes, slaves, priests, and soldiers.		

SCENE—Ceuta, on the coast of Africa.

The plot is in substance as follows:
A Portuguese nobleman is in captivity at Ceuta. His son comes and sells himself to release his father; but not bringing sufficient, he sells Gulnare, his mistress, to make up the necessary sum. Upon her presentation to Bensalla, the king of Ceuta, he falls in love with her, but she pleads her attachment to another, and the king at last yielding to the impulse of his own generous nature, and the entreaties of Gulnare, resigns all claim to her affection, and consents to the union of the two

lovers. The light, which is intended to contrast and shine through this shade, introduces Azam, an old slave-master, who makes love to Gulnare; while his sprightly favourite slave, Zulema, makes love to a Christian slave, Cotillon, a dancing-master, with whom she elopes. This intrigue involves another curious character, in the person of O'Phelim, an Irish cook. A body of Portuguese troops, headed by their prince, who comes to release his subjects, and surprise the castle of Ceuta, concludes the piece.

From this brief outline, and looking at the *dramatis personæ*, it will be seen that the characters are expressly drawn for the particular performers, or for the purpose of displaying the fascinations of decoration, scenery, and procession, to the best advantage. Where an author puts such restraints upon his fancy, and thus makes his selection, not as judgment dictates, but as occasion requires, we can expect neither much novelty or much merit. The structure and the dialogue of the present piece are without any portion of either. In the sentimental scenes there is not one passage of interest; in the lively ones, not a single good point in a continued series of pun and *equivoque*. The piece was written, we believe, for the purpose of introducing signora Storace and Mr. Braham, who made their appearance, for the first time, on these boards, the one as Bensalla, the other as Zulema. It is not, however, a bold assertion to say, that, in the old regions of music, a spot might be found on which they would have appeared to more advantage than upon this newly-discovered land. A new piece may be necessary for the reputation of new performers, as not having to combat with prejudice,

dice, or the remembrance of preceding excellence; they are judged with impartiality, and create, as it were, new parts for themselves. In the present case, this additional attraction was superfluous: the merits of Mr. Braham and signora Storace are too great, and too well ascertained, to require more than a fair opportunity of displaying their talents. Their style and character of the music are scientific, arduous, abounding in rapid flights of notes, calculated to display a great extent of execution, and exciting more our surprise than operating upon the sensibilities of the heart. The same character will apply generally to all the other airs. Mr. Braham's voice is a fine tenor, possessing great softness and delicacy, but not great breadth or compass. In the beginning of his first air his notes were a little unsteady, but the subsequent scenes showed it did not want precision and firmness. He executed the airs with great taste and science, and the most arduous parts with apparent ease — was encored in some, and universally applauded in all. Signora Storace has increased in *embonpoint*, but without suffering a diminution of ease or agility. Endowed with a clear voice of extensive compass, taste, science, and powers of execution; possessing also ease, spirit, and rich humour; this lady is equally qualified to appear in either department of sense or sound, and maintain the lead in both. She had many opportunities of displaying this versatility of talent in *Zulema*, and did not fail to take advantage of them. She received great applause in an air resembling 'The Soldier tir'd,' very much in its style and character. The reception of both these eminent performers was of the most flattering description, such indeed as their merit deserved, and are likely to

secure in permanence. It would be an injustice not to allow the merits of Mr. Hill and miss Waters also in the vocal department. Miss Murray was the sentimental heroine of the night: she was dressed and looked remarkably well, and gave the character all the interest which it was capable of exciting. There is a great deal of life and bustle in the representation. It abounds in choruses and grand processions, variety of beautiful scenery and splendid dresses. These embellishments rendered the stage a rich and beautiful picture, and contributed essentially to the success of the piece, which was given out for future representation with only a very slight murmur of disapprobation.

*The ANTIQUARY superior to his
FORTUNE, or the MISCHIEFS of
JEALOUSY;*

A TALE.

PHILOGUE, an antiquary, deficient neither in knowledge nor taste, though not remarkably distinguished by the favour of fortune, made the tour of Italy, furnished with letters of recommendation to the most celebrated artists and connoisseurs, and in particular to Contario, a Venetian of a noble family, and celebrated for his profound knowledge in the various works of art which have escaped the ravages of time. With him Philogue, by repeated visits, contracted the most friendly intimacy.

His wife, who was young and handsome, conversed with great sprightliness and gaiety with the French traveler. She found herself much amused by the manner in which he spoke Italian, as, from his imperfect acquaintance with the language, he often employed expressions which appeared to her odd and

and humourous. In fact, a foreigner, who begins to speak a language that is familiar to us, frequently gives us new ideas by the novelty of his phrases; and perhaps every nation, distinct in its habits and taste, differs from others by a peculiar manner of thinking and mode of expression.

Julia, sometimes at home, and sometimes when visiting her female friends, frequently diverted herself with observing, through the lattices, the activity of Philogue, in taking the dimensions of statues, drawing plans, and admiring, with an attentive and passionate air, the proportions of the columns of the most beautiful edifices. Her husband, surprised at her going abroad so often, followed and watched her, and thought he had discovered what was sufficient to give him good reason for alarm.

One day, when the young Frenchman was taking a drawing of an antique, in the cabinet of Contario, with all that enthusiasm to which true amateurs are ever liable, he chanced to lay his pencils on a commode on which were the gloves of the Italian lady, which, becoming mixed with his papers, he carried away without perceiving them; though not without the notice of Contario; for nothing escapes the eyes of a jealous husband, and this mistake Contario was by no means inclined to attribute to mere accident.

Julia's maids sought every where for the gloves, which their mistress inquired after with great impatience, while Contario imagined that he could distinctly perceive the design both of Julia and the Frenchman; and from this trivial circumstance, in which his wife appeared to him to act so well the part of pretended ignorance, he no longer doubted that she was perfect in the art of feigning, and employed it in cases of much greater importance.

He was now anxious to verify his suspicions. The moment most wished for by a jealous person is that in which he hopes to convict of perfidy the woman he loves. Perhaps he seeks it with as much eagerness and ardour as a favoured lover that of his happiness.

The next day Contario invited Philogue to his house; he did not, however, succeed in satisfying his doubts, but only augmented his own torment.

He pretended that he was obliged to go out, and concealed himself to watch Philogue and his wife. Philogue came according to the invitation, and inquired for Contario; but was told that he was gone out on some business of importance, which he could not possibly neglect. He stayed a few minutes, as decorum required, and then went to a neighbouring square, to examine a *façade* that had engaged his attention. Julia, by chance, went out a moment afterwards; he met with her and offered her his arm, which she accepted. Contario saw them, and was almost frantic.

He was met by a friend, but so disturbed was his mind that he scarcely knew him, and answered him only in monosyllables. At length, when he became somewhat more composed, Alethi (that was the name of his friend) obtained from him his secret, and endeavoured to appease his passion; representing to him that by acting in such a manner could only tend to render his shame public, and his misfortune irreparable. He prevailed on him to resolve to dissemble; and they then proceeded to concert together the most efficacious means of removing Philogue.

The violence of Contario was only more irritated by discussing such a subject; his friend therefore left him; and when he was alone his
phrensy

phrensy returned in all its former violence.

Julia was to go into the country on the next day. Contario conceived a plan of vengeance suited to his rage. He wrote, in the morning, a letter, as if from his wife, to Philogue, inviting him to accompany her on her journey, and ordered, at the same time, a confidential servant who attended her to contrive that the person who should come to her should drink of a liquor which he gave him.

'Your life shall answer for it,' said he, 'if you disobey me: if you obey, your fortune is made.'

Scarcely had he sent off the letter, when he received a note from cardinal Guadagni, who wished to consult him on some valuable curiosities dug out of the ruins of *Herculaneum*. He could not refuse his eminence, and even pleased himself with the thought that chance had furnished him with the means of being out of the reach of suspicion.

When he came to the cardinal's, the first person he saw was Philogue, who was going with his eminence to a little distance into the country, whence he was not to return for a fortnight. Contario recollected, with confusion and alarm, the orders he had given to his servant *Silvestri*, which were so vague and obscure, that his brother-in-law, who had come to accompany his sister, would have been poisoned, had not Contario fortunately returned just as the liquor was poured out and presented to him. He hastily took the glass, and threw away the deadly potion, pretending he saw a fly in it. He thus prevented the fatal error; but the jealousy that rent his heart continued the same.

He related all that had passed to *Alethi*, who inveighed in the strongest terms against his cruelty and baseness, and at length persuaded

him to adopt a very different plan which he proposed to him.

The two years which Philogue had allotted to himself for his stay at Rome were nearly expired; Contario, therefore, following the advice of *Alethi*, bought a chaise in which an ambassador had arrived, and bargained for it to be driven back to Paris. He then told Philogue, as an indifferent matter, that there was a fine opportunity for any person who wished to go to Paris, as an empty chaise was to be sent back to that capital. Philogue, who was thinking of returning home, resolved to avail himself of an opportunity by which he could make so great a saving, which by a person in his circumstances was not to be neglected. He accordingly took leave of his friends, and set out without having given any further cause for the suspicions of Contario; for which, indeed, neither he nor Julia had ever given any real occasion.

Philogue expressed great regret at parting from his friend; but much greater was the joy of the jealous Contario at the departure of the man of whom he entertained such harsh, though unjust suspicions.—Philogue had promised to send to Julia, who was fond of drawing, some designs from the most esteemed pieces in Paris, which promise he fulfilled some time after, thinking he owed this testimony of gratitude for the friendship he had experienced from Contario.

Among these designs was one from a beautiful groupe of white marble, in which the delicate chisel of *Sarrasin* had represented two children playing with a goat, and, with the innocent wantonness of infancy, filling its mouth with grapes and vine leaves, while the animal appeared pleased with his little companions, and, with frolicsome gambols, to join in their sport.

The

The natural appendages of the head of the beast struck the eye of Contario, and appeared to him a manifest insult on his misfortune; for, though this low allusion is scarcely known to the generality of the French, in Italy, and some other countries, it is universally considered as very gross and offensive.

Contario became furious; he, however, sufficiently mastered his passion to dissemble. He intercepted and opened all the letters and parcels that came for Julia; but, finding nothing from Philogue to confirm his suspicions, he caused his lady to be closely watched wherever she went, and began to suspect that some other lover had succeeded the Frenchman in her favour.

All the advice of his friend Alethi was without effect, till at length the extreme agitation of his mind, arising from the constraint he put on himself to conceal his rage, and his disappointment at being able to discover nothing, threw him into a violent fever, which increasing, and defying all medicine, he sent for his wife, and at the same time for Alethi.

‘Perfidious Julia!’ cried he; ‘in the condition in which I am, I have not strength to reproach you as you deserve. I die, and your love for Philogue is the cause of my death. Should you still attempt to dissemble, Alethi will inform you how well I am acquainted with your vile practices; and you will be astonished at the means to which I have had recourse to break so base a connexion. I know the French character. Alethi, take this paper: it is my last will. In it I give all my property to Philogue; he shall enjoy it, and will see you no more, base woman! but will despise you as much as he has pretended to love you. It is the fate that awaits you,—the just punishment of your falsehood.’

The astonishment of Julia could

only be equalled by her grief; for she sincerely loved her husband. So great was her surprise, and so acute her feelings, that she was deprived of the power of shedding tears, and stood lost in a kind of stupefaction, which can be conceived only by those who have felt this species of despair.

‘Begone!’ cried her raving husband. ‘Take from my sight those features I detest, though I once adored them.’

Alethi, who saw the distress of Julia, took her by the hand, and led her, almost without her knowledge, out of the apartment.

Contario called her back, and she returned. His voice, recalling her, restored her in some manner to her senses.

‘Before I die,’ said he, ‘let me disburthen my heart of every thing that lies heavy on it. Julia, cruel Julia! I die by your hands, since you have been false to me: but know that time alone was wanting to me, and prevented the vengeance I meditated. One day more and you would have expiated your crime by poison. In death, I only regret that it was not in my power to execute my design. Accursed be the day on which Philogue escaped the poison I had prepared for him!’

Julia fainted and was carried out of the room, and Contario expired.

Alethi did not think it right to obey a will dictated by unfounded jealousy and rage. After having yielded to the first emotions of grief, he went to the convent to which Julia had retired, and offered to her the will of her husband.

‘Enjoy the property to which you are justly entitled, Julia,’ said he; ‘I am convinced you are innocent: only forget Philogue, and disturb not the ashes of an unfortunate husband.’

‘Forget Philogue,’ replied Julia,
‘and

‘and not disturb the ashes of an unfortunate husband! How little do you know me, Alethi! Have you caught the madness of that unhappy man? My choice is made,’ said she, bursting into tears. ‘Be worthy of the confidence of your friend. I inquire not into his motives. Philogue never looked on me with the eyes of a lover, nor addressed me in the language of love. I believe him to be as innocent as myself: let him enjoy the benefaction bestowed by my husband; but let me receive and merit your esteem. Little property will indeed remain to me, but sufficient for the resolution I have taken.’

Alethi retired, not without some doubt of the sentiments and grief expressed by Julia. He sent to Philogue advice of the donation of Contario, without informing him of the motive of the gift. Philogue was astonished at this liberality from a man with whom he had never been more than slightly acquainted, and whose taste he had esteemed without particularly cultivating his friendship. He therefore returned an answer to Alethi, in a few words, requesting him to take charge of the legacy left him by Contario, of which he was unacquainted with the value, as well as ignorant of the motives, but which a journey to Rome might perhaps one day enable him to receive from his hands; for he could not persuade himself, notwithstanding the clear and positive terms of the letter he had received, that the legacy could consist of more than a few antiques.

Alethi, surprised at the coldness of Philogue, could no longer doubt of the virtue of Julia. She had taken the veil: a year had elapsed, and the day arrived which was to fix her in the convent: she then transmitted to Alethi an open letter for Philogue.

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In this letter she informed him, as briefly as possible, of the jealousy and desperation of her husband, and her own grief at his death; adding, that she had that day renounced the world, and vowed to die in a convent, worthy of the esteem of those who should become acquainted with her misfortune; happy if her penitence might be accepted as an atonement for her having unthinkingly, though innocently, been the cause of the death of her husband. The paper which contained these few lines was in many places moistened by her tears.

Alethi endeavoured in vain to prevent the sacrifice on which she had determined. He wrote to Philogue, whose astonishment was extreme. He immediately set out for Rome, where he found Alethi ready to give up to him the property of Contario, and Julia fixed by her vow in the convent, where she would never consent to be seen by him, notwithstanding his repeated solicitations to that effect.

He succeeded more easily in those he made to the superior of the convent, to accept the wealth bequeathed him by Contario. This he presented to the convent, and could scarcely be prevailed on to share with Alethi some antiques from the cabinet of his deceased friend. He then returned to Paris, and left Rome divided between the admiration which his generosity merited, and that due to the conduct of the unfortunate Julia.

*The ART of SCRATCHING the
HEAD.*

[*From a Paris Journal.*]

THE faculty of thinking is almost inseparably connected with scratching

ing the head. It was for this reason that Champfort said, 'I have no great opinion of people with well-dressed and powdered hair, because they cannot venture to rub their hands round their heads.'

The thoughts which flow to the brain produce a frequent titillation in the neighbouring region; and, therefore, the man of reflexion must scratch himself often: the blockhead who wishes to pass for a man of wit scratches himself still more; and the woman who has something to do more important than that of thinking scratches very seldom. The manner of satisfying so universal a want ought to have been an object worthy of attention and emulation among men. But I see with regret that I must go back to antiquity, in order to find out the traces of this most simple and convenient practice. In the free cities, which contained as many rivals as citizens, an attentive observation of each other was the great art of life; and the science of physiognomy formed an entire part of the study of public jurisprudence. Barbarians judged of a hero exactly as they found him; but subtle republicans examined him more closely, and wished to know why they admired him. I have read Tacitus, Machiavel, count d'Avaux, and cardinal de Retz, and I have not found in them any thing that can be compared to the policy of Alcibiades, when he caused the tail of his dog to be cut off, in order to confound the prating idlers of Athens. It is to be presumed that he was the person who invented the mode of scratching the head with the point of the finger: this elegant exercise was in unison with the lisp- ing which distinguished that great and accomplished man.

The practice passed from Athens to Rome, where it made such progress, that it became proverbial to

describe men of delicate research in the following words, *Qui digito scalpunt uno caput*. I ask pardon of my young fellow-citizens for making use of expressions unknown to them; but Juvenal, from whom I have taken the passage, was such a pedant, that he never knew how to write a word of French.

Licinius Calvus has left us an epigram, in which he asked a young woman who was scratching with the point of her finger, if she was not looking for a husband? But this was only idle talk on the part of a poet jealous of those who were good scratchers; because he himself was bald, as his name imports.

If there be any fact authenticated in history, it is this, that Pompey, who was oftener called the *handsome* than the *great*, never used more than one finger in scratching his head. For this he has been done justice to by the tribune of Claudius, by Seneca the elder, Ammianus Marcellinus, and the emperor Julian.

Julius Cæsar, another Roman still more illustrious, signalised himself in a similar manner, as we learn from Cicero and Plutarch. It is really worthy of remark, that the empire of the world was then contested for by two men who were the best scratchers of their age; and, for the honour of the gods, I would willingly believe, that, at Pharsalia, they decided in favour of him who had brought the art to the highest degree of perfection.

There can be no doubt but that, for the last ten years, we have inherited this fashion from the Greeks and Romans; and all our young heads, rounded after the manner of the ancients, are so many proofs of the fact. Is it not, therefore, grievous to behold those pretty black heads scratched with such barbarous rusticity? I am ready to faint away when, in the midst of a saloon,

or in the most elegant company, an Alcibiades or an Antinoüs opens his hands like two great combs, places them behind his ears, and in that form drives them from the bottom to the top of his head, leaving ten furrows in his hair to bear testimony to their passage.

What a horrible discordance! Is it fit, my countrymen, that, while the Muses are instructing milliners and tailors, you should mix with their finest performances all the rudeness of the peasants of the Danube? But your error proceeds only from ignorance; and, thanks to Heaven! it will soon be removed. Young persons, in an antique fashion like you, should not scratch, except with the end of the finger, without incurring the imputation of barbarism; and, in obeying this precept, to which Cæsar and Pompey submitted, you will, in time, give a proof of Atticism and erudition.

I expect that you will perfect yourselves in this exercise.—The display of the arm, the whiteness of the hand, the lustre of a ring, are elements worthy of your combinations. Why then should not the finger sporting on your hands have sufficient genius and expression to show us, by the variety of its movements, whether you are throwing out a declaration of love, or are receiving information concerning the *tiers consolidés*.

THE WIDOW OPPRESSED;

A TRUE STORY.

‘The greatest felicity mankind can claim,
Is to want sense of smart, and be past sense
of shame.’

ROCHESTER.

IN a market-town of England (no matter where) lives an aged biped-wolf, whom we shall call Tom Tris-

tram, whose erect carriage of body and crooked conduct in life have drawn on him the denomination of ‘the upright man and the downright rogue.’ His education and talents, like his birth and parentage, were most humble; but blind chance at length raised him to the double situation of justice’s clerk and proctor in the ecclesiastical court.

It has been said, if you strip a Spaniard of every virtue, he will make a very good Portuguese afterwards; and a proctor has often been thought to resemble an attorney in the same manner as the latter of these nations does the former.

Our spiritual lawyer, in his progress through life, met once with the mishap to be indicted for his nefarious practices, and to receive the inadequate punishment of Bridewell imprisonment. Perhaps his full deserts may be reserved for his final exit.

His younger brother, Buckram Tristram, sought a maintenance by his needle in the capital; where, by *cabbage* and other means, he amassed a considerable fortune. Our knight of the sheers had his thread of life cut short by Atropos a few years since. An only daughter, to whom he bequeathed the bulk of his wealth, was left to the guardianship of her uncle; who, in his eagerness to grasp as much as he could, refused to pay the legacies his brother Buckram bequeathed to two natural children, and obliged them to recover the same through the medium of chancery.

In a small sea-port, where invalids occasionally repair for air and bathing, Buckram Tristram possessed a few lands; and hither, occasionally, our *worthy* guardian and his ward, of late, have been fond of passing a month or two in the summer. A small tenement of the deceased *Snip* was rented by a ship-

wright, called Vans; who, meeting a watery grave, left a distressed widow big with child, and five infants, to lament his untimely end. The husband had been drowned but three weeks, and his body was yet unfound, when the *humane* guardian went to Mrs. Vans, and, after observing that he understood she was left with a large family, and but little to maintain them, asked when she intended paying her rent: for *THAT* he would have:—yet a fortnight was then to elapse before the same was really due. A small vessel, nearly finished, was on the stocks: a week before the time fixed for launching the same, the hoary savage gave the widow notice that it should not be taken off the quay till he was paid five guineas for rent. With great difficulty the sum was borrowed, but the brute did not yet choose to be satisfied. He threatened to fine her fifty pounds, for not taking out letters of administration. This was an additional distress. She fulfilled the letter of the law, however; but, not employing our *worthy* proctor, he meditated further vengeance. Three pounds and some shillings paid to another ecclesiastical practitioner was unpardonable! He discovered that poor Vans stood indebted to his niece in almost ten pounds for timber. The others creditors having agreed to accept a dividend of the deceased shipwright's effects, Mrs. Vans proposed the same to Mr. Tristram; but he stormed and insisted on the whole. She replied, all should be sold, and every farthing applied. Fear, however, induced her, after the sale, to pay the aged wretch his whole demand, except about forty shillings, which she begged him to wait for a short time, as she expected to receive a trifle soon. But he was as unfeeling as the rocks. In vain did she plead her necessitous

situation, and solicit his pity for her fatherless children: for once he *did* suffer truth to fall from his lips: he said he should have *no pity*, nor more patience; and when she desired to see miss Buckram Tristram, now of age, she was told the young lady was busy, and could not be spoken with; that she trusted entirely to her uncle, and was thoroughly satisfied with what he did. By the assistance of some friends the widow raised the mighty sum: but the very day it was remitted she received a citation from the proctor, to exhibit an inventory of the effects of her deceased husband into *his* court, and yield an account of her administration. Mr. Eglington, a man of most amiable disposition, and a friend of both parties, wrote to Mr. Tristram, to endeavour to prevail on him to stop proceedings, who, in his *great goodness*, replied, he would not go on, provided he were paid one guinea. The liberality of friends who detest oppression once more enabled her to remit the demand; and the worthless wretch glories in his triumph over the fatherless and widow; unmoved amid the execration of his neighbours.

QUI CAPIT, ILLE FACIT!

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BY the insertion of the following curious fact in natural history in the Lady's Magazine, you will much oblige

Your constant reader,

Dec. 15, 1801. ARABELLA.

THERE is now in the house of Mr. Jones, farmer, of Knebworth-lodge, near Stevenage, Herts, a cowslip in full bloom. It was taken up by the root in the open fields on
December

December 4, 1800, with the blossom on it, and continued in bloom till Easter 1801, when it went off for two months, and then bloomed again, and continues so till this time.

PREFATORY ESSAY to the HISTORY of ROBERT the BRAVE, *elucidatory of the Facts alluded to in that History, and the Manners and Usages of the Times of Chivalry.*

(By the Count de Tressan.)

‘THE history of Languedoc,’ says the best historian of that province, ‘is as dry and sterile as that of France, from the commencement of the tenth century till towards the end of the eleventh. During this long interval we find no celebrated historian. Charters are the only monuments to which we can have recourse, the greater part of which are without dates; and as the names of families were not then well established, it is not to be wondered at that we should, as it were, grope our way in the dark in relating the events which have taken place during those two centuries.

‘Yet,’ says the same historian, ‘the tradition of noble deeds in arms was preserved with so much care in families, that it may, in some measure, supply the defect of history.’

During the course of the eleventh century, in the reign of Philip I., king of France, the spirit of chivalry animated all Europe. The sons of Tancred de Hauteville, Roger and Guiscard, the undisturbed possessors of Sicily, Puglia, and Calabria, proved that nothing was impossible to courage, and that its exertion was sufficient to preserve its conquests. This example was alluring; and if all who ranked as gentlemen did not aspire, after their example, to orna-

ment their brow with a diadem, they at least endeavoured to secure independence to their possessions, and frequently attained to such power as to render themselves formidable or necessary to the most potent sovereigns.

In these times, when few were able to write or read, the nobility, anxious to eternise their memory, and transmit it to their descendants, endeavoured to attain that end by collecting and preserving monuments which appeared to them as solid as they were glorious.

Every head of a family was careful to arrange, in orderly succession, in the halls and galleries of his castle, the arms, banners, devices, trophies, and names, of his ancestors. Fathers excited the courage of their children, and formed them to heroism, by showing them these noble inheritances. Broken bucklers, fragments of lances, shattered arms, these were the riches which were laid up in the inmost halls of the castle, and it was to defend these that the mansion-house of the family was surrounded with strong walls and wide ditches; while the possessor was ready to encounter death in a thousand shapes sooner than suffer them to be wrested from him.

The tradition of great achievements descended from age to age: each trophy was the subject of a long family-history, which the father related in a solemn manner, while the children, filled with a sacred reverence and the most lively admiration, looked upon the arms, handled the fragments, admired their weight, and burned with impatience to arrive at the age when their strength should enable them to combat in their turn, and add to these precious treasures.

Near the trophies were likewise seen the tributes offered by gratitude. When a war took place, the dearest

and

and first duty of the lord was to fly where the danger was greatest. His valour, his strength, his address, served in some sort as a shield to his vassals. In like manner, when the rigour of the seasons occasioned a dearth of provisions among them, his granaries, generously opened, became the patrimony of all. To contend unto death, to give with unrestrained generosity, were the precepts and the examples which the chiefs of noble families had received from their fathers. But in like manner, when plenty and peace returned, the vassals acquitted themselves towards their lords; and, eager to increase their splendor, added, to the re-payment of what they had received, brilliant arms, shields ornamented with emblems, cuirasses plated with gold, or horse-furniture richly embroidered. These the lords, after having worn or used them in battle, made the ornaments of their castles.

Each generation had its history, its devices, and its trophies. Happy the families, whose halls, resplendent with glory, presented to the view a long succession of ancestors without the interruption of a single *obscure interval*. But sometimes the eye, as it surveyed these halls, met with vacant spaces, in the midst of which were *simple numeral figures*, covered, in part, with *funereal veils*. This sad mark of the deepest mourning had at once two significations. The numeral figures, divested of ornaments, imported that nothing had rendered illustrious the memory of him it pointed out, and the veil intimated that we must respect the ashes of the dead. The countenances of those of the family who passed before these melancholy monuments were tinged with a blush; fathers never mentioned these sullied names but when they thought it necessary to give a terrible lesson to their

children; they never drew them from their obscurity but to excite the fears of their offspring, lest they should one day augment their number.

With equal care were preserved the names, devices, and emblems, of the ladies, to which were especially added distinctive marks that indicated their high birth.

How powerfully these customs and practices must have contributed to maintain courage and the love of glory among the descendants of the knights must be sufficiently apparent. They felt too sensibly within themselves all the influence which the examples of their fathers had over them to wish to interrupt these glorious generations by uniting themselves to names tarnished by any blemish, or not rendered in any manner illustrious.

As soon as, by birth or great achievements, any one had arrived at the rank of knight, he partook of all the honours and prerogatives attached to the most illustrious nobility; but it was very difficult for those to attain to this rank who were not in some manner placed in it by their ancestors. Great deeds in arms might indeed render him who achieved them illustrious; but how difficult must it have been for the warrior to distinguish himself, when all were almost continually in the field, and at a time when courage was so universal, that, so far from being accounted a subject of praise, it was considered as the most natural and indispensable of duties. Besides, it would not have been easy to precede the knights, whom their rights and valour always placed at the head of the combatants. It hence resulted, that a number of heroic actions remained unknown.

Challenges in closed barriers, jousts, and tournaments, afforded means to exhibit strength, address, and

and even courage; but the lists were open only to knights. It was therefore very difficult, for those who possessed these qualities to find opportunities to signalise themselves; and it was not till under the reign of Philip IV., called the Fair, that the practice was introduced of granting letters of nobility.

The enthusiasm of the crusades having extinguished a great number of illustrious families, Philip IV., who rightly considered the nobility as the fairest ornament and firmest support of his throne, judged it expedient to repair the numerous losses of that body, by granting letters of nobility to all who appeared to merit them by their courage, illustrious actions, or distinguished virtues. Unhappily, he did not confine himself to this prudent measure: self-love and ambition, those two passions so natural to man, soon rivalled merit. The rich man, who had neither the courage, energy, nor virtues necessary to raise himself to the first rank, offered to pay for his nobility with gold; and Philip, by engaging in this shameful traffic, which feebly repaired the disorder of his exhausted finances, impaired that veneration which had before been inspired by a long succession of illustrious ancestors. The most numerous class of the people, though little acquainted with the narratives of history, could not allow that the same respect was due to the numerous crowd of nobles whom they saw advanced from among themselves. The privileges of nobility, therefore, when thus bestowed, appeared to them a kind of usurpation, against which they had a right to make remonstrances and complaints.

Though it was difficult for any one to raise himself above that condition in which the accident of birth had assigned him his station, great

achievèments could yet render the performer of them illustrious; and if the early times of chivalry do not present us with a great number of examples of this kind, we shall not be surprised when we consider how rare are great men.

The history of Robert the Brave, all the facts of which are taken from an ancient family deed, will prove what honour and courage can effect when they are made the first motives of our actions; nor shall we wonder that we see love and friendship contracting an alliance with them, and redoubling their energy.

I have scrupulously preserved all the facts, and have only permitted myself to make some alteration in the style, because our old language can now be understood only by a small number of readers.

The descendant of the family, whose confidence and friendship intrusted me with this interesting manuscript, made me promise to avoid, with the utmost care, every thing that might discover the real names of his family. He proposed to make himself the alterations necessary in this work; but services useful to his country having employed all his time, and prevented him from fulfilling his intention, he committed the care of executing it to me.

The date of the facts on which this history is founded is in the time of Raymond count de St. Gilles, and marquis of Provence. This prince was the second son of Raymond de Pons, count of Toulouse, and of Almodis de la Marche. On the death of Raymond de Pons, William, his eldest son, succeeded as heir to the county of Toulouse, and was the fourth count of that title. William, after having lost his two sons, having no other heir than his daughter Philippa, who was afterwards married to the duke of Aquitaine,

taine, called Raymond de St. Gilles, his brother, to succeed him in his states, and ceded to him, in his lifetime, the county of Toulouse. Immediately after this cession, Raymond took on him the title of count of Toulouse, and we find that he had assumed it in 1088. This prince, during his life, extended his dominion over Upper and Lower Provence. Upper Provence afterwards became the portion of Alphonso, one of his sons, and preserved the title of a marquisate; and Lower Provence, or the county of Arles, which was called the county of Provence, was possessed by the counts of Barcelona, the heirs of the descendants of William I., count of Provence.

It is proper here to remark, that, in the course of the year 1088, Raymond having made a journey of devotion to the abbey of St. André, near Avignon, bestowed some very liberal donations on that monastery. The deeds by which these donations are granted, and which are still preserved, are signed by William and Gibellin de Sabran, whose descendants were hereditary constables to the counts of Toulouse. They are also subscribed by Rostaing de Posquieres, by Ribert de Caderousse, and several other lords. To the bottom of these deeds is hung the seal of Raymond. It is of lead. On one side the count is represented on horseback, armed with a sword and a shield: on the other is the *cross of Toulouse*. This deed, which still exists, proves that armorial bearings were in use even before the first crusades, though the greater part of antiquaries seem to be of opinion that it was then they began to be introduced. I find also in the deed, from which I have derived the facts that compose this history, that the count of Toulouse, when he raised the brave Robert to

the order of knighthood, recommended to him to make choice of his colours, his devices, and distinctive marks, in order to perpetuate them.

Almost the whole of Languedoc was subject to the dominion, mediate or immediate, of William count of Toulouse, and Raymond de St. Gilles, his brother. They had frequent quarrels with each other; for we find a letter from pope Gregory VII., dated the second of January 1079, addressed to Berenger bishop of Gironne, to the abbot of St. Pons, and to several other prelates, requesting them to employ their good offices to re-establish concord between the two brothers.

Next to these two princes, the greatest possessors of domains in Languedoc, were Raymond and Berenger, counts of Carcassone, Barcelona, Razes, and Lauraguais; Bernard, count of Bazelu, the count of Malgueil, or Substantion; the counts of Auvergne, who possessed the particular county of Velai; Roger the Second, count of Foix, who occupied a part of the Toulousain, under the sovereignty of the counts of Toulouse; the counts of Vienne, Valence, Cominges, &c. Among the viscounts, Bernard Aton had the most extensive domains, possessing the viscounties of Albi, Nimes, Beziers, Agde, Carcassone, and Razes. Next were the viscounts of Toulouse, Narbonne, Polignac, Lautrec, Fenouilledes, Minervois, Gimoes, &c.; and among the simple seigneurs, or lords, the most distinguished, were those of Montpellier, Uzès, Anduse, Sauve, Ile Jourdain, Pierre Pertuse, Termes, &c. &c.

I do not mean to give a complete list of the most illustrious families of Languedoc: the reader, to become acquainted with them, may have recourse to the history of that province; nor shall I attempt to
give

give in a preface the history of Raymond de St. Gilles, one of the greatest princes of his age: it deserves to be perused entire. I shall confine myself to mentioning that it was this prince who, after infinite labours, and a thousand heroic achievements, twice refused the crown of Jerusalem, though to him the crusades were principally indebted for that brilliant conquest. A hundred thousand men whom he had brought from his states, his immense riches, his courage, and especially the constancy of his efforts, triumphed over all obstacles, notwithstanding the perfidious and ambitious intrigues which he had continually to encounter. Equally great in himself, and satisfied with the rewards which he hoped from heaven, he rather chose to bestow than accept a sceptre. He only wished to conquer, to dispense benefits; a great and sublime example, which is rarely exhibited on earth. Therefore have all historians united to pay to this illustrious prince the tribute of homage which he so well merited; and nearly eight centuries, which have elapsed since his time, have not diminished the admiration with which his memory inspires all generous hearts.

The two principal personages mentioned in this history, Roger and Robert, followed Raymond in his expedition to the Holy Land. This prince died the 28th of February, in the year 1105, aged about 64 years, in the city which he had founded near Tripoli, and named *Montpelerin*. After his death, these two friends attached themselves to Bertrand, the eldest son of Raymond, who succeeded him as count of Toulouse. This prince had need of their courage to reconquer his states, which had been seized by the duke of Aquitaine, while Raymond de St.

Gilles was combating in the Holy Land.

It appeared to me that it might be of utility to publish this historical anecdote in an age in which it is often attempted to calculate the honours and dignities attached to the order of nobility in the same manner as pecuniary advantages are calculated. It is become but too common for men the most obscure and most formed to remain so, to find an envious pleasure in repeating that real merit and noble actions frequently remain unrewarded, while all history and all ancient monuments contradict these declamations, and prove that truly great men have been able to render their names immortal, and secure to themselves the gratitude of succeeding ages.

We cannot too much exert ourselves to prove that it is not to *vain and feeble prejudices* that the men of all countries and of all ages have consented to render homage. Great services have at all times been necessary to compel gratitude, before so great a tribute could be obtained from pride. Men have accorded this constant admiration only to virtues and heroism; and it would be to mistake and degrade nobility, to attribute to it any other origin. Envy and rivalry, which never expire in the heart of man, would have long since extinguished the respect attached to birth, had not services, continued from generation to generation, evinced how useful it was to render perpetual the rewards and distinctions of rank bestowed on those whom a real merit had raised from obscurity. A truly great man is never jealous of the glory of his rivals: he is only anxious to surpass them as much as possible. He who shall endeavour to destroy such principles must be the enemy of all true glory and of society.

The ancient deed which has furnished me with materials has faithfully preserved the dates, proofs, names, details of the combats, and descriptions of places; in fine, all the characters requisite to vouch the truth of what it contains; but the engagement I am under to avoid every thing which might point out the family to which the manuscript appertains, compels me to write in a general manner. My sketches are therefore sometimes more rapid; and my readers, I doubt not, will pardon me for suppressing whatever could not add to the interest.

I wish likewise to inform them, that, in writing this history, I have thought it proper to assume a graver style than that which I employed in the extracts from the romances of chivalry.

LIST of REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES for the YEAR 1801.

January 3.

HIS majesty's proclamation was published for altering his majesty's style, and title, and arms, in pursuance of the union between Great-Britain and Ireland. On this occasion his majesty laid aside the title of king of France.

6. Accounts were received of a general engagement having taken place on the Danube, on the 18th December, between the French army under general Moreau and the Austrian army under the archduke Charles, which terminated in the defeat of the latter; after which proposals of peace were made to Moreau, and an armistice for 30 days was agreed upon: and directions were sent by the emperor to count Cobentzel, at Luneville, to sign a peace with France.

9. News was received of the

French army of Italy under general Brune having defeated that of Austria under general Bellegarde, and that the Austrians lost twenty-four pieces of cannon and twelve thousand men.

14. His majesty issued an order in council for detaining and seizing all Russian, Danish, and Swedish ships and vessels, either in the ports belonging to Great-Britain, or which his majesty's ships of war might meet at sea.

22. The imperial parliament of the united kingdom of Great-Britain and Ireland was opened by a commission.

25. The Hamburg mail brought an account of a Quixotic challenge which the emperor Paul of Russia had ordered to be published in his court gazette; and in which he offered to fight personally against all the princes in Europe.

31. The French papers brought an account of an armistice having been agreed on between the French and Austrian troops in Italy.

February 4. Accounts were received that preliminaries of peace had been signed at Luneville between Austria and France.

6. The right hon. Wm. Pitt sent in to his majesty his resignation of the offices of chancellor of the exchequer and first lord of the treasury.

7. Earl Spencer resigned his situation of first lord of the admiralty; as did lord Grenville, Mr. Dundas, and Mr. Windham.

15. The new administration was appointed.

16. Mr. Horne Tooke was introduced into the house of commons, where he took his seat as representative for the borough of Old Sarum.

17. Advices from France announced the signing of a definitive treaty between that country and Austria.

Mr. Pitt,

Mr. Pitt, though not in office, brought forward the budget for the ensuing year; when the house agreed to a loan of 25,500,000*l.* for England, and of 2,500,000*l.* for Ireland; and to new taxes amounting to 1,730,000*l.* a-year.

22. His majesty had been for a week most severely indisposed.

24. His majesty's indisposition became more serious; and for near three weeks all ranks of people laboured under the greatest anxiety on account of their beloved sovereign.

March 11. His majesty's recovery announced by his physicians.

14. Mr. Pitt resigned to his majesty the seals of his office, which were immediately delivered to Mr. Addington.

17. The Lisbon mail brought an account of war having been declared by the court of Madrid against Portugal.

19. His majesty's ship the *Invincible*, of 74 guns, was wrecked on a sandbank in Yarmouth Road, when captain Rennie, several of his officers, and about 400 men, perished.

24. French papers brought the account of an armistice having been concluded between France and the king of Naples; and that a proclamation published at Paris had announced a general peace on the continent.

April 3. Received the news of a Danish army having taken possession of Hamburg on the 29th of March.

13. Arrived the important intelligence of the death of the emperor Paul of Russia; and that on the 28th of March sir Hyde Parker's fleet, under the conduct of lord Nelson, had passed the Sound on the 31st ult.

14. Official accounts were received from sir Hyde Parker of the battle at Copenhagen, which took place on the 2d, under the direction of lord Nelson, and in which

18 Danish ships were taken or destroyed.

Received the news of the king of Prussia having notified to the regency of Hanover his intention of taking possession of that electorate.

16. The new emperor of Russia gave orders for taking off the embargo on British ships.

28. Official accounts were received of sir Ralph Abercrombie having, on the 8th of March, effected a landing in Egypt, and taken a position near Alexandria.

29. Lord Hawkesbury sent a letter to the lord-mayor of London, informing him that the courts of Berlin and Copenhagen had determined to re-open the rivers of the north of Germany.

May 11. Dispatches from the West Indies announced the capture of the Danish islands in that quarter.

Letters from Bombay stated, that on the 28th of December 1800 a detachment of troops had sailed from that place, on board admiral Blanket's squadron, to proceed up the Red Sea, and co-operate with the army in Egypt.

15. Dispatches were received from general Hutchinson in Egypt, with an account of a great victory obtained over the French army: together with the melancholy tidings of the death of the brave sir Ralph Abercrombie.

June 1. The Hamburg mail announced the evacuation of that city by the Danes.

Accounts were received that the Dutch West-India island of St. Eustatia had surrendered to his majesty's forces on the 25th of April.

6. An order was issued for taking off the embargo on Russian and Danish ships in British ports.

8. The Hamburg mail brought the news of the king of Sweden

having taken off the prohibition against English ships trading to his ports.

29. Dispatches were received from lord Elgin at Constantinople, giving an account of a victory gained by the British troops in Egypt over the French at Rhamanich.

July 2. Received the news of a convention being signed between the Spaniards and Portuguese for a cessation of hostilities.

10. The Prussian troops evacuated the imperial city of Bremen.

11. Lord Hawkesbury sent a letter to the lord mayor, informing him that a convention between Russia and Great-Britain had been signed, by which all differences between the two countries were amicably adjusted.

22. Paris papers brought an account of the capture of his majesty's ship Hannibal in the bay of Alge-siras.

Accounts from Lisbon stated that the first consul refused to ratify the peace concluded at Badajos between Spain and Portugal.

24. The court of aldermen granted permission for press-warrants to be issued in the city of London for one month, on account of the critical situation of affairs, and the necessity for calling forth the whole strength of the country.

25. Marquis Cornwallis was appointed by his royal highness the duke of York to the chief command of the English forces; and lord Nelson was appointed to command a flotilla of gun-boats.

27. All the volunteers in the kingdom received orders to hold themselves in readiness at a moment's notice; and several corps in the metropolis entered upon active duty.

The court of Copenhagen at length acceded to the treaty concluded with Russia; and thus ended,

in the most satisfactory manner, the dispute with the northern powers.

30. The duke of Portland resigned to the king, at Weymouth, the seals of his office, which were immediately after delivered to lord Pelham.

August 3. An account was published in the gazette of a brilliant victory obtained by sir James Saumarez over a squadron of French and Spanish ships in the bay of Gibraltar.

4. Lord Nelson commenced an attack against the gun-vessels at Boulogne, and destroyed some of them.

7. The supplementary militia was ordered to be re-embodied.

14. Intelligence was received of the surrender of Cairo to the British troops under the command of sir J. H. Hutchinson.

The new king of Tuscany began to assume the reins of government.

15. Lord Nelson proceeded after night-fall, and made a second attack against the vessels at Boulogne; but from the uncommon preparations the French had made, and the immense force they had collected there, his lordship was obliged to retire with considerable loss.

23. The armaments along the coast of France were every day increasing. General Augereau was at the head of the troops.

27. Received information that the chief consul had ratified the peace between Spain and Portugal.

September 7. A copy of the convention of Badajos was brought by the Hamburg mail: in it was an article for excluding all British vessels from the Portuguese ports.

20. Received the account of the election of the archduke Anthony to the electorate of Cologne.

23. The Hamburg mail brought the pleasing intelligence that the king of Prussia had at length consented

sented to evacuate the electorate of Hanover.

29. The Hamburg mail brought the account of a revolution having taken place in the government of Holland on the 16th.

October 2. The public was most agreeably astonished with the appearance of an extraordinary gazette, stating that preliminaries of peace had been signed on the preceding night by lord Hawkesbury and M. Otto. The funds rose 10 per cent. on this occasion.

3. M. Otto's secretary was dispatched to Paris with the preliminaries.

Several of the French bishops, in consequence of a requisition from the pope, resigned their sees.

10. General Lauriston, aide-du-camp to Bonaparte, arrived in town in the morning from Paris with the ratification of the preliminaries. When he was proceeding from M. Otto's house to Downing-street, the populace took the horses from his carriage and drew it. An universal sentiment of joy prevailed throughout the metropolis, and at night there was a general illumination.

12. Orders were issued for paying off sixty-three ships.

The illuminations were again repeated this night.

13. Received the account of a treaty of peace having been concluded between France and Portugal.

The king's proclamation was published for the cessation of hostilities by sea and land.

16. Received the account of a treaty having been concluded between France and Russia; and that an alarming insurrection had broken out in the republic of the Seven Islands.

21. Received the intelligence of peace being concluded between France and Turkey.

22. Dispatches were received from general sir J. H. Hutchinson, with the details of the surrender of Alexandria, and the articles of capitulation. Thus was the whole of Egypt rescued from the hands of the French.

November 2. This morning, at six o'clock, marquis Cornwallis left London for Paris; his lordship being appointed minister-plenipotentiary to sign the definitive treaty.

6. His majesty received the addresses of both houses of parliament on the subject of the peace.

12. The thanks of both houses were voted to sir J. H. Hutchinson, lord Keith, and the officers under them, for their eminent services in Egypt.

Received accounts of marquis Cornwallis having arrived in Paris on the 7th, and being received there, as well as in every town he passed through, with the most distinguished honours.

13. On the 9th there was a most splendid and magnificent fête at Paris, to celebrate the general peace.

24. His royal highness prince Augustus was created duke of Sussex; and his royal highness prince Adolphus duke of Cambridge.

December 8. The sheriffs of London presented a petition to the house of commons, praying for a law to enforce the regular return of all the grain in the kingdom.

12. An order in council was issued, permitting the importation, for six months, duty free, of various articles of provisions.

15. Accounts of a very unpleasant nature were received from the fleet lying at Bantry Bay.

16. M. Otto was presented to the king as minister-plenipotentiary from the French republic.

Fresh accounts from the fleet at Bantry Bay stated that the mutiny was suppressed in the outset by the unexampled resolution of the officers.

18. A post-office communication was opened with France, and the first mail sent off this day.

25. Intelligence was received by way of Plymouth, that the fleet at Brest had sailed, as it was supposed, for St. Domingo.

OBSERVATIONS on ENGLAND and ENGLISHMEN.

[The following observations have lately appeared in a Paris paper, written and signed by Chateaubriand, a French emigrant who resided a considerable time in this country.]

IF man were not by a sublime instinct attached to the place which gives him birth, he could not fulfil the designs of nature better than by being a traveler. A certain restlessness presses him eternally forward; he wishes to see every thing; and, when he has seen all, he is still dissatisfied. I have run over some regions of the globe; but I confess that I have made more observations on the deserts than on men, among whom, after all, one more frequently finds solitude.

I have sojourned a little in Germany, Spain, and Portugal; but in England I have lived a long time. As it is the only nation that now disputes the pre-eminence with France, the most trifling particulars concerning it may be supposed to be interesting.

Erasmus is the oldest traveler within the range of my knowledge that gives any account of the English. In the reign of Henry VIII. he saw nothing in England but barbarians and smoky huts. A long time after this, Voltaire, who had occasion for a perfect philosopher, placed him among the quakers, on the banks of the Thames. The ta-

vernments of Great-Britain were said to be the habitations of free-thinkers, of true liberty, &c. &c.—though it is well known, that, of all countries, England is that in which religion is least-spoken of, and most respected; and in which those idle questions which disturb the peace of empires are less agitated. I am of opinion, that we should look for the secret of the English manners in the origin of the people. Being a mixture of French and German blood, their character is a shade between those of the two nations. Their policy, their religion, their system of war, their literature, their arts, and their national habits, appear to me to be composed of materials drawn from both these sources; they appear to unite in some degree with the simplicity, the calmness, the good sense, and the bad taste of the Germans; the splendor, the greatness, the boldness and quickness of mind of the French.

Inferior to us in many respects, they excel us in some, particularly in every thing connected with commerce and wealth. They surpass us also in neatness. It is remarkable that these people, who are so clumsy in their manners, display in their furniture, in their dress, and their manufactures, an elegance for which we are at a loss. It might be said, that the English apply to their handiworks that delicacy which we show in the works of the mind.

The principal defect of the English nation is pride. It is the defect of all men. It predominates at Paris as much as at London; but, being modified by the French character, it assumes the guise of vanity. Absolute pride belongs to the solitary man, who disguises nothing, and who is not obliged to make any sacrifice; but he who lives much in society is compelled to conceal his pride, and to cover it under the
more

more varied and more agreeable forms of vanity. In general, the passions are stronger and more sudden among the English; in the French they are more active and more crafty. The pride of the former wishes to bear down every thing in an instant; the vanity of the latter undermines every thing slowly. In England, a man is hated for a vice, or for an offence. In France, such a motive is not necessary—an advantage in figure or fortune, a trifling success, or a *bon mot*, is sufficient. This hatred, which is formed by the collective operation of a thousand pitiful particulars, is not less implacable than that enmity which arises from a more noble cause. No passions are so dangerous as those which are of the lowest origin; for they are sensible of their own baseness, and that drives them to madness. They seek to cover their meanness by crimes, and thus acquire a sort of horrible grandeur which does not belong to them at their outset. The truth of these observations has been proved by the revolution.

The military profession, so honourable under queen Anne, had fallen into disrepute in England; but the present war has redeemed it. It was a long time before the English availed themselves of their strength at sea; they sought to distinguish themselves only as a continental power—this was a remnant of the old opinions, by which commerce was esteemed dishonourable. The English, like ourselves, have always had an historical physiognomy, which distinguished them in all ages. Thus, they are the only nation in Europe, beside the French, that really deserve a distinct name. When we had our Charlemagne, they had their Alfred; their archers equalled the reputation of the Gallic infantry.

Their Black Prince rivalled our Duguesclin; and their Marlborough our Turenne. Their revolutions and ours follow each other; we can boast of the same glory, and we have to lament the same crimes and the same misfortunes.

Since England has become a maritime power, she has displayed her particular talent in this line. Her mariners have distinguished themselves above all others.

The officers of our navy possess more information than those of the English. The latter understand only practical manœuvres; the former were mathematicians and men of universal science. We have generally displayed in our navy our real character: in it we show ourselves to be warriors and artists. As soon as we can procure vessels, we will assume our right of seniority on the ocean as well as on land. We will also make astronomical observations, and voyages round the world; but as to ever becoming a people of merchants, I believe we may give it up at the outset. We perform every thing by genius and by inspiration; but there is very little train in our projects. A great financial character, or a man bold in commercial enterprise, may rise up amongst us; but will his son pursue the same track? Will he not rather think of enjoying the fortune that his father has made, instead of devoting himself to increase it? With such a disposition, a nation cannot become mercantile. Our commerce, like the rest of our manners, has always had something of the poetic and fabulous in it. Our manufactures have been raised by enchantment: they have flourished for a while; and then they have vanished. While Rome was prudent, she contented herself with Jupiter and the Muses, leaving Neptune to Carthage.

To the EDITOR of the LADY'S
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE wonderful feats which some gentlemen have lately performed in walking are not to be considered as trivial or unimportant to the public. They have already led to some singular discoveries, which will probably end in as singular improvements.

We already learnt that our bodies are naturally unfit for the exercise of walking, and that a great deal of solemn preparation is necessary before a gentleman can foot it to any advantage. The consequence has already been, that many gentlemen are now studying the anatomy and physiology of the lungs, and the proper means of securing such a portion of wind as may be adequate to a handsome wager, while the vulgar part of mankind are content with the breath that life usually requires. The faculty have been consulted on the occasion; but their practice has been so much with people who cannot stir a foot, that they know not how to prescribe for patients who are going on at the rate of five miles an hour. And as this has hitherto been the quality of horses rather than men, I am in doubt whether the faculty will not be glad to turn over these new cases to the Veterinary College. An eminent empiric, indeed, taking advantage of the rage of the moment, has prepared what he calls *pedestrian pills*; and when he has procured a few well attested cases, which is the practice with such gentry, I will venture to say he will soon be enabled to ride in his coach, by enabling other people to trudge on foot.

The process of preparation, as I am informed, consists, partly in extreme temperance, which, by the

bye, will not hurt a man, even if he were to sit still after it—and partly in certain prescriptions, which will convert a man into a being somewhat between a *porter* and a *cannibal*, namely, carrying heavy burthens, and eating raw flesh. Carrying burthens may be useful; it seems likely enough that a man who can walk well under two hundred weight will walk better without it: but as to the raw flesh, I do not so plainly see the use of it. A peripatetic of my acquaintance, however, has suggested, that this is prescribed, not during preparation, but when the feat is begun, to save time on the road. Cooks may be bribed to foul play, and '*coming, sir,*' may be repeated till the hour is past. Besides, it is pretty well known that it is easier to get a beef-steak raw than properly drest in most inns on the road.

But whatever may be the advantages of this new employment, there are always some who have a budget of objections. I know that the owners of stage-coaches have taken the alarm; and if horses could speak, they would doubtless complain of a practice that is likely to render them useless, at a time when the disbanding the cavalry has taken so many of them into the wide world. The bailiffs, too, mean to petition against the new fashion; but their complaint I cannot think very reasonable; at all events they have the means of redress in their own hands. If some are going in training to *walk*, let others go in training to *follow*. We should then have a clearer conception of what is meant by *leg bail*. As to murmurs among the gentlemen of Long-Acre, they are still worse founded. No man of fashion now rides in his coach, or has any thing more to do than to pay for it. The house, the rout, the coach, the chariot, the curriole, are all

all lady ——'s, or Mrs. ——'s. And the ladies are not likely to adopt the new fashion. It is too expeditious for shopping, and not expeditious enough for an elopement. It may do for a short distance, but one can't procure a *relay* of legs; and what a shocking thing it would be to *founder* on the road to Gretna Green, or *break down all four* on the first stage!

Upon the whole, there are so many advantages in this new exploit, that I am of opinion it amply merits public encouragement; and I have taken the liberty to send you these few hints, as preparatory to a treatise which a learned friend of mine is now writing; to be entitled 'Every Man his own Horse.' In this he lays down all the various modes of training, from five miles to a hundred; and this in so perspicuous a manner, that it must be the reader's fault if ever he is out of *breath*.

PERAMBULATOR.

On HAPPINESS.

VARIOUS are the pursuits of man. The attainment of happiness, however, is professedly the object which all have in view. But in what does this happiness consist? Does not the conduct of the avaricious man show, that, in his estimation, it is in the acquirement of riches? And is it not evident, that the ambitious man considers happiness and power synonymous? In short, each person appears to form his opinion of happiness according to his predominant passion; so that the pleasure which results from anticipating the gratification of a darling passion may, with propriety, be said to constitute the greatest happiness that the bulk of mankind ever enjoy.

Indeed happiness, strictly speaking, is not attainable in this world:

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pleasure or comfort is what is erroneously so called. Were it otherwise, the only difference between the state of those who are esteemed happy here, and that of the blessed in heaven, would be, that the latter will be everlasting, whereas the former can only endure for a season. But there never was an instance of any one being in such a state in this world, as to wish for its continuance for ever, without any change. In my opinion, then, happiness is exclusively reserved for another and a better world. As, however, our situation hereafter depends entirely upon our conduct in this life,—if happiness may, in any sense, be said to be enjoyed in this world, it must be possessed by those who are conscious of their being able to attain it everlastingly, agreeably to the terms of the Gospel. Sorry I am, that, even in this view of the subject, the number of those who may be termed happy is comparatively very few indeed. That many of the readers of the *Lady's Magazine* may form part of those few; that they may be convinced of the impracticability of acquiring any degree of real happiness by means of the common pursuits of the world; that, by meditating on the amiableness and beauty inherent in virtue, and on the natural deformity of vice, they may be led to practise the one and avoid the other; and, finally, that upon a review of their conduct during the year which is now near a close, and during every future period of their existence, they may have a well-grounded assurance, that, however great their sufferings in this world may have been, they shall at last enjoy uninterrupted happiness in those mansions which our Saviour has prepared for the reception of his faithful followers,—is the ardent wish of

A *ci-devant* HALDANITE.

Wick, December, 1801.

4 Y POETICAL.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE TO CHRISTMAS.

BY D. STIDOLPH.

MOST mighty Lord! who, ere the
 worlds were nam'd, [fram'd,
 Or ere the pillars of this earth were
 Didst lay that great design—and tri-
 umph too— [foe!
 Of man's redemption from our final
 In thine eternal councils all the care
 Of that stupendous business did appear;
 And, though the day of its epiphany
 Within thy mind ages conceal'd did lie,
 Yet thou wert pleas'd some glimpse of
 it to show,
 In types and prophecies, to men below;
 That that blest hour, which seem'd to
 move so slow [should glow;
 Through former ages, in the east
 And should, though in perspective
 seen most clear,
 In thy good time through all the world
 appear!
 And that (O blest be thou!) these long-
 ing eyes [should rise.
 Should see the day when Jacob's star
 Long hast thou, blessed Lord! em-
 balm'd my fate, [await!
 And still my years thy high behests
 And, when this form is fraught with
 death's alarms,
 Receive my parting spirit in thy arms!
 Dismissed then, I shall indeed have
 seen
 Thy much-desir'd salvation, that hath
 been
 So long, so dearly wish'd; the joy, the
 hope,
 Of all my life; the end, the aim, the
 scope:
 Let this sight close my eyes!—'tis loss
 to see,
 Blessed Emanuel! any sight but Thee.

ODE TO PEACE.

DESCEND, ye Nine! my lay inspire
 With Concord's note, and Rapture's
 fire:

Strike! strike! O strike the trembling
 string

To softer notes—the notes of Love!
 Let ev'ry Grace her tribute bring,
 To hail the offspring of the pow'rs
 above:

Sweet Peace again revisits our blest isle,
 And welcome Plenty deigns once more
 to smile!

No more shall clarions hoarse, or trum-
 pets, sound

Destruction's notes with wild despair,
 To strew life's crimson o'er th' empur-
 pled ground:

Beilona, rushing from her bloody car,
 Frowns on the horrid face of War;
 While Peace, from high, strews o'er
 the land [hand!

Fresh leaves of olive with a copious
 Britannia, seated on her sea-bound
 shore,

Recalls her sons to liberty and love:
 'Urge not,' she cries, 'the deed of car-
 nage more;

Her genial warmth let pleasing
 Friendship prove;

And Peace, sweet Peace! descended
 from above,

Weave for th' illustrious brows an olive
 crown; [frown!

Requiting Discord with a threat'ning
 Lo! o'er the blood-drench'd plain, the
 war-bred steed [collar low;

Bends his proud neck to meet the
 The sword-wrought share turns up the
 fatten'd glebe, [pies blow;

And there shall Peace's primal pop-
 And Ceres there her golden present
 yield, [field!

And warriors reap the produce of the
 Hark, Heaven proclaims the *finis* of the
 war! [from his car!

Breaks Mars' fell sword, and drives him
 In thunders bids dire Desolation cease,
 And wafts the world into the arms of
 Peace!

Bids the loud crash of rolling thunders
 say—

'Let Nature join to celebrate the day!'

SONG

ON THE PEACE.

NOW War's fell dæmon flies the land,
And Peace resumes her halcyon sway,
Let ev'ry loyal heart expand,
And join the patriotic lay!

Hail, Britannia!

Sole mistress of the main!

Restor'd to peace and joy again.

Relaxing from their bloody toil,

Our veteran tars shall find repose;

And, happy on their native soil,

Proclaim their conquests o'er our foes.

Rule, Britannia!

Britannia, rule the waves!

For Britons never *can* be slaves!

Nor shall the hero's soul disdain

To leave the clangor of the field;

And, anxious for his country's gain;

The sickle or the shuttle wield.

Hail, Britannia!

Protectress of the main!

Whose sons no useful arts disdain!

Like Cincinnatus, great and good,

Who made the foes of Roma bow,

Retire from awful scenes of blood,

To yoke the ox, and guide the plow.

Rule, Britannia!

Protect the rural reign;

And cheer the hardy, lab'ring swain!

Commerce again, with sails unfurl'd,

By rival states oppress'd no more,

Spreads her soft influence o'er the
world,

And wafts abundance to our shore.

Rule, Britannia!

Britannia, rule the main!

Restor'd to peace and trade again.

Then, Britons, join in bands of love,

And guide your way by truth alone;

Trust in a Providence above,

And rally round your monarch's
throne.

Rule, Britannia,

By virtue's laws alone,

And guard our sacred monarch's
throne!

For George to Britons *must* be dear,

Whose councils wise, and firm, and
great,

Have learn'd the happy course to steer,

And save the vessel of the state.

Rule, Britannia!

Britannia, rule the waves!

For Britons never will be slaves!

Then catch th' enthusiastic strain:

Let factious pride and envy cease!

May all our jealousies and pain

Be buried in oblivious peace!

Rule, Britannia!

Britannia, rule the waves!

For Britons never will be slaves!

J. W.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE on a time, at early dawn,
While the first beam grac'd the lawn,
Merit, with emulation fraught,
The path to Virtue's temple sought;
O'er rugged steeps, through dreary
caves,

She, wearied, Jove's assistance craves.

The all-seeing god attention paid;

His daughter sees, and lends his aid.

Onward she goes with cheerful heart,

Safe e'en from Envy's venom'd dart.

The temple now appears in sight,

Where Virtue dwells in purest light;

Envy, her surest, fiercest foe,

Still long'd to aim the deadly blow:

But while the nymph unhurt she spied,

With prosperous Favour at her side,

The fiend, unwilling, learn'd to fly,

Nor durst th' unequal combat try.

Too joyful now, at close of day,

The pilgrim wanders from the way:

The fury saw, and yell'd for joy,

And seiz'd the moment to destroy.

Her direful troop she calls aloud,

And urges on the obedient crowd

To where her unresisting prey,

Abash'd by conscious error, lay;

And, robb'd of all her late resource,

Sunk, overcome by greater force.

Envy, with unrelenting stings,

On the poor victim furious springs;

With spiteful triumph now she burns,

And e'en the mangled carcase spurns.

But Jove laments his offspring's fate,

And checks the fury's direful hate:

He Candour sends, with nimble pace,

To save from death his much-lov'd
race.

The goddess quick the call attends,

And 'midst the raging crowd descends.

At the first glance of her bright eye,

The coward bands of Envy fly.

Envy, with grief and rage distress'd,

With her own arrow stabs her breast:

Candour her healing hand applies,

And bids the fallen nymph arise.

4 Y 2

W. G.

THE WIDOW.

THE solemn midnight bell had toll'd;
From church-yard drear the owl
bird
Shriek'd in the blast that blew so cold,
Whilst the fast-falling shower was
heard;

Tho' shudd'ring at his hootings wild,
Yet to her anxious throbbing breast
Matilda clasp'd her lovely child,
And thus she sung it oft to rest—

'Where is thy warrior father gone?
Why stays he in the field of death?
Why hears he not thy mother's moan?
Why thus increase her heart-felt
grief?'

And now anon the hapless maid
Saw shadows of the dead pass by;
In visionary dreams betray'd
Her piercing sad anxiety;
She heard the warning death-watch
near,

She'd fain the dying fire renew,
But, grasp'd by icy hand of Fear,
She saw the fading lamp burn blue;
She still the little infant prest
And wept and sung it off to rest:

'Oh, should thy father not return,
We'll seek him through the live-long
day,

And all the night we'll sit and mourn
Where the unshrouded corpses lay!

His head the day-stars scarce had rear'd,
When, bending 'neath the weight of
years,

A broken soldier, maim'd and scar'd,
Before her cottage-gate appears;
His furrow'd cheeks were red and blue,

For he had travel'd all the night,
And the big drops of morning dew
Silver'd his snowy hair so bright;
His tears, they eloquently told

The fatal unexpected news,
That William's body, dead and cold,
Return'd to dust, the wild wind
strews;

Then did she kiss her sleeping child,
And, sorrowing, sung so sweetly wild:

'Thy poor fond father never more
Will hug his only infant boy;
For, though the dreadful battle's o'er,
He comes not back with smiles and
joy.

Alas! for him no more we wait,
When homeward from the field he
came,

At evening near the village-gate;
Nor thou, blest babe! the weary team
With sparkling eyes no more behold—
And thou shalt look, and look in vain,
To kiss thy father's cheek so cold,
And I his love return again.

'Oh! tell me, is the body found?
And is it pierc'd with many a
wound?

And is it left awhile to bleed
Where the slow-flighted ravens feed?
Whether in holy ground he's laid,
And where?—Oh tell me—tell me
true!

That I may wander, and bedew
With hallow'd tears his lone grave
bed!

'Yes, maiden fair—I'll tell most true,
I saw him quietly in-urn'd,
And, 'neath the aged gloomy yew,
I heard his funeral rites perform'd;
But long and dreary is the way,
Where his sad mould'ring relics lay;
In Bertram's walls, by virtue blest,
Thy William's honour'd ashes rest.'

Soon as the midnight bell had toll'd,
And fatal croak'd the raven bird,
Although the wintry wind blew cold,
And scarce another sound was heard,
She wander'd forth to Bertram's walls,
And, through the hollow winding
dale,

Pac'd, wearily, her unknown way:
She heard the hungry owl's calls,
She brav'd the piercing icy gale,
Whilst her lov'd boy in slumber lay;
Frantic, she scoffs the wind that blows,
Whilst shiv'ring on the heath she
stands,

Imperious Fate her life demands;
All cover'd o'er with falling snows,
She looks in vain—no traveler comes
or goes.

She wander'd on 'mid shades of night,
She saw the trembling stars appear;
No gipsy's fire, nor cottage light,
No watch-dog told a village near;
Fast fell her tears—her famish'd form
Now bent beneath the searching storm,
So dreary and so very cold;
Her little babe upon her breast,
Too weak to cry, had sunk to rest;
And, ere the morning bell had toll'd,
Beneath the drifted snow she lay,
A corpse, upon the lone heath's way!

Cambridge. T. M.

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